Harper's weekly.
[New York : Harper's Magazine Co., etc.]

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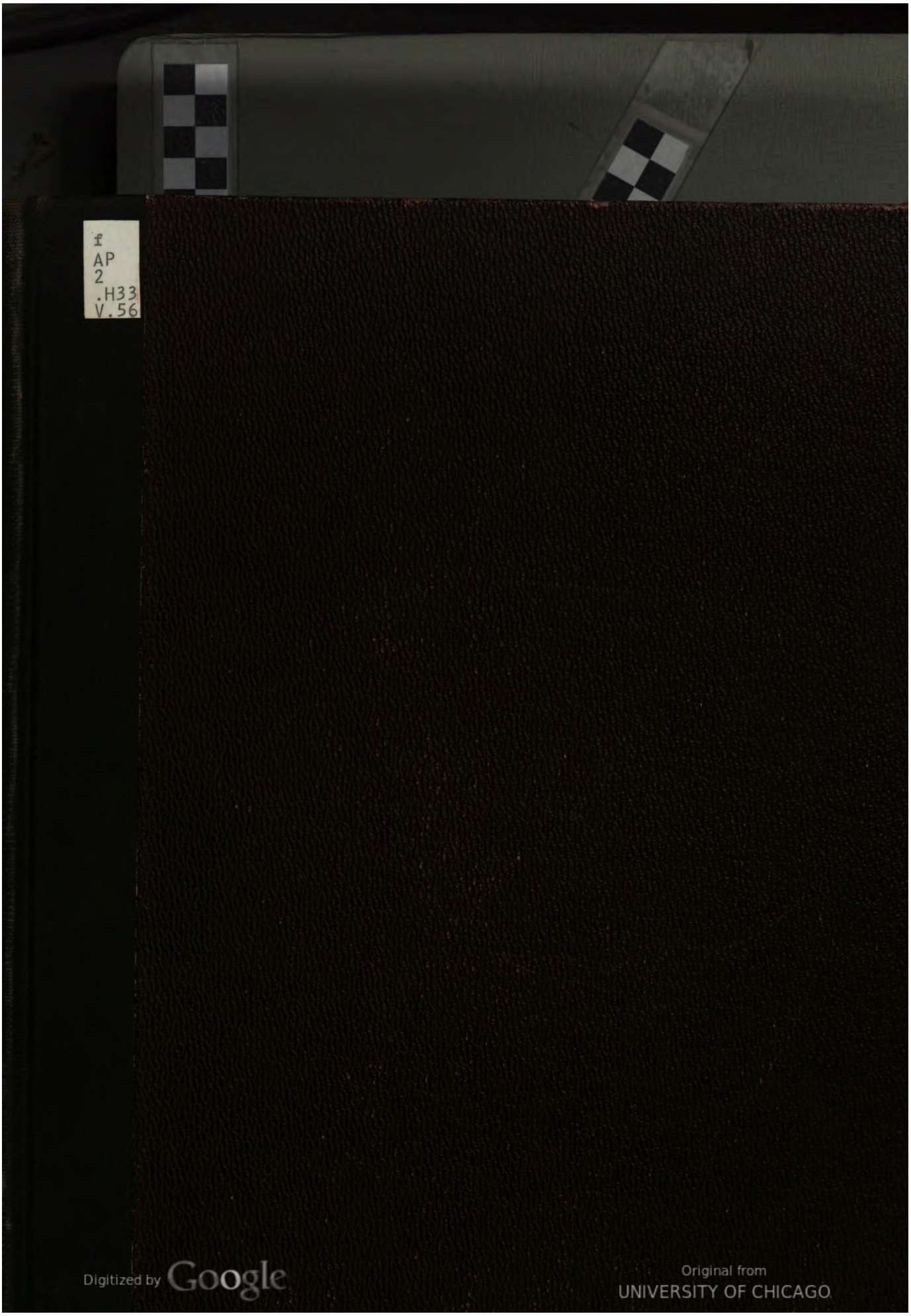
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION IN SESSION

July 6 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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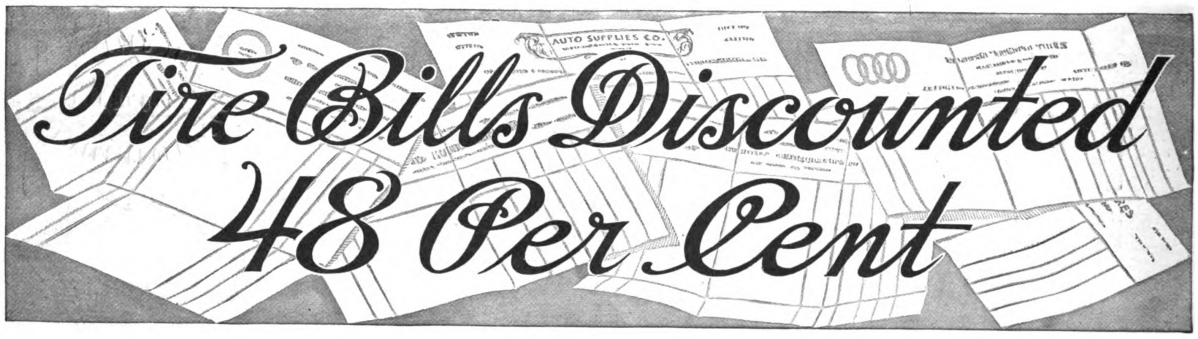

Proved 1,250,000 Times on 200,000 Cars

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Remember this in the claims we make about Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires:

More than 1,250,000 **Goodyear tires have now gone into use. They have been tested out, probably, on *200,000 cars.***

Not one of our patent tires ever has rim-cut. And the *average excess over rated size is 16.7 per cent.* Motor car owners by the tens of thousands have proved these average savings.

And No-Rim-Cut tires—because of this proving—*now far outsell* any other tires which men have ever built.

Tiredom Stands Amazed

For ten years Goodyear tires held a minor place.

Those were the years which we spent in perfecting them—in testing fabrics and formulas, methods, materials.

Those were the years when countless tires were compared, by being worn out on our tire-testing machines, to learn what methods gave the utmost mileage.

And those were the years when we were developing the No-Rim-Cut type of tire.

Then came success.

Men found these tires out, and told others. The others told others. Suddenly a flood-like demand came from everywhere for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

In the past two years the demand has increased by 500 per cent. It has trebled in the past 12 months.

Almost in a bound, No-Rim-Cut tires came to outsell all others. And all of Tiredom stands amazed at the call for this new-type tire.

Our Patent Type Saves 23 Per Cent

One reason for this great success is a tire as perfect as men ever can make.

Another lies in this hookless tire—this tire that can't be rim-cut. We control by patents the only way to make a practical tire of this type.

Careful statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined tires of the old type are rim-cut. They may be wrecked in a moment beyond repair if punctured and run flat. They are often rim-cut when but partly deflated.

No-Rim-Cut tires save this 23 per cent, for these tires never rim-cut.

Oversize Saves 25 Per Cent

Then these patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. That saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

This 10 per cent oversize, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—mean an average saving of 48 per cent. In addition to that comes all the saving due to Goodyear quality.

Kills the Upkeep Bugaboo

This new-type tire makes tire upkeep a trifling item with the average car.

Save for misuse, abuse or accident, tire cost need amount to little.

Rim-cutting is ended forever. And the 10 per cent oversize adds immensely to the average mileage.

You, like the others, are bound to come to No-Rim-Cut tires.

8½ Per Cent Profit

Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent. Yet we have the largest output and most modern equipment ever known in this industry.

This very small profit is due to our quality, to the extra cost of the No-Rim-Cut feature, and to our oversize.

We state this fact so that all may know that the price of these tires is always kept at the minimum. In this business, with its fluctuating materials, no maker can live on a smaller margin of profit.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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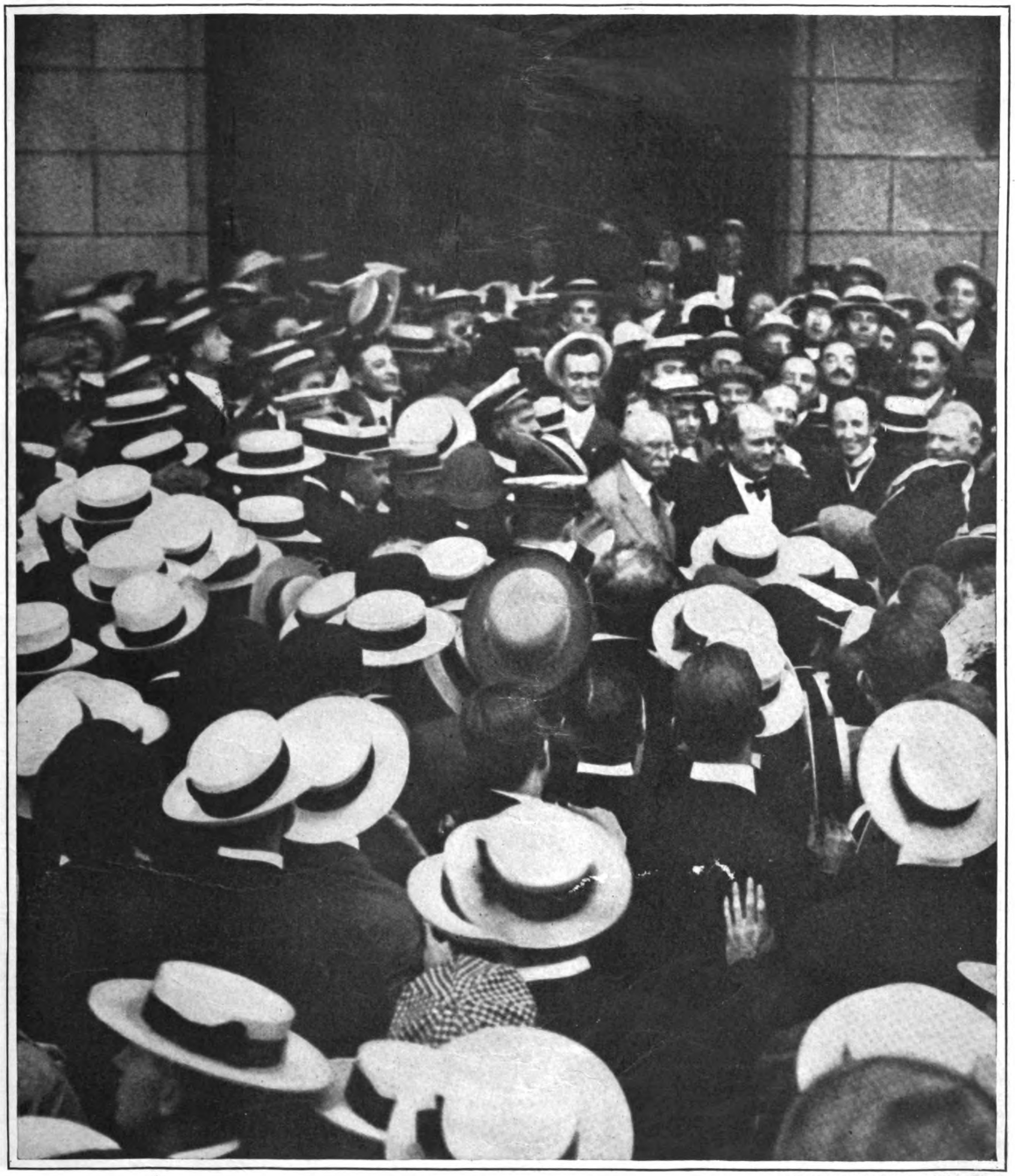

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WHILE THE DEMOCRATS WERE IN SESSION

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Comment

THE Democratic national convention in Baltimore is still in session at this writing. Having no relish for two bites of a cherry, we shall relate the full story of this remarkable political contest in the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

An Old-fashioned Convention

It is beyond any question that a real convention is proceeding at Baltimore; that the delegates are there to choose a candidate for President; and that they are working faithfully on the job.

This is an old-fashioned convention; nothing cut-and-dried about it, certainly; plenty of candidates and plenty of supporters for them; plenty of admonition and of hearers of it, and of dissenters from it. Nobody gagged; even the unit rule in States like New York finally loosened so that individual delegates express their preference.

Wherein does the preferential-primary system beat this old-fashioned convention as a means of discovering whom the people want? In the preferential primaries nobody has a chance who cannot launch his boom on a flood of money. In this old-fashioned Democratic convention money is the one thing that is not vocal. It does not talk; it does not work; it does not count. Those who have it are happy if they can keep their seats in their delegations and avoid being driven to the bench appointed for penitents.

When the weather has been hot at Baltimore, and the air humid, and the elevators in the hotels have not been able to lift the guests, and food has been hard to get, and sleep has been very scarce and dear, it has seemed as if the conference were a bit protracted. But it is a fine conference, at which everything that was hidden is being revealed, and out of which there is good hope of a political birth that shall not die aborning.

When we contrast with this convention the recent efforts to select a Republican candidate by lightning-change-artist oratory from the seats of automobiles, the choice of a candidate by delegates suffers nothing by comparison with the direct system.

The Two Bull-mooses

When it comes to the part of bull-moose, it is evident that Brother ROOSEVELT has nothing on Brother BRYAN. They are incontestably the two greatest bull-moose statesmen in the world. We forbear to forecast how Brother BRYAN will come out at Baltimore—whether all the other delegates will eventually be pitched out on his formidable webbed antlers, whether some desperate band of resolute Democrats, bent on saving the party, will saw away the underpinning beneath his stall and drop him into the cellar, or whether some hardy candidate with spurs will presently jump on his powerful back, blind him with progressive blinders, and ride him to triumphant victory. We can't guess how it will come out. We do not know what finally happens when these wild creatures come inextricably up against civilization, and we have no mind to guess and be rated as a nature fakir.

It is enough to point out the great advantage Brother BRYAN has over his rival bull in being a delegate and present in the convention and able to make his charges on the floor of the hall. That advantage he gained by not being himself an acknowledged candidate. Sagamore Hill must be full of pits pawed in futile wrath by Brother Bull-moose ROOSEVELT since he has seen what sensations his brother bull has been able to compass and by what means.

Not that it is certain that Brother ROOSEVELT could have done the like, even though unencumbered with candidacy. In vocal feats in a public assemblage he is not a match for Brother BRYAN, and with an animal-trainer of the talents of Mr. ROOT to cope with, and Mayor HARRISON'S police force confronting him, his field would not have been as favorable as that at Baltimore. Nevertheless, the dirt must be flying on Sagamore Hill.

Uncertain

The result in Ohio makes it certain that the voters of the United States will have to reckon with THEODORE ROOSEVELT next November at the polls.—*Marse Henry on May 23d.*

It does look so, somewhat, Colonel; but who was that wise Southland statesman who said, "You can't 'most always sometimes tell what you least expect the most"? So far as one may trust the newspapers, the bull-moose candidate insists that he is going to run, no matter what. Which, being interpreted according to the method of the third cup of coffee, means that he will run some other year, but not this one.

What Has Happened?

No one can say quite yet, for at this writing some things are still happening or to happen. But here is what seems to us to be emerging from these preliminary confusions:

The Republican party, long the conservative party of the country, has resolved, with some concessions to progress, that it will remain conservative. It is weakened by its internal struggle, but far indeed from destruction.

The Democratic party, historically the true liberal party of the country, remains a liberal party, but with marked concessions to radicalism. On the whole, it retains its character, and is likely to continue to discharge its function.

Under these conditions, and with very great confusion both of aims and principles, an ultra-radical party is trying to be born. In a few months the fate of the enterprise will doubtless be determined.

On the whole, citizens may congratulate themselves on the prospect of being able to vote their convictions with a fair degree of clearness and effectiveness.

As Pericles Saw It

Epithets paid no very high dividends at Chicago. At Baltimore the investment was not so heavy, but the returns up to date seem to be correspondingly meager. At both places efforts to proscribe any particular class of citizens from political rights and activities failed to commend themselves. They are not fair play, for one thing. For another, they are not wise. They are not in accord with the right spirit of a republic—not of ours, or of any other that ever had much success.

Some twenty centuries ago the greatest citizen of the greatest republic then existing touched on the point. PERICLES, in his immortal funeral oration, explained to the Athenians the success of their institutions, and this was one of the things he said to them:

> There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for the authorities and for the laws. . . .
>
> The prejudice and bitterness of class are not democracy. They are rather a kind of disease that at times besets democratic peoples. They need not be fatal, but they are dangerous, for they give an opening to demagogues and not to statesmen, to the enemies and not the friends of the democratic principle. Surely the noble temper of PERICLES and of Athens is a better mood for us Americans than the hatreds and jealousies that consumed a merely revolutionary and not yet firmly democratic France.

An Academic Version

The scholar in politics always means to be practical. If necessary, he will be ultra-practical. Professor A. B. HART, of Harvard, has just taken a political swim, and he evidently succeeded in getting near the water. He plunged in resolutely practical, and he comes out too practical even to gasp over what he had found himself swallowing. He went to Chicago as one of the peculiarly chosen ROOSEVELT delegates at large from Massachusetts, and he has come back quite unterrified by his experience. He tells about it in the Boston *Transcript*, and if anybody still doubts that a professor can be political and practical, we invite attention to his piece—particularly the following extracts, taken together:

> Some frivolous and hopeless contests were pushed by the ROOSEVELT forces through every stage. . . .
>
> The merits of the particular controversies are very hard to ascertain; but every one of the five hundred ROOSEVELT delegates firmly believe that Arizona, California, Texas, and Washington were clear steals. . . .
>
> The only way to make the party representative again is to crush out the idea that you are morally entitled to capture a convention if you do not like the candidate who has the majority of the delegates.

The professor evidently means that that was the TAFT idea, and that ROOSEVELT had the majority. He evidently does not mean to "crush out" the ROOSEVELT-MCHARG idea of "frivolous and hopeless contests." Neither does he bother with the figures about that maltreated ROOSEVELT majority. Such a course would not be practical, for if one takes the professor's own claim about the contests it does not yield any ROOSEVELT majority at all. It is plain, too, that such a course would not be righteous. The ROOSEVELT motto is, "Thou shalt not steal." It is not, "Thou shalt not *try* to steal." As the ROOSEVELT forces certainly did not succeed in stealing the convention, Mr. HART is not concerned with what they merely failed to do.

Practical righteousness! That's the thing. The whole ROOSEVELT third-term movement has been highly educational, and it's no wonder this distinguished educator should be moved to take a hand in it. We are quite sure that Messrs. MCHARG, FLINN, and ABBOTT will welcome him to the faculty.

Somehow, It Has

Delighted to hear the good news. Give my best regards to the chief.—BACON.

Why is it that the above despatch, sent, as will be recalled, in reply to Mr. G. PERKINS'S announcement, "ROOSEVELT will be nominated," has such a peculiar tendency to make the reader blush?

Roosevelt Not Progressive

We presume the minds of the progressive Republican gentlemen have not been so absorbed by the proceedings at Baltimore but that they have made due progress in appreciation of what they tried to do when they took up with the Third-term Candidate. Day by day it will be brought home to them with increasing force and precision that they are the ROOSEVELT party; that and nothing more. Of course that is quite clear to Senator LA FOLLETTE, and has been from the start. He says in his magazine:

> Until ROOSEVELT came into the open as a candidate for the Presidency five months ago, there was a strong and rapidly growing progressive movement within the Republican party. It was based upon clearly defined principles. It stood forth as the representative of modern political thought on fundamental Democracy. It had assumed national proportions. It was united.
>
> Into this movement, when it gave promise of national success, Roosevelt projected his ambition to be President a third time.

He goes on to speak of ROOSEVELT'S bad start, of his desperation, of the enormous campaign fund that was raised for him, of the "leading reactionaries, stand-patters, and political bosses" who became his most active supporters.

He proceeds:

> Upon THEODORE ROOSEVELT and his followers rests the responsibility of having divided the progressives in their first national contest. Stimulated by an overmastering desire to win, they denounced loyalty to conviction and principle as stubborn selfishness. In the convention they put forward no platform—no issues. They made no fight against the reactionary platform adopted. They substituted vulgar personalities and the coarse epithets of the prize-ring for the serious consideration of great economic problems, and for the time being brought ridicule and contempt upon a great cause.

The third-term faction will say that these are the words of a disgruntled man, of a man who fell down with the progressive standard, which another snatched up. Disgruntled they may be, but they are true words and deeply important. Clearly and undeniably the third-term movement swallowed the progressives that hooked on to it. Unless they are content to be mere ROOSEVELT bolters they will have to cut loose from it. There is no room for definite principles or clear thought of the future in a party of which the ex-President is the candidate. There is only room in such a party for one mind and one ambition.

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The New Word

It is said that when an idea becomes current in the world and begins to touch some and mold other consciousnesses it is by way of slow preparation to becoming an instinct of the race. For what at one period in civilization is a current idea, at another is an independent intuition.

There is nowadays a sudden spreading of an idea which has been lurking in the world for at least two thousand years. Here and there it has touched a mind to fine issues or molded a life to general helpfulness. One cannot say, however, that it has been a motive-spring of general action heretofore. To-day, in any twenty current books one picks up, one may find the new word reiterated in some form or other. It matters little whether one be reading philosophy, social economics, theology, or pure literature, the new word runs throught the text, or springs out upon one at most unexpected places. It is variously phrased, but the underlying idea is that the happiness and security of one depends upon the happiness and security of all. That happiness is a unit, and there is no considerable security for any one until, somehow, we have gained security for the race. That old adage that each man is his brother's keeper is stressed until one might think that it was a new saying. Of a sudden the race finds itself accountable for the health, the prosperity, the good-fortune of every component member.

We have a civilization reared upon the theory that each man is a separate unit who has accomplished the whole duty of man if he take care of himself and his family and possibly here and there one or two others who appeal to him. Until a half-century ago, there was a comfortable idea abroad that prosperity was the due reward of thrift and industry, and that poverty and misfortune were Heaven's own expression of disapproval. But in a half-century the whole moral attitude is turned upside down. The sources of wealth have to bear close scrutiny, and books are written everywhere to inquire into society's care of its infants, its sick, its aged, its criminals. Indeed, a great deal of modern writing flings the blame of sin back upon society instead of upon the individual. Free public education is not so very old an institution, and yet the last few years have added to free education free medical inspection, free nurse's aid, all sorts of manual training and technical preparation for earning a living, and in England they have added to this free feeding wherever there is a chance of its need. The general conviction has grown that no state can afford to take care of puny, half-developed citizens; and that no happiness is very secure or of a very high order while we keep close beside it a large criminal class, or a mass of half-educated discontents. Books fall over one another from the press that try to cope with the subject of the just wages of labor. With an almost awed sense of the futility of it, men realize to-day that to underpay labor is to condemn men to make bricks without straw. The perfectly natural phenomena of a philanthropic factory-owner who endowed an orphan-asylum, while in the factory his motto was, "Work 'em as hard as you can and then scrap 'em," seems no longer logical to modern minds. The fact is, the socialized conscience, or, better, the socialized consciousness, is growing apace. The old conviction that any man can bear his neighbor's toothache with philosophy and equanimity will not hold good. Men are trained to so high a degree of sensitiveness that they really cannot bear the sufferings of others with any sort of peace and comfort.

It is quite natural that in books on social economy this aspect of modernism should be stressed, but it comes upon one with no little surprise that one cannot pick up books upon art without meeting the same idea. When one finds an Oxford professor of poetry telling his students that "the poetry of the future cannot be the poetry of Oxford in any very full sense which does not take account of more than Oxford has heretofore taken account of; which does not take account of those other lives whose destiny is included with ours, those without whom readers could not read nor artists live." In a new volume on painting which tries to forecast something of the future of painting, again the author says that though it is impossible to forecast in just what direction lies the future of painting, "at least we can be sure it must lie in the development of what may be called socialist painting." It is hard to conceive what socialist painting might be, but at least the drift is easy to understand: it means some kind of painting which, like the poetry Mr. Mackail speaks of to his students, shall take into account those other lives, so useful and so unadorned.

All this tenor of thought may account for the vogue of such verse as Wilfred Wilson Gibson's and John Masefield's. There is in their work very little of the old material of poetry. No sentimental description of pretty places or touching emotions; no abstract speculations; none of the strange wistfulness of the decadent school and the symbolists. There are only plain, forthright tales of the suffering and perplexities and sins of plain men and women—death, distrust, poverty, futile quarrels, ignorances, brutality, such things as tamper with and ruin the lives of untrained folk the world over; these things make up the whole matter of the poets men are willing to listen to to-day. Nor is the tone in which they sing to-day the same that Wordsworth struck a century ago. He said only, "Oh, the pity of it!" but under the words of these men hear the undertone, "Oh, the sin of it!"

The church is turning from the theory that to better outward conditions does not better the man, and to realize that a certain degree of physical ease is the indispensable requisite to the birth of a soul or a socialized conscience, which is so closely akin to a soul. Man, after all, is not just a spirit here and now; he is a spirit housed, and the house must be cleanly and ventilated for the spirit to be healthy and able to look out the windows of the body. The progress of the world is swift. It is only half a century ago that theological thinkers discarded the idea of hell because only an ignoble man would consent to be safe and happy in heaven while others were doomed to misery. So to-day fewer and fewer men are willing to accept any shelter (social or educational or economic) which does not stretch as far as the sky and cover all men. Rather, infinitely rather, be an outsider suffering with those who suffer than be safe in the ignoble little circle of the fortunate.

This is the New Word. All literature, real and periodical, is shot through with it, and the time will not be long till the new sense shall be no more than each man's inborn instinct, and race-preservation as impulsive and intuitive as self-preservation.

Correspondence

NEW THEORIES FOR DR. BRYAN

Indianapolis, Ind., *May 4, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—During a visit to the Southwest I was pleasantly entertained by an old philosopher who for many years has lived in seclusion in the mountains of New Mexico. I was deeply interested in the old man's economic and financial theories, which may prove of some profit to your readers. I do not pretend to give the precise wording, but shall set forth his ideas with fidelity to truth.

Whenever a mine is discovered containing precious metals, it shall at once become the duty of "the government" to take possession of the property and "figure up" the probable value of the hidden treasure. This matter set at rest, "receipts, backed up by the government," shall be issued, "treating the metal just as if already in your pocket instead of being in the ground," thus saving the expenses of mining, minting, and various other charges familiar to financiers. The discoverer of the mine should always be paid "actual expenses" for his trouble, presumably in the form of "receipts." I was free to admit that this scheme seemed highly favorable to "the government," but was interested in learning how these valuable receipts were ever to get into general circulation, and was advised that "they would be bound to get around somehow," which is not at all impossible.

"The gold in the ground" would be absolutely safe from fire, theft, and abrasion, being, in fact, "as safe as the very earth itself." The "Money Trust" would go to bed cold and hungry every night for the rest of time before it could get its greedy paws upon any of the "security." "Wall Street" would perhaps remove to Indianapolis or Topeka. "The People" in time "would be educated away from the notion that wealth is what a man carries in his pocket and calls money." Then, too, "the government," which appears to require a great deal of educating, "would learn to do a lot more useful things." Perhaps it might learn how to raise strawberries and to mind the baby when the old folks are entertaining the preacher at dinner. It seems too much to hope for that it will ever learn enough to mind its own business!

I do not know whether Dr. Bryan, the eminent veterinary practitioner who has attended the Democratic party for so many years, is now looking for additional issues, but if so he is welcome to those advanced by my old friend from New Mexico. Should he accept them as a gift, I would advise him to hurry by aeroplane to the Librarian of Congress for his copyright, provided he does not want to see another of his choice morsels gobbled up by the omnivorous gentleman from Oyster Bay.

I am, sir,
Observer.

HEART ACHES FOR US

Chrome, N. J., *May 25, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have missed your call to arms in this week's Weekly. Believe me, the last few weeks I have been between two fires, while it did me good to hear of Roosevelt's success after success. It also ached my heart for you, for I was wondering how you could stand it. Now, honestly, do you really believe that this country is on the verge of ruin and revolution if Roosevelt is elected?

I am, sir,
J. Steinberg.

CARDINALS

Nantucket, R. I., *May 30, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—A high authority has said that next to the grace of God the most valuable thing in life is a wholesome sense of humor. Your correspondent Mr. Francis McNutt may possess the former gift in abundance, but he certainly lacks, in spite of his Celtic name, the latter. The notion of quoting the decisions of the Congress of Vienna as regulative of the position which the priest of any church should hold in American society is distinctly funny. It would be about as reasonable to quote the decisions of the Holy Alliance. Of course, what this whole discussion means is simply this: The Roman Hierarchy claims the right of temporal sovereignty, and its cardinals claim to be princes of a temporal state as well as of an ecclesiastical establishment. And American citizens are expected to accept that view of the situation. But for the President of the United States or the governor of any sovereign State to give official or semi-official recognition of the representative of the Roman Church is as marked an affront to the Italian government as it would be an affront to Great Britain to extend the same type of recognition to a prince of the House of Stuart. The Roman Hierarchy is a church and not a state. Its clergy, whatever their titles and the color of the clothes they wear, are entitled to the same courtesy, protection, and consideration that are extended to the representatives of every religious sect, and I am satisfied that the great body of sensible and patriotic Catholic citizens who understand the structure of our government demand nothing more.

I am, sir,
John Snyder.

THE STATE OF WOMAN

Reading, Pa., *May 26, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I was much interested in the article on "Are Women Human Beings" of this week's issue of your paper, but why do we spend so much time trying to prove or disprove the intellectual merit of the female sex?

The United States has undoubtedly granted her greater liberty than she has ever before enjoyed, and the antagonistic attitude which so many suffragettes assume is an abuse of the freedom. Besides, it actually invites combat between the two sexes, and if carried too far will surely mean woman's return to her old-time state of servitude. For, even if both sides were intellectually matched, the men would win, as there are 106 males to every 100 females, according to the last United States Census.

In the question of equal franchise would it not be far more patriotic for both sexes to work together and merely ask, "Is it the best thing for the country?" If the answer is "yes," then it is woman's *duty* to want the vote in spite of any personal views. If the answer is "no," then it is her *duty* to give it up, even though she consider each and every member of her sex veritable Mrs. Solomons, and every man a Mr. Nebuchadnezzar of Meadowland!

So let us hear more arguments on this phase of the question and fewer that merely seek to gratify woman's intellectual vanity; a vanity she ought to be glad to sacrifice rather than force her country to run an unnecessary risk.

I am, sir,
Margaret Steel Moss.

The Call

Come hither, all ye Faithful, with energy and vim.
And build a brand-new Party made up of You and Him,
Or, if you think it better, and possibly more true.
Reverse the style and make it the clan of Him and You.
"The Himocratic party"—how's that, now, for a name,
To win an everlasting, a near-immortal fame,
With which to fight great battles, and every foeman trim,
Beneath such doughty leaders as Jim,
And Tim,
And Him!

From 'Frisco's distant mountains, from Texas' coral strand,
Flock hither, oh, ye Faithful, and by your Hero stand:
Fight on for Him and country; your watchword, "He Is It!"
He am the Sovereign Peepul; all others they are Nit!
From high hills of Ohio, from Flinnsylvania fair,
From Kansas and Wyoming—in fact, from everywhere—
Gird up your loins and follow, let naught your courage dim
While you've such doughty leaders as Jim,
And Tim,
And Him!

No matter what your Platform. His Will will do for that!
In clarion tones he'll sound it through his historic Hat!
Vex not your minds with thinking out platforms of your own;
He'll send you all fresh principles each day by telephone.
Sit tight and merely whistle His Him-tune, fresh and new,
In place of Yankee-Doodle, "O Whaddle Teddy-Doo,"
There is no need to bother your mind with problems grim
While you've such doughty leaders as Jim,
And Tim,
And Him!

Somewhere somebody needs us—we do not know just where—
It may be in Alaska or down in Delaware;
For something is the matter, we do not know just what.
But we and they are victims of some kind of a plot.
Somebody's done somebody, we do not know just whom.
But Himocrats are sounding their everlasting doom—
The Hosts of Armageddon, with ample Cherubim,*
Are flocking to the conflict with Jim,
And Tim,
And Him!

Horace Dodd Gastit.

* Angels.

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Why didn't the Oklahoma delegation bring along a rooter, in lieu of an electric fan, and seat him just in the rear!

No Democrat parts his hair in the middle

Eavesdropping

"Sit down!"

Why not have delegates from the State of Matrimony?

Delegate Wayback to Delegate Buckwheat: "Now, Jim, don't blow out the 'electric light—we don't want to be 'lectrocuted in our sleep!"

CONVENTION SNAP-SHOTS

BY PETER NEWELL

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The Baltimore Buckler Throne

By Richard Barry

ONE hour after the Democratic National Convention was called to order in Baltimore a band was heard bravely ascending the hill on top of which sat the Armory. Without the least opposition, and to the mild amusement of the crowd, it blared a pleasant way to the very door of the convention hall. Then, without deflecting or hesitating, it continued on around the granite building, without variation in its tune or a break in the step of the marchers who followed it.

At the head of this orderly and harmonious procession a banner proclaimed its purpose. The "National League of Democratic Colored Men," said the banner, and, in the center of the procession, another announced: "We will support the nominee of this convention no matter who he is."

Thus was strikingly illustrated two essential differences between the Republican and Democratic conventions. At Chicago the colored men were inside the hall, the keynote of the proceedings, wrangled over,

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Senator O'Gorman (with the beard) discussing a point with ex-Senator James Smith

flattered, cajoled, browbeaten, placated, used, outraged, ignored, split, diverted, humiliated, and enthroned. At Baltimore they were strictly outside the hall, united, harmonious, obeisant, and happy.

The other difference lay in the fact that at Baltimore there was at least one element content with the outcome whatever it might be, while Chicago left nobody satisfied.

However, let no one misjudge the Baltimore convention and consider it an aggregation of mollycoddles, merely because the colored contingent lent it a decorative fringe of beatified ratification.

It was different inside the hall—much different. There occurred a series of scenes as wild as any enacted in recent American political history. The steam-roller at Chicago encountered some bitter and determined opposition, and it flattened out much vociferous effervescence, but that event was an orderly performance compared to the Baltimore free-for-all.

Imagine a hall practically square and covering one city block, its entire floor packed with camp-chairs placed as closely together as possible, so that each person occupied a space fourteen inches wide and thirty inches long. Then, on all four sides, imagine a gallery, of gentle elevation, deep and low, packed similarly with camp-chairs. There were 14,000 of these chairs. Fill every one of them and imagine 6,000 people, in addition, massed in the rear and crowded into the heads of the aisles.

Then you have the auditorium and the audience before which 1,078 delegates from forty-eight States and Territories chose the next President of the United States. Not as large a place as the Stadium at Cambridge or as the Polo Grounds at New York, nor an audience much larger than has sometimes assembled to see a fight in Madison Square Garden.

Yet no baseball or football game nor any fist-fight ever offered the excitement or the prolonged and varied vociferation which accompanied the protracted session of this political convention. One might observe that such an event should be a solemn, deliberative occasion, attended with due regard for the amenities of parliamentary procedure. And one might be induced, therefore, to reflect on the sanity or even on the intelligence of the men chosen to represent a great and dominant party at the flood-tide of its returning power.

Such reflections would be undeserved. It was not the delegates who made the uproar, clogged the proceedings with unmeaning clamor, precipitated bedlam, and all but shook the granite walls of the Armory.

An explanation of the anomaly of football-cheering tactics ruling a deliberative assemblage was to be found on the cardboard fans distributed gratis to each visitor as he entered. There was reproduced a facsimile of the check for $100,000 which the City of Baltimore paid the National Democratic Committee for the privilege of "entertaining" the convention.

Having paid a hundred thousand dollars, the City of Baltimore proceeded to get its money's worth. The deiegates not supplying the fury and fire, the yells, hisses, groans, stampings, and unmannerly interruptions, the audience proceeded to furnish its own show. In the entire five days there was not a single uninterrupted thirty minutes in which a speech could be intelligently heard or any business peaceably transacted.

It must be remembered that none of the fourteen thousand spectators presumably paid for a seat. All were "guests." All came as privileged and friendly spectators of one of the most significant moments in our national life. And it was the "guests" who painted the air blue and the temper of the thoughtful auditor red.

This howling-dervish method of selecting a President in a hippodrome of maniacs may have satisfied the contributors to the hundred-thousand-dollar fund that they had been successful in buying a better show than they could have obtained had they resided in Las Vegas or Reno, but it certainly added nothing to the impressiveness of the occasion.

Nor did it have an iota of influence or effect on the result. The votes of delegates to a national convention are not changed by cheers or banners. What is the hysteria of twenty thousand when matched against the smile of Charles F. Murphy or the seasoned generalship of Mr. Bryan?

Occasionally some blocks of delegates would join in the various demonstrations out of a suggested desire to give evidence of the faith that was in them, but, when it came to voting, brains, even though not their own, mastered the record—not banners and bombast.

During the first day the various orators learned the unwisdom of mentioning the name of a candidate, even their own. The name of any candidate acted on the mob like naphtha on a spark. Therefore, to deliver a consecutive sentence every speaker found it necessary to ignore all personalities.

On the second day the various speakers became so adroit in eliding the names of candidates, in marching directly up to a name and then slipping around it, in tacitly ignoring the fact that the only thoughts in the minds of the twenty thousand were Underwood, Harmon, Clark, Wilson, Bryan, Baldwin, Marshall, and Co., that for nearly half an hour there was no interruption to the even flow of the ordinary proceedings.

Then in an evil moment a speaker frankly announced, "I do not know who will be the nominee of this convention." It was a shameful and woeful confession to make to the assembled "guests." Such ignorance could not pass unchallenged.

The speaker was immediately informed as to who the nominee would be. It required thirty-seven minutes by the clock for him to receive this information, which consisted of seven words—*viz.*, Bryan! Harmon! Underwood! Wilson! Clark! Baldwin! Marshall! It was conveyed *via* throats, megaphones, automobile horns, a pack of houn' dawgs, and a number of gamecocks. It was illustrated by banners, lithographs, and printed flags previously concealed and now flaunted as if with spontaneous dramatic inspiration.

However, the drama was misplaced and the theatrics forced. Instead of climax the "guests" achieved consternation; instead of effect, futility. No one knew why the racket started or where it ended, and when it was over the delegates were exactly of the same frame of mind they were at the beginning, but more tired.

The band had a way of accelerating these spurts. When the cheering was at its height the band would begin to play, probably with the idea of soothing the savage breast with music's sweet sound. Invariably the opposite effect was achieved. Music's sweet sound merely fanned the flame into a conflagration. The more the band played, the more the crowd yelled.

The band at the Chicago Convention never played when the crowd became hysterical. Perhaps that is

The howling-dervish method of selecting a President

one reason why the "guests" seemed more amenable to parliamentary influence when bidden to the Republican National Convention than when invited to the Democratic.

The chairman had much the same effect as the band. Judge Parker's gavel was merely a staccato accompaniment to the jeers and howls of the mob, and when Ollie James took the chair his mighty pounding had little more effect. After an hour he wisely learned to let the fire die out of its own accord. He merely confined it to its source, and there it perished perhaps a little sooner than if he had advertised his opposition. Puny as individuals, the crowd waxed mightily, like a bully at the obstruction of an individual which he was confident of annihilating. Only Bryan, with his potent personality, really conquered the mob. To him alone was it obeisant.

Indeed, the elevation of "thou, our acknowledged strongest" to the buckler throne in the Druid woods (the Baltimore Armory, strangely enough, is situated not far from Druid Hill) two thousand years ago was accomplished with much the same external buffetings and savage huzzahs that accompanied the choosing of our next President.

Only in this have we come up some distance from savagery: the actual selection in Baltimore was not in the least influenced by the shoutings.

Except for the quiet intrigue and the steady voting, undisturbed by the bedlam of twenty thousand, it required little imagination to see down the vista of time the skins of wild beasts thrown carelessly about the naked torsos of savage men as they jubilantly proclaimed a new chieftain and hoisted him triumphantly to his buckler throne.

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Three Democratic leaders. Left to right: Thomas Taggart, Roger Sullivan, and Norman Mack

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JOTTINGS FROM BALTIMORE

SKETCHES BY E. W KEMBLE

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Mr. Roosevelt's Opportunity

IF HE HAS COURAGE AND PRINCIPLES THIS IS THE FAVORABLE TIME FOR HIM TO RENDER A GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

MR. ROOSEVELT has always said that his ambition was to lead a great public movement, to place himself at the head of a cause that should make for the betterment of mankind, to champion reform. What he has craved is now his. He may not be able to do all that he has longed to do, he may find that what he believed to be possible is fated to fail because it is not practical; fired with the zeal of the crusader, he may fall before the end is reached—but whatever the difficulties, if he has the courage of the convictions that he professes, if he is inspired by principles, if he can hold steadfast through adversity and not be discouraged by defeat, he will seize the opportunity that has been presented to him and either go forward triumphant to victory or be crushed still fighting the good fight and still an inspiration to those to come. Mr. Roosevelt has the rare fortune to be able to create a new political party. That is a favor of the gods vouchsafed seldom to mortals. Will he do it? On what foundation will he build? Is a new party really needed?

Let us answer the last question first, for if there is no real demand for a new party, then all Mr. Roosevelt's efforts must be fruitless. It will, I think, be agreed by most persons that if the Republican and Democratic parties have not outlived their usefulness they have at least so lost their distinctiveness that they have ceased to have meaning, and this is especially true of the Republican party. A party, to be a living force, to be the means of uplifting humanity, to make for the betterment of the State—and that means the betterment of every individual—must stand for a vital principle; it must be something more than opportunism; it must draw its roots deeper than the longing for place or power; it must have something more worthy to sustain it than merely the selfish desire to hold office. If it cannot make an appeal more spiritual it may be successful, as success is counted by election returns, but it has sold its virtue. For sixteen years the Republican party has been in the majority and the Democratic in the minority, and reckoned by the rules of the game the Republicans have been successful and the Democrats a failure, and yet it is perhaps true that the Democrats, in the minority, and therefore condemned by public opinion, have come nearer to satisfying the aspirations of the mass who so passionately ask for something they are unable to put into words than the Republicans, in the majority and seemingly having the approval of the country. It is further true that what little the Republicans have done to satisfy this aspiration is the result of Democratic inspiration. The Democrats could not accomplish what they sought to do, but they were able to blazon the way.

A party cannot be created. It must grow. It must be the expression of a great sentiment or a great principle. When a certain number of men think alike, have a definite aim in view, and see clearly the means by which that can be accomplished, then the time is ripe for the birth of a party. Factions are not parties; defections do not produce a new political element; revenge, fancied grievance, ambitions are not the stuff out of which parties are made. They may cause confusion in existing parties, they may for the moment swing the balance of control to another party, but they are not sufficient in themselves to put the seed of life into a political creation that shall live. The experiment has been tried often and often again and invariably met with failure, which has caused Americans lightly and incorrectly to say that there is no chance for a third party in their country. Parties, they say, can be reformed from within but never from without, they may be transformed, but the transformation must always be effected by the party itself. A spirit is born and grows, it so increases until it becomes the dominant thought of the party, and finally the party is recreated; it abandons the old line and takes up with the new, but the structure of party has remained, and only in that way, by the pressure of living forces, can reforms be accomplished. In support of this the Democratic party is cited. The Democratic party of 1860 is not the Democratic party of 1912. It has shifted its position on many things, notably on the tariff and the extreme doctrine of State rights. The Democratic party is no longer a free-trade party even if it believes in tariff reform, which means one thing in Alabama and another thing in Pennsylvania. It no longer, whether in Georgia or Massachusetts, resents the interference of the Federal government in matters that can be better regulated by the nation than by the State, as, for instance, national quarantine and the public health. Yet, while the party has modified its position, it is still the Democratic party of history; which is the argument to prove that, while an old party can keep continually vigorous by readjustment, a new party cannot hope to succeed. Whenever this argument is used it is always forgotten or conveniently ignored that a party which has had an enormous influence on the destinies of the country, and in a scarcely less degree on those of the world at large, was half a century ago a "new" party. A fact written in history so pregnant as this no one can dispute, but it can be dismissed with the statement that the times were different and only peculiar circumstances made it possible for the Republican party to live.

Yet the times were no more peculiar when the Republican party was born than they are to-day. The Republican party was a protest. It lifted up its voice against "special privilege" and in behalf of "the people." Mr. Bryan on the one side and Mr. Roosevelt on the other have cried the same thing. They are battling, they say, against "special privilege" and laboring for "the people. The Republican party was born and lived and wrought great things. Whether it was right or wrong, whether it did more harm than good, need not be considered here. It did—that is the main thing—it did—and what it did it wrote into history. There was evidently a demand for what it was to do, and the men who believed in themselves and their mission counted no cost too great, no sacrifice too large, no peril too hazardous. The Republican party when it sprang full armed to the fray, it has often been said, was a party of fanatics. The world has owed much to its fanatics.

For sixteen years the gospel of the rights of the people against the oppression of special privilege has been preached. For years before the sword cut the fine-spun web of theorists all the genius of statesmanship was directed toward staving off the evil day by a series of cowardly and futile compromises and by patching the fabric of society instead of tearing down and rebuilding anew. Many men saw the inevitable, and no man had the courage to face it. For the past sixteen years we have seen the same attempt—dishonest, if causes were clearly understood, foolish if their meaning was misread—to compromise and patch instead of uprooting and replanting. Both Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt have preached their doctrine, both have professed to hold out the hope of salvation, but the one no more than the other has been able to point the way. They preach the word, but they teach nothing. Denied the power to execute, Mr. Bryan perforce must be content with agitation; given the power to execute, Mr. Roosevelt was content to blow the flame of agitation into a roaring torrent of fire that threatened destruction. There would be no fanatics, to whom the world owes much, if behind them was not the motivating force of agitation, but it must be agitation with a purpose and not merely for the ignoble desire to create foolish discontent or to gratify the vanity of unworthy ambition. The seed scattered with such lavish hands by Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt has taken deep root—and the debt Mr. Roosevelt owes to Mr. Bryan, Mr. Roosevelt can never repay; Mr. Bryan was the apostle to prepare the way for his coming.

The work begun by Mr. Bryan has been finished by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Bryan drove a wedge into the Democratic party, and one side fell conservatives, and on the other radicals. Mr. Roosevelt brought the same confusion into his own party. Mr. Bryan has often complained that he is the poorer because Mr. Roosevelt purloined some of his intellectual property, but any weapon is legitimate in a great cause. In this Olympus Mr. Bryan played the rôle of Vulcan to Mr. Roosevelt's Jupiter, and the thunderbolts were much more effective in the hands of the master than in those of the servant. Mr. Roosevelt has used his weapons so successfully that he has now persuaded a good many thousands of his fellow-countrymen that their only hope is to do what was done fifty years ago and strike at special privilege through a new party—a party that he will lead if they insist upon following.

It is to be feared that Mr. Roosevelt's new party will progress little beyond the preliminary stage, although it is greatly to be hoped that it will come to vigorous manhood. Nothing would be better for the future of American politics and more for the benefit of society than a party that is frankly and honestly radical and has the courage to appeal for support to radicals wherever they may be found. This is not intended to be understood as a reflection of a personal view, for the subject is dealt with from the larger aspect of the public good and not to give expression to an individual opinion. Parties as now constituted mean too little to satisfy men, and they make the impossible attempt to reconcile conflicting elements that are not to be held together by a tie so tenuous as a party name. The result is that politics is not taken seriously; it may be taken with a great deal of noise and frenzy, but real emotions are not stirred; neither party can do what it wants because it must always consider the opposing force within itself. Both sides steal the livery of heaven in which to serve Satan. Men call themselves "progressive conservatives," men call themselves "conservative progressives," but it is all mere sound. Men are either one thing or the other—they are either conservatives or radicals as the words are used in present-day politics—but they cannot be both, and they ought not to be ashamed to stand to their colors.

What is Mr. Roosevelt? Seemingly an absurd question to ask, but what is Mr. Roosevelt? What definite purpose does Mr. Roosevelt seek to accomplish? How does he propose to go about it? Take it for granted that he wants to destroy "special privilege" and "bring the rule of the people back to the people," admit that is a very laudable ambition, if it be true that "special privilege" exists and the people have allowed themselves to be robbed of the right to rule, still that is not sufficient to create a party nor secure enough foundation on which a party can stand. It is one of the interesting things about Mr. Roosevelt that he has more than once happened by accident on a great issue and has abandoned it because, being a politician rather than an idealist, he was more interested in playing the game of politics successfully than in seeking the ideal. When he was President he hung poised for a brief period over the lair of the tariff monster and threatened to do it battle, only to run away in terror when told by the politicans that the beast was more terrible than he imagined. Mr. Roosevelt's instinct was right, but his courage was not proof, and he missed one of the greatest opportunities of his life. Mr. Roosevelt's Columbus speech—the recall of judicial decisions—was an issue, but again the politicians frightened him; he grew afraid of his own shadow and he ran away from the specter he raised, just as he did from the tariff.

A party to win must have principles. What are Mr. Roosevelt's principles? What has he to offer to men who are tired of rhetoric and want something vital to grasp? Words will not suffice, and especially words that are too nebulous to mean anything. If Mr. Roosevelt has both moral and intellectual courage, he will frame a declaration of principles the meaning of which no one can mistake, the success or failure of which will influence him not in the least. He will care nothing that it will lose him or win him votes, for that is the very smallest of his considerations. The man who aspires to purify politics will give no thought to the mere hope of carrying the next election or to placing candidates in office. Elections must be won to enable policies to be carried out, but it is of greater importance that principles survive. It is because Mr. Roosevelt has given no indication of either moral or political honesty that one has little faith in his ability to create a new party and entertains no hope that the great opportunity which has been offered him will be made use of. If personality was all that was needed, Mr. Roosevelt would be amply equipped for his task, for he has managed to throw a spell over his deluded followers, but personality is as unsubstantial a thing as a sunbeam's dancing colors.

The fact is, Mr. Roosevelt is in every way unfitted for the tremendous task to which his insensate ambition has driven him. He can no more create a party than he could help disrupting the Republican party, for to him a party has no meaning except as it exists to further his ambition, to magnify his importance, to clothe him with power. When Mr. Roosevelt came into office he had behind him a virile, militant, aggressive party, and when he went out he had corrupted its strength and so destroyed its cohesion that it easily fell a victim to the assaults of its enemy. It was his ambition, his arrogance, his selfishness, his utter disregard of duty that brought this about. The party existed for him. The government was his platform. The Republic was his property. The party was not wrecked because he was the only righteous man fit to be saved. The party tried to save him as well as itself, but nothing could save him, and he went down dragging the party with him. A man who cannot conserve his fortune is not usually selected as the guardian of another's. Mr. Roosevelt has wrecked one party, which is reason enough why sane men will give him no opportunity to experiment with another.

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Tightening the Civic Purse-Strings

THE "SUPPLEMENTAL CONTRACT," AND HOW A PHILADELPHIAN MADE WAR UPON IT

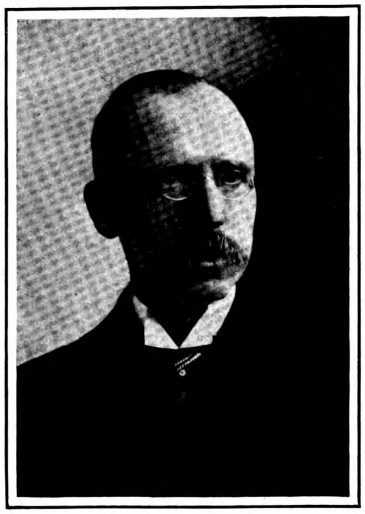
By John S. Lopez

THERE is an ancient Chinese adage which, freely translated, runs, "Who cherishes the good works of his fathers, contributes to the common weal!" There is no particular evidence to show that the ancestor worship recommended by old Doctor Confucius ever worked to the social or political advancement of the Celestial Empire. And yet, very recently, that moss-grown old adage has been vindicated by a most illuminating scrimmage with what our practical officials nowadays regard as the veritable backbone of modern politics.

On the plaza surrounding Philadelphia's City Hall is a statue of John C. Bullitt, a one-time famous lawyer, reformer, and statesman. The statue is there because its original was author of the Bullitt Bill, upon which is founded the present government of the city. Directly across, in South Penn Square, is a building occupied principally by law offices, and in one of these which commands full view of the aforesaid statue is a desk used occasionally by Logan M. Bullitt, a son of John C. Bullitt. The younger Bullitt is a lawyer by profession, but he doesn't work at it. He might easily have entered politics, but he doesn't care for bizarre odors. One faction in the Quaker City refers to him as "the kid-glove disturber." There is a reason. Being sufficiently equipped with the wherewithal that makes for leisure, Bullitt has of late years divided his energies between social activities and a penchant for worrying derelict city officials.

As the world knows, the name Philadelphia long has been a synonym for political graft and patronage. Contrasted with the methods in vogue there, we are told, the exploits of Tammany Hall and similar institutions show but the weak striving of unsophisticated dilettantes. The good citizens of Philadelphia themselves have spread the news. It has been the local habit to awake at intervals, kick up an awful dust, and then lapse into quietude. The anti-administration newspapers catered to it. Whenever there was lack of startling news, they could dust off one of the ripe political scandals always kept in stock, start the people raving, and then keep the matter humming till a real news sensation came along. Charges of looting the city were the favorite. The charges were rarely proved, and, so far as one could notice, conditions did not improve.

There was a flurry of the usual sort in the spring of 1909, when Logan M. Bullitt had no pressing social engagements and no definite programme of disturbance in view. His friends declare that he was in his office one day and, happening to glance at the bronze statue across the way, got an inspiration. At any rate, he dusted off a copy of the Bullitt Bill and, in addition, began prospecting through the various ordinances relating to the government of the city.



Henry Clay
EX-DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC SAFETY

What he found started him out to organize a "Taxpayers' Committee on City Finances" with this object:

"To conduct proceedings to secure the administration of the financial affairs of the City of Philadelphia in accordance with the Constitution and laws of the State of Pennsylvania."

He wanted the city run exactly as a business concern. He had discovered that, while the Bullitt Bill was carefully drawn to act as a sort of civic cash register, the law was failing in this purpose because its provisions were being dodged or absolutely ignored.

It took almost a year of quiet work to organize that committee. What was required was a body to make conservative Philadelphia sit up and take notice. It was secured. It included no politicians—none who could be remotely suspected of venal motives. Its members were men of unquestioned civic patriotism, men who ranked high in the professions and industries. For instance, there were Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the eminent physician and novelist; Dr. Howard S. Anders, Dr. Richard H. Harte, and Dr. Barton C. Hirst, prominent physicians who were alarmed at the bad sanitary conditions existing in the city; Clarence L. Harper, president of the Union Trust Company; Asa S. Wing, president of the Provident Life Insurance and Trust Company; Charles F. Jenkins, a publisher; Arthur H. Lea, a publisher of medical works; Theodore J. Lewis, formerly of the firm operating the Baldwin Locomotive Works; William M. Longstreth and Walter Wood, Sr., prominent merchants; Cyrus D. Foss, Jr., son of Bishop Foss; Dilwyn Wister, a retired real-estate operator, and several others of the same caliber. Thomas Raeburn White, a prominent attorney, was appointed counsel to the committee. He had the distinction of being the first lawyer to successfully prosecute persons for ballot-box frauds, a feat that had always been considered an impossibility in gang-ridden Philadelphia.

It required convincing arguments to enlist a following of this sort. Compactly put, these were that if *de nite* proof was produced to show the citizens of Philadelphia that it was being looted, it would cease to be "contented." Everybody knew that politicians spent large sums to procure public offices which paid little or nothing in salaries, and yet waxed rich. If the existing laws were so enforced that there could be no chance of graft, there would cease to be such keen bidding for office. If office-holding ceased to be profitable the dominant machine would be without the funds necessary to keep itself in power. It was early determined that the committee would take legal proceedings only where laws had been violated by city officers and where convincing proof could be secured.

The first blow was struck at the very foundation upon which the "system" was erected. This was a suit brought against the city, the mayor, and the directors of various departments to obtain a legal construction of the meaning of the act commonly known as "The Pay-As-You-Go Act," by which the expenditures of the city are regulated. This is a law prohibiting the expenditure in any one year of more money for current expenses than is received in revenues. It was devised to keep the city out of debt and to secure a proper accounting of the annual budget. It provides, also, that for all city works, first, appropriations must be made and then contracts executed; this, after there has been due advertising and competitive bidding.

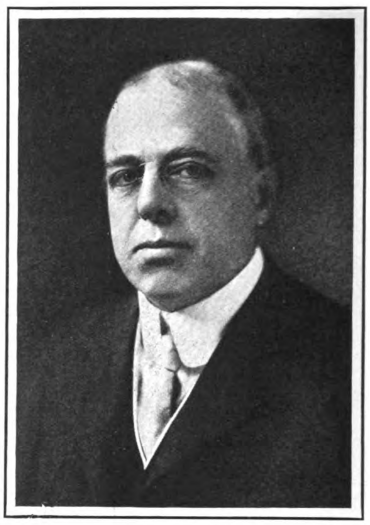
The committee found that in the three years 1907–08–09 there had been expended for current expenses eleven and one-half million dollars more than there had been received. It was by no means a novel situation. The methods in the past had been to meet these pyramided debts by bond issues. The explanation of how the overspending was managed under color of law lay in what were known as "supplemental contracts." For example, where a certain piece of work was to be done, instead of awarding a contract for the whole, a small appropriation was first made and only a portion of the work would be advertised. This avoided contracting beyond the legal expenditure limit; but the contract provided that any amount of additional work required would be done at the same unit prices. When the first portion of work was completed the contractor, if he were regarded with favor by the officials, was instructed to go on with the remaining portions without the formality of proper appropriations and contracts. Under the entry of "current expenses," for work or material furnished the city, these bills were paid as soon as money could be made available.

The decision of the Court was a marked victory for the committee. It held that "supplemental contracts" are void, and, further, enjoined the officers of the city from continuing the practice of paying for work or materials furnished the city *prior to any appropriation or contract.*

The Taxpayers' Committee precipitated its biggest sensation when it caused the arrest of Henry Clay, Director of Public Safety; Carl Zilenziger, City Architect; John R. Wiggins, president, and W. H. Walls, secretary, of a building and contracting company. They were charged with conspiracy to defraud the city through contracts for buildings. The defendants were indicted, and are now out on bail awaiting trial. Evidence was brought out before the Catlin Investigating Commission, which, on the request of the Taxpayers' Committee, held sessions in Philadelphia for fourteen days, to investigate charges of dishonesty in the administration of the city government. This was a shrewd move on the part of the Taxpayers' Committee to bring against the local Republican machine an instrument of destruction devised by the State Republican machine to discipline its enemies.

The Catlin Commission had its origin in a resolution passed by the Senate of Pennsylvania, appointing a committee to investigate any charges which might be brought against any judge or other official. This was intended to be used to discomfit certain judges who refused to do the bidding of those controlling the Republican organization.

The evidence before the commission showed that for four years the Department of Public Safety, under Director Clay, had awarded every contract for building or altering bath-houses, police stations, and fire-houses to Wiggins & Company. In every instance Wiggins & Company had been the low bidder, or, if not, then all bids were rejected and new bids advertised for. In such cases the Wiggins bids were reduced until they became *low*. Aside from the fact that this indicated an unfair plan to aid the favored contractor, it would seem that the city would benefit in the way of economical contracts. But here was the hidden skeleton. After an award had been made to Wiggins & Company the specifications would be changed so as to cheapen the buildings and reduce the cost to the contractor about forty per cent. There was no corresponding reduction in the price to be paid by the city; nor any invitation to other contractors to offer revised bids.



Logan M. Bullitt
ORGANIZER OF THE TAXPAYERS' COMMITTEE

Take the specific case of a public bath for which Wiggins & Company made the low bid, $27,000. No other contractor would do it so cheaply. After the award was made the specifications were changed. The copper roof originally required became tin; inlaid tiling for floors and sides became slate; quartered oak became common pine, and so on through a long programme of cheapening. Contractors who had refused the original work at $27,000 testified that they would have been glad to meet the revised plans for $16,000. Then there was the alteration of a fire-house awarded to Wiggins & Company. The work was split up into three sections, changes to the interior first being bargained for. The contract price for this was about right. While this work was under way a contract for a new front was let to Wiggins & Company for $11,985. Later, other contractors offered to duplicate the front for $1,000. Then Wiggins & Company obtained the third contract to supply three lockers and do some plastering. The price they received was $4,000. It was shown that the lockers were of a stock pattern and could be purchased for $17 apiece, while the plastering could be done at a profit for less than $100, and had been included in the first contract.

Bullitt and his associates did not have easy sailing. The forces of the administration as well as newspapers friendly to the dominant political party opposed and harried them at every step. City Councils in particular manifested enmity, because in investigating land frauds the committee had connected many of their number with irregular transactions. In many cases where the committee had tied up payments to contractors the councilmen passed ordinances making special appropriations of money and directing that the payments be made. These movements were blocked by the committee.

The expenses of the Taxpayers' Committee to date have been about $40,000, which amount was contributed by citizens. It has recovered for the city nearly $140,000, while enjoining the payment of a much larger amount pending the settlement of suits. In all, the money involved in the various proceedings aggregated nearly $39,000,000. More important than this, however, it has established the fact that the "supplemental contract"—the father of graft—is illegal; and has taught the lesson that the "Pay-As-You-Go Act" must be observed.

Taken by and large, it has been a victory for business methods in city administration. The committee has not established nor did it expect to establish a political millennium. It was not successful in all the criminal actions it brought. But it has at least spiked the most insidious of all forms of official grafting—the looting that is accomplished under color of legal proceeding.

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America's Olympic Argonauts

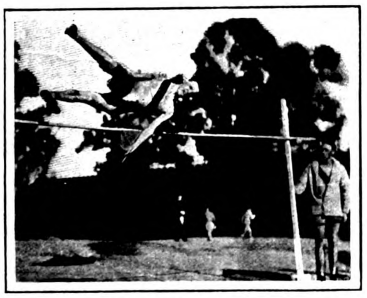
By Edward Bayard Moss

HISTORY repeats itself even though centuries intervene between repetitions. Greek mythology records the voyage of the Argonauts to recover the Golden Fleece of the winged ram Chrysomallus, nailed to the oak tree in the Garden of Ares. Ages later the expedition, modernized by American business methods, is duplicated in the sailing of the United States Olympic team for the international carnival of sports to be held at Stockholm next month.

Never in the history of amateur sport has such an athletic combination gone forth to do battle on cinder track and greensward. Champions of the world, the States, and of the various divisions and ramifications of America's vast athletic system are to-day all training on the high sea for what is forecast as the greatest competion of its kind ever held.

Four times in recent years has a band of young Americans gone forth in similar competition and each time returned with premier honors. Each revival of the Olympic games has drawn larger entry-lists, and each struggle has been more severe than its predecessor, but never have the United States representatives faltered or failed to emerge from the conflict victorious. That the present delegation of entrants should fail to uphold the records and traditions of the past appears unlikely, since the annals of athletics cannot produce an aggregation combining skill, muscle, speed, and endurance equal to the American Olympic team of 1912.

Four years ago this summer a United States team considerably smaller in number swept the track and field in Shepherds Bush stadium, London, during the Olympic meet held under English auspices. Even on the home grounds of America's strongest athletic opponents the Stars and Stripes was hoisted to the top of the flag-poles in token of victory more times than any other national emblem. In that short span of four years there has been no cessation in the progress of the American athlete. So great has been the struggle for places on the team for the fifth Olympiad that few of the men who wore the United States shield then are to-day crossing the ocean in another quest for the greatest honors that the athletic field can yield. Many members of the 1908 combination realized early in the winter that the pace was to be too swift, and bowed to



George Horine, of Stanford University, who made the record high jump of 6 feet 7 inches

the inevitable and their successors. The adage that "youth must be served" is never better illustrated than on the athletic field, and the champion of yesterday finds no place on a team of the caliber that is sailing for Stockholm.

Even those who have made a life-study of track and field sports marvel at the possibilities of the present team. James E. Sullivan, the foremost athletic authority in America, and chairman of the selection committee, in discussing the team with the writer recently, said, "Never in my long experience have I ever seen its equal. Great as were the combinations which we sent to Athens in 1906 and London two years later, the present aggregation surpasses them in almost every department. I look forward to new Olympic records in more than fifty per cent. of the events, providing the foreign competitors set sufficient pace. It is evident that our athletes have been training for months past, and the many new world's records created in the various trial meets in the East, Middle West, and on the Pacific coast are proof positive that the American athlete has not yet reached his limit. Old-timers like myself have been astonished at the breaking of records during recent months. I am beginning to believe that nothing is impossible athletically for the younger generations."

This statement is borne out by figures in both track and turf events, and it is well from an American standpoint that such is the case, for the struggle for Olympic honors at Stockholm will be keener than ever before. During the early revival of these international games there was little opposition offered by the athletes of continental Europe, and the meet was always a duel between England and the United States. Conditions have changed, however, during the past few years, and Olympic enthusiasm has spread to all parts of the world. Every civilized country and colony will be represented by athletic teams at Stockholm next month, and the competition will be close and exciting in every department of the long programme.

The members of the Olympic team who will contest for the rifle-shooting record at Stockholm

This applies particularly to the American contingent, since it can be safely predicted that every nation's athlete's hand will be against this country. To dethrone America in the battle for the first place is a feat that would ring around the hemisphere, and is consequently the object of every athlete and team entered for the games.

When the number of entrants and nations is considered, such a feat would be far from impossible if the athletes of the States had not lived up to traditions and arisen equal to the occasion. The Swedish Olympic Committee has been campaigning for more than two years, and has secured competitors from the ends of the earth. The word "international" never applied to the Olympic games as it does this year. Lined up against the team now en route to the stadium will be found England, France, Germany, Sweden, Canada, Australia, Russia, South Africa, Italy, Norway, Japan, and many European provinces and principalities. The athletic standard of none of these countries is on a par with that of the States, but occasionally a phenomenal performer is uncovered, such as Dorando Petri in the London marathon. It is unexpected and scattered victories of this type that might wrest a triumph from a team less balanced and seasoned than our own.

The Olympic track and field programme at the London games contained 27 events. In these the United States team won 15 firsts; England, 8; Sweden, 2; South Africa, 1; and Canada, 1. In the coming contest the nine-day competition will include thirty events and 2,200 entries in the athletic department proper, with a number of others, among them being bicycle, shooting, equestrian, fencing, and swimming matches, in which American entries have been made. It is doubtful, therefore, if the percentage of victories will be as high as in past Olympiads, but with honors more widely scattered the voyagers from these shores should be able to hold true to precedence and return late in August with another Olympic fleece in their possession.

Such a feat as winning the championship of the world for the fifth consecutive time in this department of sport is not to be accomplished without much planning and great financial disbursements. Time was when the expenditure of a few thousand dollars sufficed to capture Olympic honors, as was the case in the first revival of these meets at Athens in 1896, when a small but sterling band of American athletes captured first place in nine of the fourteen contests that comprised the initial card. To-day the sailing of the team represents an outlay of more than $150,000. The chartering of the *Finland* required a payment of $110,000 alone before the steamship warped away from the dock. Of this sum less than fifty per cent. was secured by popular and club subscription, while the remainder was made up by private contributions.

For months past the American Olympic Committee, consisting of the leading athletic authorities of this country, has been working for the success of the trip and team, with the result that the departure of the United States team of 1912 marks a new epoch in Olympic history. The ocean-going steamer given over entirely to the athletes, cyclists, swimmers, marksmen, wrestlers, fencers, and a number of enthusiastic adherents who are accompanying the contestants, is equipped for continuous training during the entire voyage. Under the direction of Mike Murphy, America's famous trainer, the athletic contingent will continue its conditioning regardless of the fact that *terra firma* is hundreds of miles away. Special running-tracks, jumping and weight-throwing pits, swimming-tanks, and a gymnasium are features provided to keep the athletes on edge until they arrive at Stockholm.

That the competitors from these shores need but to hold their present form in order to be important factors in the stadium next month is shown by the remarkable performances recorded in the early try-outs and semi-Olympic meets held in this country during the past few months. No such collection of track and field stars was ever grouped together before, and some of their feats almost surpass belief. The world has never produced the equal of George Horine, a student of Stanford University, with a record of 6 feet 7 inches in the running high jump. The lay mind can hardly grasp the idea of a youngster less than six feet in height clearing the bar cleanly and gracefully at a height of 79 inches above the take-off. Training alongside of Horine can be seen the gigantic Californian Ralph Rose, whose specialty is the shot-put. On the same day when Horine created his new record Rose made new figures in the right and left hand

Craig, of Michigan, who is expected to win in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes

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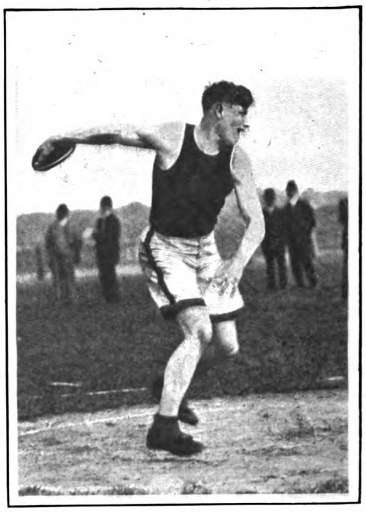
Ralph Rose, the Californian shot-putter, who will endeavor to retain the world's championship



James Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian athlete, throwing the discus

shot-put by pushing out the 16-pound weight 89 feet 6⅜ inches. Rose already holds two Olympic wreaths, for he won this event at St. Louis in 1904, and again at London in 1908.

The Far West, however, has no monopoly on record-breakers, as was proved in New York City on May 26th, when three world's standards were shattered in Olympic events. Abel Kiviat, of the Irish-American Athletic Club, in the games held at Celtic Park, set the pace by running 1,500 meters in 3 minutes 59¼ seconds, clipping 3-5 of a second off H. Wilson's record, made by the English runner on June 20, 1908. Louis Scott, of the South Paterson, New Jersey, Athletic Club, ran 5,000 meters in 15 minutes, 6 2-5 seconds, breaking the previous record held by Jean Bouin, the famous French distance runner, by five seconds. To cap the climax Jim Duncan, competing unattached, shattered all discus records by sailing the "platter" out the astonishing distance of 156 feet 1⅜ inches. This feat bettered the record of E. Nilsson, the Swedish thrower, in the recent try-out at Stockholm, by 12 feet 9 inches. Nilsson, by his throw of 143 feet 4 inches the day before, added more than seven feet to Martin Sheridan's Olympic figures, and startled, for the moment, the American athletic students.

These are but a few of the remarkable performances made by members of the United States team. It is impossible to forecast with any degree of accuracy what record-breaking feats will be witnessed in the Swedish stadium. Much depends upon the ability of our athletes to retain top form during the three weeks' stay in a climate to which none of them is accustomed. Provided that the weather, climatic, and track conditions are to their liking, and the proper pace and incentive is present, Olympic authorities predict a general revision of these records before the games are completed. New figures in the sprints, middle distance, and weight events are conceded. The high-jump mark should be raised to 6 feet 5 inches at least, and the pole vault to close upon 13 feet. The classic Marathon record of 2 hours, 51 minutes, 23 3-5 seconds made by Sherring of Canada at Athens in 1908 is likely to be reduced minutes if the course and weather be favorable on the day of the race.

This aggregation of American stars has been recruited from all sections of the country. According to the Olympic regulations, an athlete, to be eligible to compete for a certain nation, must be a native-born or naturalized citizen. With but few exceptions the entire hundred and odd competitors comply with the native-born clause. The original strain of America is represented by the presence of three full-blooded Indians in the persons of James Thorpe, Louis Tewanima, and Alfred Sockalexis. Thorpe, who will enter the Pentathlon and the Decathlon competitions, is a member of the Sac and Fox tribe of Oklahoma. He is a student at the Carlisle Indian School and a football player and all-round athlete of national reputation. Louis Tewanima is a schoolmate of Thorpe's, and, under the coaching and training of Glenn Warner, the former Cornell athlete, has developed into one of America's greatest long-distance road-runners. Sockalexis is an Onondaga Indian hailing from Oldtown, Maine, and a Marathon runner of remarkable speed and endurance. The Indian's team-mates include athletes from the leading colleges of all parts of the country as well as the pick of the club contingent.

Such is the strange and heterogeneous throng, composed of giants and pigmies, phlegmatic long-distance runners, high-strung sprinters and huge muscle-bulging weightmen capable of hurling leaden missiles unheard-of distances. The honors accorded the American athletes abroad will sink into insignificance compared to the reception that awaits them if they return with the fleece of the fifth Olympiad to add to the four already hung in our trophy-halls.

Mrs. Murphy: Capitalist

By Robert Sloss

EVERY day was wash-day with the widow Murphy, except Sunday—and that was yesterday. On this particular Monday morning she had a particularly big wash, and was in a hurry about it. She was at the very height of her steam-wreathed activities when her younger brother, Tim, her only boarder, came in and ensconced himself by the stove. Mrs. Murphy regarded the incident with disfavor. As none but a washlady can, she swiftly, silently, but surely made it uncomfortable for Tim.

"Nora," he said, at last, "lend me ten cents."

"For car-fare," said Mrs. Murphy, with fine irony.

"Aw, go on, Nora," wheedled Tim. "Ye can spare it. The insurance man won't be around to-day. Ye said yourself that he wasn't comin' again for five weeks. Ye've got a dime this mornin' ye didn't expect."

"And it 'll buy two beers, and for that ye can sit in the saloon all mornin' talkin' with yer cronies ag'in' the government while I stand here the day at the tubs," said Mrs. Murphy. "If ye'd go out and shovel snow, there might be some more dimes around here I didn't expect."

"Ye know I'm good fer it," retorted Tim, sulkily.

"I know ye'll soon be good for nothin'," snapped Mrs. Murphy, "if ye're not more savin' in yer habits."

"Savin'!" sneered Tim. "Ye've been savin' ten cents a week for five years, and all ye ever got out of it or ever will—unless the kid dies—is the price of five pints of beer; and ye won't even lend me one."

"No, I won't," said Mrs. Murphy, in stentorian tones. "That ten cents goes into the savings-bank, and so do the other four, and as much more as I can send after them. That's what the insurance man advised me to do, and I see the sense in it. If you'd do the same you might make a capitalist out of yerself instead of a loafer some day."

"A fine capitalist you are," growled Tim.

"I am that," Mrs. Murphy deposed and said. "The insurance man admitted it. 'Mrs. Murphy,' says he, 'you're a capitalist; they could never have all them fine buildings in New York without the likes of you.'"

"Don't kid yerself," said Tim, disgustedly.

"Tim," said Mrs. Murphy, "ye've got a strong pair of hands, but yer head has never had much exercise. Ye can earn a dollar easy enough when ye want to work, but ye can't make a dollar earn anything for you. I can't do that for meself, but I know there's them in this country as can do it for me—and it 'll not be me that 'll hinder them." And this was delivered with such finality that Tim beat a baffled retreat.

Mrs. Murphy was right not only about her being an out-and-out capitalist, but also in regarding herself as one that the country could not get along without. It is perfectly true that the great material development of New York and other cities in the past decade would not have been so marvelously rapid had not Mrs. Murphy and her kind decided to invest ten cents a week in it.

Mrs. Murphy's ten cents is but an infinitesimal part of more than a million dollars in ten-cent pieces that comes every week into the office of the company that insures the life of Mrs. Murphy's child for $125. Out of each ten cents three and one-half mills (three and one-half per cent.) must be set aside, according to law, as a cash reserve to pay any of the two billion dollars' worth of the company's similar policies that death may cause to fall due. The rest of that million dollars a week has to be made to make money.

Of all the forms of investment open to insurance companies the mortgage on improved city real estate is the favorite. Most of the mortage money of that sort is insurance money. A residential or business building in the right part of a city of the first class is just about the surest and most profitable investment that can be found. Consequently, when any one wants to put up a sky-scraper or a huge hotel, in the majority of cases he gets some of Mrs. Murphy's ten-cent pieces with which to do it.

He does not get them, however, until the folks that have charge of Mrs. Murphy's money are convinced that he is proposing to do a wise thing with it. Mrs. Murphy would, more than likely, let him have her weekly dime if he put up no more than a glib little game of talk. Not so the financial experts that pass upon every loan made by Mrs. Murphy's insurance company. They have to be careful not to have left on their hands a lot of worthless or non-productive securities in return for Mrs. Murphy's dimes. So well did they do their work a year ago, for instance, that they were obliged to foreclose on but one piece of property, although they made mortgage loans amounting to more than $126,000,000. This same strict scrutiny is exercised toward the stocks and bonds in which insurance companies invest. So that, wherever Mrs. Murphy's dimes may go, they are almost certain to "get busy" quickly and stay busy on a compound-interest basis.

Of how busy that capital of hers has been Mrs. Murphy got concrete evidence when she was told recently that her ten cents a week, during the five years she had been paying it, had earned for her a surplus of half a dollar over and above what was necessary to insure her child's life. Furthermore, her ten-cent pieces will earn some more surplus for her during the next four years, at the end of which time she will have a paid-up policy for $125 for less than she expected to pay for it. Then, if she likes, she can go on paying ten cents a week for another six years, getting the benefit of more surplus, and when her boy is about twenty she need pay no more, and he will receive $125 in cash if he lives to be thirty-five.

A great many people in Mrs. Murphy's circumstances believe in saving money in this way. There are eleven million of them in Mrs. Murphy's company alone. There are more people paying ten cents a week to the handful of companies that write this "industrial insurance" than there are people that have put their money to multiply in the 11,085 banks allowing interest on deposits in this country.

The eighteen million washladies and mill-hands and the like that have become capitalists after the manner of Mrs. Murphy are, of course, attracted by the insurance feature of this sort of saving. It would mean much to any of them to have the cash for a funeral at the death of any of their children. There are other advantages of this sort of saving, and Mrs. Murphy's very sound mind would be quick to see them if they were explained to her.

The existence of Mrs. Murphy's weekly savings, in the hands of competent investors, promotes the improvement of valuable real estate. No sooner do Mrs. Murphy's dimes "get busy" in the erection of a sky-scraper, a hotel, a factory, or a block of residences than those very savings have to be paid out in cash to "sand-hogs," shovelers, teamsters, carpenters, masons, and a long list of employees. And if Mrs. Murphy's brother Tim is any sort of a workman he can earn some of his sister's money back with which to pay his rent to her. If her savings have been invested in stocks and bonds to enable some concern to expand its business, her own boy, when he leaves school, may begin to earn some of her dimes back by starting as an office-boy in that very concern.

It is the opinion of insurance financiers that the building of elaborate apartment hotels in our cities has been overdone as a financial proposition. They are at present very slow to loan money for such ventures. Meanwhile model tenements have proved themselves to be decidedly profitable. Whole blocks of them have been put up recently in various cities on a strictly business basis. Any one contemplating such a method of improving city real estate would be far more likely just now to get insurance money with which to do it than if he wanted to put up another "swell" hotel. And Mrs. Murphy's ten-cent pieces not only help her brother and her son to get a job, but they may buy a few of the very bricks with which a more sanitary and comfortable place is built for her to live in.

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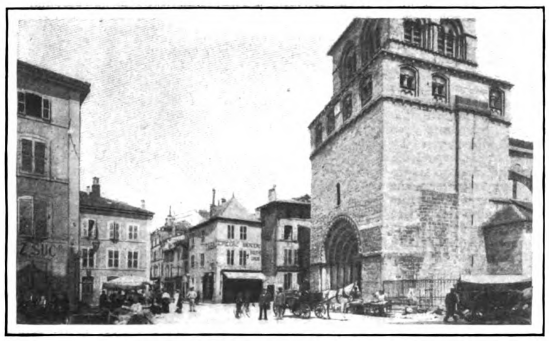
A Motor Picnic Abroad

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VACATION AUTOMOBILE TRIP THROUGH FRANCE

By Charles Johnston

AMONG the many charms of motoring in France, one must assuredly include the casual picnics, the almost unforeseen lunches and afternoon teas in the shadow of a beech-wood carpeted with violets, or on the verge of a sweet-scented wheat-field sprinkled with scarlet poppies, where skylarks shower down their songs upon one, or on the bank of a rivulet overarched with elms, that flows among vineyards and fair gardens.

I have in mind one such lunch, on the edge of a streamlet of the Moselle, half-way between Nancy and Metz, in the midst of old Lorraine. We left Nancy in the morning; not too early for comfort, nor torn reluctant from dream-laden pillows, yet in the freshness of the day. The big square was gay with the bunting of a fête, and little groups of French men and women moved to and fro on the fine gravel, cheerful and urbane. We whirled through a street or two that bore great names of French history, Jeanne d'Arc's or Napoleon's victories, and then attractive suburbs, where every villa and cottage had its garden richly adorned with flowers, led us gradually to the trees and the fields, with the stream of the Moselle flowing through them. Cream-colored cattle stood large-eyed and meditative in the rich grass, and the air was warm and caressing.



La Place Saint-Goery at Epinal

One reedy streamlet of the Moselle, which serves, I think, as a canal, flowed close to the road, with a green, shaded space between; and an old-fashioned, high-arched bridge completed the suggestion of an ideal lunching-place which we did not resist. To reach our picnic-place, we had to pass under the lee of a charming cottage garden, musical with bees and rich with beautiful blossoms, red and blush and white and yellow, tended with the gentle affection that is so peculiarly French. Two charming little children came and waved their hands to us over the clipped garden-hedge—a small girl with yellow, tousled hair, and a little boy with brown eyes and a seraphic smile full of friendliness and mirth. Nothing in France is more delightful than the children, nothing more refreshing than the incurable optimism of the children toward automobiles. They come trotting out, even the tiniest toddlers, and wave their little paws to you, as you rush cyclone-like through their sunlit villages; their smiles and eyes of welcome glow with a serene faith that their cats and chickens will not be run over: faith in our case justified to the full, as in all our whirling through sunny France, north, south, east, west, from Normandy to Anjou, from Lorraine to Burgundy, we did not run down so much as a sparrow, though we were often doing our kilometer a minute along the great Napoleon's splendid "national roads." That man of light and power conferred upon posterity a lasting boon when he said, "Let there be roads," and, taking a map, drew straight lines from Paris to each of the great cities, radiating like the spokes of a wheel; and then supplemented these by other lines, joining the larger cities to one another; then, by one of his miracles of practical force, turning the pencil lines on the map into beautiful roads across the face of his fair land, roads with the best surface in the world, and garnished with a perfect encyclopedia of information, geographical, topographical, metrical, on sign-posts at every kilometer-mark and every cross-roads.

But we were talking of French babies, and of the charming way they make you welcome. A few days after the picnic on the Moselle, I happened to be walking through a side-street of Epinal which leads up the hill toward the red sandstone quarries. A small, saucy child of the feminine persuasion came trotting down the sidewalk, and tossed a gay greeting to her friend the cobbler, who was sitting within his open window patching a shoe: "*Bon jour, Monsieur Guérin!*"

She saw me watching her, and, I suppose, smiling, as is my way with little children, and came cruising over toward me with the not too steady steps of infancy, clasped me round the knees, which gives a fair measure of her size, and looked up laughing and shaking her curls. Very naturally I smiled down at her, and rubbed her chubby, pink cheek, turned so invitingly upward. In half a minute she trotted away again, and, cruising over to an auntie, cheerfully remarked: "*Voilà ce que ce bonhomme-là m'a fait;*" which is as who should say: "Did you see what that nice stranger-person did?" But the fine flavor is incommunicable.

We were talking, however, of our picnic by the Moselle. To speak of these wayside collations as "unexpected" is, of course, something of an exaggeration. If they were quite unexpected, there would be nothing to eat, and therefore there would be no picnic at all. I mean, rather, that they are no main part of the plan, not picnic for picnic's sake, but mere incidentals, an airy alternative for wayside inns, which are apt to be stuffy and full of flies. For such a light and unconsidered picnic one is always more or less prepared. Ten minutes or so in the hotel, before setting forth, will arrange the matter. To begin with, there are the thermos bottles, always easily filled with coffee steaming hot; then there are lunch-baskets. In Paris, in the Avenue de l'Opéra, I remember seeing some perfectly lovely ones, whose outward semblance folded into a perfect footstool with a ribbed rubber top. But then they were always for six people, while we, if you counted the chauffeur, were eight. And, besides, we were not the happy possessors of such a basket. We extemporized, and the result was that we were invariably short of knives and forks, or had not glasses enough for our coffee. Or, what seemed to happen all the time, the glasses forgot to wash themselves, and looked dingy and seedy from the remains of yesterday's coffee-grains.

Nevertheless, on that morning by the Moselle, all went well. We had, I think, two chickens—roasted, of course—with ham and pickles and pies, with mineral waters from central France, and with two thermos quarts of coffee and milk. But the question of etiquette complicated itself dreadfully, and was only solved by a revival of feudalism in its extremest form: those of high dignity and consideration among us were privileged to use both knife and fork, and had first use of the coffee glasses; the second rank had either a knife or a fork, as the case might be, while the third rank held chicken-bones with their fingers and drank belated coffee from the metal cups of the thermos bottles. But the distribution of pie restored outward equality; in the face of pie, all were on a level, and the Revolution triumphed once more.

While lunch was in preparation under the trees, which means while one member of the party was sawing the ham and dismembering chickens, one of our party, who is a college youth, declared with enthusiastic and boisterous joy that he was going to have a swim in the Moselle. This sounds, by the way, like that ill-fated Duke of Clarence, in English history, who had his last swim in a butt of Malmsey wine. But in the present case I mean the river. The brother of the college youth, who is also athletically inclined, and is addicted to birds and mountains, declared that he also would go swimming in the Moselle; and there was even unseemly ridicule of an older member of the party, who is generally unwilling to waste even the appearance of a desirable swim, but who, on the present occasion, manifested unwonted reluctance. We tried gently to dissuade the doughty brothers, pointing out that they would be late for lunch, and would keep us back on our journey to Metz, and, further, though this was a delicate matter even to touch on, reminding them that they had no bathing-costumes, and that, as the laws of France are definite on this point, and firmly administered, they would in all probability be arrested, in which case we should be compelled to go on without them, leaving them to languish in dungeons for the rest of their lives. But they scoffed and mocked us, uproariously exulting in the swim they were going to have, and daring the l'resident of the Republic to come on. Still scoffing, and hugely superior, they withdrew beyond the arch of the bridge to disrobe. Had they been English, they would simply have undressed, but I have noticed that all Americans, particularly in novels of polite society, never undress, but always disrobe instead.

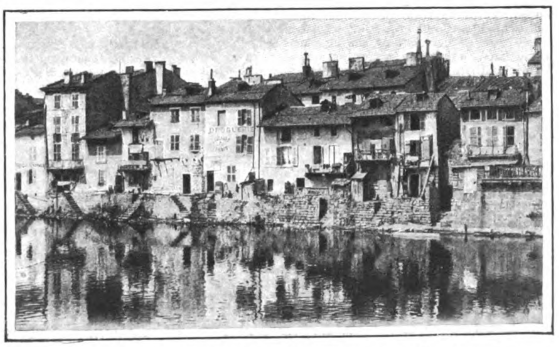
In gloomy mood we waited for the splash, debating as to what we should do if they got caught: whether it would be best flatly to disown them, to avoid all danger of our own arrest as accessories before the fact, or whether we should try to rescue them by force, and carry them off dripping in the auto. But, even after ample disrobing time, no splash came. The time drew out, and with it our suspense. Each second we thought the catastrophe would be upon us, but it held unaccountably back. Three minutes more, and our two young men reappeared, fully dressed and rather sheepish-looking. They declared, as though we must all agree to a self-evident proposition, that, on rumination of the problem, it had become clear to them that, while it would be perfectly easy to dive in, over the bulwark of reeds, they had discovered no practicable way of diving out again; and, as they could not resolve to pass the rest of their young lives, like masculine Lorcleis, in the streams of the Moselle, beguiling bargees to their doom, they had decided that the bath should be postponed. Therefore it was postponed, and they fell to upon chickens and ham. We indemnified ourselves for that missed swim a week later, however, in a splendid reach of the Moselle above Epinal, with a grove of spruces on the bank, where gold-crested wrens twittered, while kingfishers darted past in azure lightning, to the joy and delight of our bird-fiend.

After the inevitable fussing at the frontier, we whirled on into Metz, everything suddenly becoming aggressively German—stiff, self-confident, and overfed. To the eye, the two chief differences were the uniforms and the shop-signs, Gothic angularities taking the place of the exceedingly graceful lettering that one finds everywhere in France. Indeed, I think those finely formed and endlessly varied shop names are one of the most attractive things in that most attractive land. The perfect memory of that hour is Metz Cathedral, with the serene and lofty beauty of its shadowed nave, full of the atmosphere and spirit of religion!

From Metz we turned back again into France, whirling along the Moselle bank to Nancy, and thence going south, by roads altogether to be desired, through country always lovely, sunny, smiling, with every view more beautiful than the last, and, as seems to me so strikingly the case in France, every landscape full of a glorified spirit of humanity; full of life, gay and urbane; the very hills and fields saturated with a charming human consciousness, so that there is no thought at all of "dead" nature. Everything is enriched by the heart of man.

From Epinal we made a trip down through rich Burgundian valleys, along the ridge of the Côte d'Or, to Dijon of the roses. The vineyards were magnificently green, all untouched by autumnal gold and red, and the names of the towered country houses along the road read like a wine-card: so many famous châteaux, which one knows only as the names of golden beverages, but which are really delightful dwellings girt with vineyards. On this trip, too, we had some pretty picnics, and one with fretful, almost frenzied memories. Somewhat after high noon, feeling the call of primitive hunger, we stopped at a little town, whose name I have quite forgotten, to add light adornments to our bill of fare—cakes and pastry and the like. One of our party, a sober-minded professor of one of the more recondite subjects, totally demoralized a group of children by inviting them to enter the pastry-cook's shop with him and there to regale themselves at his expense and according to their own sweet wills. Those intelligent children understood his French.

Burgundy was left behind, and in due time we set our faces toward the more remote east, where the Jura mountains hem off Switzerland from France. There also are lovely memories, but they do not rightfully fall within the bounds of the present tale.



Some of the characteristic old houses on the Moselle

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The Young Lawyer Talks Politics

By Edward S. Martin

MY calling does not seem nowadays to inspire respect. Folks hoot at lawyers, declaring with much reiteration that law has ceased to be a profession and become a business. They vary that by pointing out that all the best talent in it is bought up day by day by the corporations and the rich. Even the judges—look at them! The current disposition is, when you don't like a decision of a court, to take the judge's number and write to the management to have him fired. It is to laugh at decisions and the feeling about them. The other day the United States Supreme Court decided something thus and so by four to three. Justices 1, 3, and 5 protested vigorously. Personally I sustained the dissenting opinion, and thought the decision left the law in a bad condition. That could be cured by Congress, which is perhaps the best way, but the popular method would be to dock Justices 2, 4, 6, and 7 a month's pay, and try the case again with a full court. That's how folks seem to feel, and perhaps some of them would act on their feelings.

Some of them! Stars above! What some of us would do is past guessing. What some of us are thought capable of doing quite outruns belief, but that is because the air is charged with politics and with plans and specifications for making over the world, and with a perceptible leaning, as I have intimated, toward beginning with the legal profession.

Oh, well, let 'em! I'm not afraid. A man who can make a living by law can make a living at something else if necessary. It is the understanding when they put young fellows to learn the law that they will be qualified, more or less, if they learn it, not only to be lawyers, but to be bankers, brokers, railroad officers, editors, milliners, grocers, contractors, and nurses-general to ailing industries, and undertakers. Accordingly they usually appoint lawyers to receiverships, and usually the appointees go ahead and bury the patient. No doubt it is a natural consequence of this theory that lawyers shall know and do everybody's business that there is this prevalence of impression that everybody ought to be able to beat the lawyers at law. Of course there ought to be reciprocity in omniscience. Of course the lawyer trade can be overdone, but there's more to it than these recall people think. I guess it will last my time. It's the science of keeping order in the world. I admit that it needs assistance from cops and sometimes from soldiers, and cannon and war-ships, and that too much of the time it keeps a sort of crystallized disorder that has to be smashed occasionally and rearranged. But when it comes to rearrangement, back they come to the lawyers, professors of the science of keeping order in the world.

It is interesting how people divide in politics. All the decent people seem to be after the same thing, more or less, but differ according to knowledge, temperament, circumstances, and affiliations as to methods of getting it. And the differences last so wonderfully! There's free trade and protection, or high and low protection—we've been discussing those matters in this country voluminously and insistently for from fifty to a hundred years, and by far the most of us don't know now precisely where we stand. We are, reasonably enough, for as much improvement as will do us good, and not for any more than is helpful at the price. But tariff-improvement isn't to be had in quarter-yard lengths. Congress makes a rough effort to please customers, and when it has finished it is take it or leave it, and the customers usually go off grumbling.

And the other things that people want—restraint of corporations, restraint of labor-unions, restraint of political bosses, changes in the machinery of politics, hand-made government by the people, single taxes, income taxes, minimum wages, municipal ownership of public utilities, votes for women—my gracious—there's a new remedy every day.

Not but that many of them are good and some of them timely. The world seems to be progressive nowadays, and I suppose its progress is upward, and not to the bow-wows. But it is to wonder about every proposed change whether it is really improvement or merely change, and about every novelty that people clamor for whether their true need is not something else—a change in themselves, rather than any practicable change in the regulations of life. For one need not be very old to observe that different people make out very differently in the same circumstances, and that folks affect circumstances much more than circumstances affect folks. Yet circumstances do affect folks very much, crush them sometimes, and stunt or warp them often; and certainly there is an obligation in the folks who have it in them to affect circumstances to improve them for the benefit of all hands, and provide reasonable access to opportunity.

Do I get in with the cart-tail orators this campaign? Why not, to be sure? Politics has been an early crop this year, sprouting hard in March, and working overtime ever since, with an enormous profusion of discourse and a vast expenditure of time and money in a general public effort to get somewhere. But that's all right. The crop is going to be worth the labor. This is really the first time the political school has been run wide open since Bryan's first campaign, and that was sixteen years ago, a period that carries me clear back to Eton collars. Alas for me! I suppose I'm a sort of conservative. They ought to examine the blood and find out where people belong, and save us some of our mental struggles to discover it by cerebral analysis. I don't know what's in my blood, but when people are for scuttling the ship so as to get the boats out easier I always seem to be for some other plan. Now and then it's necessary to scuttle. There was the everlasting French Revolution, where they blew up their ship, and in the long run made a good thing out of it. But that was an exceptionally rotten ship, and they had things fixed aboard so that the crew were too successfully separated from the grub—a feat that a large share of human ability seems always at work to accomplish, and which, when it is successfully pulled off, achieves a very penetrating and comprehensive quality of ruin. Perhaps it is the conservative molecules in my blood that makes me as much averse to this detachment of the crew from the grub as I am to blowing up the ship. No true friend of navigation wants either of them.

I guess it's more fun to be a meat-ax radical than a conservative. The ax-handle is a simple implement, and probably blisters the hands less than this eternal pulling on the sheets and throwing the wheel over.

Why do women marry such men?

But we don't really choose our line in politics. We take the steer we get from our inside, and which comes down to us, no doubt, from our forebears, along with the tendency to fat or lean, and variations in the adherence of hairs to our scalps. I dare say we are not as grateful as we should be to other persons whose molecular inheritance is different from ours for going their way and following their hereditary propensities, so that we can better and more helpfully follow ours. If we all got the same steer I dare say the ship would run aground. To avoid that there comes this variety

To dock Justices 2, 4, 6, and 7 a month's pay

of propensity, and also the great principle of reaction on inherited inclinations, which has always raised up from time to time such valuable and efficient revolutionaries. The pinch for the natural conservatives comes at times when conservatism has outrun its license and crystallized into a do-nothingness which is more dangerous than radicalism. Then the real conservatives like me, who always want to let things down easy, have to flop, and it is always a very nice matter to know just when to do it and what to flop to.

This is a pretty floppy year, no doubt about it. I'd give a penny to know whose cart-tail, if any, I should aspire to mount. Great din at this writing, and a handsome field of candidates, with leaders whom we have been contemplating for months, and putting on the scales and pulling off, and whose points we have reckoned and re-reckoned. And as it comes to the choice, how prevalent is dubiety of mind as to whether we shall get candidates for whom we want to vote! Was there ever such a lot of men put up for office? I read the papers, all varieties of them, and have been studying candidates hard now for three or four months, and begin to wonder how so many incompetent or unprincipled citizens have contrived to cheat the gallows and avoid all places of detention all these years. Not one of them has so much as been to jail as yet. I dare say they would pass even now as half-way decent men if they were not candidates. Perhaps we are too particular. I notice that a large proportion of the important work in the world has been done by pretty bad men: men, some of them, who would have been insufferable if they had not been indispensable. When things are in a bad-enough hole, the indispensable man has to be taken whether he is insufferable or not. But luckily we're not up against it so hard as that. Nobody seems indispensable this year. Our world seems to me less tippy nowadays, blowing as it is at all its blow-holes, than it did six or seven years ago, when stocks were kiting and being kited, and everybody was consolidating, and every active person who wasn't a syndicate or an underwriter of something was asking the way to those fashionable employments. We have blown off a lot of steam since then, and our safety-valves are all working pretty well; and, though they're noisy, to me they don't look dangerous. We must be patient with the candidates, and look sometimes on their bright sides. When we regard them all with discontent, it is too much like that common saying, "Why do women marry such men?" They marry the best in sight, and that's all we can do about candidates. But, by George! the light that beats upon a throne is mere moonshine to the light that beats upon a candidate.

We shall see about the candidates, but just what we shall see beats me.

A Year After

By Edith Dart

SHE died upon this very night last year.
Unless I think, I almost guess her near.
I loved her well in life, and oft forgot
How oft she might have deemed I loved her not.

I have small hope, as some men, we shall find
Within some other world this life behind,
Our human love perfected; that would be
Another love, another life to me.

So, when I think of her, moreover, now,
I see no angel woman, spirit brow,
All halo-ringed; but eyes, dark cloud of hair,
And face she hardly thought I found so fair.

Now, as I think, this seems the strangest part,
Worse than my loneness and my empty heart,
That I may ne'er believe she yet might know
And be surprised and glad I miss her so.

Yet, if she should know! 'neath her joy would stir
Pain at my pain, in always wanting her,
Hearing about the house her laugh and call,
The rustle of her gown, her footsteps' fall.

So, it were best she sleep well; while I sit
Here, in her room, where only shadows flit;
And comes the rending thought that, being man,
Some day e'en memory will outrun this span.

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BEFORE MORNING

BY BREVARD MAYS CONNOR

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

HE sat up slowly, blinking in the moonlight that flooded through the open door, and, though it was a stifling night, one that sent the tree-frogs croaking and the locusts shrilling, he shivered as if an icy breath had crept up through the dark, panting swamp and touched him. His teeth chattered as he pulled the ragged quilt about his shoulders.

Again came the sound, the hiss of parted grass, the crackle of underbrush, and the rattle of leaves, with the after-patter of the big oozing drops of dew.

He fingered the revolver that lay across his knees, knees so cold the polished steel felt warm to them. Would it be a cow, as it had been the three nights past?

The noise again—the lingering rustle of some stealthy passer in the woods! It seemed too conscious of itself, too full of the caution of the hunting—hear how that wayward foot plashed in the mud and was carefully withdrawn with the soft sigh of the slowly released air! It was no beast, not one of those thin-necked, sunken-flanked cows whose wild eyes had watched him from the tangled palmetto scrub. When they withdrew a foot it made a smack like a kiss.

He leaned back against the wall and sighed in relief. It was strange he should feel relieved to find some foundation for his fears, to know that no beast had made the noise, but a man.

During four days and four nights he had listened for it. He had known it would come ever since the day he first fired the revolver that lay across his knees. Its first crack had sent the idea swinging into his brain that he had made himself a thing to be hunted by his fellow-men. The white face of the man crumpled in the road had been a voice crying justice.

He fingered the gun longingly, but when he felt the empty chambers a hot wave of anger spread over him. He had been a fool to say he only wanted enough to be sure of his man, and now to have to sit and wait for it to come and be made to pay! Hadn't he paid for it all before in the sad, starved years of his youth?

Well, there was no use weeping over the milk spilt. It was Fate, and unescapable. The fear of it had cut short his gloating over the crumpled thing in the red sand of the road. He had fled before it through the cool pine woods with their slippery flooring of needles. Out into the rank palmetto scrub he had run, where the breast-high brambles beat him back again and again until his clothes were rags, his body a mass of purple scratches. He had won through finally, and panted up the smoking, sandy ridges, where the ground is accursed and no green thing grows, but only the rattler coils and uncoils himself in the pleasant heat, glancing with steely eyes about his domain.

Down from there he had plunged, down under the low-hanging cypress boughs, where the streaming moss stung his face as he passed, and his feet sank ankle-deep in the black, acrid mud that bubbled about his shoe-tops. He had scrambled through forests of cypress and skirted dark, greasy pools where turtles slid from half-sunken logs into the sullen water, and everywhere the sluggish moccasins had threatened, their white fangs gleaming like flowers amid the tangle underfoot. He had never seen so many snakes.

Below had been a still, dripping heat and the pestilential odor of rotting wood and stale water, but high above shone the broad exotic magnolia flowers, and the bay and the wild pink honeysuckle flung their perfume on the breeze. It had been a heaven set within a hell, a trackless waste of horror and riotous beauty, but even here the Fear had followed. Through the whole mad race it had been just at his shoulder, and when he fell through the crumbling door of the cabin down among the rotting timbers and clicking scorpions it was still with him. He could still see it, though he buried his face in the rotting quilt he found there.

That had been four days ago—four days face to face with the Fear, and now the sound had come. Again he sighed, and the tense muscles relaxed. He was actually glad.

The stealthy rustling had come nearer. His straining ears could hear the heavy breathing of the night prowler as he crept up the slope, and his quick eyes caught the heavier shadow behind the outswinging window-shutter. In the crevice between the shutter and the wall something glittered.

"Come out," said a voice.

He smiled—even laughed low a bit.

"Come in, my gun is empty," and he held out his bare hands in the moonlight.

The man in the shadow grunted, and then suddenly he stood in the doorway, his gun advanced, threatening.

"Hand over your gun."

He proffered it butt first and waited.

"Make yourself comfortable," was the order. "We won't start before morning. Got a candle?"

"On the shelf there by the door."

He smiled to see his captor's caution as he backed up to the wall, his eyes never leaving his prisoner's face.

"Here, I'll light it," he said.

The match flared into life, bringing two responsive flashes from the man before him. One came from the revolver in his hand, the other from the plated badge pinned on his shirt just above the heart.

"So you're the sheriff," he breathed, placing the candle on an upturned box.

"I am," grunted the other, "and I hope to be for some time to come, or I wouldn't have come down into this hell hole after nobody."

He sat down with his back against the wall opposite, a young, full-bodied man, with clear, blue eyes and a short, silky beard curling about the firm mouth. The other noted with a smile the little red bramble scratches across the cheek. This man, too, had not found the Bogue Falaya a pleasant place to walk in.

"And you hope to be for a long time," he repeated.

"Tell me about it."

"There ain't much to tell," said the sheriff, suddenly abashed. "I had to get you, that's all. You see, Martin Davies has been running this parish a long time, and when I beat out his man for this job he didn't take to it kindly." The speaker's face darkened. "I think there were other reasons that didn't go to make us any too friendly. But anyway when he was shot his friends claimed I was back of it." His pipe glowed fiercely. "So I had to get you—and—well, pardner, I got you, and I'm going to keep you—or not come back."

He grinned good-naturedly.

"I haven't got anything against you personally. Martin Davies was a crook. He was a grafter in politics and a bleeder in money affairs, and there were other things—which, to be sure, are only rumors."

He leaned back again to silence and his pipe. The other was leaning forward, studying the sheriff's face. It seemed as if he had stumbled across some elusive phantom and was trying to pin it down into reality.

"What's your name?" asked the sheriff, after a pause.

"Er—Jackson."

The sheriff smiled.

"That 'll do as well as any other. Phew, it's hot, ain't it?"

He tossed his hat into a corner and unbuttoned his collar and shirt-front, baring his breast. The other's gaze fluttered up to his face. Then he leaned back with closed eyes. He had pinned the phantom down.

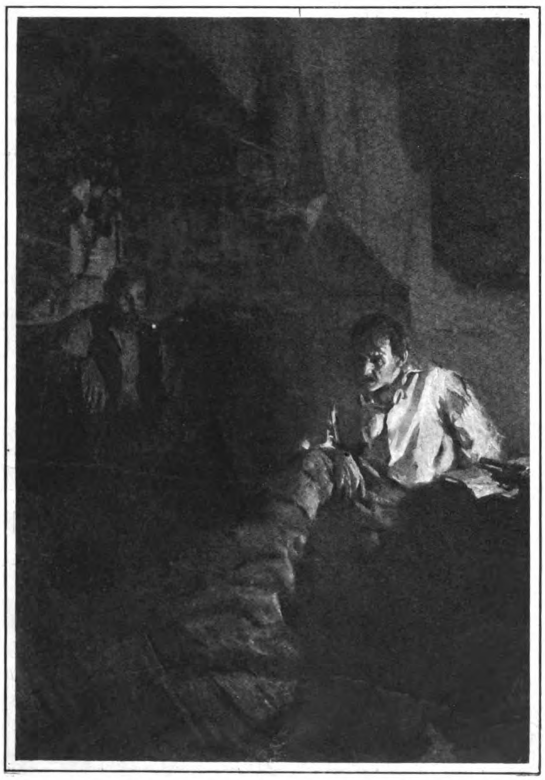
The sheriff yawned prodigiously.

"You're some scarred up, Jackson. This place is no playground, and you had a good hunch to hit for it. You look kind of yellow, too. The Bogue Falaya can breed fevers faster than anything—except snakes."

"Yes," he replied; "yes, you see, I know the old swamp pretty well. I was born here."

"So?" The sheriff's face crinkled with kindly merriment. "But I never heard tell of any Jacksons around here."

The other smiled with him and pulled the quilt up about his throat.



He sat down with his back against the wall opposite

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"What's your name? Maybe I knew your family."

His captor glanced away sheepishly.

"I guess not. I was raised in the orphan asylum, and nobody seemed to know where I belonged. My name is Ford—by agreement. Whereabout did you live?"

"Do you know the big white house over on the Chefuncta—the ramshackle one?"

"Of course, the old—"

"I was born there."

The sheriff's eyes widened with interest.

"Your father was overseer, maybe?"

"No—he owned the place."

The other whistled slowly and leaned forward.

"So your name ain't Jackson?"

"No—"

"Well, well, well," murmured the sheriff. "I begin to see now. I've heard it rumored that Davies beat your father out of his money."

"And worse. We were rich people once. I've seen that long paneled dining-room filled with the quality of four parishes. I've seen dances held there from twilight till dawn, while the governor and the bishop held many a battle of wit about the punch-bowl."

He paused, and out in the still night a bird chirped softly. A light breeze strayed through the door and bent the steady candle-flame.

"And I've seen three people there hovering over a single oil-lamp for warmth."

The other stirred uneasily, as if his rough soul shrunk from anything of pathos.

"How did it happen that your father let him get away with it?"

"As it always happens. A perfect trust misplaced. A friend's faith betrayed. My father was a big blond giant, bigger than you even, not very competent, not very energetic, but wholly lovable. He and Davies went into partnership, and a crash followed. No one could be openly blamed, yet Davies came out with a fortune and my father with nothing save honor."

"And that is why you killed him?"

"No!" he cried, fiercely, "I killed him because he was a murderer!"

He sank back, breathing quickly. His eyes looked glassy and hard in the dim light. The sheriff refilled and lighted his pipe.

"Tell me," he said. "It will pass the time until morning."

"I see. You think I am raving, but it is God's truth. My mother was Lilla Lejeune. Her father and Martin's father betrothed them when they were children, but when they grew up she refused to marry him. Her father disowned her, drove her from his house; so she married the man she loved. Martin Davies merely smiled and said nothing, but craftily he stole our land, acre by acre, like a spider spinning his web about a fly. See, like that spider there on the roof. As we grew poorer he grew richer. Money poured in on him; he married it; he had bumper crops; his investments were gilt-edged; he became the richest man in the parish."

The sheriff nodded slow assent.

"He grew condescending and cold and proud," continued the other. "He and his beautiful wife swept by daily behind their shining horses. If they had always passed it would have been all right, but they would stop and call us to the gate. Their speech would be so sweet and nice—and cutting, like steel under velvet. Davies would look at the falling fences and broken panes and his brows would go up—ever so slightly. His wife would hitch back the collar of her costly sealskin and pull up the sleeves so that my poor, faded mother could not help but see the jewels on throat and fingers."

The sheriff crushed a scorpion into the soft wood with his broad boot-heel. Then he looked up.

"Go on—go on."

His prisoner was looking up through the torn roof at a single star that blazed as unwinkingly as the candle-light in the still air. His voice became low and reminiscent.

"There was one ring especially—an antique intaglio cut into a ruby. And the picture was Pomona with a horn of plenty—a horn of plenty—

"My mother used to talk aloud about it when she thought no one was near to hear. You see, it had belonged to her family for years, and her father had given it to Martin Davies as a wedding present. Besides, my mother wasn't very strong just then, for God had decreed that another life should be born beneath that curse."

"You said something about a murder," murmured the sheriff, uneasily.

The other jerked forward savagely.

"Yes, as foul a murder as the blow of Cain. Listen: My mother's time came. It was midwinter, wet and cold, with a wind that whined ghost-like in the pine tops. I was sure they were ghosts, for I was only a boy, clinging to a smoking lamp to keep warm, whose every fiber thrilled with terror because he saw terror in his father's eyes.

"Our poor old mule was lame and the doctor five miles away.

"Up through the rain my father plowed, up to the big house on the hill, where he found Martin Davies sipping his coffee and liqueur.

"My father begged him to send some one, but Davies shrugged his shoulders—ever so slightly. Slavery times were over, and he couldn't force his servants to go. Some one might go—and his eyebrows lifted ever so slightly—if my father paid him enough. Then my father begged for a horse, a mule—anything so that he himself might go, but the other merely shrugged his shoulders again and said he didn't care to have his stock out on such a night.

"My father struck him; struck him down across the table, and the overturned liquids shot across the cover in parallel lines of yellow and black."

"Yes," said the sheriff.

"He had my father taken to jail that very night—he was justice of the peace then—and there he stayed while my mother gave up her life for another son, with only a small, terror-stricken boy in the house."

The sheriff rose and, going to the door, looked out. Far off there was a low roar.

"The dredges in Ponchartrain getting up steam," he explained. "It must be about half-past four." He turned back. "I have a funny feeling as if I had heard this story some time long ago. Is that all?"

"Almost. Mrs. Davies came down the next morning wrapped in sealskins, as usual, and her fingers crowded with rings. As she looked down upon my mother's face she seemed to smile. Then I crept up to her timidly, as if seeking comfort, and took her hand. She tried to draw it away, but I had that hateful ruby ring off first and before she could stop me I had rushed out and down to the bayou. The ring lies there yet."

He breathed in deeply.

"They sent me to the reformatory—the preparatory school to the jail."

The sheriff brushed his hand across his eyes.

"It's funny. I seem to have dreamed this some time before—when I was a kid."

"Did you ever know an old negress named Sally Lajeune?"

"Of course. Old Sally lived near the asylum. She used to tell us little fellows stories. I wonder—"

"She was my mother's nurse."

The sheriff went to the door again. His voice was casual enough, but his hands twitched nervously.

"It will be light soon. What became of the baby?"

"I never knew, and it wasn't until—recently that I knew he still lived. I knew him at once then, for when he was born there was a red circle on his breast just below his throat, and within that circle was a mark—very much like the figure of a woman with a horn of plenty."

The sheriff's hands went out and grasped the door sills. He seemed rocked by some titanic inner struggle. Slowly he turned, the other watching him with a faint smile.

"Is it time to go back to Falaya?"

His eyes were resting on the spot just below the other's throat, where in the steady candle-light the red circle was plainly visible.

"We must be as far as possible from Falaya before morning, my brother," whispered the sheriff.

"He and his beautiful wife swept by daily behind their shining horses"

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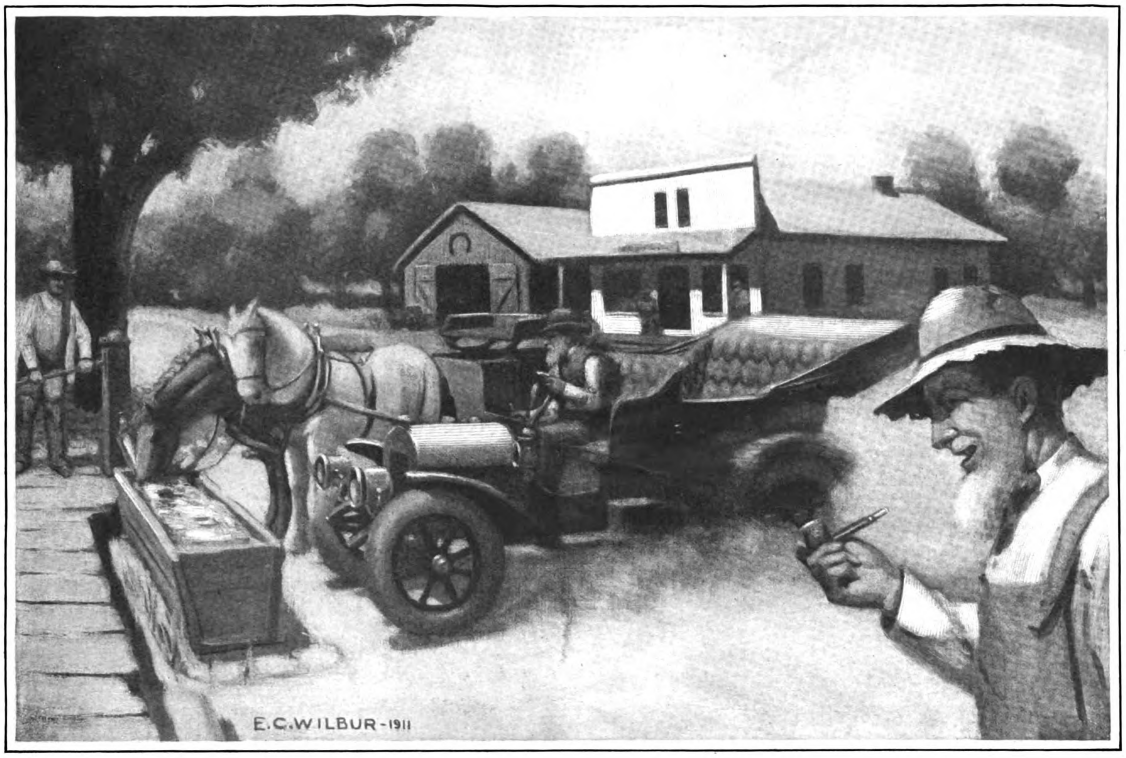


FORCE OF HABIT

Interludes

CALENDAR FOR JULY

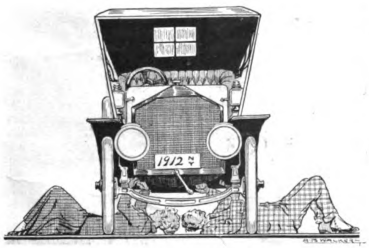
Now soft July comes hiking by,
The mercury runs mighty high,
Up in the sky the lightnings cry.
The maiden shy strolls through the rye
And every wise man swats the fly.

If the fruit is too thick on your trees, an economical method of thinning it out is to complain of the fact in the presence of any group of small boys chosen at random.

On very hot nights a very pleasant relief from the heat can be obtained by swinging a hammock between two of the supporting studs in your ice-house with an electric fan stationed at either end.

A mess of eight or ten thousand mosquitoes will make a very effective mulch for potted pine-trees. To catch them most effectively cut a small hole in your mosquito-net, and, after they have entered, remove them with a vacuum cleaner.

In case your garden is suffering, as many gardens do at this time of year, from the depredations of the cut-worm, a trained mole, taught to patrol the depths



THE HELPMATE

of the earth in the vicinity of the plants and eat the worms, will be found of great assistance.

Keep your hotel bills well pruned during the month of July. A hotel bill carefully watched and kept down by judicious checks upon its growth from July 1st to August 1st will protect you against heavy frosts later in the season.

While the best advice available exhorts us to walk on the shady side of the street during the month of July, one should be more than careful to avoid shady neighborhoods, too great a devotion to which is liable to bring on sudden chills.

If you are timid in the presence of lightning, the best way to avoid the strain upon your nerves during the storm is to sit in a dark room at a neighboring photographer's with your ears copiously stuffed with cotton.

To rid your lawns of dandelions the quickest method is to honeycomb its acreage with dynamite connected by wires with an electric push-button located in the next county, and then, just as they are reaching seed-time, press the button. The dynamite will do the rest.

OBVIOUSLY UNNECESSARY

"Look here, Snip," said Slowpay, indignantly, to his tailor, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers."

"No, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor, with a sigh; "I judged from your account here that you never had anything to put in them."

AN EXCELLENT PLAN

"I see," said Mrs. De Jones, while Mrs. Van Tyle was calling, "that you have a Chinese chauffeur. "Do you find him satisfactory?"

"He's perfectly fine," said Mrs. Van Tyle. "To begin with, his yellow complexion is such that at the end of a long, dusty ride he doesn't show any spots, and then when I am out in my limousine I have his pig-tail stuck through a little hole in the plate-glass window and I use it as a sort of bell-rope to tell him where to stop."

THOSE PLEASANT QUESTIONS

Dubbleigh's car lay flat on its side and deep in the mud in the freshly plowed field, having skidded off the road, through the low stone wall, to get there.

"Ah!" cried a passer-by from the roadside. "Had an accident?"

Dubbleigh tried to hold his tongue, but the strain was too much for him.

"No, of course not," he replied, coldly. I've just bought a new car, and have brought my old one out here to bury it. Got a pick-ax and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me? I can't seem to dig very deep with my motor-horn."

THE ONLY CLUE

"Well, Binksy, have a good tour in your new car?" asked Hickenlooper.

"Pretty good," said Binksy.

"How did you find the roads up in Maine?" asked Hickenlooper.

"By following the ruts," said Binksy.

OFF THE TRACK

To add to Bunkerton's discomfiture in losing his way, he had now been brought to a standstill by the absolute impassability of the highway, and his temper, already sorely tried, finally gave way.

"What kind of people are you up here in this rotten old State?" he cried, addressing an old countryman who stood close by, inspecting his stranded car with curious eyes.

"I dunno," said the old man. "Baout the same ez most folks, I cal'late."

"Do you call this blanketty blank scar on the face of nature a road?" roared Bunkerton.

"Not ez I knows on," returned the old man. "This here hain't the pike; it's Mose Whibley's traout-stream run dry. I wondered what ye was drivin' up it fer."

A TERRIBLE ORDEAL

"It was perfectly frightful," said Chubbleigh. "There we ran at top speed around the corner, and the first thing I knew we dashed plumb into that grocer's wagon. I guess it must have held a hundred dozen eggs."

"Oh, well, that wasn't so bad, was it?" said Hicks. "You could afford to pay for 'em, couldn't you?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," said Chubbleigh, with a shudder. "But I don't believe there was a good egg in the whole lot."

THE BRIDE IS GIVEN SOME GOOD ADVICE IN REGARD TO HOLDING HER HUSBAND'S LOVE.

OVERHEARD

"Humph!" sneered the hansom-cab as the motor moved languidly along, "seems to me you work pretty sluggishly for a first-class car."

"Can't help it," returned the motor, with a chuckling chug. "You see, cabby, I was born tired."

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The Vogue of the Motor-cycle

THE REMARKABLE ADVANCE MADE IN CONSTRUCTION HAS BROUGHT THIS USEFUL VEHICLE INTO GENERAL FAVOR

By Thaddeus S. Dayton

THE motor-cycle bears the same relation to the automobile that the saddle-horse or buggy does to the family carriage. It is the direct descendant of the bicycle and was born of the revolution in transportation that was started by the pneumatic-tired wheel. The bicycle reached the height of popular favor in 1895–96, and is still a remarkably important factor in the life of the smaller towns and cities and throughout the country. The motor-cycle is the younger brother of the automobile and is growing in popularity almost as fast as the bicycle did twenty-odd years ago. Before long it will undoubtedly enjoy as remarkable a vogue as did the bicycle. Within the last twelve months greater progress has been made in motor-cycle construction than in any previous year of its history.

In the days of the bicycle a "century run" was considered a fine test of physical endurance. To cover the hundred miles the bicyclist bent low over the handle-bars and pedaled incessantly up hill and down dale. His eyes were blind to all beauties of landscape that the winding road unfolded. To him the day's pleasuring was "just one blanked hill after another." Only when he coasted down the slope that he had surmounted did he have a chance to straighten his tired back and look about him.

The motor-cyclist sits erect. Hills and century runs are play to him. A hundred miles on his swift wheel leaves him less tired than ten miles pumping at the pedals used to. On the sturdy and powerful motor-cycle the day's ride is one long coast. No hill, however long or steep, detracts from the pleasure or adds to the labor of the rider. To go rushing at a steep ascent with a delightful burst of speed and fairly fly to the top is a new and pleasurable sensation. The road is long or short, as one wills it. One may travel fast or slow. Dull, unpicturesque stretches of country may be hurried through, and one may jog as leisurely as one pleases through the pleasant places.

On a motor-cycle one can follow dim trails through the forests and find secluded and forgotten lakes and streams where the trout bite hungrily. One may explore the most distant hills and woodlands on the motor-cycle, follow unknown paths through ever-changing vistas, passing along them from one distant city to another. A run of a hundred miles costs only a few pennies and brings a fortune in the way of enjoyment.

In its practical utility the motor-cycle occupies as wide a field as it does as a vehicle of pleasure. It has been found indispensable by inspectors of roads, of telephone and telegraph lines. The country doctor gets a call over the telephone from a patient a dozen miles away and is at his side in less than half an hour. The rural mail-carrier on his motor-cycle distributes his letters along the country-side as rapidly as the city postman makes deliveries in a single block. Commercial travelers are taking more and more to the motor-cycle, for it widens immeasurably the field of their usefulness and activity. A section of the police department of every city is mounted on motor-cycles. In fact, there is hardly a branch of business which, having begun by experimenting with the motor-cycle, has not adopted it.

In the army the swift, compact, and powerful motor-cycle has become extremely important. In this country and Europe there are corps of express-riders mounted upon motor-cycles. Military scouts and despatch-bearers race at high speeds along roads and lanes and footpaths, hopelessly outdistancing the couriers mounted on horseback. In cases of emergency it has been found possible to transfer substantial reinforcements to points fifty and even a hundred miles distant at a speed scarcely equaled by that of a railroad train. The battles of the future may be won or lost and the fate of nations decided by the motor-driven bicycle. The motor-cycle's importance and its sphere of usefulness are widening continually, and no one can predict what its limits are.

The motor-cycle of to-day is cheaper, more comfortable, cleaner, quieter, and easier to start and to operate than any of its predecessors. One objection that the man of modest means has found against the motor-cycle has been its cost. This is rapidly disappearing. Motor-cycles cost, on an average, twenty-five dollars less this year than last. Nearly every manufacturer has lowered his prices. In some cases the reduction has been fifteen or twenty dollars, and in others as much as sixty or seventy. Owing to the first cost of materials and workmanship, it is hardly likely that the motor-cycle ever will be as cheap as the bicycle, but it is probable that it will not be long before the thousands of people who have been riding

An invaluable aid to the rural mail-carrier

bicycles will be able to afford to discard them for the speedier and more powerful machine.

Another fault that has been remedied in the motor-cycle of to-day is the seat. In traveling at a high rate of speed the ordinary bicycle saddle and the former modifications of it have been found to be uncomfortable and tiring. The experience of the automobile manufacturers has been drawn upon to correct this, and it has been accomplished by the use of the floating or spring seat. One type of this seat is suspended on a long spring plunger working in the rear diagonal frame tube. There are two springs. One takes care of the rider's weight, and the other absorbs the road shocks. This improvement is especially important, because in going over rough roads the bouncing up and down of the rider sometimes comes dangerously near unseating him. Another way of attaining the same comfort in the saddle is by using a spring frame. The springs are in the rear upper stays. By this arrangement not only the rider, but the weight

The motor-cyclist does not fear bad roads

of the rear half of the machine, is carried by the springs.

The present tendency is to use larger tires than a year or so ago. The standard size for motor-cycle tires has been 28×2½ inches, but the 1912 machines in many instances are fitted with two-and-three-quarter-inch tires, or at least with rims that will take that size. In the 1913 models which are just appearing the three-inch tire is being tried.

It took a long time for the automobile manufacturers to devise and install a satisfactory self-starter on their machines. Two or three years ago a self-starter was a rarity. Now practically every new machine is equipped with one. The motor-cycle manufacturers have been going through the same period of development, trying to figure out a foot-starter that could be applied to their machines. At least one of these is now on the market.

The fact that so many motor-cycles herald their coming by a series of explosions like the rattle of a rapid-fire gun is no sign that the manufacturers have been idle or have made little effort to decrease the noisiness of their machines. Too many motor-cyclists still tinker with their mufflers so as to make them ineffective, because the continuous trail of explosions that follows them attracts attention to their flight through city streets. Some think it a better warning signal than the horn, and others are just fond of the noise. On the whole, however, the motor-cycle is growing less and less offensive as a noise-maker.

The motors themselves are being continually improved. There are one, two, three, and four cylinder engines. Each size and type has its adherents. The country doctor uses his motor-cycle about as hard as anybody. A doctor out in North Dakota reported recently that he used a three-and-a-half-horse-power single-cylinder motor-cycle instead of a horse and buggy. In the course of one year he rode more than 2,000 miles at a cost of less than a cent a mile and with an outlay of only $1.85 for repairs during that time. Another doctor out West swears by a twin-cylinder six-horse-power machine. His cost is about the same, and he says that he has not found sand deep enough or hill steep enough to bother his engine.

The motor-cycles on the market this summer are a much handsomer type of machines than has ever been shown. They are better built, better finished, faster, and stronger. The purchaser not only gets more for his money to-day than ever, but he gets it for less money also. In this respect the motor-cycle is simply repeating the history of the bicycle. The earlier bicycles were far less beautiful and far more costly than those of the present day. The bicycle seems to have reached the limit of its mechanical development, while the motor-cycle is not much past the threshold. Last year's output of motor-cycles was valued at about $65,000,000. The output of automobiles, motor-cycles, and bicycles is enormous, and its origin can be traced back to what might be called the "bicycle idea," which originated not much more than twenty-five years ago. The "bicycle idea" was one of the most valuable ever conceived. It gave the world pneumatic tires and the tire industry; it developed the ball-bearing; it developed the steel-tube industry; it perfected the steel and the drop-forge and the steel-stamping industries; it led directly to the automobile and the motor-cycle. The motor-cycle came first, contrary to the popular idea. The motor-tricycle preceded the motor-car. The one was the development of the other. Another of the children of the bicycle idea is the aeroplane, with its frame of light tubing, its wire wheels and pneumatic tires. As was the case with the motor-cycle and the motor-car, it was men versed in bicycle knowledge who made the aeroplane possible.

The bicycle had its origin in Europe. In 1855 a carriage repairer of Paris named Michaux, after sundry experiments, fitted rude cranks and pedals to the front wheel of a hobby-horse, improvised the velocipede, and put his invention before the public. A little later Pierre Lallement, also of Paris, worked out a better equipment of pedals and cranks, and to him is given the credit of the invention of the bicycle.

Lallement's first wheel appeared in 1864. In that year he brought his invention to America, but did not succeed in getting any capital to back it and returned to France. In 1869 the Hanlon Brothers, acrobats, brought a bicycle to this country. It attracted the attention of Calvin Witty, of Brooklyn. He secured the patents on the Hanlon model and began to manufacture it. Witty also bought the American patent-rights of Lallement and other inventors, and it was not long before he was making a profit of one thousand dollars a day on the wheels he was selling. One revolution of the pedal made three revolutions of the wheel. Later the high-wheel velocipede came into use, and several persons made long tours on those dangerous-looking machines. Then in the early eighties a Scotchman named Dunlop invented the pneumatic tire, and almost simultaneously came the safety bicycle, which has been brought to a stage where improvement is not easily possible.

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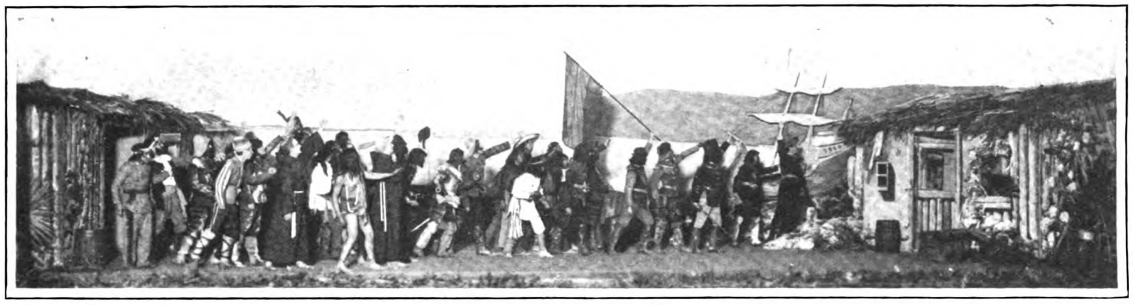
California's Mission Play

By Willard Huntington Wright



A signal from Presidio Hill, foretelling the return of Don Gaspar, throws the half-starved garrison on the shores of San Diego Bay into a state of excitement. A dramatic scene in Act I.

THERE was recently presented near Los Angeles, in its own theater, the first satisfactory combination of pageant and drama ever seen in this country. "The Mission Play," by the historian poet, John Steven McGroarty, aims to embrace the entire sweep of Franciscan Mission history, the epoch which brought civilization and religion to the wild shores of the largest Pacific State and left an indelible impress, in nomenclature and in that indefinable thing which we call "atmosphere," upon the whole Western country.

The ground upon which the auditorium is built, as well as the numerous antique properties and decorations, has been furnished free by interested Californians. The site was secured from the Mission parish; and close to the great brown edifice whose exterior walls rose in 1771 under humble but consecrated Indian hands there was erected, in the space of fifty days, a complete modern theater. The playhouse conforms to that style of architecture which has been given the Mission name, has a stage far larger than any city theater, a full mechanical and electrical equipment, and possesses its own lighting-plant, with a capacity of sixteen thousand sixteen-candle-power incandescents.

Mission San Gabriel is one of California's oldest historic landmarks. It was a sort of half-way station upon El Camino Real—the "King's Highway"—which sandaled feet, the shining shoes of the Don's horses, and the ox-cart of the shepherd-agriculturalist so often pressed en route between the bays of San Francisco and San Diego. Thus the first demand of the community drama is met—namely, that it shall be performed upon historic ground.

The Mission pageant play is intended to be performed every spring in the theater at San Gabriel. It is interesting to note that the conception of the play was not in its present form. The idea originated with Mr. McGroarty four years ago during his research in the writing of the history of California. In its inception the play was pure pageant. Continuity of story, a romantic plot, and histrionic sequence were not thought of, as the plan was to make it an outdoor affair. Then came the inevitable question of patronage and the accessibility of the play to patrons. It was originally intended to produce it at Riverside, a town seventy miles east of Los Angeles. But would it attract more than once, or, having seen the light at a première, would its intended purpose of continuity fail? Furthermore, would it fulfill its mission as a historical institution? As mere tableaux could it become a fixed institution of the Southwest? These are the questions which inevitably arose and, in arising, molded the pageant (after two years of altering, arranging, and eliminating) into its present form. San Gabriel, because of its nearness to Los Angeles and its historic associations, was decided on as the home of the play. In creating a greater appeal by the introduction of the dramatic element the chances of permanency were heightened; and by making as many characters as possible actual personages in Californian history—Junipero Serra and the different padres, Don Gaspar de Portola, Captain Rivera y Moncada, Mayor Domo Renaldo, Capitajeno, Don Galvez, and Señora Dona Josefa de la Cortina de Arguello—there was established a direct and intimate interest not only in historical events, but in historical ideals.

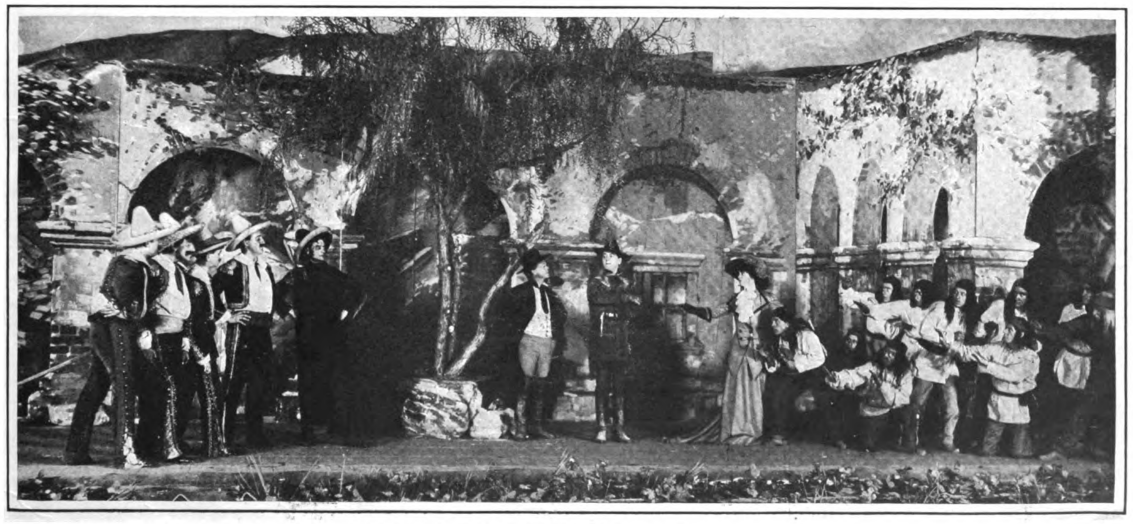
The acts of "The Mission Play" are three: its periods are 1769, 1784, and 1847. Act I shows how in 1769 a little band of Franciscans was left on the shores of San Diego Bay by Don Gaspar de Portola, who, with his caravels and toy frigates, went in search of Monterey. Illness and loneliness undermined the healthy tone of the San Diego colony, and to complete the rout famine set in. Such provisions as were to be had—in southern California no rain falls in the summer-time—were in the holds of Portola's little ships, and not only the miserable populace, but the handful of men at arms rebelled against remaining there, while even the devoted band of padres murmured in their hearts against this strange dispensation of Providence.

But there was one man who refused to leave the new country—Junipero Serra, tall, gaunt, with deep-set, burning eyes, a hard fist, a mighty voice, the face of an ascetic prophet, the fixity of purpose of a world reformer. De Portola returned, but brought no succor. The supply-ships were missing. The Indians revolted. The soldiers flocked to the welcome shelter of Portola's decks; and Portola himself not only entreated but commanded the one demurrer, Padre Junipero, to go on board. As the words between Portola and Serra rose to fever heat Serra fell to praying, and as he supplicated with Elijah-like earnestness darkness fell, and with it, suddenly appearing around Point Loma, came the signal lights of a supply-ship! Thus was California saved for God and the King of Spain, and the work of christianizing and colonizing began.

The second act, fifteen years later, is at Carmel, in the height of the Mission glory. This was the favorite Mission of Serra, and he is seen here again as a very old man, but still possessing the same dignity, the commanding spirituality, and the same prophetic insight, though all has been touched with a breath of melancholy gentleness and tenderness, the sweetness of the approaching end. Here the pageant of the Mission Crafts is shown in effective fashion. The long line of Indians—genuine bucks of the California tribes—passes before the enthroned Serra and his fellow-padres, in brilliant panorama, displaying the entire craft of art and labor which the Mission fathers taught the Indians and in which they made them useful though humble citizens of Spain.

Just what the final form of Mr. McGroarty's third act will be I do not know. He is contemplating changes; but now the central figure is Donna Josefa de la Cortina de Arguello, who embodies in her stately and aristocratic person all of the old spirit of the Missions. We find her in the ruins of San Juan Capistrano, which has been wrecked by an earthquake in 1812. She protests against the sale of this holy ground to desecrating "gringos," not knowing that the purchaser of the Mission itself is a gringo who once was her lover.

While aiding some Indians to escape the thoughtless American who had started "shooting Injuns who were interfering with his cattle," she herself receives a stray ball and falls as her old-time lover rushes upon the scene. She dies in his arms, not as his bride, as he has willed, but loving him and exacting from him a promise not to disturb the old relic in whose cloister she expired. And to-day San Juan Capistrano remains just as it fell about the heads of more than a thousand native worshipers a century ago.



The Gringos are about to drive the Indians from the patio of San Juan Capistrano Mission when Donna Josefa (a historical character) intercedes for them. A "love interest" adds intimacy to this historical incident. From Act III.

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The MANDRILL'S STORY

By William Inglis

Drawings by F. Strothmann

MARIGANDO ALDO, a carpenter, living in The Bronx, was arrested in the Zoological Garden, charged with disorderly conduct. He was feeding red-headed sulphur matches to Funnyface, the mandrill baboon. He said that an animal with such a fiendish face ought not to live. A dozen other men have been arrested for trying to kill Funnyface with matches.—Daily Newspaper.

THE trouble is that poor Marigando Aldo was born three centuries too late. If on a pleasant summer Sunday afternoon Anno Domini 1612 he had killed the mandrill, all men would have praised him for ridding the world of such a monster, which all would have regarded as a fiendish divvell, divel, or duyvil, according to the taste and fancy of the speller. Aldo merely gave way to the shuddering impulse which seizes every beholder, no matter how civilized or philanthropic or sophisticated, when first he sees the mandrill. That baboon and his would-be murderer belong to the times that produced gargoyles and elaborate formulas for exorcising evil spirits. It is curious to note the hostility aroused by the sinister, menacing, murderous glare of this queer beast.

One who from afar sees the mandrill sitting in quiet dignity in a corner of the top shelf of his cage cannot help being impressed by the strange likeness between the beast and the best portraits of Ibsen. The tall hair upstanding above the lofty dome of the top-head and the ruff of benevolent white whiskers engirdling the throat and lower jaw make the resemblance. Step closer, and the aspect of kindly intellectuality vanishes. It was mere capillary resemblance. Stare at him for a few moments, and the hideous harlequin beast stares back with a scowl of hate and ferocity far excelling that of any other creature on earth. The fierce eyeball of the Numidian lion is menacing, the merest glance of the tiger is full of murderous cunning, the cold and glazy glare of the cobra presages sudden death; but the regard of the mandrill baboon expresses concentrated hate, rage, destructiveness, murderous malice, and all uncharitableness.

Concentrated hate, rage, destructiveness, murderous malice, and all uncharitableness

And yet the creature has a sort of weird beauty. His eyes are brown and small, and bright as polished sardonyx, and they grow close together over his high-bridged nose. That nose—ah, there is a work of Nature that far outshines art. It is a long nose, of a deep and brilliant red, and blossoms out at the end in a pair of nostrils as fine and thin and red as nasturtiums. The cheeks are puffed up very high and blue as indigo, and full of corrugations that run very close to the nose. A gifted American authoress once told her friends that the grooves came from countless generations of sneering. The mandrill wears a solid coat of gray fur, except where it turns whitish at the edges and runs up to a dark-gray tuft at the top of the head. The face is unadorned except for a set of elaborate, outlying whiskers—gray at the side and white jaw's edge below. His breeks are circular and variegated, a harmony in tender iridescence that ranges from the faintest tints of early dawn to the vivid yet tender hue of shrimp pink. One laughs and at the same time shudders upon examining him. He seems a clown-assassin.

There sat the beast on Sunday afternoon at the back of his cage, looking like Ibsen and stroking his whiskers. Before him was a mob of New-Yorkers. One imagines how he hated them as cringing decadents of his proud race. There he sat, looking like Ibsen, stroking his whiskers and sneering at the gaping New-Yorkers before him, when in came the unhappy Aldo. When he saw the mandrill he shivered. The baboon laughed and showed his beautiful, thick, white, sharp-pointed teeth, that could crunch through his skull as if it were a paper-shell almond.

"O San Diego!" Aldo cried. "It is one of the beasts of the Apocalypse. Help, San Diego!"

"Ueh! Ueh!" the baboon snarled at him contemptuously, and laughed when the man jumped. The visitor shook awhile, then braced his jaws together as if he had made up his mind to do a great deed. Maybe he thought it would please all good people to slay such a terrible fiend. The wretched man turned with a deceitful smile and threw some matches to the scowling baboon. The beast caught them and pondered.

"He fears me," the mandrill said to himself, "and therefore he offers me this gift, intending that the red will add to the beauty of my complexion."

So he ate the matches. They did not taste pleasant. Still, things that are good for one never do taste pleasant. He felt sure he was right. But a man ran and told Keeper Engeholm, and just about the time the matches began to gnaw in the mandrill's midst Mr. Engeholm gave him a big dose of warm milk, and then the doctor came and washed out all the poison.

But a few minutes later the baboon was again glaring his hatred and defiance to all mankind. He knows his strength and his cunning—if only he could get through the steel bars of his cage, how he would rage and slay!

Men come and go, and now and then one tries to kill him, but still he sneers at them. Last winter one threw a lighted match among his straw, and in a moment—pouf! the whole place was in flames. Once a cunning hypocrite gave him a little paper bag full of Paris green. He ate some of it and sprinkled the rest over his nostrils, his whiskers, and his breeks. Mr. Engeholm got there with the hot milk barely in time to save his life.

"It is one of the beasts of the Apocalypse!"

But what does he care? He is: therefore he sneers. When he lived in a cave among the rocks in Senegambia he had to fight for his life in a land of lions and leopards and hyenas. What are these wretched little white-faced men to him? Pah! he despises the world.

In Absentia

By John Kendrick Bangs

ALONE? Not I, indeed! Though thou art gone
And countless leagues between our paths we see,
I'm not, and never shall be, quite alone
The while one blissful thought,
In memory caught,
Of thee abides with me.

Mine eye still holds the glory of thy face.
Remembered smiles my solitude rejoice,
And in despite the ban of Time and Space
Within my soul I hear,
Still ringing clear,
The music of thy voice!

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The Pony Express

THE man who rode his bronco up the Platte Valley in November, 1860, carrying the news of Lincoln's first election as President, has just died in Chicago at the age of seventy-three. This was "Bob" Haslam, one of that daring band of pony-express riders who carried the mail a little over half a century ago from the western verge of the railway communication of that day onward to the Pacific.

By the completion of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad to the latter place in 1859 rail connection was established from the Atlantic coast to the Missouri River. That was the farthest westward point touched by the locomotive till after the Civil War.

But the people on the Pacific coast, eighteen hundred miles away, and those scattered at long distances apart in the vast stretches of the interior, wanted quicker mail service than was furnished by Ben Holladay's and John Butterfield's stage-coaches, and this need was supplied by W. H. Russell, B. F. Ficklen, and F. A. Bee, who established the pony express. Stations were placed about twenty-five miles apart; the rider was required to make three stations a day, and sometimes more, with a change of "mounts" at each station, to travel between eight and ten miles an hour; and at the end of his route his package of letters was seized by another rider, who sped on with it. The course extended from St. Joseph to Sacramento by way of Denver and Salt Lake City. Five dollars was charged for each letter per half-ounce, and fifteen pounds was the limit allowed to be carried. Night and day the carriers were in motion through blistering sun and blinding blizzards, over prairies, across deserts, swimming rivers, and rounding shoulders of mountains where a misstep would precipitate horse and rider to destruction hundreds or thousands of feet below, and most of the way through a country infested by some of the most powerful tribes of Indians of North America who were usually hostile.

That the danger was great is shown by the fact that many big Indian demonstrations were still in the future: the massacre of Lieutenant-Colonel Fetterman and his troops near Fort Phil Kearney, in Wyoming, by Red Cloud and the Brule Sioux in 1866; the annihilation of Custer and his squadrons on the Little Big Horn, in Montana, by Sitting Bull and the Ogalalla Sioux in 1876; the Nez Percé war of 1877, in which Chief Joseph and White Bird figured, which extended over a wide area; the murder of Indian Agent Meeker and his associates, the destruction of the agency, and the killing of Captain Thornburg and many of his soldiers by the White River Utes in Colorado in 1879; and the years of ravages by Geronimo and his Apaches in Arizona and elsewhere, which ended in his capture in 1886.

Amid the whistles of locomotives and steamboats, the cheers of men, and the handkerchief-waving of women, a horse and rider, with a leathern bag of letters strapped to the saddle, sped out of St. Joseph on April 3, 1860, headed for the sunset, and about the same time a pony and rider equipped like these and under somewhat similar conditions bounded out of Sacramento and dashed off toward the sunrise. It was the beginning of the pony express. On that first trip Sacramento was reached in ten days and the run to St. Joseph was made in a little over nine days, the route having previously been marked out with care. The quickest time ever made was that in which Lincoln's inaugural in March, 1861, was carried to Sacramento in five days and eighteen hours.

The career of the pony express, with its Eastern terminus on the Missouri, was short, for the completion of the telegraph across the continent in the closing days of 1861 put it out of business. In a smaller way, however, it was continued from the end of the westward-moving Union Pacific Railroad to that of the eastward-moving Central Pacific until the "meeting of the rails" near Ogden, Utah, on May 10, 1869, while later on for a few years it was used to connect widely separated railway systems in other parts of the West. The deeds of "Pony Bob" Haslam and his associates, of whom he was almost the last survivor, form a thrilling chapter in the annals of Western path-blazing and empire-building.

Fishing Luck

FISHING shows some queer elements of chance. In the long run the cleverest and best-equipped angler will no doubt fare best, but the latest and most expensive tackle may once in a while be beaten by some most primitive contrivance if the latter happens to be at the right place at exactly the right moment. The following is a case in point:

A famous one-eyed trout met with a most ignominious fate and that after, by fair means and foul, he had been angled for from his youth until his old age, when he had attained the weight of seven pounds and was grisly about the occiput and shoulders, which was tantamount, in his relation to life, to being gray-headed.

Veteran sportsmen, who had struggled with mighty salmon in the Northwest, accomplished fly-fishers, who could achieve the thistle-down trick and circumvent the timid trout when their comrades never moved a fish, acknowledged that this old chap was too cunning for them. Theorists thought about him night and day in vain. Young men, reckless of expense, wrote to the city for costly tackle and the latest improvements. Unprincipled men tried to take a mean advantage of the old trout's physical infirmities and endeavored to get him on his blind side. It was even said that two friends had become mortal foes on account of this obstinate one-eyed fish, and that a young woman, catching the infection, declared that she would accept no offer save from the man who could wage victorious conflict with the trout.

One day a cry was heard. Workmen dropped their tools and hurried to the bridge over the stream wherein the old trout was wont to disport himself. Agitated emissaries were met hastening to the town. A wretched, ragged boy, with a couple of yards of coarse twine, a great rusty hook, a beam stick, and a dirty piece of beef, had approached the popular idol in the one unguarded moment of a long and honorable life and with a fiendish whoop had hauled him to the bank.

At the Seashore

TEN toes—they patter down th' beach
As hard as ever they can go
To pay their 'spects right to th' sea.—
That's w'y it is I'm here, you know.
But w'en th' great, big, high green wave
He caught th' firstest glimpse of me
All in my little bathing suit,—
He rolled hisse'f right out to sea!

He's used to seein' little girls
'Round in a starched-up, stiff white dress,
Is w'y he acts so dreffle s'prised
An' 'shamed of little me, I guess.
'N'en I jus' told th' foamy wave
That *didn't* hurry fast away
That's how it is 'at folks mus' dress,—
If he don't like it—I won't stay!

'S w'y he come tumbling right straight back
Wif such a loud an' splashy roar,—
This time it's me that runned away,
'Way, 'way far off upon th' shore,
'N'en he mus' coax me,—'s w'y he bringed
Me seaweed, an' th' pretty shell,
'N 'cause I won't come play wif him
He washed all out my nice sand-well!

'N'en here comes pa!—He tooked me in
An' jumped me right straight up an' down,
An' w'en I stop a-squealin', w'y
It's deep-green ocean all aroun'!
No wave dast hurt a little girl
'At's got a great big handsome pa!
Soon as it tries to fool wif *him*,
He only laffs,—he says, "Ha, ha!"

Bime-by my little round white teeth
They mus' set up a dreffle chatter,
An' I'm all "goose-flesh"—like w'at sits
At Christmas-time on grampa's platter!
That's w'y they rub me very *hard*
An' I mus' play right in th' sun,—
Th' *lastest cookie* I can have!—
I dassent eat anuther one!

Don't like it w'en th' 'spressman comes
An' carries all my clo'es away,
An' w'y it is ('s w'at they told me)
That all our folks aren't goin' to stay
Here always,—'cause w'en winter is
My pa is dreffle 'fraid, you see,
Ole Santa Claus won't 'spect to find
My stockin' 'way off here,—an' me!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

The Story of the Savings-bank

THE savings-bank is thought to owe its existence to a suggestion made by the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, although De Foe did not live to see the realization of his scheme. It was in 1765, in Brunswick, Germany, that the first savings-bank was organized. A few years later another institution of the kind, solely for the use of servants, was set up in Switzerland.

Soon the idea took root in other countries and became popular. England lagged behind considerably, and it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that such a bank appeared, when one for children was organized by Priscilla Wakefield, an enterprising resident of Tottenham. This proving a success, four years later Mrs. Wakefield widened the scope of her plan by receiving deposits from adults. She had at first the assistance of six gentlemen acting as trustees, but as her business increased so did the number of trustees. The Wakefield banks allowed interest at the rate of five per cent. on sums of one pound and over, provided money was not withdrawn within twelve months.

The next in the field was a clergyman, who instituted a "Frugality Bank," so called at the suggestion of Bentham, the political writer, who for a long time had been advocating the establishment of savings-banks under that title. This bank was intended for the use of parishioners; and the Rev. Joseph Smith, the president thereof, undertook to return all moneys received during the summer, with a bonus of one-third, at Christmas.

The Rev. H. Duncan, of Ruthwell, is, however, generally credited with being the "father of the savings-bank," as such institutions are at present understood and conducted. There may still be seen at Ruth, in Dumfriesshire, the tiny white-washed cottage wherein Dr. Duncan established his bank.

The Versatile Parrot

IT is not only in imitating human speech that the parrot excels most of the birds. The parrot is alone among birds in taking food in its claws. With these two characteristics it makes more or less use of that which distinguishes humanity from the rest of the animal kingdom—the hand and the larynx.

The monkey uses its hands and the elephant its trunk in feeding. Various animals have a habit of pawing their food. Rodents have serviceable toes. Still, the parrot is pre-eminent among birds in this regard. The secretary-bird is said to attack reptiles with its claws, and some observers have said that owls make partial use of their remarkably flexible perching-toe somewhat more than does a hen in scratching for food. However, there is no other bird which, when presented with a piece of food, will accept it in its claws.

Parrots, of course, do not talk, as we use the word, in their wild state, and are not known to be imitative of neighboring sounds nor to possess the repertory of the mocking-bird. It is, therefore, a question whether or not their use of the claws is largely imitative also. The shape of the parrot's beak would indicate that some assistance in eating has always been a part of the bird's characteristics.

Like man, the parrot makes its appearance in the world naked and helpless.

Venerable Wine

IN the progress of excavations made with a view to the discovery of archæological inscriptions old wine has been found in a sarcophagus in a Gallo-Roman and Christian necropolis near Bordeaux. The vial of ancient wine is deeply interesting to philologians, archæologists, and chemists. In the midst of the ancient sepulchers a square monument showing all the characteristics of the Gallo-Roman style of the first century was found. Fitted into a recess under an arch was an enormous sarcophagus, and in it, lying by a skeleton, was a long glass vial of a form never found among the antiquities of the Gauls. The contents were analyzed to determine whether coloring matter or a poison had been sealed in the tomb. The analysis showed all the principles of wine, old and dried; and the dust left on the sides of the vial as the wine dried when analyzed was found to contain tartar and tannin.

The wine, like the vial, seems to have originated in Syria, for very ancient bottles of the same kind found in Asia Minor are kept in the museum of the Louvre. The form of the vial is the same, and the glass may have been made in the manufactory that furnished the vials in the Louvre. The wines of Syria were known and renowned in the early days of the Roman Empire, and in those days the commerce between Syria and Bordeaux was brisk.

The vial of ancient wine found in Bordeaux is the second found in France. In 1877 a little amphora was discovered in Arles.

Concerning the Mole

NATURALISTS aver that among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Accordingly a British scientist has turned his attention to the mole, with the result that some interesting data concerning this queer creature have been collected.

Under the edifice which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels. A curious feature, almost invariably found, is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never, one authority contends, found in his nest, although it may be yet warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and, penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

Tantalum Pens

PENS for writing purposes are being manufactured to-day in Germany by a process which is exciting some curiosity. The trouble found with steel pens is that they oxidize easily and the ink sticks to them. This fault is not to be found with gold pens; but, on the other hand, these are too flexible to be entirely satisfactory. Moreover, in order to form a point suitable for writing purposes, the material of that part of the pen has to be mixed with some hard metal like iridium and this operation is both complicated and expensive. This new pen is of tantalum and comes to the manufacturer in the form of a black powder. The pen that is made from this has the tenacity of steel and the flexibility of gold.

Heat in the High Atmosphere

FORTY sounding balloons carrying registration apparatus, sent up by the Royal Meteorological Society of England, reached different heights. The mean altitude attained was 16,411 meters, the maximum 23,010 meters. At a certain altitude the temperature increased instead of decreasing. This could not have been due to solar radiations because the maximum height was reached after sunset.

DUBIOUS

About What Her Husband Would Say.

A Michigan woman tried Postum because coffee disagreed with her and her husband. Tea is just as harmful as coffee, because it contains *caffeine*—the same drug found in coffee. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and in bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful, so I could not attend to my housework—both of us using coffee all the time and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us, and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was usually half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when done she said it was splendid. Long boiling brings out the flavour and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

Gingerbread

Well-made Gingerbread, never soggy, but fluffy and light, delights the children and is pleasing to grown-ups. To make it creamy, fluffy and light, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Beat one-half pound butter and six ounces of sugar to a cream, add six well-beaten eggs and beat thoroughly. Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in a little hot water, add it to two cups molasses; mix and stir into the first mixture; then add six tablespoonfuls Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with one and three-fourths cups water, and one quart and a pint of flour. Beat smooth; add two heaping tablespoonfuls of ginger, mix, pour into well greased shallow pans and bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes.

Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

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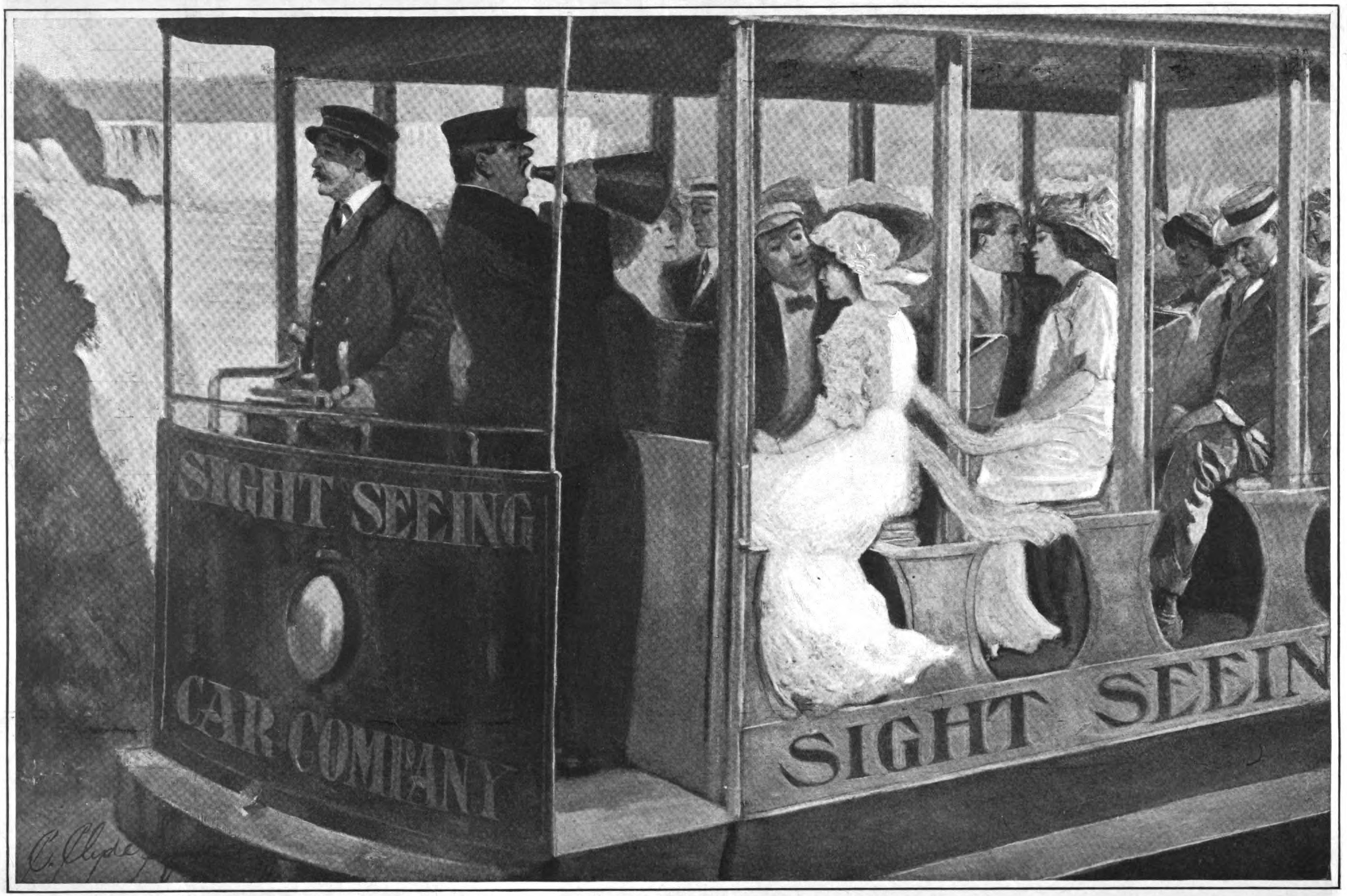

AND THEY WROTE HOME THAT THE SCENERY WAS UNFORGETTABLE

DRAWN BY C CLYDE SQUIERS

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Finance

By FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Gold We Are Losing

If you sell something to your neighbor for $10 and he sells you something for $5, the way in which the trade will eventually be settled is by his paying you the difference. Perhaps he will pay you at once, perhaps not. If you are likely to have other transactions with him, very possibly he will wait until some time when you will owe him $5, and the two obligations can be crossed off. But whether he pays you at once or whether he waits until the balance he owes you can be matched off against some balance you owe him, it is all the same thing—the difference in your favor in the original transaction will come to you in the long run.

It is exactly so with trade between countries. During some given year we export, say, two billion dollars' worth of merchandise, and import merchandise worth, say, a billion and a half. The net result is that we have half a billion dollars coming to us. Very probably it will not come at once. Very probably the people who owe it to us will prefer to wait and match it off against a like amount which we may come to owe them. But in the long run we get that half-billion dollars just as surely as though a half-billion dollars' worth of gold bars or coin were put into kegs and shipped to us across the ocean. How is it that at the end of a twelve months' period in which our exports have exceeded our imports by well over half a billion dollars, *we* are shipping gold to Europe? For eleven months of the fiscal year just ended the balance in our favor amounted to $544,000,000, and June is sure to record a substantial addition to this sum. Yet all through February and March we were shipping gold to Paris by the million, and now, after a lapse of a couple of months in the movement, gold exports and on a substantial scale have again begun. Here is, indeed, an anomaly. In spite of the enormous credit we have been running up, here we are shipping out gold exactly as though *we* were the debtors!

Talk about the "invisible balance" against us doesn't explain it by any means. Yes, it is true that the United States owes Europe big amounts for freights, insurance, American tourists' expenditures, and interest on American securities owned abroad. But none of these items have run particularly heavy during the past year, and, taken altogether, they don't begin to approach the amount we gained on mercantile transactions. To a certain extent, of course, they offset the favorable balance of trade, but even when the fullest allowance for their size is made, there yet remains a wide margin in our favor. You can spend a good deal out of a half-billion dollars and still have some left to your credit.

What, then, is the conclusion with regard to the big shipments of gold which are being made? Simply that we are sending out the precious metal, not because we owe it to anybody, but because Europe needs gold and we are in a position to let Europe have gold. There come times in every market when gold is in sharp demand, when bank-credit won't do and when actual specie is needed. In at least two of the great European markets this is one of those times. There is no crisis impending, nothing which in this country we should dignify even by the name of a "stringency." But it is a fact that, especially in Germany, credits have become expanded to a point where it is deemed the part of conservatism to reinforce the gold holdings of the banks. And so to the outside markets the German bankers turn and make their bid.

With the home demand for cash from business and speculative sources as quiet as it is, American bankers feel themselves in a position to spare the gold which Europe wants. Does Berlin or Paris want gold? Very well, let them bid for it. We've got it here and we're not using it now or likely to use it for some time to come. If they want it, let them offer such a premium as will make it profitable for us to ship it across. It's merely a matter of dollars and cents—merely a practical illustration of the ancient principle that capital seeks the market where the best return is offered for its use.

So that, in the fact that very considerable amounts of gold are again being shipped out of the country, there is nothing to worry about. We're not losing gold to the European markets because we can't help ourselves. As a matter of fact American bankers have big credit balances abroad and if they wanted to start drawing on them could soon enough start gold coming this way. If we are sending gold to the other side, it is a purely voluntary proceeding—it is simply that we are satisfied to keep intact our high-interest bearing deposits abroad and, indeed, to add to them. It's simply a case of our having a surplus of something which they need—and for the use of which they're willing to pay us well.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar.

Smoke and Soot

In England a league has been formed to agitate for relief from the smoke and soot belched forth by the chimneys of the industrial centers. In preparation for an appeal to the authorities for assistance the league has been gathering statistics and issuing literature.

At Leeds, according to the calculations made by Cohen and Ruston, the annual fall of soot is twenty tons to the square mile in the suburbs and 539 tons in the manufacturing districts.

Des Veaux and Owens, examining the condition of London, found fifty-eight tons per square mile at Sutton in Surrey, running up to 426 tons in Old Street.

Peter Fyfe reported for Glasgow an annual fall of 820 tons to the square mile.

For the three cities taken together the total fall of soot is about 50,000 tons per year, or eighteen pounds per head of population, and it is calculated that at the same rate the total for the United Kingdom would be 300,000 tons. The amount is, of course, much less in the rural districts; the average of eighteen pounds is not maintained for the whole country.

The methods for estimating the amount of soot varied in the different localities. In Glasgow large dust-boxes were placed in different locations and left for two months (December, 1910, and January, 1911). The collected dust was then weighed and analyzed for mineral constituents, tar, and carbon.

In Leeds the rain-water was collected at selected spots in large funnels placed in the necks of quart bottles. Every month for a year the contents of each bottle were analyzed. The analysis included not only the constituents of soot, but also the various substances produced by industrial processes and thrown into the air as smoke or fumes, such as ammonia, sulphuric and sulphurous acid, chlorine, and others.

In London the same methods were used as at Leeds, except that they were on a larger scale and that a special kind of hopper was used instead of a funnel.

At Leeds the investigation was carried still further, and took into account, in addition to the soot, the permanent deposit of tar, which is the chief agent in the discoloration of buildings, in the injury to foliage, and in the destruction of masonry, clothing, and vegetation. The destructive action is due to the acids present in the tar.

The Leeds soot amounts to about 35,000 tons a year. Most of this is blown away. About forty-eight tons remain permanently as deposits in the town, but about one-tenth of the whole remains as temporary deposit.

In connection with these experiments the interesting fact was brought out that in ordinary domestic fireplaces about six per cent. of the fuel escapes as soot, whereas in industrial furnaces the loss is only from one-half to three-quarters per cent.

When these figures are applied to the coal consumption of England, it appears that there is wasted as soot every year 1,920,000 tons of coal under domestic consumption and about half a million from factory consumption.

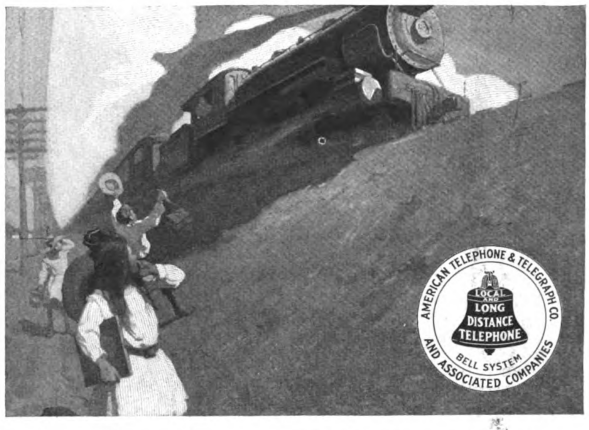
Nature's Hints to Inventors

The view has been advanced in more than one quarter that during the next two or three centuries invention will probably be in the direction of imitating the wonderful economy and the simple, direct methods of nature.

An instance in point is the electric eel. Its electric organ is in no sense a storage battery, but a contrivance by which electric energy is liberated at the moment when it is required. At rest the organ shows so small an electric force that a good galvanometer is needed to detect it, but a sudden nervous impulse from the eel's spinal cord raises a potential of many volts with very little heat and so small an expenditure of matter as to defy the most expert chemist to weigh it. Fireflies, glow-worms, and many deep-sea fishes produce light without heat at a cost which would make a match an extravagant outlay.

The Motor Tricycle

The most recent novelty in London is the automobile tricycle, invented for shopping purposes. It is operated standing and takes up scarcely more room than the driver, so that it can be propelled into a shop and wheeled about as desired. It has a speed ranging to as much as sixteen kilometers per hour. A receptacle for parcels is placed on the under side.



The Right of All the Way

Railroad service and telephone service have no common factors—they cannot be compared, but present some striking contrasts.

Each telephone message requires the right of all the way over which it is carried. A circuit composed of a pair of wires must be clear from end to end, for a single conversation.

A bird's eye view of any railroad track would show a procession of trains, one following the other, with intervals of safety between them.

The railroad carries passengers in train loads by wholesale, in a public conveyance, and the service given to each passenger is limited by the necessities of the others; while the telephone carries messages over wires devoted exclusively for the time being to the individual use of the subscriber or patron. Even a multi-millionaire could not afford the exclusive use of the railroad track between New York and Chicago. But the telephone user has the whole track and the right of all the way, so long as he desires it.

It is an easy matter to transport 15,000 people over a single track between two points in twenty-four hours. To transport the voices of 15,000 people over a single two-wire circuit, allowing three minutes for each talk, would take more than thirty days.

The telephone system cannot put on more cars or run extra trains in order to carry more people. It must build more telephone tracks—string more wires.

The wonder of telephone development lies in the fact that the Bell System is so constructed and equipped that an exclusive right of all the way, between near-by or distant points, is economically used by over 24,000,000 people every day.

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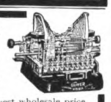

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Motor Vehicles in Warfare

WHY EUROPE LEADS US IN THE ADAPTATION OF THE MOTOR TRUCK TO MILITARY USE

By R. W. Hutchinson, Jr.

THE large number of automobile trucks employed by the leading European governments in their commissary and ordinance departments impresses all American military men. So numerous have motor vehicles become in the war departments of the great powers of Germany, France, and Austria, that the anachronistic mule team which everywhere in America greets the eye of the investigator on this subject is conspicuous by its absence. As far back as 1900 French military authorities began to experiment with automobile trucks in their commissary departments, and the French War Department shortly thereafter established a system of subsidies and annual contests in which every manufacturer of motor trucks in Europe could enter his product. The purpose of these subsidies was to determine the dependability, efficiency, and economy of auto trucks under every condition of service in which the war department employs a wheeled vehicle.

The trials in the various classes apply to motor wagons and automobile trucks ranging from 1,500 pounds (the average carrying capacity of the mule team of smaller size) up to seven-ton vehicles. These contests are usually held in the autumn, and every manufacturer of automobile trucks of any consequence in Europe usually competes for the class in which his various machines are eligible.

In the trials for the French and German war subsidies the trucks are not only examined minutely in every adjustment before the tests are conducted, but every part of the chassis and mechanism is under the most careful observation each day of the thirty-day test. As a means of determining the efficiency of these motor trucks where it might be impossible to obtain gasoline for fuel the European powers require that every competing truck shall be adaptable for operation on either gasoline, benzole, or denatured alcohol. In fact, a truck to be successful in winning the subsidy must operate for a certain number of days, usually three, continuously on each of the different fuels mentioned above, and it must maintain its scheduled speed on each of these fuels, otherwise the penalization prohibits the manufacturer from acceptance of his machine for the subsidies. Under these exacting conditions, it is obvious that carburetion must be very good. It is also obvious that an internal-combustion motor, to operate satisfactorily and efficiently on alternately gasoline, benzole, and denatured alcohol, must have a very flexible vaporizing apparatus, and it is in this detail that very few trucks can qualify.

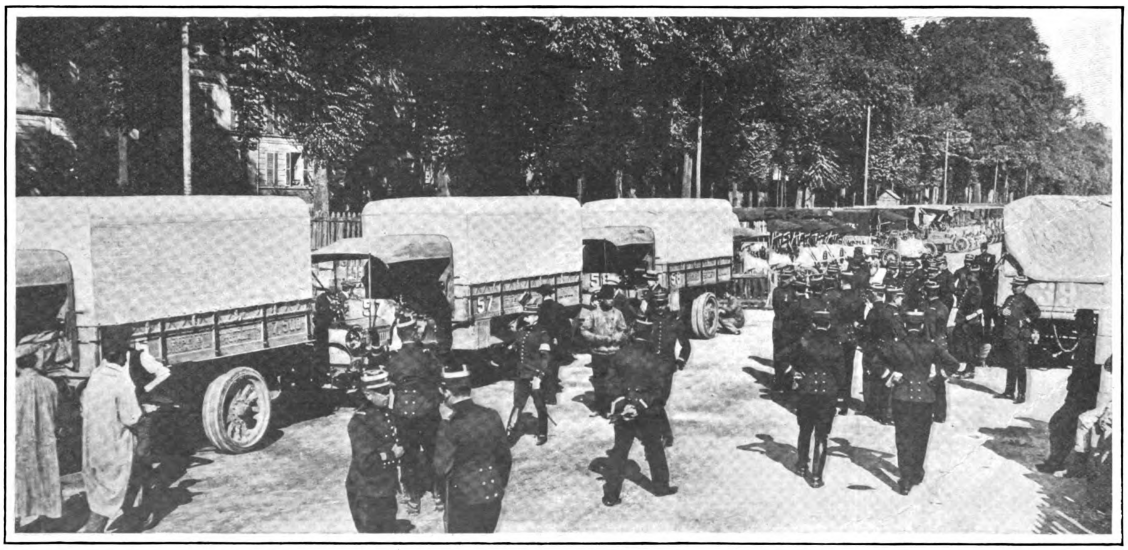
Each vehicle competing also has to carry its nominal load, and the conditions of travel are made as nearly approximate to actual war service as is possible under the circumstances. The penalizations for repairs on road adjustments, falling behind schedule, etc., are so severe that it is not strange that only a few of the leading truck manufacturers of Europe have been able to win subsidies.

After the completion of a thirty days' test the trucks are under governmental supervision for the technical examination for flaws in metal, loosening of parts, and adjustments under road stresses, etc. The awarded prizes give the highest incentive to commercial motor-vehicle manufacturers to make the most strenuous efforts to gain the War Department's approval. For instance, in France the truck manufacturer who is successful in completing all the requirements in these contests receives an official diploma from the government, and every user of his trucks is paid a bonus of $600 in cash immediately he officially proves that he has purchased a truck which has been granted a subsidy. The owner is also given an additional bonus of approximately $200 per annum for a period of three years thereafter. The owner is required to maintain his truck or trucks in such a condition that at periodical intervals they can withstand the required governmental inspection. In addition he signs an agreement with the War Department to hold his machine in readiness to transfer it instantly to the government's service upon demand, with the stipulation that each day during which the War Department uses it he will be paid a fixed per diem rental.

It is clear that the incentive among merchants and private individuals who use automobile trucks entitled to this subsidy is very strong, as they are practically paid a large percentage of the cost of their trucks by the government.

There are in France to-day more than 1,200 auto trucks of one to seven tons' capacity which are governmentally subsidized and would constitute a very formidable agency for the quick and efficient despatch of munitions of war.

The use of auto trucks in the Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York army maneuvers during the past three summers has demonstrated infallibly the greater superiority, economy, and despatch of the motor vehicle over the mule team, and with the coming of better roads throughout the United States, which development is now proceeding at a tremendous pace, there is no longer any reasonable excuse for the dereliction of our national government in continuing the utilization of the anachronistic mule. He will follow the horse into oblivion.



Motor trucks accompanying the French forces at the last maneuvers in contest for the government subsidy

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The Republican Succession

DEMOCRATS as well as Republicans assume that there was an unbroken succession of Republican victories for President from Lincoln's first election in 1860 to and including that of Garfield-Arthur in 1880. Colonel Roosevelt, President Taft, and many other Republicans have often said this. So have many Democrats.

They are mistaken. The party which elected Lincoln and Johnson in 1864 was known as the National Union party. The call for the convention was directed to "all qualified voters who desire the unconditional maintenance of the Union, the supremacy of the Constitution, and the complete suppression of the existing rebellion, with the cause thereof, by vigorous war and all apt and efficient means."

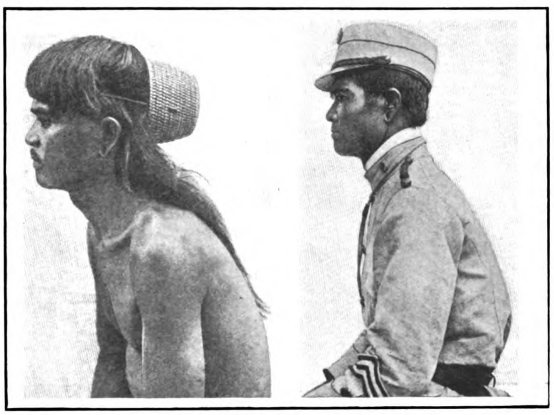
Although the men who signed the call for the convention were Republicans, the term Republican did not appear in the call. It was participated in by war Democrats as well as by Republicans, but they were there as Union men, and not as representatives of either of the old parties.

Said the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, the temporary presiding officer of the convention, who was not a Republican, and who never had been, on taking the chair: "I see before me not only primitive Republicans and primitive Abolitionists, but I see also primitive Democrats and primitive Whigs—and, if you will allow me to say so, I myself am here who all my life have been in a party to myself. As a Union party I will follow you to the ends of the earth and to the gates of death. But as an Abolition party, as a Republican party, as a Whig party, as a Democratic party, I will not follow you one foot. While this war lasts, while the country is in peril, while you call yourselves, as you do in the call of the convention, the Union party, you are for the preservation of the Union and the destruction of this rebellion, root and branch."

"In no sense do we meet as members or representatives of either of the old political parties which bound the people or as the champions of any principle or doctrine peculiar to either," said ex-Governor William Dennison, of Ohio, the permanent chairman of the convention. "The extraordinary condition of the country since the outbreak of the rebellion has from necessity taken from the issues of these parties their practical significance and compelled the formation of substantially new organizations. Hence the origin of the Union party, if party it can be called, of which this convention is, for the purpose of its assembling, the accredited representative and the only test of membership in which is an unreserved, unconditional loyalty to the government and the Union."

"We are here simply as a mass-meeting," said Henry J. Raymond, a stalwart Republican and editor of the New York *Times*, one of the delegates from his State. Several States—Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana—which were members of the Confederacy, and which could not take part in the election, had delegates in the convention who voted for the candidates there. Most of those men were not only not Republicans then, but they never became Republicans. Although Raymond edited the paper which was called Lincoln's personal organ, he did not call himself a Republican in the convention of 1864, nor did anybody in or out of the convention pretend that it was a Republican gathering. Andrew Johnson, who was placed on the ticket with Lincoln, and who, through Lincoln's death, became President for the entire four years except the first six weeks, was never a Republican, then, before, or afterward.

Most of the votes which were cast for Lincoln and Johnson in the election were cast by men who had been Republicans, but they did not call themselves by that name then, and they were aided by hundreds of thousands of men who in the earlier and later political divisions among the people were Democrats. With Grant's accession the Republican party went to the front again in the Presidency, but it was not there in that post during the four years beginning with March 4, 1865.



CIVILIZATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN IGORROTE, TAKEN IN 1911 AND 1912, RESPECTIVELY, SHOWING THE TRANSFORMATION OF A SAVAGE INTO AN EFFICIENT MEMBER OF THE CONSTABULARY

Long-lived Birds

IT used to be contended that ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is of record. But parrots have been known to attain an age of one hundred years. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at Schoenbrun at the age of 118 years. Another golden eagle was kept in the Tower of London for 90 years. A third died at Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with eighty and one hundred years of life.

Old Roman Ink

WAX-COATED tablets and the stylus furnished the material wherewith the old Romans did their ordinary writing, but for permanent records there were used a reed pen, parchment, and a kind of liquid pigment or ink.

There was recently found in Westphalia, near the site of the Aluso fortress, constructed by Drusus in the year 11 B.C., a bronze vessel containing a dried black mass, which, after careful examination, was pronounced to be "Roman ink."

This mass consisted mainly of soot and tannate of iron, together with smaller quantities of ferric oxide, copper oxide, clay, magnesia, gypsum, phosphoric acid, carbonic acid, some alkali, and sand. It is probable that these ingredients represent chiefly accidental impurities in the old ink-stand, but some of them are thought to have been due to the chemical action of the ink on the bronze vessel.

Ventriloquism

IT has been pretty generally accepted as a fact that the ventriloquist is "born, not made." But even those people who know that the art of throwing one's voice may be cultivated successfully are not fully aware how simple the process is. It is nothing more or less than the old problem of deceiving the sense of hearing. All the ventriloquist really has to know is how to speak as loudly as he desires without moving his lips and to be expert in distracting the attention of his hearers.

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Routine

It takes such originality of mind to enjoy a holiday. A mind of spontaneity is required. One has to decide two or three times a day what one would most like to do, and, on top of the decision, always a debilitating process, one must summon courage to do the thing at once. The immediateness forced upon one by a limited amount of time is one drain, the existence of so many things from which to make one's choice is a culminating one, and the combination is a revelation of why one so enjoys being at home. It is wholly because of one's routine. People are always returning home with insufficient excuses and inconsistent grumblings. What they really return to is their routine. If they take it away with them their capacity for lengthy absences is almost dangerous. If they leave it at home intact, they worry through a holiday with a sense of internal awryness and skip the final days with shame-faced relief.

A routine is so insidious a thing that it is impossible to say whether you are more attached to it than it is to you, or *vice versa*. Its rigorous support is so endearing and grateful. It starts you off in the morning with a breezy vim that almost passes for energy of your own. It hurries you through duties and on to leisure hours until your quick steps are half the measuring out of your routine and half an effort to keep your feet as your routine races you along. A well-established routine is a thing of such fiber and force that it makes you appear a person of decision, character, and will when you are merely a grateful jellyfish long since abandoned to the swing of your routine. It protects and guards you. It gives you an air of being a person who must not be disturbed or interrupted. It takes the place of your spine when that member dissolves and goes off into space on some affair of its own. It gets you out of bed when nothing else could and its brisk objectivity disciplines a heavy heart.

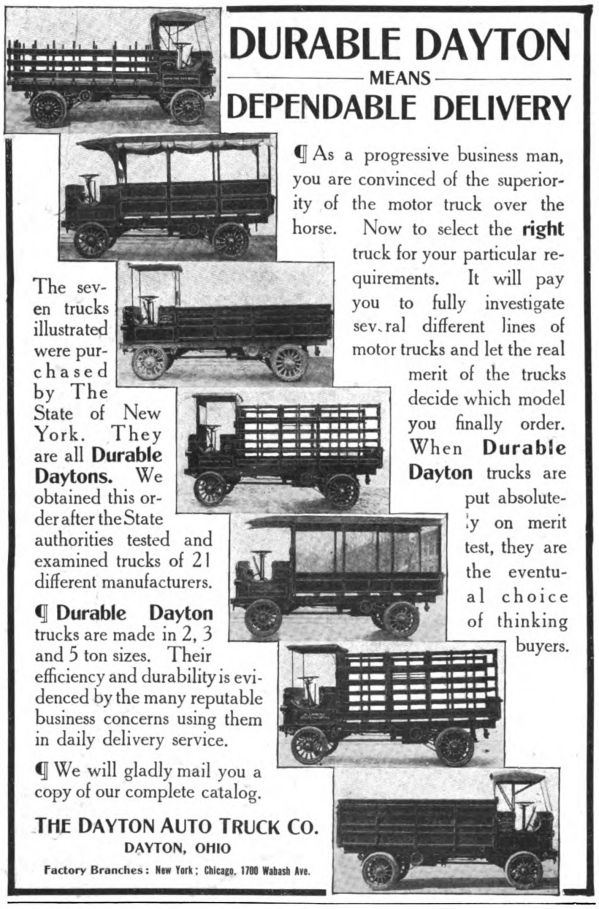
A routine even lends zest to a light heart. If you abandon your routine for a guest or a sunny day, you have not only the guest and the day, but you have paid them a compliment which could never have been paid if you had not had a routine to abandon. Or if your buoyancy is so great that you fling aside your routine from sheer wantonness, how could you have known the full bubble of lawlessness unless you had had a firmly ensconced law to overthrow.

A routine stands such scurvy treatment without making a protest and with never an attempt at revenge. You fight with it when you are strong, and, when an escape from it has left you weak and stranded, it comes and finds you and picks you up and starts you going again at whatever speed you can best endure. It never tells the things it might. There are such black secrets between it and you! It knows that, when it has got you through a lot of little things and closed you firmly in a quiet room on the stroke of the proper hour, you then sit and look out of the window and strum your fingers and perhaps even play a game of patience. It does not give you up because of that. It gets you to the same place at the same hour the next morning and gives you another chance at a better mode of behavior. Its hope, patience, and loyalty are beautiful, and sometimes you look at it and know it for a better person than you.

A certain type of person plays patience because that is the type of person she is. She is not ashamed of playing patience, for her mind, when playing it, is in much the same state as it is at any other time. That is the type of mind she has. There is nothing more to be said about her. Then there is another kind of mind that succumbs to patience as a Kipling hero would to secret drinking. The mind is a strong, self-respecting mind worthy of better things and believed to employ itself with better things. It has no illusions about patience. It knows precisely what a depth of soothing imbecility it attains to when it plays patience. It feels acutely the difference between itself when playing patience and when doing other things. But it does not care. It likes patience. Or rather it loathes patience, but must play it. Its fingers have the most imperious desire to shuffle cards. That seems harmless, and cards are shuffled idly for many minutes without any intention of permitting the thing to go further. Then, before one knows it, the cards are being laid out, perhaps on a window-sill or a mantel, and, with the cards laid out, one might as well see how the thing comes out. All the time during which one is turning over the cards the honest, admonishing part of oneself murmurs silently, "Wasteful, futile, boresome, asinine imbecility"; and adds each time, "I wager I get it out in three this time."

One never intends to play more than one game of patience and that takes but a moment or two, so it is hard to call oneself too sharply to account; but then there is the next game and the next and the one after that, and finally one has given up all the other things one meant and intended and was bound to do. One has settled down to a debauch of patience. One's only hope is that no one is looking; one's only effort is to avoid meeting an appraising eye. The monotony of turning over cards that are not required, the lethargic pleasure of placing the card one needed, the stultifying contentment of winning the game against fifty-two odds are the only emotions one's nature desires. Even the fear that one possibly is the kind of person who plays patience does not rouse one. The possibility is accepted in all its likelihood and one plays on.

Hours afterward, when one has temporarily and ardently reformed, the recollection comes that Stevenson played patience when he was ill, that a great man once said he played game after game while his dearest friend was being operated on in the next room, and that you once saw a woman play patience dully, endlessly, while she waited to hear whether her husband intended to divorce her. Perhaps, after all, patience—but the idea is discarded. Those people played patience when they were living with such intentness subconsciously that consciously they were hardly existent at all, and it was the tension of their bodily mechanism that kept the cards going. When a happy, well person plays patience—but no, it is not so much that one is any particular kind of person as it is that that is the kind of game that patience is.



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Some Modern Myths

Ignorance and exaggeration are the source of most of the horrible tales and superstitions that scare communities of simple folk. With reference to the question as to how myths originate, it may be pointed out that many legends of the ancient world very probably had a foundation in actual events, just as the "kidnapper scare" that agitated the north German peasants some years ago.

In this case the report had spread far and wide that all Catholic children with light hair and blue eyes were to be sent out of the country—to Russia, said some, while others declared that the King of Prussia had been playing cards with the Sultan of Turkey and had staked and lost forty thousand fair-haired, blue-eyed children, that there were Moors traveling about in covered carts to collect the youngsters, and that the schoolmasters were helping.

For a time the popular excitement was serious. Parents kept their children from school and hid them, and when the parents appeared on the streets the little ones clung to them with terrified looks.

A well-known mythologist took the pains to trace the rumor to its sources. The cause, curiously enough, was the Anthropological Society of Berlin, which, with no thought of the commotion it was to stir up, had in order to class the population as a race, induced the authorities to undertake a census of the local schools, certain of the questions put having reference to the color of the children's skin, hair, and eyes.

Had it been only the boys (to the government inspection of whom for military conscription the German peasants were only too well acquainted) nothing would have been thought of the questions. But why should the officials want to know about the hair and eyes of the little girls?

The whole group of stories that suddenly sprang up was created to answer this question; and even the details which became embodied with these could all be traced to their sources, such as the memories of German princes selling regiments of their people to pay their debts, the political negotiations between Germany and Russia, etc. The fact that a caravan of "Moors," or gipsies, had been traveling with a circus accounted for the covered carts with which they were supposed to fetch the children, while the schoolmasters were naturally implicated as having drawn up the census.

"Consuming" Electricity

Very misleading are the common expressions "buying electricity" and "consuming electricity."

As a matter of fact, no electricity is "used up" in lighting buildings, driving machines, and propelling cars and trains. Just as much electricity flows away per minute through the return conductor from an electrically lighted house as flows to it through the coming conductor. The electric current has been well likened to a butcher's cart carrying around meat—one no more consumes current than he consumes cart. It is not the vehicle, but what it leaves behind, that the consumer buys—meat in the case of the cart and energy in the case of the electric current.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

July 13 1912

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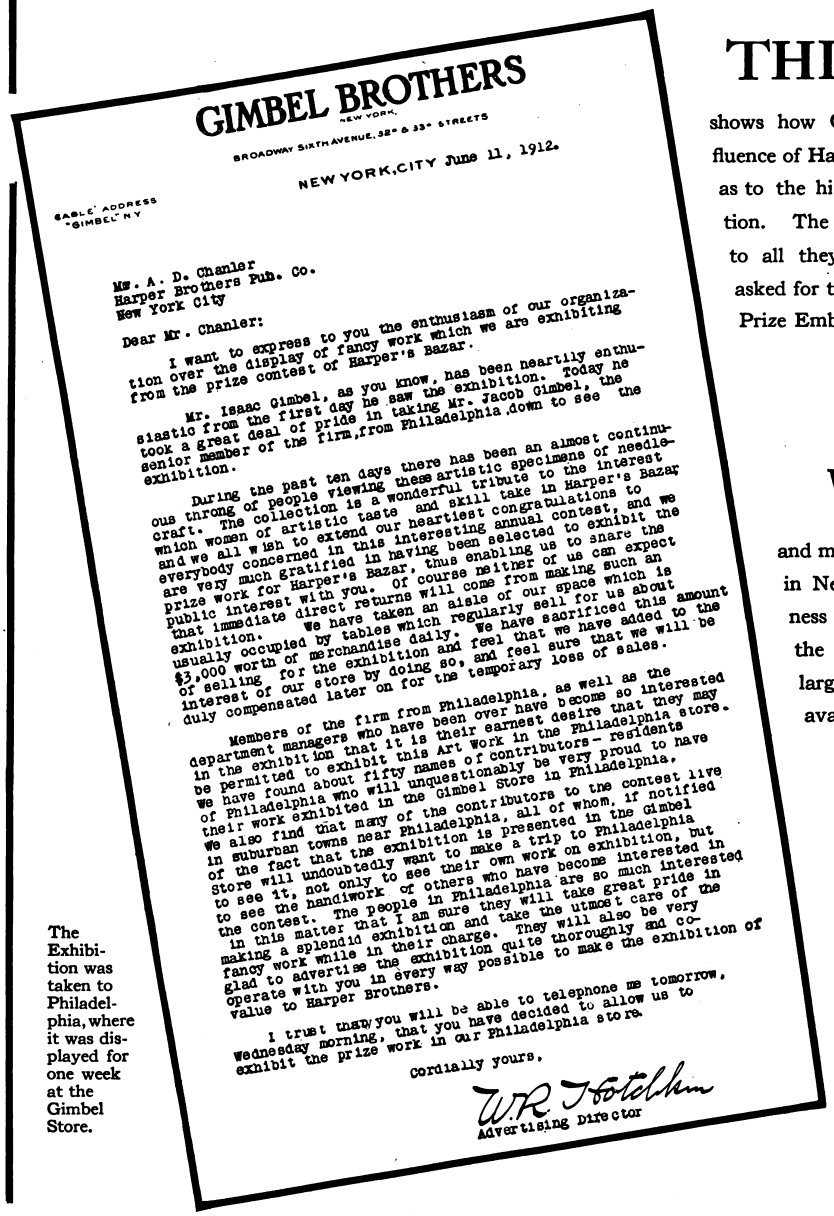
GIMBEL BROTHERS say: "A wonderful tribute to the interest which women of artistic taste and skill take in Harper's Bazar."



GIMBEL BROTHERS
NEW YORK
BROADWAY SIXTH AVENUE, 32nd & 33rd STREETS

NEW YORK, CITY June 11, 1912.

CABLE ADDRESS "GIMBEL" N.Y.

Mr. A. D. Chanler
Harper Brothers Pub. Co.
New York City

Dear Mr. Chanler:

I want to express to you the enthusiasm of our organization over the display of fancy work which we are exhibiting from the prize contest of Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Isaac Gimbel, as you know, has been heartily enthusiastic from the first day he saw the exhibition. Today he took a great deal of pride in taking Mr. Jacob Gimbel, the senior member of the firm, from Philadelphia down to see the exhibition.

During the past ten days there has been an almost continuous throng of people viewing these artistic specimens of needlecraft. The collection is a wonderful tribute to the interest which women of artistic taste and skill take in Harper's Bazar and we all wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to everybody concerned in having been selected to exhibit the prize work for Harper's Bazar, thus enabling us to share the public interest with you. Of course neither of us can expect that immediate direct returns will come from making such an exhibition. We have taken an aisle of our space which is usually occupied by tables which regularly sell for us about $3,000 worth of merchandise daily. We have sacrificed this amount of selling for the exhibition and feel that we have added to the interest of our store by doing so, and feel sure that we will be duly compensated later on for the temporary loss of sales.

Members of the firm from Philadelphia, as well as the department managers who have been over have become so interested in the exhibition that it is their earnest desire that they may be permitted to exhibit this Art Work in the Philadelphia store. We have found about fifty names of contributors - residents of Philadelphia who will unquestionably be very proud to have their work exhibited in the Gimbel Store in Philadelphia. We also find that many of the contributors to the contest live in suburban towns near Philadelphia, all of whom, if notified of the fact that the exhibition is presented in the Gimbel Store will undoubtedly want to make a trip to Philadelphia to see it, not only to see their own work on exhibition, but to see the handiwork of others who have become interested in the contest. The people in Philadelphia are so much interested in this matter that I am sure they will take great pride in making a splendid exhibition and take the utmost care of the fancy work while in their charge. They will also be very glad to advertise the exhibition quite thoroughly and cooperate with you in every way possible to make the exhibition of value to Harper Brothers.

I trust that you will be able to telephone me tomorrow, Wednesday morning, that you have decided to allow us to exhibit the prize work in our Philadelphia store.

Cordially yours,

W.R. Hotchkin
Advertising Director

The Exhibition was taken to Philadelphia, where it was displayed for one week at the Gimbel Store.

THIS LETTER

shows how Gimbel Brothers regard the influence of Harper's Bazar — and their opinion as to the high-class character of its circulation. The letter is strong, but in addition to all they say, the Messrs. Gimbel have asked for the privilege of housing next year's Prize Embroidery Exhibition at their store.

30,000 WOMEN—

and many men—visited the Exhibition in New York during the twelve business days it was open. In Philadelphia the attendance was also remarkably large—the exact figures are not yet available.

8,000 ENTRIES

There were a few more, but 8,000 in round numbers, and they came from every State in the Union, from Canada, of course, from Cuba and the Philippines, from England and Sweden.

Isn't the magazine that can do this the magazine you can't afford to miss?

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LVI. New York, July 13, 1912 No. 2899

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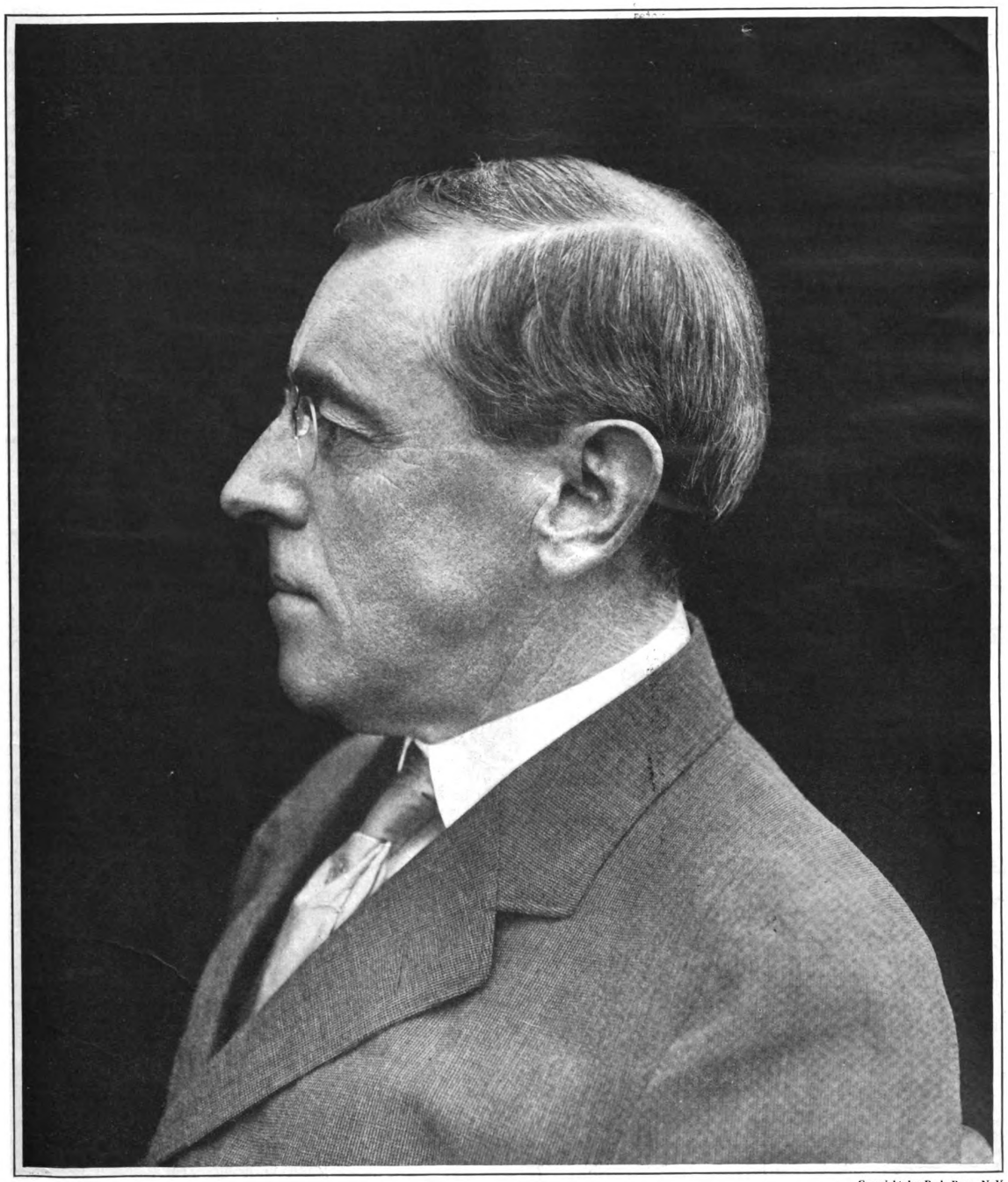

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WOODROW WILSON

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LVI No. 2899

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Issue Joined

AFTER much hemming and hawing, the Democrats rose to the occasion at Baltimore and nominated their strongest candidate. Granting the probability of the election this year of any reputable statesman who could hold substantially the full support of his party, there can be no doubt that WOODROW WILSON will poll at least half a million more votes than any other whose name was presented for consideration.

The nomination of a conservative, however liberal-minded, would have served only to open the door to Mr. ROOSEVELT. A "dark horse" would have been laughed off the track. Mr. BRYAN himself was a hack. Intelligent choice, therefore, was restricted to Speaker CLARK, the sturdy representative of the Old Order, and Governor WILSON, the virile champion of the New. The basis of Mr. CLARK'S majority in the convention was appreciation of true worth and services rendered, supplemented by strong personal attachments. The foundation of Mr. WILSON'S two-thirds was the feeling that he was a winner, enhanced by admiration of his exceptional intellectual capacity, consideration of his freedom from entanglements, and respect for his moral courage. As between the two, the correctness of the ultimate decision, from the standpoint of availability, is beyond question. If the Democrats cannot elect WOODROW WILSON, they could not elect anybody.

No Democratic national canvass since JACKSON'S has been inaugurated more auspiciously. The points of vantage may be summarized briefly as follows:

A Democratic year. The people are disgusted with the Republican party and eager for a change.

Disruption of the opposition. The differences of the two wings, for the first time since the Republican party was born, are irreconcilable.

An open and honest convention. In marked contrast with the doings at Chicago, there was at Baltimore no arbitrary action on behalf of one candidate and no suggestion of bribery in the interest of another.

The main issue. At last the line is sharply drawn between excessive protection and a revenue tariff.

An unpledged candidate. Nobody pretends that Mr. WILSON is under the slightest obligation to any man or group of men for his nomination.

Elimination of bosses. So far from catering to those accustomed to control, Mr. WILSON defied them. He had not hesitated to denounce Mr. MURPHY, Mr. SULLIVAN, and Mr. TAGGART by name. His sole appeal was to Public Opinion.

Removal of the blight of Bryanism. Mr. WILSON owes nothing to the marplot who schemed to obtain the nomination for himself. Nor is he bound in any way to recognize the vagaries which for so long have discredited the party in the estimation of the country.

Independent support. Almost without exception, the powerful public journals have already pledged the exercise of their utmost endeavors on behalf of the Democratic standard-bearer.

Moral sentiment. The wide-spread revulsion of conscientious citizens against political depravity which Mr. ROOSEVELT has tried with consummate skill to capitalize for his own advancement now inures to the advantage of Governor WILSON, to the great relief of millions who distrusted ROOSEVELT but knew not where else to turn.

A vivid personality. Mr. WILSON has demonstrated matchless power of effective appeal to the masses generally, and to active, enthusiastic, younger men in particular. This means that his canvass will be surcharged with the same electrical, persuasive energy which achieved his nomination.

Such are some of the weighty influences whose tacit recognition has already induced a common belief that Mr. WILSON'S election is a virtual certainty. It is our own prudent judgment, uninfluenced by the billowy enthusiasm of the moment, that he will win. And yet the possibilities ever attendant upon the performance of a great political drama are not to be ignored with impunity. Many a Democrat has been elected in July, only to be buried under an avalanche of votes in November. Mr. TAFT'S prospects are now at their lowest ebb. First driven by treachery and shameful abuse to the extreme of undignified personal defense, then fought with unexampled bitterness in his contest for a deserved renomination, and now confronting not only an open detachment from his own ranks, but also a most resourceful and daring Democratic opponent, his record of accomplishments upon which he must ultimately rely is for the moment eclipsed. But the fact that few Presidents have rendered more valuable service under trying conditions remains. Mr. TAFT'S fidelity, his conscientious endeavors, his singleness of unselfish purpose, his purity of intent, his notable achievements, are forgotten only for the time. They will be recalled with gratitude and emphasized with effect.

The value of experience to the mind of the country also is to be reckoned with. Since 1884 no man who had not rendered service in the Federal government has been elected President. May it not be possible that, in the final judgment, the advantages necessarily derived from actual practice will be accorded serious consideration? How thoroughly the people are convinced of the practical efficiency of President TAFT'S policies and methods with respect to our present problems is undoubtedly a question, but such as they are they at least stand revealed by application, and are no longer subjects of speculation or foolish fears. The temper of the people, we take it, is now strong for change, even though it be experimental, but craving for novelty often subsides under the proverbial sober second thought.

As a matter of history, moreover, nobody since JACKSON has been elected President who did not hold the confidence of that great and powerful group commonly referred to as the business men of the country. If there is any serious menace to the present glowing prospects of Governor WILSON, we should say that it lies in apprehension of official acts, springing from praiseworthy aspirations, which might tend to retard restoral of general prosperity. That Mr. WILSON will avail himself of the first opportunity to make evident that there is no real cause for such solicitude may, however, in our judgment, be assumed with confidence.

Finally, the Republican party is not dead. Though seemingly sleeping for the moment, it will soon be as wide awake and determined to win as ever before in its successful career. And it is still the strongest, most compact, best equipped, and most skilfully directed political organization the world has ever known.

The menace of ROOSEVELT, we rejoice to believe, is removed, but none can gainsay that his activities will inject a new and perplexing factor into the contest. Will his candidacy serve only to weaken Mr. TAFT, or will it attract a sufficient number of radicals from both parties to upset all calculations? These are pregnant questions to which, in our opinion, answers cannot now be made with any degree of certainty.

One feature of the situation at least is peculiarly gratifying. In view of the sharply defined issues and the repute of the two leading candidates, there is every reason to expect that this will be a campaign of ideas which, though illuminative and exhilarating, will be conducted upon a high plane and kept free from personalities such as in times past have reflected discredit upon American citizenship.

Is There a Platform?

Neither Baltimore nor Chicago did much honor to that conventional necessity, the platform. Both, apparently, thought it necessary, but both indisputably found it disagreeable. Baltimore put it off as long as possible, and to an hour when it could not possibly get any serious attention. Then, after a week devoted to nominating a candidate for President, the convention gave over a minute or two to "adopting" a lengthy series of principles and pledges, dealing with pretty nearly everything, which practically nobody had heard.

What, under the circumstances, does such a document amount to? Does it, in fact, amount to anything? Ought it to be considered really binding on anybody? These, we fear, are questions which in most minds will come ahead of any consideration of the merits of the document itself; and that view of the matter was certainly encouraged by the action of the convention itself in deliberately subordinating the platform to the candidate. The force of these facts we are bound to acknowledge. We do not, however, call attention to them as a sufficient reason why, notwithstanding that there *is* a platform, it ought to be ignored. They constitute, rather, a convincing exposure of our shirking, careless, happy-go-lucky way of making platforms. They are an argument for either greater care and courage with such documents or else dispensing with them. For the platform, however carelessly put together, cannot be entirely ignored. It always, sooner or later, demands and secures attention. A good many people will always consider it binding. The opposing party always attacks it. Those responsible for it, when they find out what it is, also find themselves forced to defend it. In the long run, it always has an appreciable influence on the course of the party which is, however unwittingly, formally and regularly committed to it.

The moralizing may seem too general; but the matter is of great and thoroughly practical importance. A great party, with every prospect of coming into power, has gone through a form of making pledges to the country. It is of the utmost moment, both to the country and the party, whether, and in what degree, those pledges shall be binding. If platforms are indeed to be binding, then conventions must give some attention to them. Delegates must at least be permitted to know what they are promising. If platforms are not to be binding, or if they are to be framed haphazard and adopted in ignorance of their contents, then the vicious and confusing practice of having them cannot be too soon abolished.

If So, What?

Such considerations should, we think, come before any criticism of the platform actually "adopted" at Baltimore. After all, the main question about the document is as to its probable effect on the future actions of the party and on the history of the country, and that, of course, will depend very largely on the degree in which it really stands for the convictions and purposes of the mass of Democrats. It is practically valid in proportion to its truth as a statement of those convictions and purposes.

From that point of view its leading declaration is valid enough; there can hardly be a question of its validity. As to the tariff, the will of the mass of Democrats was abundantly and clearly manifest long before the resolutions committee sat down to express it. They expressed it fairly well in the plank they wrote about it. But it had already been expressed by the votes of millions of Democrats at the polls and by the definite and unequivocal acts of the Democratic House of Representatives. The commitment is complete, as it should be. It will bind the party, and the country thoroughly understands it. So far, excellent; for that is the leading issue.

There are other planks of which the same view must be taken; such, for instance, as those concerning the pending amendments to the Constitution. The party is unmistakably for an income tax and for direct elections of Senators. It is almost as authoritatively committed also to a single term for Presidents. On that point, though action has been delayed, opinion has been sufficiently tested. And so with several other not unimportant pronouncements.

There remain, however, various pronouncements, good, bad, and indifferent, concerning which so much cannot be said. Perhaps the most important of these, and one of the worst, is the one on banking and currency. It is pretty bad; but it is also extremely weak. Its weakness and vagueness mitigate its badness, for they keep it from meaning what it probably aimed to mean. The gentlemen of the subcommittee in charge of the platform declare that the party is opposed to "the so-called ALDRICH bill for the establishment of a central bank"; but according to the most competent opinion there is no such measure. It is the object of the ALDRICH bill to federalize the banks of the country, much as the country is now federalized under

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the Constitution. It would be about as logical and clear to oppose the Constitution itself as a measure "for the establishment of a central despotism." These gentlemen in substance say that the party opposes the bill if it is what they think it is—which it pretty obviously isn't. The commitment is defective. They also express, for the party, an opinion that we ought to mitigate panics "by temporary relief in localities," and that is a very childish proposal; but at any rate it does not commit anybody against really serious measures to ward off panics altogether. We hardly think that Democrats intelligently interested in the reform of currency and banking will feel themselves estopped by anything in the entire pronouncement.

On the whole, the platform, such as it is, and adopted as it was, might have been worse—as well as more authoritative. We repeat, it probably *will* be heard of. In the long run, and in some degree, it will probably count. But the main things for the country to consider are the candidates that have been named and the mind of the party as expressed in these nominations, in the records of its representatives, and through the ordinary means of voicing public opinion.

Meeting Things

Getting out his fine-tooth comb, the Colonel scratched his head for an issue and found a big one. It is the High Cost of Living. "Some think the trusts are to blame," he said, "and some the tariff, and," he added, firmly, "this is a matter which must be squarely met." It must, indeed. The Colonel met the Trusts years ago and they were his, but his acquaintance with the Tariff is yet to be made. So far, he has always seen it first.

Patriotism, Even in Politics

Both at Chicago and at Baltimore most of the noise was made by the self-seeking and the notoriety-seeking. That was strictly as usual. Such men are always conspicuous, inescapable. But at neither place were they the only men present. At both places there were men quietly working and thinking for the entire party, not for themselves. At both places there were even men who were working and thinking for the welfare of the whole country. Let us not forget them. For both parties and for the whole country they did good work, and it counted and will continue to count. They are our consolation and our refuge and our hope, and there is no evidence that the number of them is lessening.

Patriotism is not dead. It is merely quiet by preference. That has always been its habit. The other thing unhappily exists, and will always exist, but it is always, let us be happy in remembering, noisier than it is strong.

Stupefaction

I have been perfectly amazed at the responses from all over the country since the nomination of WILSON. —*The Colonel.*

That man is always getting amazed at something. Fortunately it doesn't take so much to astound him now as it used to.

A Legalized Absurdity, and Worse

Yet another time the electoral college is a source of confusion and uncertainty! The failure of that device of the fathers is already monumental, but apparently we have not yet realized the full extent of it.

This time the trouble comes about through the pretension of certain followers of ROOSEVELT that he is the true Republican candidate for President. As we understand Colonel ROOSEVELT'S own statements, he wishes his new party to be entirely distinct from the Republican, with a different name, a different organization, and a membership wholly its own, to which even Democrats are invited to contribute. Yet he has done nothing to rebuke or check those of his followers who, claiming to be still Republicans, would subvert to his interest the Republican machinery in certain of the States where they control it. Their design, as announced, is very simple. In the States concerned they have either named or propose to name as candidates for electors on the Republican ticket men who, if chosen, will vote, not for TAFT, but for the Progressive candidate, Colonel ROOSEVELT.

The plan is indeed simple, and one can easily see that it is disingenuous and dishonest. But that, unfortunately, is not the really practical question about it. Is it demonstrably illegal? Is there a clearly practicable way to defeat it? That is the very serious question now presented to the Republican managers. It is idle to say that such a question ought not to arise at all. The law is antiquated and impossible, based on a theory that has never worked, and so long as we retain it we must expect to encounter just such troublesome absurdities as this.

As to the right and wrong of the matter, there is one precedent which might well be controlling. In 1876, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was chosen one of the Republican electors of Massachusetts. After the election he was, it is said, gradually convinced that TILDEN had carried the country and ought to be seated. He was strongly moved and strongly urged to vote for him in the electoral college. But after grave reflection he felt that he was under an imperative moral obligation, since he had himself been fairly elected as a Republican, to vote as he had been chosen to vote. Unfortunately, however, it is not every elector who is governed, as LOWELL was, by considerations based on honor and morality.

Query

Well, well, well! THOMAS WOODROW WILSON and THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL!

Anybody can beat the tomtom, but how about the TOM-TOM Ticket?

Unfortunate, Let Us Hope

The country, we believe, has been inclined to think very well of Secretary MACVEAGH. The smaller public which is acquainted with the record of his assistant secretary, Dr. A. PIATT ANDREW, has also thought very well of him. Both have seemed the right sort of men for their work, and have been classed among the President's fortunate appointments. But they have fallen out and apart and said hard things of each other.

We trust the incident will be found merely "unfortunate," for in that case both will have been for the most part mistaken. It is fortunate only if one of them is right in what he has said about the other, and if either is right the case is an ugly one. The facts, we suppose, will have to be fully investigated, and the blame placed where it should be. Meanwhile, however, we should like to believe that this is another of the not very rare instances in which two worthy men have failed to get along together and have in anger magnified their differences.

A Wise Selection

Governor MARSHALL is a first-class second-place man. The mere fact that he licked TAGGART and defied BRYAN entitled him to recognition. He also hails from the right place. The Democrats couldn't have done better.

Marathon Politicians

In the case of Mr. BRYAN we see again, what Mr. ROOSEVELT has made so apparent, the defect in our institutions for provision for Marathon politicians of inconvenient size. We have had enough both of Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ROOSEVELT as aspirants for the Presidency. We don't want electors for either of them on the Presidential ballots ever again. But there they are each with a Presidential advertisement of great price, and each with that Marathon disposition that always sees the tape of private life still leagues ahead, and means to keep going as long as there is a puff of wind left in his body. To these perennial statesmen public questions easily become a means to a personal end. And the end is such a jostling, inconvenient one! If they were officially employed it might be better—in the Senate, say, where they would be part of the government. But no ex-President since JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has seen in Congress an opportunity that tempted him. Neither Mr. BRYAN nor Mr. ROOSEVELT seems at all attracted by Congressional duties. For the latter of them at least there is but one attractive government job, the one at the top. Failing to reach that, there is danger that they will bob up incessantly as upsetters of the political peace; would-bes, whose constant effort is not to be neglected, traders with unrest, and connivers at disturbance.

Joyful 'tis, 'tis True

When Grandbrother LYMAN ABBOTT took the contract to the White House for signature, he that was there crossed out the "five" before "years" and said, "Make it four." It begins to look now as if he might safely have gone the limit. Those who choose themselves are seldom called.

Not on the Front Page

Lost, strayed, or stolen—one war and two revolutions. Also various crises in various foreign countries. Finder will please restore same to the front pages of the American newspapers, the latter having for some weeks been decidedly overfilled with certain doings at Chicago and Baltimore. There are, it is true, other pages in the papers, and possibly the important items mentioned may have been hidden there all along; but Americans generally have got out of the habit of looking for anything not begun on the first page and not pertaining to politics. Up-to-date information in the line of murde s and other casualties is also beginning to be demanded. Thefts and robberies not so desirable, the supply of these not having been interrupted. The society column has already been rediscovered. Nothing more wanted in the line of oratory, roll-calls, or rulings from the chair. The stock reports are again in evidence, with but one new stock on the lists. It is styled "Progressive Prospects," and is reported "weak and uncertain."

A Correction

The *World*, not Katy, did it.

A Job for Grown-ups

Colonel ROOSEVELT opened a number of letters and he had a great pile before him. He picked one at random and read a paragraph. It was from State Senator SALSON of Big Gap, West Virginia, and he wrote, "I have come over."

SAL'S son is not to be sneezed at, of course, but in the words of the colored brother who beseeched the Lord for help at the time of the Charleston earthquake this ain't no works for boys. How about the old man?

Three of a Kind

Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are the foremost of the older universities of the country. Harvard, after furnishing two Presidents, went seventy-seven years without knocking at the White House door, and then got in for seven years. Then Yale, for the first time, knocked successfully, and now—tat-tat-tat!—it seems to be Princeton's turn. The sequence is curious, and suggests that these venerable endowed universities are not, after all, so much out of touch with the national life as some of their critics like to think. What is further remarkable is that these three universities, all representing the same general idea of secondary education, should this year furnish the three leading candidates for the Presidency. The men are absolutely different, and they stand for unlike political ideas, but they are all from the same general social plane, and they all got their rudiments from like sources.

Don't Snicker, Boys

He once was THEODORE, then Third-term; now Tee-tee will do nicely.

Hot-weather Accidents

A real chapter of accidents has opened July; people spilled from the sky in very unusual number, two very bad railroad accidents with four or five score killed, and the usual, or rather more than the usual, patter of automobile casualities and drownings. Heat has to do with all these disastrous incidents. The dreadful Lackawanna accident seems to have been due to the passing of signals by an inattentive engineer, made inattentive, very likely, by exhausting weather. There are days when everything ought to slow up because human energies are universally lowered. Unhappily time-tables take no note of such days, and the effort to make time goes on with an impaired capacity for concentration of mind and speed.

The Hardest Hole

Mr. TAFT still has one to play.

Conclusion

I

We venture to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.—*Harper's Weekly of March 10, 1906.*

II

We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate WOODROW WILSON as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention in 1912.—*Harper's Weekly of November 28, 1908.*

III

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910.—*Harper's Weekly of May 15, 1909.*

IV

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations. Mr. WILSON'S majority will be forty thousand.—*Harper's Weekly of September 24, 1910.*

V

We now fully anticipate the nomination of WOODROW WILSON for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against WILLIAM H. TAFT, Republican candidate.—*Harper's Weekly of November 19, 1910.*

We end this series of prophecies with a prediction that WOODROW WILSON will be duly elected President of the United States in November next.

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THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

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If Mr. Bryan had not remained in Chicago to increase his stock of worldly goods by writing pieces for the papers, the course of the proceedings in Baltimore would have been quite different. He, and not Judge Parker, would have been the temporary chairman of the convention, and the bitter struggle which was inaugurated on the first day would have been postponed. That it would have been precipitated upon some other pretext later, however, may be taken for granted. There was no secret about Mr. Bryan's aspiration. While expressing a willingness to acquiesce in the nomination of either Speaker Clark or Governor Wilson, or of any one of several Progressives whom he named, it was Mr. Bryan's hope that conditions would arise resulting in his own nomination. We do not assert that Mr. Bryan expressed this hope; we do say that he vouchsafed his willingness to accept the honor if it should come to him as a natural outcome of the circumstances. Inasmuch as he really considered that the recognition was his just due, and as he had never barred himself from acceptance, his position cannot be fairly criticized.

It was but natural, however, that, holding this view, he should welcome, as he did welcome, dissensions which might give rise to the desired result. The proposal of Judge Parker by the National Committee as temporary chairman of the convention afforded his first opportunity, and he made the most of it in the short period which elapsed between his arrival in Baltimore on Sunday night and the assembling of the convention at noon on Tuesday; but the time was too short to enable him to make personal appeal to a sufficient number of friendly delegates to accomplish his purpose. He was obliged perforce to rely upon personal directions from Speaker Clark and Governor Wilson to their supporters that they should co-operate with Mr. Bryan. Governor Wilson promptly complied, upon the theory advanced by Mr. Bryan that a convention dominated by Progressives should have a Progressive as its chairman. Speaker Clark took the ground that there was no exigency demanding repudiation of the National Committee's choice, and that consequently it should be approved in the interest of harmony. Although Mr. Clark took no personal part in the controversy, his refusal to accede to Mr. Bryan's request was construed as evincing a willingness that delegates favorable to his nomination should act in conformity with their own judgment; and approximately two hundred and fifty of them voted to uphold the National Committee.

Their doing so with Mr. Clark's tacit consent constituted the pretext upon which Mr. Bryan subsequently launched his terrific tirade against the New York delegates and broke his own instructions from the Democrats of Nebraska to support Mr. Clark's candidacy. It was the daring act of a desperate man. Mr. Clark's votes had increased steadily until he had a clear majority which he was holding firm. Mr. Bryan knew that at any moment the unbroken tradition of the party to accord the requisite two-thirds to any candidate having received a majority might be observed. His only hope of preventing the nomination lay in imposing conditions which could not be complied with, and in coincidently discrediting Mr. Clark. This he did at the critical moment in the remarkable speech in which he declared that no Democrat should feel bound to support a candidate whose nomination was achieved through the aid of the New York delegation, and that he himself should disregard his own instructions. He did not directly accuse Mr. Clark of having made a discreditable alliance, but his implication to that effect was plain. In view of the facts that Mr. Bryan had professed the warmest friendship and the utmost respect for Mr. Clark, who had been his own ardent supporter through his entire political career, and that he had been instructed by his own constituents to do everything in his power to achieve Mr. Clark's nomination, it is not surprising that Mr. Clark should have regarded Mr. Bryan's act as perfidious. Mr. Bryan himself, realizing the danger of alienating thousands of his former friends throughout the West, made various attempts to explain, but his excuses were so paltry and disingenuous that they availed little. Subsequent outpourings of indignation, indeed, indicate clearly that Mr. Bryan then and there forfeited for all time the loyalty of a very large proportion of those who had been his stanchest adherents.

The desired effect, however, had been achieved. Mr. Clark had been eliminated from the contest. There remained only Governor Wilson to be disposed of. In view of the determined opposition of the Conservatives to him, this task seemed comparatively easy. Mr. Bryan sought to accomplish it by proposing other candidates and continuing the deadlock. Unhappily for the success of his project, the Conservative leaders had begun to quarrel among themselves, and the cohesive opposition to Governor Wilson's candidacy, upon which Mr. Bryan relied, slowly disintegrated. The climax came when Senator Bankhead, following Mr. Roger Sullivan's transference of the vote of Illinois from the Clark to the Wilson column, not only released the Underwood delegates, but plainly suggested that they throw their strength to Governor Wilson.

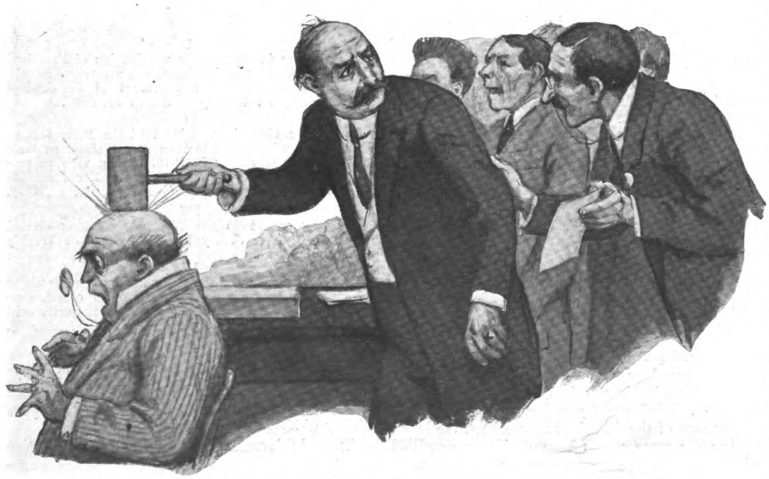
This brought the climax and the end. Mr. Bryan had overreached himself; the Conservative leaders had failed to avail themselves of the opportunity to nominate Mr. Clark when it lay within their power to do so, and the nomination for President was handed to Governor Wilson upon a silver platter, unaccompanied by obligation of any kind to anybody.

The temporary chairmanship

"You first, Alphonse!"
"No, Gaston, I insist on you taking it!"

That, in a nutshell, is the whole story of the Baltimore convention. The outcome, from the standpoint of the nominee, could not have been more satisfying. Never was a nomination achieved more creditably. The young men—notably Mr. McCombs, Mr. Davies, and Mr. McAdoo, acting constantly under advisement of the more experienced Mr. Hudspeth—who directed Governor Wilson's canvass wisely forebore from intriguing, and concentrated all efforts upon arousing public sentiment and in picking up votes here, there, and everywhere. Their purpose was single and their enthusiasm sincere. This fact counterbalanced largely their numerical disadvantage at the beginning. Speaker Clark's supporters were even more devoted, but they lacked resolution and suffered sadly from discordant leadership. Nobody knew who was really in charge and contradictory orders were the rule, rather than the exception. A fair illustration of the confusion is afforded by the true account of Mr. Clark's first hurried visit to Baltimore. The Speaker's real purpose in going to the convention city was not merely to consult his friends. He was summoned peremptorily by Mr. Dubois and Mr. George Fred Williams to appear before the convention and make response in person to Mr. Bryan's attack upon his good name. He responded reluctantly but like a soldier, and while en route by motor formulated the speech which he expected to deliver.

Meanwhile Senator Stone, acting upon his own initiative, had arranged with the representatives of the other candidates to adjourn the convention



The Chairman's attention shouldn't be diverted while he is pounding for order!

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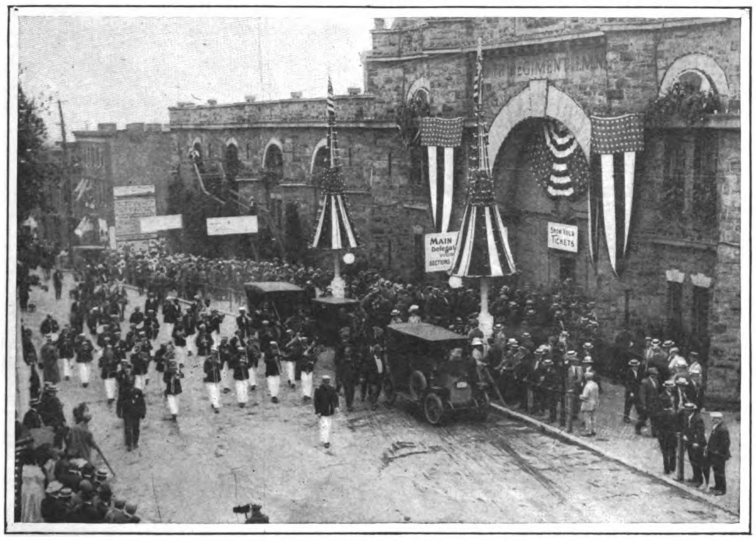
at eleven o'clock. Only half an hour before the time fixed he was informed that Mr. CLARK was on his way. Imagine the dismay of both Mr. STONE and Mr. DUBOIS—of the former, because he felt that Mr. CLARK's unprecedented appearance, likely to result in a rancorous colloquy with Mr. BRYAN, would be fatal to his chances; of the latter, because of his belief that no other possible way of holding the CLARK forces in line remained; of both, because their intermeddling might serve only to make the Speaker appear in a ridiculous plight!

Meanwhile the motor was approaching rapidly, and it was a question of minutes whether the arrival of Mr. CLARK would precede or follow the dropping of the gavel. All recognized, of course, that his appearance immediately after adjournment would be ludicrous. Finally Chairman JAMES was let into the secret and, taking matters into his own hands, hastened the proceedings. Simultaneously the DUBOIS-WILLIAMS contingent, in frenzy of excitement and apprehension, headed off the automobile and guided Mr. CLARK to a hotel. Again on the following day, Sunday, after Mr. CLARK had returned to Washington, solicitations that he appear in person on Monday were renewed, but to no effect. The Speaker had had enough of contentious management and flatly refused to consider any further proposals.

"They're off!"



Crowds besieging the Convention Hall

Even worse confounded was the Conservative leadership. While ostensibly co-operating, one with another, to prevent the nomination of a radical, Mr. TAGGART was playing a deep game for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. SULLIVAN was squinting every way for Sunday to save his own bacon, Mayor FITZGERALD was muddling things in the remote hope of landing FOSS, the HARMON men were fluking to CLARK on a single ballot and then back with a stolid thump, and Senator BANKHEAD was on pins and needles lest Mr. UNDERWOOD should be left in an untenable position at the finish. Mr. MURPHY alone seemed to know his own mind sufficiently well to pursue an undeviating course. Having convinced himself, after ten ballots, that neither HARMON nor UNDERWOOD could win, he threw the New York vote to CLARK and kept it there to the end. All this, of course, greatly facilitated the work of the young WILSON men who knew precisely what they wanted and refused to be led off into byways or among hedges.

The inevitable consequence was that whatever scars remained at the close of the conflict were upon the bodies of the defeated. The UNDERWOOD vote had been hanging hopelessly around a hundred when Mr. CLARK achieved a majority. Senator BANKHEAD could then have secured CLARK's nomination, as subsequently he did secure WILSON's, by swinging the delegates to the leading column. Hence the wrath of the CLARK men when finally he did discriminate in favor of the Governor; hence Mr. UNDERWOOD's prompt disavowal of personal responsibility for Mr. BANKHEAD's act; and hence the probable cessation of intimate friendly relations between the Speaker and the leader of the House.

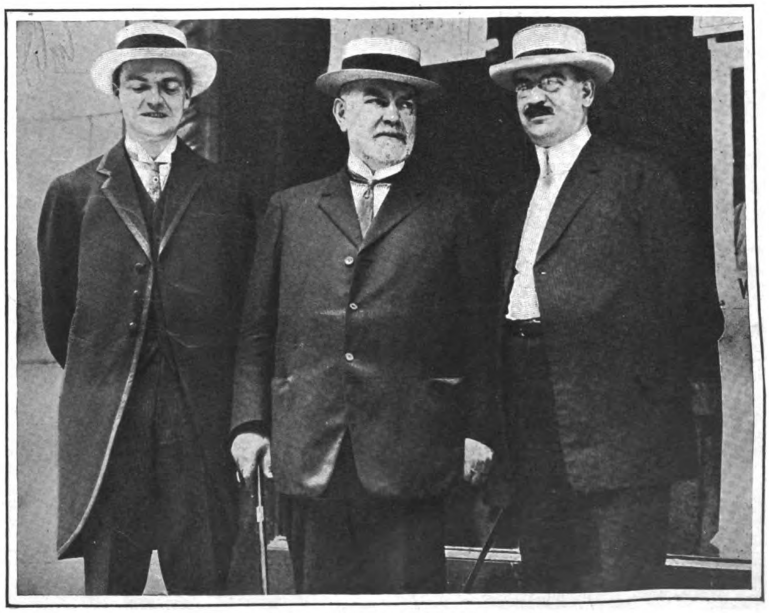
Mr. SULLIVAN's flop from the candidate who received a majority of 140,000 at the Illinois primaries has been attributed to the intercession of his son through the medium of an adoring mother. It is a pretty story of the triumph of family devotion, lofty ideals, and delicate sensibilities, but the facts do not jibe. The truth is that Mr. SULLIVAN was playing fast and loose on the side from the beginning, and had no more intention of nominating WILSON than he had of flying. Of course, after it was all over he was only too ready to take full credit for his burst of patriotic fervor and hastened to Sea Girt to receive thanks. Governor WILSON's smiling response to the effect that he "should not soon forget *Illinois*" may have disillusioned him as to Mr. WILSON's understanding of the situation. Mr. TAGGART is in another self-constructed box of like model.

The whole batch of bosses, indeed, from BRYAN down, went home discredited and disgruntled, without claim to recognition or hope of favors to come. They may have a lingering suspicion that pledges of eager service and personal kotowing will save some crumbs. If so, they are doomed to grievous disappointment—for which praised be the Lord! There will not soon be another Democratic convention in which four or five men can cast a third of the total vote as represented by dummies. Indeed, you need not be surprised if there is never another national convention of any kind. The primary system has been farcical in operation so far, but it holds the germ of government truly representative of the people, and a period of four years is ample for the remedying of defects already revealed by experience.

The men who showed to most signal advantage in the convention are Senator JAMES, Mr. PALMER of Pennsylvania, Mayor BAKER of Cleveland, Mr. STANCHFIELD of New York, Mr. BELL of California, and Mr. FLOOD of Virginia. The big Senator from Kentucky is clearly the Abou-ben-adhem of the list, but looking to the future the reader will not go far astray if he sticks a pin through the name BAKER.

We guess that Brother BRYAN will soon leave us for a protracted period of study and recreation in foreign parts.

Baltimore? Never again!



D. F. Malone, Senator O'Gorman, and Congressman Fitzgerald

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"READY TO RIDE AND SPREAD THE ALARM
THROUGH EVERY MIDDLESEX VILLAGE AND FARM"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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The Two Colonels

HOW THE MILITARY GENIUS OF OYSTER BAY AND THE LINCOLN MASTER OF STRATEGY HAVE CAPITALIZED PATRIOTISM TO THEIR PROFIT

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

MANY readers of this journal will remember a cartoon printed a few years ago when Colonel Roosevelt was in his glory. It represented Colonel Bryan on the bank of a stream, gracefully draped in a barrel, angrily shaking his fist at Colonel Roosevelt scurrying away with the clothes which Colonel Bryan had carelessly left unguarded when he went in swimming. Here I must protest against the discrimination always shown Colonel Roosevelt by the press at the expense of his *alter ego*. If Colonel Roosevelt is justified in the retention of his military title—and surely no one will want to deprive a man of such mighty valor of anything to which he is properly entitled—is Colonel Bryan, equally a man of heroic deeds, to have his laurels stolen? Did the one do that at which the other faltered? Did Colonel Roosevelt face the camera with more superb indifference than Colonel Bryan? Are there more photographs in existence of Colonel Roosevelt in full uniform, dripping gore, than of Colonel Bryan armed to the teeth, breathing slaughter? Did Colonel Roosevelt risk his life more frequently than Colonel Bryan? Did it require greater heroism on the part of Colonel Roosevelt to permit a colored regiment to do the fighting than it called for on the part of Colonel Bryan to refrain for two months from making speeches while waiting for the summons that never came? Shall the accident of a round robin give one man imperishable military fame and deprive the other of his just deserts?—especially as the other would have hatched out sixteen round robins to his rival's one if the salvation of the country had demanded it. It is only simple justice to Colonel Bryan that his brilliant military career shall not be forgotten.

But to return to Colonel Bryan on the bank of the stream. In those days he had frequent reason to complain of the appropriation of his property by the Colonel of Oyster Bay. Colonel Roosevelt, being lawless by nature, had a loose morality of *meum* and *tuum*. What he wanted he took without shame. Witness Panama. Not being gifted with originality or the constructive mind, Colonel Roosevelt found it convenient to make away with other men's ideas. Colonel Bryan, unlike Colonel Roosevelt, has an inventive mind, and the theories that Colonel Bryan emitted so freely Colonel Roosevelt took as his own, although he never gave Colonel Bryan credit for invention and used to sneer at the man to whom he was indebted as a visionary and unpractical. But it must be said to the credit of Colonel Bryan that, whatever his faults and vices, he never displayed that vice of being a "practical man," which Colonel Roosevelt practised so skilfully and the late Edward H. Harriman found so costly.

However far apart the two men were when they first began their political and public careers—and they were very far apart then, as each man viewed the other—the years that have intervened since they were first inflicted upon a sadly distracted country have brought them so close together that the one is simply an impression struck from the die of the other. They think so exactly alike that the one has come to look not unlike the other. Both have followed the same lines and reached the same end. Both have taken politics to the mint. Both were traditionally poor and traditionally honest when they heard the still small voice call to them to make a sacrifice on the altar of patriotism, and patriotism has turned a golden stream into their ever-outstretched hands. It has clothed them in purple and fine linen, it has built them garages and purchased automobiles, it has sent them jaunting around the world to hobnob with princes and potentates; it has, in a word, been so ably capitalized that those despicable "interests" which Mr. Roosevelt is forever running away from when he cannot run with them, and those satanic servants of Wall Street whose temptations Mr. Bryan finds so difficult to resist, stand in admiration of the two most successful promoters of their time. It used to be considered the acme of financial ability when a man could begin with a shoestring and end the proprietor of a tannery, but that required at least the capital to make the purchase of the initial shoestring. Here not even that minimum of capital was needed. Without the investment of a single dollar, these two eminent financial geniuses were able to persuade two rival and powerful syndicates that each had made a discovery which if commercially exploited would yield large returns. Mr. Bryan was the first to put his brand of patriotism on the market, although Mr. Roosevelt's backers were more enterprising and had a better advertising manager. When financial geniuses are concerned they not infrequently get what is vulgarly known as the swag, while the public holds the bag, and both the Colonels were able to induce the directors of their respective corporations to make a contract with them by which they were paid all the profits while the stockholders paid the expenses and stood the losses. Several times there have been severe losses—the public will remember especially the bad balance sheet of Mr. Roosevelt's concern in 1907, when there was talk of putting the company in the hands of a receiver—but as that is the stockholders' affair neither Colonel has ever worried when told by the treasurer that the year's operations showed a deficit. So to-day these financial magnates are near neighbors on Easy Street, and only the high price of gasolene makes them indignant when they think that the poor but honest "people" must give up their cars so as to have money enough left to buy the Roosevelt-Bryan brand of patriotism.

Colonel Roosevelt has taught Colonel Bryan many things, and Colonel Bryan has profited not a little by Colonel Roosevelt's teachings, but Colonel Bryan has the financial brains of the partnership. Colonel Bryan was a poor man with no rich connections when he offered himself as a silver-plated sacrifice, while Mr. Roosevelt had shown more discrimination in the selection of his father, and had never been forced to toil or spin or to worry where his next meal would come from. His High Mightiness of Lincoln is of the two probably the richer, but his Grandiloquence of Oyster Bay is not far behind him in the possession of vulgar wealth. Both have discovered that speech is golden, for words can be turned into coin at the rate of a dollar a word, or thereabouts, and while both are prolific in speech both are niggardly in spilling words unless there is first a certified check in their pockets. Carlyle foolishly observed that a man may have whatever thoughts he thinketh so long as he keeps them to himself, but that of course is ridiculous when "thoughts" can be thrown on the market for cash. The thought factories at Lincoln and Oyster Bay work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, and still are unable to keep up with their orders. If Carlyle had applied for a job at the works at Lincoln or Oyster Bay he would have been sent to the cashier to get his time and his envelope after the first day.

Both the military genius of Oyster Bay and the master of strategy of Lincoln have pursued exactly the same course to reach the same end, which proves conclusively, if proof were needed, how profound is their knowledge, for when two men independently attempt the solution of a great problem and use the same formula in arriving at the conclusion, it shows their method is correct; but I must insist that priority of discovery belongs to Colonel Bryan, who has always blazed the trail for his sworn comrade in arms. The democratic commonwealth is the foodful nurse of ambition, says Burke, and Colonel Bryan, starved because his ambition was unsatisfied, determined to be nursed back to plenty at the exuberant breast of democracy. Only a genius could have made the priceless discovery Colonel Bryan did. It used to be imagined that the way to political success lay through the unification of one's party, but genius is always akin to audacity, and the great men are those who have made eggs stand on their ends instead of being content to see them lying on their sides. "Any numskull," Colonel Bryan must have said to himself when ambition was still starved, "can unite a party and suffer the ingratitude for which republics are notorious, but if I smash my party into pieces I can always keep a fragment for my very own." It was so simple that it was ridiculous no one else had thought of it, but then genius is ever simple and the greatest discoveries are the easiest—when they are made. Smash your party and you become the master of your party. Will it work? asked the silly, standpat, conservative scoffers, who always fight shy of everything new simply because it is new and has never been tried before. No need to ask whether it would work, for Colonel Bryan gave a demonstration that drove even the most skeptical to acknowledge doubt no longer possible. A party that was wind and water tight, that had withstood assaults both from within and without, was now nothing but a mass of débris. Would it work? Why, it worked so well that even Colonel Bryan was amazed by the destruction he wrought.

Now comes the other Colonel, suffering "from the attempts of ambition, one of the natural, inbred, incurable distempers of a powerful democracy," friend, partner, joint wrecker, and assistant promoter of the Alexander of the West, with brain less active, and audacity not so highly developed, but with ambition burning him as fiercely, who, seeing what his twin brother has done, has wit enough to imitate him. Colonel Roosevelt came into the Presidency with a united party behind him and went out with his party smashed into pieces. If any one thinks it was the accident of circumstance that made Colonel Roosevelt smash his party he may think again. It was done deliberately, for it was the one thing that would make it possible for the Oyster Bay Castor to retain his monopoly of the Republican brand of Patriotism, in the same way that the Lincoln Pollux was able to keep his command of the market. Had Colonel Roosevelt gone out from Washington on that fourth of March leaving behind him a happy and united party, he would simply have dropped into the dignified obscurity (if it is possible to conceive of dignity ever associating itself with Bombastes Furioso of Oyster Bay) of an ex-President, and there would have been a heavy fall in the price of speeches and writings, for Colonel Roosevelt as a speculative enterprise would have been last year's model; he would have sold as readily as a motor-car without fore-doors. Keep him up to date, let the public imagine he has all the latest improvements, and he will find purchasers. Mr. Taft, to use the simile, was the last word in construction, and Colonel Roosevelt, to keep his control, had to ruin his rival, and to ruin his rival he had to disrupt his party. Colonel Bryan had shown how easily it could be done. For sixteen years he had retained power, sixteen very profitable years, sixteen years that had seen Colonel Bryan rise from a poor man to one very comfortably off, in those sixteen years he had exercised tremendous power and had been treated with distinguished consideration both at home and abroad, for not only had he been nominated for the Presidency, which is the next thing to having been elected to the Presidency, but he always threatened as a future candidate and a possible President.

Both Colonels carry a spear that knows no brother when their brother will not bend his neck for them to step on. Both men are the brothers of all humanity when there is a step upward to be made and humanity can be used for their selfish purposes. Both men have shouted their delight to serve the people, and both men have made the people serve them for their own profit. John B. Stanchfield's characterization of Colonel Bryan in the democratic convention as a "selfish, money-grabbing, favor-seeking, office-chasing, publicity-hunting marplot"—perhaps the most savage attack ever delivered in a national convention—though severe, is none too harsh. Colonel Bryan has gone forward resistlessly to advance his own fortunes without regard for the injury he inflicted upon others. He has not hesitated to avail himself of the services of any man who could be of use to him, he has with even less hesitation cast over former friends when he believed they could no longer help him. Like his fellow-warrior, his conscience quickened when virtue paid larger profits than vice. Like Colonel Roosevelt, Colonel Bryan has served Mammon as long as Mammon drew the largest checks or controlled the most votes, and, like Colonel Roosevelt, Colonel Bryan has been the servant of righteousness when righteousness marshaled fifty-one per cent. of the campaign contributions or the voters. When Colonel Bryan needed Tammany support and Tammany money, Tammany was the people; when Colonel Bryan was indulging in his favorite occupation of office-chasing, Thomas Fortune Ryan was a Democrat in good standing, and there was no taint in accepting his checks; when Colonel Roosevelt saw New York slipping out of his hands he could without danger to his immaculate righteousness beg Mr. Harriman to raise a huge fund to save him from destruction; when money was needed Colonel Roosevelt could cajole, threaten, and make promises to the trusts, and when the campaign was over and the people had once more to be caressed and the trusts could with safety be cursed, Harriman and the rest of those who had come forward to aid him were kicked all over the place.

To the end the parallel is maintained. Colonel Roosevelt went to Chicago to give his orders and to be acclaimed a dictator, and he left the discredited bolter of a ridiculous faction. Colonel Bryan went to Baltimore to sweep down all opposition and for the fourth time to be fastened as a millstone around the neck of Democracy. He left disgraced and exposed.

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A Talk with Governor Marshall

SOME INTERESTING OPINIONS ELICITED IN AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

By Charles Johnston

THE Democratic choice for Vice-President, Governor Marshall of Indiana, has a humane and gentle heart and a very attractive personality. Both qualities came out strongly in a talk which I had with him, not long ago, on affairs of State.

"We stand next to Massachusetts," said the Governor, "in our care for the humanities. Indiana has, besides the State prison and the State reformatory, a school for boys and a school for girls. You see, we leave 'reform' out of the title. We believe in giving the boy and the girl a chance, a real chance, without the handicap of a name that might later be cast up against them. For a boy to say he has been in the Indiana boys' school is one thing; for him to say that he had been in the State reform school would be quite another thing.

"You cannot take the dishonesty out of a man by legislative enactment. You cannot take the thirst out of a man by statute. You cannot take the meanness out of him by statute. You must take it out by loving him, by treating him as a brother. We have in Indiana the most humane system for the treatment of prisoners which the United States can show, a system which the International Society for the Reformation of Prisoners has taken as a model. The essence of it is brotherly love. If the prisoner is under thirty, we send him to the State reformatory. If he is over thirty, he is sent to the State prison; but we do not say to him, 'You must spend years here in jail until the penalty is paid!' and then send him out as a ticket-of-leave man, a convict with the brand of Cain on him and no one to be his brother's keeper. We take him on his merits, on his conduct in prison, on his character, and the signs in him of a genuine desire to reform and make a new start. And while he is in prison we make sure that he is taught some handicraft or learns some trade that will enable him to earn an honest living. Then, if he has made good in this way, we have him up before the Board of Paroles.

"People say that a man has only to apply to the Governor and that he will immediately be released. That is not so. Everything is weighed and only where there is evidence of a genuine desire and purpose to do right is he let out on parole. And even then he is only let out when some good and reputable man comes forward and undertakes to find him employment, promises to be a big brother to him. And then we try to watch over him and see that he gets a fair chance. A man wrote to me saying that he was out on parole and was not getting a fair chance. 'I am in a gang working under a contractor,' he said, 'and the men make my life a hell for me; they taunt me and call me a prison bird. Governor,' he wrote, 'take me back again and put me in prison. I would rather be back there again than have these men call me a prison bird.' So I sent for the contractor and said to him: 'You have promised to take care of this man and to give him protection. Very well; see that you give him protection.' The contractor went back and dismissed eight men because they had cast it up to this parole man that he was a prison bird. That is the spirit in which we try to deal with these men. Make them feel that they are men. Treat them like brothers. Treat them as you would like to be treated if you fell. I don't believe in the law of Moses, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' We are living under the New Testament: 'I tell you nay! Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' That is the new spirit, the spirit of Christ.

"I believe that the same spirit must be brought to bear on all our difficulties. Take the problem of the regulation of big business. To begin with, I do not like the phrase. It suggests a general condemnation. And I do not believe, and will never believe, that a man is a rascal merely because he is big. A man is a rascal when there is selfishness in his heart. That is the only sin. If the heart of the big man is full of selfishness, then he will be a rascal. But it is just the same with the little man. If there is selfishness in his heart, then he also will be a rascal. So I do not believe in indiscriminate condemnation. Take the other way of doing it. Treat the big man as a brother. Treat him as you would like to be treated yourself. Put it to him whether it is just and fair to try to cheat his neighbors; ask him whether his sense of honor allows him to do crooked things. Appeal to the man in him. It is always the first lie that costs, the first oath, the first crooked or unclean act. I have no use for the man who dons his Sunday best, clothes himself in white raiment, goes to church and says, 'Lord, I thank Thee I am not as other men!' when all the time he is doing crooked things and taking unfair advantages of his brothers. But do not call him a scoundrel, do not condemn. Appeal to the man in him, appeal to what is fine and generous, to his sense of honor. That is the true spirit, the spirit of healing.

"This is the danger of peace, that prosperity comes and ideals are hidden out of sight and lost. When a war comes, then every man of us is ready to fight for his ideals and die for them. If some foreign power were to attack this country and threaten to destroy our life, our liberty, our institutions, every one of us would fight and give his life, the big men and the little men alike. The generous and heroic spirit would come forth and burn like a fire in all our hearts and enkindle us into sacrifice and heroism. But there is grave danger in time of peace. People forget their ideals and think only of their pockets, their comfort. If it is going to cost him five dollars in cash to live up to his ideals, the man will think once or twice and 'save' the five dollars. I believe the cure for all that is to appeal to the generous and manly spirit in every man, and that you can bring men back again to right ideals. I believe we must go back to the first things, the good ideals with which this country began: the genuine love of liberty, the feeling of real brotherhood, the ardent hope for humanity, the faith in our holy destiny. The Constitution of this country secures to every man the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. How many of us interpret that as meaning that we need not worship God at all?

"I do not want to think that the prophecies of the English writers of the mid-nineteenth century are going to be realized. They said, you know, that the United States was in danger because of our prosperity; for prosperity meant easily gotten riches and that meant that a class of men would come forward with their pockets full of money, ignorant men with no ideals in their hearts, an 'aristocracy' without the reverence for ancestors, the high tradition of duty, the keen sense of honor that English gentlemen have; and that this cheap and easy aristocracy would be the undoing of the United States. That is a prophecy I do not want to see fulfilled. But if it is not to be fulfilled, we must look to our ideals, we must look to our sense of honor, we must look to our real manhood. We must seek to do things, not in the spirit of Mammon, but in the spirit of Christ.

"With a proper reserve of the general condemnation suggested by the phrase 'big business,' let us consider the whole question. With the present tendency of things, there are only two possible results. Either we shall drift into a paternalistic despotism, which is what big business wants and is bringing us to, or we shall rush full speed into Socialism, the result of which no man knows. It is chiefly destructive, and if these men pull down all the existing productive fabrics they will suddenly find themselves with nothing to do, with no work and no food. We must not work in the spirit of destruction and hatred, we must not seek to arouse every evil passion. That is not the right way. That is not the way of brotherhood. That is not the way of Christ. We must set to work in the true spirit of fairness, the spirit of brotherliness, giving every one a fair hearing and a fair deal; not condemning any one, but appealing to the best in every one, to the kindly, generous elements in his heart.

"This kindly spirit is our one salvation. For everything else is contributing to the spirit of unrest. Our big men, our great public donors, are the men that are doing most to create the desire for betterment. Tell me, can you spread education broadcast, can you cover the land with schools and colleges and reading-rooms and libraries, and then expect men and women to remain satisfied with the old narrow conditions? In the old days, when the laborer had the animal's lower mind and the animal's duller pains, he was satisfied with little. If he was discontented, you could give him a drink and put him to sleep and he would forget all about his discontent. But times have changed. It is universal education, or, rather, wide-spread information, for it cannot yet be called real education, that engenders the wish for betterment. Our generous donors have created it. Let them go on and complete their good work. Let them continue to treat these men as brothers; let them carry the spirit of kindness all through. Let them feel that, as they get the wider outlook, the broader information, they also get a larger kindness, a broader, more generous spirit, more of the heart of genuine love; not the heel of oppression, but the right hand of help, and this country may yet become what its founders meant it to be—an ideal commonwealth, a true home of brothers living in the spirit of brotherhood. For how can you have democracy without brotherhood?

"To turn to practical issues, I believe that our protective tariff is the source of much of the evil of our present state. It is a singular thing that for sixty days I have not seen the name of the Payne-Aldrich tariff mentioned in any newspaper. It is forgotten for something new. We are like the Athenians, seeking some new thing. I am of Anglo-Saxon stock, of English descent on the one side and Scotch on the other, though all my people have been here since the Revolution. But I have read the history of my ancestors, and I know that they accomplished what they did by doing one thing at a time, by not attempting to do two things at a time. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, England had two great moral problems—the question of slavery and the question of freely imported food for the masses. But Englishmen, with their deep practical sense and their deeper love of justice, did not try to solve the two at once. They had Wilberforce solve the problem of human slavery, a world-old institution as it was, and then they went ahead and had Cobden solve the question of free trade.

"I believe in a tariff for revenue only. I believe we should not turn to something else before we have taken care of that. The initiative and referendum can wait. I am sometimes tempted to think that the malign side of big business is stirring up these new issues in order that the tariff question may be snowed under and forgotten. But it ought not to be forgotten. I have heard about these infant industries that need protection and I have seen them; seen them taking advantage of one dollar of protection to take three dollars more out of our pockets, out of your pocket and mine. But I do not believe in denouncing and condemning them. They are men, our brothers. This thing cannot be solved by hatred; it can only be solved by brotherly love. Put it to them as men, put it to their sense of honor and generosity, put it to the spirit of idealism in their hearts and they will respond. I have no use for the man who makes his pile by crooked means and low tricks and then, when he has made his pile, turns round and tries to buy public opinion by gifts and benefactions. Let him begin right now and cut out the crooked ways and mean tricks. Appeal to him as a man, appeal to what is generous in him, and he will do it. He is only the victim of a low general standard of success. Draw on what is noble in him, for much in him is noble, and he will turn on himself and deal generously.

"We have been trying to get the taxation of the State of Indiana built up on principles of honesty and honor. Take the case of a woman who is left a widow with a little property, a home, let us say, valued at five hundred dollars. I do not think it right that that poor widow should pay taxes on what she has: that she should come up every year to the tax collector's office and pay seven dollars and a half taxes on her home. We ought to tax her on what is coming to her and not on what she has. I believe in the income tax. I believe in it so strongly that my only objection to the Federal income tax is that I do not want to see so great a power, so rich a resource, taken out of the hands of the States and turned over to the Federal government. The people at Washington are far too extravagant as it is, and I do not believe in giving them more resources to be extravagant with. But I would be willing to give it to them to take the place of the high protective tariff. At any rate, an income tax would not give the big fellows the same opportunity to levy blackmail on the rest of us that the high protective tariff does. Take one thing which is a cardinal point with the protectionists: the plea that protection is needed by the manufacturer because he has to pay such high wages to his workmen. But in the first place he takes eight dollars from us and only pays two dollars to the workmen, putting the other six dollars in his own pocket; and in the second place he does not really pay more for his labor. It has been conclusively shown that the question of what you pay in wages is not the real matter; the real thing is what you get out of your workmen. And you get more out of the American workman than the excess of wages you pay him, so that in reality you are paying less for labor, not more. So that plea is a fraud. Let us get the tariff honestly settled and we shall have taken a first step back to general honesty.

"Here in Indiana we try to make the big corporations pay their fair share for the protection the State gives them. We tax the railroads on a basis of so much a mile for double track and so much a mile for single track. We tax the telephone and telegraph companies. And we are trying hard to get a fair contribution to the taxes of the State from the big express companies also. But we find them very hard to catch. Here they take refuge in the plea that they are not corporations, but partnerships, and so should not pay the corporation tax. But that is a fraud. They sell stock even if the sales are not always open or in good faith. And you know very well that if one man can go into the open market and sell a part of his interest to some one else without consulting his associates that is no partnership. He could not introduce a new partner into the firm without consulting his partners and getting the new man included in the articles of partnership. But we shall catch the express companies also.

"But with them, as with every one else, we shall try the generous way, appealing to the best in them, not the worst, touching their sense of honor, treating them as our brothers, as they are, not following the Mosaic law of retaliation, but following the law of Christ."

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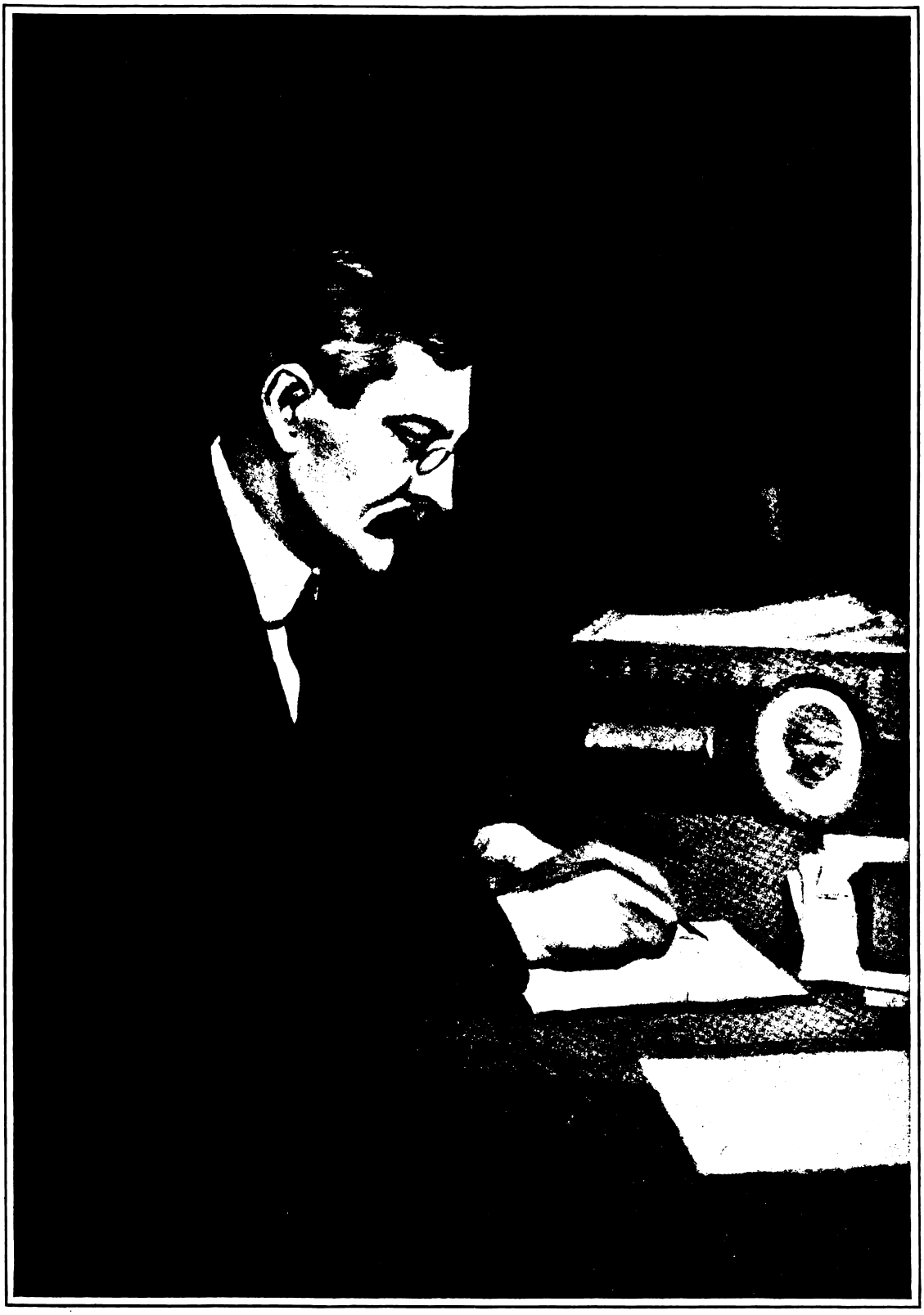

GOVERNOR MARSHALL OF INDIANA

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

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WHEN GRANDFATHER "MADE" THE 'VARSITY NINE

BY EDWARD BAYARD MOSS

AT the home plate stood a bronzed and sturdy batter. Across the shirt of his uniform was the one word "Harvard." Nine Yale players occupied the positions usually held by the "Giants." In the various sections of the great stadium were seated some 20,000 spectators. To a casual observer it was just another game of baseball, but the veteran critics sensed a different atmosphere. In place of the discordant cries that greet the professional players there rang forth the nine long-drawn yells famous throughout the history of college athletics.

Harvard's team of 1865-66, which figured in the first games played by the University against other universities and colleges

"Two on and two out and a hit wins the game!" called the coach from his box near third base. The Yale pitcher swung his body like a Christy Mathewson and shot the ball with a sweep and jump past the batter, who lunged and missed. The blue-uniformed umpire's cry, "You're out!" was lost in the sharp bark of the Eli cheering section, and Harvard took the field strong in the belief that the lead and victory were but postponed another inning.

It was the final and deciding game of the annual series. Yale had won the opening contest of the season on her home diamond with all the ceremonies attendant upon the Commencement Day match, and less than a week later Harvard, amid similar scenes, had won with a batting rally on Soldiers' Field. The modern college baseball schedule provided for just such a contingency. Months before it was decided that in case a third game was necessary it should be played on a neutral diamond, and the Polo Grounds Stadium in New York City was named as the place of battle.

The Giants, touring the Western circuit of the National League, left the greatest and most expensive baseball park in the world available to their collegian brothers of the diamond. On every side was testimony to the importance of the game. Undergraduates about to enter upon their summer vacation had lingered a day or two to witness the game; alumni but a few years removed from the college campus cut a business day in half that they might see the play. In the press stand busy telegraphers clicked the keys that recorded the progress of the game by dots and dashes to a score of cities, while the box score expert tabulated in hieroglyphics every move of the rival players.

Lost amid the thousands of partisan spectators, four men watched the game without displaying the slightest emotion. Not once during the close and exciting struggle did they evince any interest in the outcome of the contest. Yet there was not a move of one of the eighteen players that escaped their notice. From time to time they, too, marked hieroglyphics on the score-card opposite the names of certain of the collegians. With them the witnessing of the game was not recreation, but business, for the baseball scout does not scorn the college baseball field these days. There is big money awaiting the scout who can find another Eddie Collins, who jumped from Columbia's 'varsity nine to the world's champion "Athletics."

In fact, the personnel of professional baseball to-day includes many players who first attracted attention while wearing the uniform of their college team. There is not a club in either the National or American League which does not number among its members at least one former 'varsity star. Great as has been the progress in professional baseball during the past twenty years, the college game has kept step in the advancement, and the big college teams play baseball but a little below the standard of the big league clubs. The game has always been one of the four major sports since college athletics reached the present status of importance in university life; but this was not the case fifty years ago.

If a graduate of the Williams or Amherst class of 1859 or 1860 were to attend a modern college baseball game, he would find a remarkable difference between the play of to-day and the first intercollegiate match which he witnessed at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on July, 1859. It is not that enthusiasm or college loyalty was missing, but rather that the change in rule, skill, and procedure has been tremendous. To the modern follower of college baseball there are many amusing incidents and angles in the primitive play of the early days, yet the players of that period took their sport as seriously as their grandsons do in 1912.

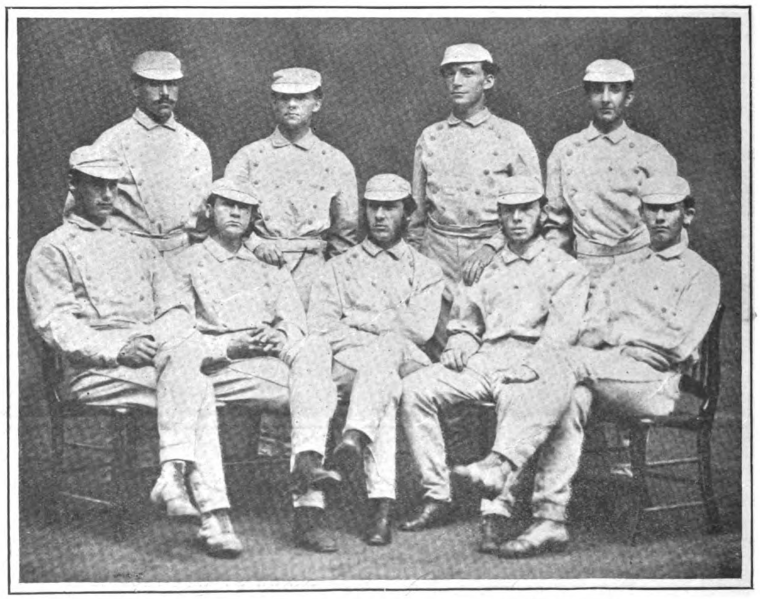
Many of the features that distinguish college from professional baseball to-day were much in evidence in 1859, when the first intercollegiate game was played. For some years previously a crude game of baseball was a campus sport at Williams, Princeton, Harvard, Amherst, and Yale, but there is no chronicle of any attempt to arrange matches with outside institutions. Early in the spring of 1859 the idea of a game between the Amherst and Williams teams originated at Amherst. It was discussed for several weeks and finally it was decided to challenge Williams to a game.

A daily paper of that time featured the proposed contest, including the negotiations, as follows:

"This is how it came about: At a meeting of the college directly after chapel a motion was made that 'Amherst challenge Williams to a friendly game of ball to be played at some intermediate spot on or before July 4th,' which was passed by a strong majority. A committee was appointed of J. T. Claflin, senior class; Walker, junior class; H. D. Hyde, sophomore, and T. Tomson, freshman, to make arrangements for the game. A challenge was immediately sent and accepted for thirteen picked men of each college to meet on June 27th. A delegation from Williams was to meet one from Amherst at Chester Factories and draw up the rules and regulations for the game. Mr. Hyde of Amherst met the two Williams delegates, but nothing was agreed on. On Mr. Hyde's return negotiations were carried on by mail for two weeks until at last it was amicably settled that each party should use its own ball and it must always be caught on the fly, sixty-five runs to be the limit of the game. The Pittsfield Baseball Club offered its grounds for the game, and July 1st was appointed as the date."

It will be seen that even in those days it required tact and finesse to arrange an intercollegiate game. In addition to the rules other details arose which threatened to block the proposed match. For one thing, the Amherst faculty put its collective foot down hard on the plan providing for a big cheering squad to accompany the team to Pittsfield. The Williams College faculty, on the other hand, decided to declare a holiday and witness the game as well as the entire student body. When the seventeen Amherst players and substitutes arrived at Pittsfield they found the town fairly overrun with the Williams undergraduates and spectators from the surrounding country.

The baseball reporter was among those present, for the following description of the play appeared in local prints within a short time. "There was some attempt at uniformity of dress, as the Williams team was all dressed alike and wore belts marked Williams, but the appearance of the Amherst team was decidedly undress. The only attempt at a uniform was the blue ribbon which each man had pinned on his breast. The Amherst ball weighed two and one-half ounces and was about six inches in circumference. The Williams ball was about seven inches in circumference, weighed



Yale's baseball team of 1869, the first fully organized by the University

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about two ounces, and was covered with light-colored leather so as to make it seen with difficulty by the batters.

"About eleven o'clock the game was started with Amherst having the first inning, and at the end of the second round the score stood Amherst 1—Williams 9. Amherst grew desperate, and at the end of the third round stood even; at the end of the fourth Amherst led and continued to do so at the end of the game, sometimes having three tallies to one for Williams. After four hours of steady playing in which twenty-six rounds had been played with unabated interest on the part of the spectators, the game was decided finished and Amherst was declared the winner by a score of 66 to 32.

"The throwing of the two parties was about equal, the catching of Amherst superior, but the pivot on which the whole game turned was the drill. Every Amherst player had bound himself to obey all the commands of the captain, let the result be what it might, trusting to his oversight. The game was a silent one; no unnecessary conversation was carried on and every man played as if the reputation of the college rested upon his getting a tally. All this drill, however, was not attained by frequent meetings of the club, but by placing one man at the head.

"The news of the game reached Amherst about eleven o'clock that night by special messengers, who went through the streets shouting, 'Amherst wins, 66 to 32!' The students who had tired of waiting for a report had gone to bed, but they were soon aroused and sent a special embassy to President Stearns asking for permission for a general celebration. The president was absent, but permission was given by Miss Stearns for such an important event as this, so bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and the night spent in cheering for the victorious players."

While there is not the slightest doubt that this was the first game between college teams, the date of the adoption of baseball as a campus game is shrouded in the haze of past decades. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes stated that he witnessed a form of baseball—probably "town ball"—while a student at Harvard in 1828. It is a well-established fact that the students of several Eastern and New England schools and colleges played "rounders" or "town ball" for some years before the Civil War. Apparently the honor of forming the first college team for games with clubs outside the home institution belongs to Princeton, but because of delays in arranging such matches the Amherst-Williams contest takes precedence.

Existing records show that on March 14, 1859, a baseball team was organized at Princeton by players of the class of 1862. The officers of the club were: Lewis W. Mudge, who occupied the triple position of president, secretary, and captain; Alexander Marks, vice-president; and Henry S. Butler, treasurer. Mr. Mudge was a Brooklyn boy, and much interested in the game as played by the Excelsiors, Atlantics, Stars, and other famous pioneer clubs of that city. He conceived the idea of forming a team from among the students of Princeton College shortly after he entered upon his collegiate course.

Although the team formed under the name of the Nassau Baseball Club was organized on March 14, 1859, no games were played with outside teams until the autumn of 1860. On March 1st of that year the famous convention of the National Association of Baseball Players was held at Cooper Institute in New York City. At that meeting the foundation of the present game was laid, and it was under the code adopted at that time that the Nassau team played its first outside game.

This contest was against a team of former collegians residing in and about Orange, New Jersey, composed in part of Princeton and Yale graduates. The game was the result of a challenge addressed to the "First Nine" of Princeton. On October 22, 1860, the two teams met and the play resulted in a tie, each side having scored forty-two runs in the course of the game. The outbreak of the Civil War shortly after caused a cessation of play, and it was not until the fall of 1863 that outside contests were again resumed at Princeton.

Princeton was a prominent factor in college baseball from the day the "First Nine" was formed. The records show that H. C. Milspaugh succeeded L. W. Mudge as captain in 1863, in which capacity he served for two years. It was not until 1868, however, that the first of the big intercollegiate series was inaugurated. In that year a Princeton team journeyed to New Haven and was defeated: 30 to 23. The captains of the rival nines were Thomas Hooker, '69, for Yale, and A. E. Van Wagener, '68, for Princeton. During the same season Harvard won the first game between the two universities by 17 to 16 tallies. A year later the University of Pennsylvania announced that its hat was in the baseball ring, and Princeton demonstrated that the Quakers had much to learn about the game by defeating the Pennsylvania team by 21 to 8 and 16 to 3.

The team from Waseda University, Japan, which visited America last season, winning games from a number of college teams

The baseball of that period bore little resemblance to the scientific play of the 'varsity nines of the present, but who shall say that the undergraduates did not gain as much pleasure and physical benefit from the sport as the students who make the nines to-day? There was none of the training and discipline in vogue now. The coach and the various protective paraphernalia were unknown, yet victory was none the less sweet or rivalry lacking. The modern and ancient players' uniforms would make an interesting and instructive comparison if placed side by side. The shirts had broad turn-down collars, double fronts, and full-length sleeves. In place of the padded knickerbockers of to-day the trousers were full length and were usually worn tucked into the high-laced shoes during the game. Most of the players used ordinary street shoes, although the canvas shoe, reinforced with strips of leather, was gaining in popularity. Flat caps with broad vizors were affected by the members of the teams, as well as occasional "side-burns," the accepted type of hirsute adornment of the time.

An excellent insight into the college game of the late sixties is given in an article from the pen of a Yale graduate of the class of '72, published in the *Alumni Weekly*. In describing the activities of the 'varsity candidate, he writes:

"The baseball man, if a member of the university nine or candidate for it, of course went through the usual morning routine of college work—chapel at 8 A.M., an hour of recitation beginning at 8.15, study between 9.15 and 11.30, then another hour of recitation ending at 12.30 P.M. Then after dinner donning of uniform and the trip to Hamilton Park—not by special car, but paying for his own trips—arriving at about 1.45. Next practice—never exceeding two hours except on Wednesdays and Saturdays—and return in time for an hour's study for the five-o'clock recitation, usually prepared for in part the night before. The practice often included a short game between regulars and candidates as now. This was on the lower semi-oval of Hamilton Park. Meanwhile on the upper semi-oval there was a 'scrub' of some sort. It might be between classes, between dormitories, between two 'picked up' teams with comic titles. But that upper semi-oval was always in use; and the chances were that another 'scrub' match was also going on at the open Elm Street lot not far from the present Christ Church, or some other vacant place.

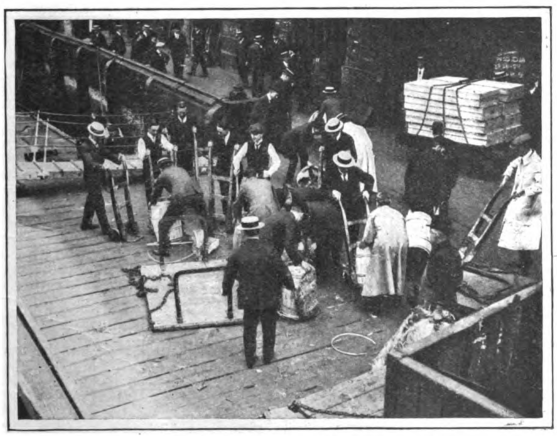
"Curved pitching and the close play behind the bat in the early seventies had not come in. There was one stripling, Cummings of the Star Club of Brooklyn, who was a pioneer exponent of the curve, cleverly disguised as an underhand throw. For the rest it was 'straight-arm' pitching, or, more strictly, a toss rarely of much speed. Hence free hitting in most superlative terms, the swift grounder, the 'daisy cutter,' the far-away rocket parabola to the remote outfield, the frequent home run, the big scores, but with many ups and downs. Nor was the game less attractive because its environment was simple.

"In the early seventies there was at Hamilton Park no grand-stand or even bleachers. Spectators stood and squatted in a huge wedge paralleling the two upper base lines and meeting in a truncated apex behind the catcher. Only at a big annual game was there even a restraining rope athwart the human wedge; and at that annual game alone was a gate fee—fifty cents—charged. Coaches, training-tables, Easter trips, and the whole costly outfit of up-to-date Yale baseball were unknown in that amateur epoch. The recorded cost of one whole baseball season was but $862, most of it raised by undergraduate subscription."

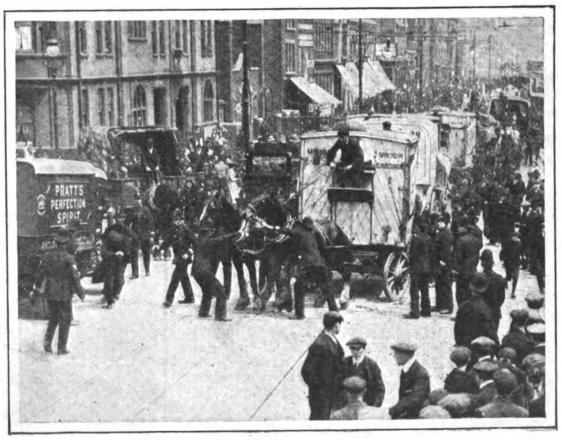
Early in the seventies the game had become a popular sport among the various institutions of both the East and Middle West. Lafayette and Lehigh began their annual series in 1872, Lafayette winning games of the initial season by scores of 88 to 20 and 34 to 16. Andover and Exeter opened their engagements in 1878, although Andover was playing baseball as early as 1871, when W. H. Moody was elected captain of the team. Michigan was a pioneer in the Middle West, electing her first team leader as early as 1865 in the person of J. C. Bigger.

As the sport increased in popular favor it spread to every campus in the country. There is not a school or college to-day which does not support a team playing a regular schedule and sometimes touring to distant States to test skill and strength with rival nines. But the growth of the game did not end at the boundaries of the United States. Japan and China in the Far East, Cuba and South America, too, have their college nines. The teams of the universities of Chicago and Wisconsin have already toured the Orient, while both Waseda and Kei-o universities of Japan have sent teams to this country. A club of Chinese collegians from Hawaii is playing here at present, and the University of Manila is planning to send its 'varsity team to the United States in 1913.

The progress of college baseball since Amherst crossed bats with Williams in 1859 points to a still larger future.



Clerks and salesmen helping to unload provisions at one of the wharves



Police escorting a convoy of meat-wagons through crowds of strikers

SCENES IN THE RECENT DOCK STRIKE AT LONDON

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Seeing Things

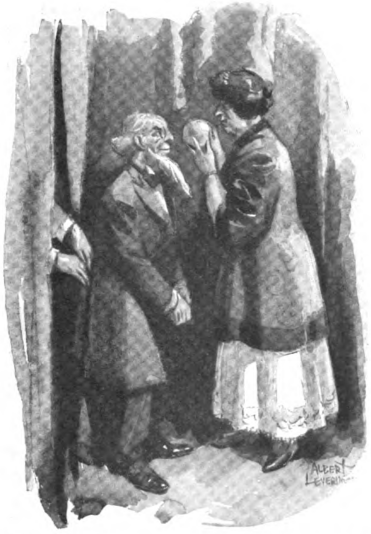
HOW THE PROFESSIONAL "MEDIUM" FATTENS UPON THE CREDULITY OF HIS DUPES

By Henry Paradyne

DRAWINGS BY ALBERT LEVERING

"IT is amazing," said the old gentleman, tapping the floor emphatically with his cane, "it is amazing, the bull-headed scepticism of the public in the face of evidence. I can take you to a place, right in the midst of this populous city with its teeming millions, where you will obtain irrefutable proof of the survival of the human individuality after that change called death."

"Absolute proof," he called this evidence again; and we two who were to accompany him ventured upon no answer, partly because we were not wholly sceptical and an emphatic reiteration acts forcibly



The enormous forces of human credulity and superstition

upon the fallible human mind, but more because we knew that the old gentleman derived great comfort from the belief that he communed regularly with the spirit of his daughter, who had been dead some years.

Because we went as guests the name and abode of the male and female harpy who fatten on their deluded victims must remain undisclosed. Let us know him as Chuff, this drunken and half-imbecile impostor who opened the door to us with a furtive and yet keenly scrutinizing gaze; and let it be said that of all the "mediums" who delude their wretched victims in the metropolis, he has the reputation of being the most skilled in calling up the shades of those who have, in the jargon of the cult, "passed over." Chuff bears among the credulous the reputation of a man of absolute and unflinching integrity. We did not investigate any of the others.

Upstairs, in a large, darkened room, where the female accomplice greeted our guide with the patter of her trade, a small company had begun to assemble. They were all "regulars," and consisted of two or three business men, a young girl who came three times a week to meet the spirit of her father, a German doctor, and several women, among them a German servant, who, through long acquaintance, had come to know the spirits as intimate friends and greeted them with airy badinage, mingled, of course, with something of respectful deference to their more exalted social rank. A friendly comradeship existed among all these initiates.

"You are going to see something this afternoon," whispered the old gentleman, as we seated ourselves, "which is going to alter the entire course of your lives."

Then, one by one, we stepped into the dark cabinet at the end of the room, to leave our "magnetism" there, that our departed friends might learn of our proximity. "Although," everybody warned us, "you will not get anybody the first visit, nor, probably, the second or third. Mr. Schmidt here came for three months steadily before he had visitors."

Afterward, when I came to translate all terms into currency, I reckoned that three months, twice weekly, at a fee of a dollar, meant twenty-four dollars before the harpies' suspicions were lulled sufficiently to bring out the shade of Mr. Schmidt's wife; then twice a week, at a dollar a visit, meant nine dollars a month, with the prospect of an indefinite continuance until the place was raided.

Until the last of the last of the "regulars" arrived we waited there in a reeking atmosphere composed of equal portions of nitrogen and carbonic acid, with a dash of diluted oxygen thrown in as a concession to the rebellious larynx. The stove could hardly burn in that foul medium, and the spirit pictures upon the walls wavered and trembled before our aching eyes. We sat with mouths wide open, like panting ospreys.

The female harpy, who had been watching us two with ill-concealed anxiety, took out the stove, came back, and, before extinguishing the lights, came up to us.

"I feel a sense of newness," she began. "Something is telling me that we have here some friends who are unacquainted with the methods of the séance room. I will ask everybody to keep their feet firmly upon the floor and not to cross their legs, in order to preserve the flow of the current. Nobody must attempt to touch any of the spirits, for sometimes, when one of them gets entangled in this way, he is compelled to bring the medium out of the cabinet in order to release himself, and then, when he is caught, the observer thinks it is a case of fraud. But still, this is of very rare occurrence. Just watch what you see observantly, and if you find you can't believe in it, why, pretend that you do for the time being."

The harpy collected a dollar apiece from each of us and turned out the gas. The company sang hymns in chipped and time-worn voices, and high above all rang out the German servant's:

"Ve shall meet on dat beautiful shore,
"Ve shall meet on dat beautiful shore"—

In the momentary pauses I could hear the "medium" changing his clothes in the cabinet. Presently there came the thin treble of a harmonica.

"Sing, sing," whispered the German doctor eagerly. "De spirits are coming."

The German servant broke into a tuneful falsetto:

"Ve are vaiting, ve are vaiting, ve are vaiting, just now,
"Just now ve are vaiting, ve are vaiting, just now."

The female harpy, seated beside the cabinet, wound up a music-box and led the chorus:

"Show your faces, show your faces, show your faces just now,
"Just now show your faces, show your faces just now."

From inside the cabinet the harmonica began playing a tune. The singing ceased.

"That's Pat," exclaimed one of the business men. "Pat, give us some national airs."

Pat complied with the German national anthem, then with the French; then came "The Wearing of the Green," then a succession of Scotch melodies; and then, after a very slight pause, the tremulous, stooping figure of an old man came out of the cabinet into the tiny light afforded by a shaded electric bulb in the corner, which suddenly shone out.

"It's Dr. Baker!" exclaimed one of the business men. "You know he was crippled with rheumatism in life, and of course it cripples him when he comes back."

Dr. Baker slouched into the middle of the floor and went over to the female harpy.

"Dr. Baker is going to magnetize some paper for you all," she announced. "Come along, Doctor." She led the spirit into a corner, where they began tearing up scraps of a very cheap grade of paper, over which the doctor passed his fingers, making the sparks fly. These the harpy distributed among us, saying that they were an excellent cure for colds, heart trouble, and other diseases. Having accomplished this, Dr. Baker tripped back into the cabinet.

"He! Ho!" exclaimed the treble voice of the spirit guide, "here's another of them. They're all men this evening."

Several more spirits showed themselves outside the cabinet, but with singular unanimity they all kept a respectful interval between their shadowy shapes and ourselves, in the darkest corner of the séance room. In the intervals between paying calls the harpy wound up the music-box to drown the noise of the medium as he changed his clothes. Presently a tall woman's figure appeared, draped in flowing robes.

"It's Jane Austen!" exclaimed the German doctor.

"No," replied the female harpy, "it's Queen Victoria."

Everybody rose up. I rose up too, for as long as any doubt remained it seemed polite and respectful to stand in the presence of a lady ghost. Besides, Victoria was a "stickler" for etiquette. She seemed to have acquired several inches during her sojourn in the spirit land, and, what was more remarkable, she had exactly the same shape of stomach as had the drink-soaked "medium." I noticed afterward that all the spirits possessed the same rotundity.

"We greet you!" exclaimed the business men and the ladies, rising respectfully. "Ve greet you!" remarked the German servant woman; and Queen Victoria, having extended her arms in benison, withdrew to the recesses of the cabinet again.

Jane Austen did come next—wearing the "medium's" stomach; and then we were favored successively by the late Empress of Germany (wearing the "medium's" stomach), Julia Ward Howe (wearing the "medium's" stomach), and the Dowager Empress of China (wearing the "medium's" stomach). The Dowager Empress hobbled painfully around our circle, eliciting exclamations of admiration.

"Poor thing!" said one of the ladies. "You know they cramp the women's feet dreadfully in China!"

If the late Empress, who, being a Manchu, did not suffer the foot-binding process, had ever known that she would exhibit herself to a dollar audience in an exhausted atmosphere, hobbling like a Chinese wife, her regal wrath would have been truly magnificent. But she merely performed a Chinese genuflexion and withdrew into the cabinet. And then we had the Queen of Sheba, carrying a blue flame over her head and bowing majestically to the audience. I looked in vain for Solomon. Perhaps Solomon would have been too much for our circle, but I am confident that they would have swallowed Adam and Cain, and Aaron's rod. The Queen of Sheba sprinkled us with some evil-smelling cheap perfume and the German servant sniffed luxuriously.

"Id shmells like a Bersian garden," she exclaimed, ecstatically.

That was the last lady ghost to which I rose, except when formally introduced by members of the company. It was not necessary, anyhow, for none of the spirits showed any disposition to investigate our remote corner of the séance room.

After the last of our illustrious visitors had departed there came an interval. The music-box was wound up to the limit and we sang hymns to restore the magnetic current.

And then we had the Queen of Sheba

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"Show your faces, show your faces, show your faces just now,
"Just now show your faces, show your faces just now."

Knocks on the cabinet. "Is it for me? Is it for me? Is it for me?" we asked in turn. It was for one of the ladies. She went to the cabinet, where a small white figure was crouching upon the threshold.

"It's little Dewdrop!" she told us, and everybody went up in turn to see and to hear little Dewdrop's crackled tremolo.

"Won't you come up and speak to little Dewdrop?" inquired the harpy of us. We went up separately and examined it. "Look at her little arms," the harpy said. "Look at her little hands. Ain't they remarkable?"

I didn't see little Dewdrop at all. Whether my eyes were stronger than the other spectators I do not know, but even in that dim light I saw Chuff crouching upon his hands and knees, the central portions of the arms being outlined in chalk, to give them an aspect of frailty; and the hands were like hams.

"For me?" exclaimed the old gentleman who had accompanied us, rising painfully and hobbling across the room. He came back, leading a spirit by the arm. He introduced us. "My daughter," he said.

I looked hard at the spirit. I saw no daughter, but in place of her the "medium's" stomach and the "medium's" face, the mustache quite visible, though covered with chalk. Subsequently we were introduced to the wives, aunts, and grandmothers of various members of the company. Each of these ladies had grown a mustache in spirit land.

Let us pass over the peppermint candy which one spirit kindly brought us, and the cold-baked cookies which another thoughtful ghost presented to the company. The crowning impudence came last, at our guide's special request.

"If any doubt still lingers in your mind," said the old gentleman, "this experiment will upset it forever. Dr. Baker will dematerialize through the floor and a woman spirit will appear in the identical spot, growing up to life size from a mere luminous patch of phosphorescence."

The light went very low and Dr. Baker hobbled out of the cabinet again into the middle of the floor. He went down on his hands and knees and the female harpy enveloped him with a table-cover. He did not dematerialize; he simply squirmed there, and presently a patch of white appeared from under the edge of the table-cloth.

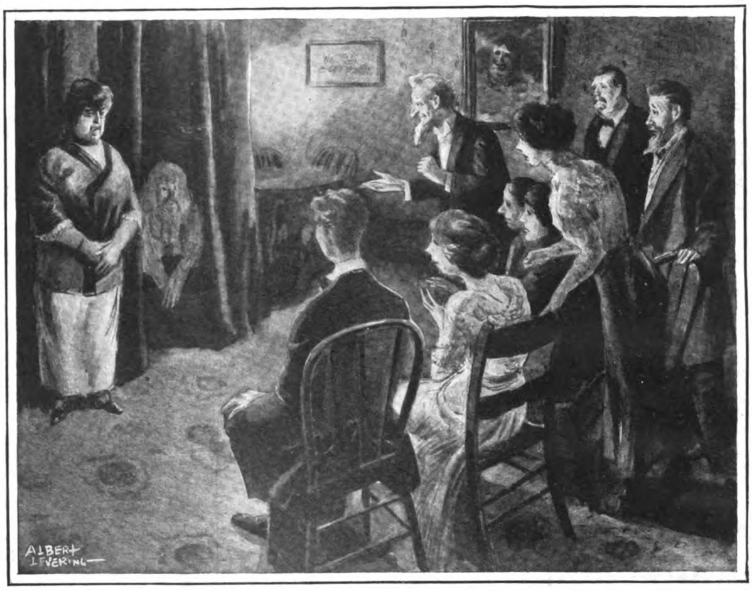
"Look! Look! Isn't it vonderful!" exclaimed the German doctor, pinching me.

I looked and saw the squirming figure pulling a white robe over its head, and, as each part of the body became enveloped in it, it was thrust out successively from beneath the table-cloth. When the white garment had entirely hidden Dr. Baker's trousers the female figure stood up before us. It wore the "medium's" stomach.

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed the old gentleman as we departed. "And to think people won't believe! Do you know, there is only one thing that puzzles me. I can't understand how it is that the spirits' arms, which are mere shells, composed of astral and magnetic emanations gathered from the company, should be so remarkably lifelike."

One hears of intricate devices practised by the army of slate-writing, table-rapping "mediums" who have infested America since the days when the Fox sisters made spiritualism a household necessity on both sides of the Atlantic. But here there were no tricks, no acts of legerdemain. What was the most impressive feature was the awful impudence of the performance, the bold and successful appeal to the enormous forces of human credulity and superstition. To point to the "little" ham-like hands of the "medium" as those of a child was to appeal directly to the imagination in contradiction of the evidence of the eyes—and the appeal was made successfully. This evil creature and her half-witted sot that emerged from the dark cabinet to receive the kisses and confidences of deluded husbands and fathers knew that there are dark depths of superstition in the mind which neither science nor civilization have ever fathomed, nor ever will. Long ago they must have ceased to chuckle over their game; it is no joke to them, but a hard proposition of business. Working their game five times a week, having an average attendance of twelve, they have their sixty dollars secured, while "trumpet séances" and "development classes," held every Tuesday evening, enable them to weed out prospective victims from among the intelligent and hold out possibilities of tapping the bank accounts of wealthy victims.

Perhaps one thing remains still to be said. Investigations, conducted upon scientific lines, have afforded prima facie reasons to believe that mind-reading, telepathy, and many partly unclassified phenomena of that character may be facts and not fancies. Even the actual appearance of the dead to the living has been removed from the realm of the impossible to that of the possible; believed or not, it can no more be disregarded as chimerical and vain. Persons who have seen Chuff masquerading in his voluminous robes have stated that the creature does seem to possess some mind-reading faculty which has enabled him to disclose to them secrets which were in their sole possession. If such a power is his, it is possible to understand how he may dupe the credulous with such chicanery as would seem beyond the belief of the most simple. And in seeking a remedy for this condition which enables Chuff and his kind to prey upon the simple, reaping a secure income for years from the same individuals, one must not make psychical investigation impossible. What is needed is a law which shall make paid "mediumship" a felony, punishable by imprisonment for not less than ten years.



"It's little Dewdrop," she told us

A Linked Lawsuit Long Drawn Out

By Lewis Edwin Theiss

ALTHOUGH the English Chancery Court performs its duties with celerity, in general, it was once famous for its tardiness, and even to-day cases which have been for decades in litigation are still being ground out in its mills. Most famous of all the suits that have come before this tribunal is the case of Jennens against Jennens. Whole generations of judges and counsels, plaintiffs and defendants died, while the suit went merrily on. Charles Dickens turned the shaft of his satire on the case, which even in his day was famous, and satirized it under the title of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Dickens is gone these many years; but Jennens against Jennens is still unsettled.

Litigation seldom leads to friendship, and the increasing bitterness in this litigation is due to the fact that the stake played for constantly increases in size. The original stake of $10,000,000, most of which was in gilt-edged stocks, has gone on increasing until, when the last decision was made in the case and the matter supposed to be concluded, the amount involved had reached the sum of $150,000,000. The estate includes Gopsall Hall, in Leicestershire, the roomy residence where King Edward VII. was entertained; Acton Place; Aston Hall; the so-called "Penn estates"; and a house in Curzon Street, London.

Specifically the case of Jennens *vs.* Jennens is a suit whereby certain descendants of one William Jennens or Jennings are trying to secure possession of his vast estates from Earl Howe, who, they claim, holds possession of it illegally. Periodically some Jennings brings suit against some Earl Howe, every generation of claimants taking up the action where the preceding generation left it, and every Earl Howe going on with the defence of his title where his father dropped it. So far the Howes have had the better of the argument, but hope of recovery springs eternal in the Jennings breast, and so the suit drags on.

The original William Jennings was an aristocrat as well as a man of great wealth. His father had been an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, and he himself had William III. for a god-father. He was an iron-master, and died in 1798. His fortune of $10,000,000 was enormous for his day, and it was not until after his death that the extent of his possessions was realized. Then it was discovered that he had property in almost every one of the existing "funds," and it had been his habit to leave the dividends to accumulate year after year in most of his stocks. He had money on all sides of him, for in an iron chest, which he kept under his bed, there were discovered bank-notes worth $100,000, and $200,000 more in the shape of newly coined golden guineas. Jennings had inherited part of his fortune, but he had more than quadrupled his original heritage by speculation. For instance, his shares in the Exchequer tontine, for which he paid $500 each, brought him $15,000 apiece for many years.

Jennings made a will in 1726, giving his estates to his mother for life. But his mother died during Jennings's life, and he died in 1798 intestate. Mary Blythe, widow, was his sole heir, and she and a descendant named William Jennens were the sole next-of-kin. Mary Blythe died in 1799. By will she gave her personal estate to her four children—Thomas, Anne, Elizabeth, and Hannah. In similar fashion she divided her claim to real estate. Apparently she had not come into the Jennings estate up to the time of her death. Her will was not proved, nor was any administration to the estate taken out by the executors.

Soon after Jennings' death Earl Howe's ancestors may be said to have "jumped" the Jennings claim. Richard Curzon, pretending he was the son of one Penn Curzon and as such heir to the property, came into possession of the property. Richard Curzon was made Earl Howe in 1821.

The attempts of the descendants of William Jennens to get the property from Earl Howe constitute the case of Jennens *vs.* Jennens, though, as plaintiffs and defendants changed, the title of the suit has also changed from time to time. Just as the case had dragged along before Dickens's time, so it has dragged along since. In the year 1867, while Dickens was still alive, Samuel Baylis, a descendant of Mary Blythe, brought an action to recover a quarter share of the property, but lost the suit. Twelve years later, in 1879, James Baylis, son of Samuel, brought another action, claiming that Richard Curzon was not the son of Penn Curzon, but of Ann Oakes, spinster, and so was not the rightful owner of the estate. The claim further alleged that letters of administration to the estate of William Jennings had been granted to two persons who fraudulently claimed to be the next-of-kin; and that the residuary estate had been got by them and persons claiming through them, down to the Hon. Arthur Upton and Frederick Augustus Coe, who were in possession of one moiety of the personal estate, and Earl Beauchamp, who was in possession of the other moiety. Earl Howe, the claim averred, was merely trustee for the freehold estates. The plaintiff sought to secure the entire personal and real estate. The defendants demurred, and the Court sustained their demurrer on the ground that the plaintiff's contention was improbable, eighty years having elapsed since the death of William Jennings, during which time the alleged facts had never come to notice.

More than a quarter of a century passed before the case came up again. Then David Jennings, of Montreal, obtained permission from the British Chancery Court to re-open the contest for the Jennens fortune. He was an elderly man who had spent several years in collecting legal documents to prove himself the lineal descendant of the old iron-master. His claim was so well thought of by certain Montreal capitalists that it is said they backed him in his contest. The claimant refused to have anything to do with professional searchers in preparing his evidence. He invaded the English record office, wherein are kept records of births, marriages, and deaths, and spent many weeks poring over musty records. He claimed he had found documents throwing an entirely new light upon the matter, whereupon the Court gave him permission to re-open the case.

Before his claim has a hearing in the Chancery Court, however, all the evidence upon which the claim is based—and this means thousands upon thousands of folios of closely written legal matter—must be read and discussed before a Master in Chancery, who must decide whether or not the case is one to bring before the Court proper.

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THE RED KING

By JANE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

CARLOTTA was a dancing-girl at Silver Shaft, Arizona. She danced, at midnight, in the Plaza dance-hall. There were other dancing-girls, but they only served to precede or follow Carlotta. By eleven-thirty the Plaza would fill, the men banking themselves around Carlotta's platform until the last row was jammed against the walls. In the first row were her especial admirers: two Mexican vaqueros; Juan Alvarado, the matador, and Len Taylor.

One night Len was late. As he shoved himself unceremoniously to the front the men made way without enthusiasm; but precedent and the two six-shooters at Len's belt simplified the matter. He took his accustomed place and stood watching the crowd, whose naïve emotions delighted and amused him. He believed that he came to the Plaza as much to watch the people as to see Carlotta dance; but the Plaza had been no more than a name to him until Carlotta's reign.

The lights flickered out until only one was left burning—a big kerosene lamp suspended by rusty wires directly above the platform. In the half-light Len forgot the shuffling, whispering crowd. Folding his arms, he fastened his eyes on Carlotta's door. This was the perfect moment. When Carlotta entered he would become complex, a man vainly warring with himself; but, waiting for her, he was a boy—a thrilled, unquestioning boy. It was like that suspensive moment in a darkened theater, just before the rising of the curtain upon fulfilment or disillusion.

The door clicked open, and Carlotta stood upon the platform. There was an instant's silence, as if the crowd drew in its breath as one man. Carlotta bent forward, flinging out her arms in a gesture of welcome. Her lips were parted in a faint smile, trembling, half defiant. She was radiant with a sense of her own power, but she did not presume. In her every gesture she coquetted with her audience, flatteringly, coaxingly. When the men broke into an applause that set the flame of the big lamp dancing she drew back almost shyly. At that moment she looked like a spoiled child.

Len did not applaud. He did not see Carlotta; he saw only the crimson cloak that enwrapped her from her shoulders to the tips of her little slippers. It was a matador's cloak, and Juan Alvarado had worn it in the ring at Sonora. Carlotta unfastened the gold clasps, and as she did so she met Juan's eyes. Len saw the matador's handsome face light up, and heard the faint clicking of his jeweled sleeves as he doubled his applause. Carlotta glanced down at Len, her eyes challenging under her lowered lashes; then she slipped the cloak from her shoulders and threw it to Juan Alvarado. He caught it and laid it proudly across his arm.

Carlotta swung into the circle of light. She was slight and girlish, with narrow hips and the long, graceful limbs of the dancer. Her bare shoulders and arms were immature, with the pretty hollows of youth. Her beauty depended on the velvet blackness of her hair and the warm, unexpected blue of her eyes. The very shape of her eyes was beautiful—long and slightly tipped up at the outer corners, giving a combined impression of mystery and audaciousness. When she would open the lids very wide, her gaze was the untroubled blue of a child's; but, veiled by the black lashes, it was cozening and dangerous. She raised her arms above her head, stiffening every muscle in her body as if she were lifting herself by the very strength of her upstretched hands. She bent backward, her crimson dress a sheath of flame beneath the swinging lamp. She straightened herself slowly, swaying delicately to her castanets. She was like a gorgeous tropic flower caught up by some rhythmic wind. Half eagerly, half resisting, she abandoned herself to the current of it, and was submerged, swept onward toward some reckless, triumphant climax.

The audience looked on breathlessly, like men hypnotized, but Len stood aside, impervious. The time was when he could watch Carlotta dance as the men about him watched her now; but that time had passed. His pleasure had become an indefinable pain; there were nights when he hated her because she chose to squander herself for an applause that was as unworthy as it was generous. At other and rarer moments he was one with the crowd around him, consumed by her beauty and demanding nothing more than the right to stand before her.

Carlotta danced until her loosened hair fell down over her shoulders. Then she threw aside her castanets and, taking the flowers from her belt, tossed them into the crowd. A cowboy who caught a rose appreciatively unloaded his six-shooter toward the ceiling.

It might have been a wild bullet, or it might have been the rusted wires, but the lamp above Carlotta crashed down, striking the stage beside her. The flaming oil streamed from the bowl, scattering like quicksilver. Carlotta's skirts blazed. She threw her arms up over her face helplessly, making no outcry. Len saw it in a dream. He was paralyzed. In his mind he seized her in his arms, smothering the flames. But his body stood aside and watched Alvarado leap on the platform, covering her with her cloak. A lawless part of Len's brain outraged him by speculating upon Alvarado's strength as he rolled Carlotta on the floor, beating out the fire with his hands.

When it was over Carlotta sat up, her eyes fixed vaguely on her tattered dress. The men crowded around her silently. She raised her arm and looked at the blister that ran from her elbow to her wrist. Her face was frightened, but in the manner of a disobedient child's. There was not a man about her whose hands did not tremble, but her own fingers were firm as she ran them over the singed coils of her hair.

She looked up into Juan's twitching face. "But I don't feel hurt," she protested, suddenly. She gathered the charred cloak around her and rose slowly, with Juan's help. Len remembered the lightness with which she had danced on that same platform, and he knew, in that moment, the meaning of women's tears.

Carlotta tested her body, balancing on her toes and straightening out her fingers with the utmost concentration.

"I'm all saved, Juan," she said at last, half smiling. She put her hands on his shoulders and the smile died on her lips. Her hands began to shake so that the bangles on his bolero tinkled under her fingers. "What—what can I say?" she whispered. "If it had not been for you—I—I—"

She drew back, her face pallid, her eyes wide and blinking as if she looked into some dazzlingly white light. She pressed her hands to her temples and began laughing hysterically. Between bursts of laughter she would break into incoherent words, in Spanish, in English. The men went out quietly, talking in low voices. Len, the two vaqueros, and Juan Alvarado were left at the platform.

"Yes—*si, si*, the bravery," Carlotta was saying, recklessly. I love the bravery. To-night I heard some men talk about the Red King—and if a man should be brave enough to bring me the Red King—why—why—I think I would marry so brave a man!"

"The Red King!" Alvarado whispered, superstitiously; and Len saw that one of the vaqueros went white.

Carlotta looked at them, her eyes dark and brilliant. "*Si—el bonito caballo—*" She stopped short, and, turning, faced Len. She straightened herself defiantly. "The Red King is at Wolsey's Tank," she said, but the fever was gone from her words.

Juan would have answered her, but she interrupted him. "Your hands—see them, Juan," she said, her voice breaking. "I—I didn't see before. Won't you go—at once—"

"Want me to go along with you to the doctor, Alvarado?" Len asked. The casual way he voiced the question told nothing of the inward struggle before he could force himself to speak it. He was beginning to comprehend the significance of what Alvarado had done; he envied him his burned hands. He gave him instinctive tribute for his courage, at the same moment hating him. He hated him because he had appropriated the right to save Carlotta.

Alvarado turned and faced Len. Their eyes met and

He heard the muffled padding of hoofs

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the challenge was as definite as a spoken word. "Do not trouble yourself to accompany me," Juan said in his flawless English. "It is nothing." He bent over Carlotta, murmuring something in Spanish.

When he had gone Carlotta turned to Len. "Isn't it all some dream—some bad dream?" she asked, pitifully. "I'm so tired—I want to go home—if you will take me—"

Len went outside to get his horse and see that her own was waiting for her. It was a long time before Carlotta joined him, and when she came she was unlike the Carlotta that he had known. It seemed to him that he had never before been alone with her, though he had talked with her every night since she had danced at Silver Shaft. But the girl he had talked with had seemed set apart from other women—filled with mystery, more like a fair dream than a woman of flesh and blood. This girl wore a dark sweater and divided skirt, and her hair was flattened, without coquetry, under a wide hat. She was like other women that passed him in the streets, save that she was desirable and beautiful, and that the left sleeve of her sweater was slit, showing a white bandage.

"Do you feel well enough to-night to ride down to the ranch?" he asked, ashamed of his shaking voice.

She mounted easily. "Not well enough to go alone." Then the Carlotta that he knew flashed into her voice. "That is the only reason I asked you to go with me."

"I realize the compliment you're paying me," Len said, stiffly. "I know that you always ride home alone."

She did not answer, and they rode on in silence.

"Carlotta!" he said, suddenly. She turned in her saddle and looked at him. Her face was in shadow, but he was conscious of the understanding in her eyes; he felt again the subtle sympathy that existed, in rare moments, between them.

"I want to tell you," he said, falteringly, "that I made an utter fool of myself to-night; but I would have given my life to—to—"

She silenced him with a quick gesture. She did not answer him at once, and in that brief silence he was more intimate with her than he had ever been. He had penetrated her inscrutable reserve. He felt that she knew, utterly, everything that he had suffered, and that she would be kind.

But she tossed back her head and laughed. "Perhaps you did not care if I burned up," she suggested, as a sort of inspiration.

Len laughed with her. "Perhaps," he agreed. He had only his pride left with which to defend himself.

He knew, without seeing, her puzzled, familiar frown. Finally she drew her horse close to his and put her hand on his arm. "I wish I could understand you better," she said, without preface. In one of her swift changes her voice had become sweet, appealing. Her face was upturned, and her eyes were wide and serious, robbed of all coquetry and disdain.

"I want you to know everything about me," he said, huskily, stumbling over his words. "I want to tell you the good and the bad." He lifted her hand and held it against his face, and for the first time he was not divided against himself. Nothing existed for him save Carlotta and her small, trembling hand upon his mouth. Miraculously she had accomplished a fusion of his entire being, and he kissed her fingers with passionate reverence.

She drew her hand away and spurred her pony into a flying gallop. But Len had seen the yearning tenderness in her eyes, and it dispelled every other troubled memory of her.

When they reached the ranch Carlotta ran her horse close to the door and dropped to the ground without halting him. She ran a few steps beside him, holding to her saddle-horn to keep her balance. Released, the horse galloped on toward the corral.

"Don't bother to get down," Carlotta said, a little breathless from her ride. "Mother will be waiting for me. She always must be told everything that I have done. She regrets that she cannot chaperon me—the time when I am dancing, even—for she is Castilian, you know."

"I didn't know you were Spanish," Len said, absently.

"My father was American, but my mother is pure Spanish. Can you not tell from the way I talk?"

Len did not answer. He was thinking of Juan Alvarado, the matador.

Carlotta put up her hand to tell him good night. She hesitated, as if she were about to say something, but she drew back.

"Thank you for letting me ride home with you," Len said. Something in the words seemed to give Carlotta courage.

"The Red King is not at Wolsey's Tank," she said, breathlessly. "He is at the Coyote Well." Then she disappeared into the house before he could answer her.

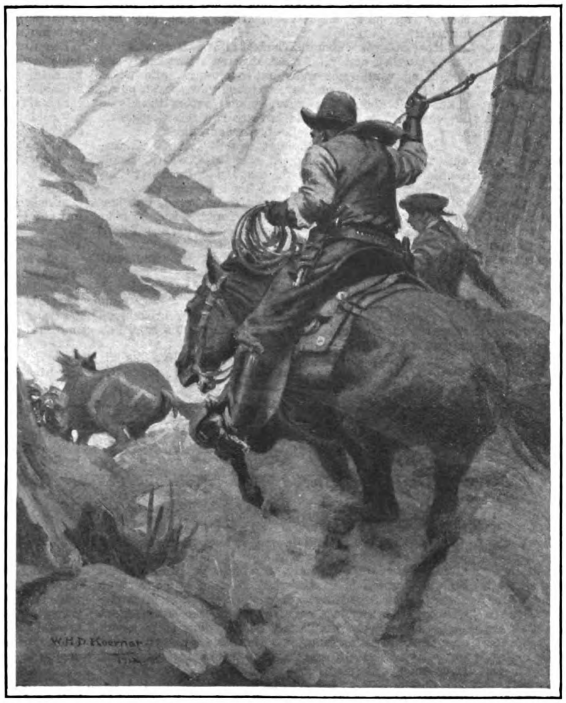
Len could not believe that he had heard her aright. He rode back to town a prey to warring emotions. Would she abide seriously by the words of a hysterical moment—would she demand such medieval rivalry, accepting the outcome? He tried to find excuse for her standards in that she was born of a different people, a race alien and romantic beside his own. But he was not consoled, and his heart was heavy within him.

Hours later, when he determined that he could not enter the ridiculous tournament that she had commanded, he sat down to write her and tell her so. But the very writing of her name brought up a hundred memories of her. He remembered the sorry spectacle of himself standing aside for Alvarado to face the danger that imperiled her. He had been a coward. He faced the thought with difficulty, and, facing it, was filled with humiliation. In that moment he ceased to argue. He would go out into the desert after the Red King.

He wrote Carlotta briefly:

I am going after the Red King, and I will get him. I owe it to myself. But I would not have any woman—even you, Carlotta—if she would raffle herself to the bravest bidder. LEN TAYLOR.

The next day, at noon, his preparations were made. As he rode past the Plaza he reproached himself for having squandered the morning. He should have left Silver Shaft by dawn. Perhaps Alvarado was already far in the lead. His conjecture was cut short by the sight of Juan Alvarado, on the sidewalk, talking with a vaquero. He looked up as Len rode by, but he made no sign. Len was confused. Had Juan refused the gauntlet that Carlotta had thrown down? He put the supposition aside with a laugh, knowing well that the matador would exult in such a contest. Had Carlotta failed to send him word that the Red King was at the Coyote Well? Len liked to believe that Carlotta would let Juan make the fruitless journey to Wolsey's Tank; so he determined that Juan had remained in town to let him make the first move—perhaps on information from some other source. When he crossed the mesa and passed down into the desert, he tried to put such disquieting speculation behind him. About him was the flaming noonday sand, broken only by the desert cactus and the dead mesquite. Overhead the sky was a blinding, coppery yellow. Len hated the desert. He hated the leagues of meaningless sand, the barren alkali wastes. Carlotta loved it and knew every oasis, every timid sand-flower. She would ride alone in it, content in the solitude. All of this she had told Len, and he had tried to understand.



Len swung his lariat over his head

At twilight Len made a rough camp on the mesa overlooking Coyote Well. This tank was a little oasis hemmed in by steep, sandy cliffs. The main outlet of it was a precipitous arroyo that cut, for miles, through the foothills. The only other way to reach the well was through a narrow inlet that wound tortuously around the dunes where Len was camped. He staked his pony so that he was hidden by a clump of mesquite. Then he waited; but the terrible, unnatural stillness preyed upon him, and he began pacing restlessly up and down in the shifting sand. It seemed to him that the very elements were engaged in some monstrous conspiracy against him. All the warmth was gone from the desert; it was presaging cold; and the moon looked down, aloof and dead white. Len became oppressed by his own insignificance; he thought of the men who had gone out into the desert without returning; and he shrank from the secrets buried in the depths of that pale, smooth sand.

He heard the muffled padding of hoofs, and he crept to the edge of the plateau. He pressed himself against the ground, peering down into the narrow inlet. It was as he had planned. An old mare trotted certainly toward the oasis; a herd of wild horses followed her, whinnying and stamping eagerly. Len knew that it was midnight; for the outlaw herds shun the oases until they know that man sleeps. Last of all came the Red King. He had sent the mare as an advance-guard, while he trailed behind his herd to warn them of danger. The horses drank slowly, luxuriously, jostling and curveting. The colts played skittishly around the tank and were repeatedly scolded by the patient mares. The herd, led by the mare, filed silently from the oasis and disappeared into the inlet.

Then Len saw the Red King, alone, at the well. The moonlight played over the shallow silver water and the shining coat of the horse. He was a deep tawny red, too gold for sorrel and too warm for chestnut. His body was narrow, with a straight belly-line; his legs, smoothly muscled, tapered patricianly at the fetlock-joint. He held his head high, almost tossed upward, and his thick mane, like his tail, looked as if it had been spun from delicate copper wire. Len looked at him, marveling. He had heard much talk of him, of his cunning, of the men who had gone to their death when they had journeyed out into the desert to trap him. Vaqueros brought in other horses from the outlaw herds, but their fame was as naught to what it might have been had they conquered the Red King. Len felt nothing of the exhilaration that was known to these other men. He would have turned back, even then, save for the score that was written against him.

He had planned to ride stealthily through the narrow inlet, barring that means of escape, thus turning the Red King into the deep arroyo. But when he sprang into the saddle his horse whinnied joyously and tumbled down the path in a run. The Red King faced them at the mouth of the inlet, standing his ground. Perhaps he thought his enemy was another stallion come to battle for the right of the herd. When he saw the bridled, man-ridden horse, he sprang into the air and went bounding down the arroyo. Len spurred his horse after him. His plan had not failed; he had forced the king into the arroyo. Nothing remained but to rope him. It seemed very simple, but the distance between the two horses did not lessen. The Red King flew on ahead, incredibly light and swift, a little avalanche of pebbles flying from his heels. The arroyo narrowed suddenly, and the moonlight became a thread of silver far above. The king leaped into the air, and came down with a spring. He went ahead without breaking his even run. He had jumped over something, but Len could not know if it were a narrow chasm or but a clump of stones in the bed of the cañon. But he had no desire to rein in his horse and ride cautiously. He had set himself a task; and life, which had never been too sacred to him, seemed worth nothing but the right to do with it what he chose. The earth yawned before him, and far below he could hear a faint, crooning murmur. His pony took the gap unhesitatingly, but landed short on the far side, scrambling for footing. The loosened stones rattled down, and Len found himself waiting for the long-delayed ring when they would strike the bed. Somehow, his horse gained the ground and went stumbling on. But he could feel him trembling with fear, and clouds of steam rose from his flanks. Len saw that he had set himself to accomplish the impossible; no horse could outdistance the king, who knew the desert as a man-broken horse knows his corral. In like manner other men had ridden behind him to their death — covering untold leagues only to find themselves lost in the desert, far from water or habitation, their dead horses a mute reproach at their feet. Ceaselessly turning these and other things in his mind, Len reproached himself for his lack of wisdom. He might have staked a fresh pony in the arroyo, mounting him when his horse failed.

The Red King was far in the lead, a swiftly moving black shadow, his feet marked by bright, flying sparks. Once he passed through the shaft of light, and his mane flashed electric and gold. In a last burst of speed Len's horse pressed forward, gaining a little; but they dropped back, inch by inch. Finally they were moving so slowly that Len was conscious of details about him in the growing light. There were restless, black shadows on the floor of the cañon; and the arroyo became peopled with faint, menacing noises. Once an enormous lizard, edged with flame, darted up the sheer wall and stared at him with inquisitive, illuminated eyes. He spurred his horse on, pleading with him, but the knowledge of failure was in his heart. He would that he had the power to follow the king on foot; he cursed the horse that hampered him. That he was a certain rider, a man who knew horses as he knew men, availed him nothing. To-morrow the Red King, with his herd, would be far in the desert.

Len thought, causelessly, of Juan Alvarado. It was in that moment that he heard hoof-beats behind him, echoing from the walls and alternating with his own. His mind became peculiarly alive and sensitive. He speculated upon what startling secret the desert was about to gather unto itself. He wondered if the rest of the herd, with uncanny ingenuity, were bearing down upon him to stamp him out. Nothing seemed improbable in this ghastly journey through the very bowels of the desert. But he was without fear; he exulted in the thought of battle. He would have welcomed Alvarado—would have thrown aside his guns and fought him bare-handed.

The hoof-beats neared him, and he felt the spraying,

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regular breath of an untired horse. A hand caught his arm, and Carlotta's voice said, breathlessly, "Take my reins. You can jump down on the other side, and mount my horse without stopping him." It was Carlotta's accent, and not her words, that convinced him of her reality.

Len took her reins and she dropped to the ground, running a few steps as she held to her saddle-horn. He let her horse drop behind him the length of the reins, and swung from his saddle. His legs were stiff and gave beneath him. He would have fallen without the support of the reins. He climbed into the other saddle without ever knowing how he got there. His own horse ran along beside him for a time, breathing hard and not seeming to know that he was riderless.

Carlotta's pony darted ahead, doubling his feet under him so swiftly that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. They gained on the Red King steadily, until Len could see the beautiful, warm colors of his tawny coat. Len swung his lariat over his head and threw it. The noose fell short of the king's heels by a good foot, and lay curling and writhing along the ground. Len drew it in, looping for another throw. Ahead, the arroyo was partly blocked by a fallen boulder that cast a deep, black shadow. As the king neared it Len saw a figure leap out from the darkness of it. It was not more than a silhouette, but Len knew that it was Juan Alvarado. He saw Juan swing his lariat, and he watched the loop spin out through the bar of moonlight toward the Red King. His heart stood still. But the king swerved, and the noose fell to the ground, catching on the rocky bed. Juan could not loose it, and by the time he cut it Len neared him. They swung around the boulder side by side, their stirrups knocking together. Juan was knotting his lariat, and Len saw that he had lost nearly a fourth of it in his unlucky throw. It was a slender advantage for Len, and the only one. For Juan was untired, his horse was fresh and trained to every trick and subterfuge by his service in the bull-ring. He bounded over the rocky path, whinnying and tossing his proud head. Carlotta's horse ran beside him, close to the ground, intent, wasting no strength. Beyond the king outdistanced them, fleet-footed and sure. Juan went slowly ahead, until he was a neck and withers in the lead. Then Len's pony gained, until Len could feel the spray from the other horse's bit. Again they were even. Beside him Len could hear Juan cursing. He saw him crouch over his horse's neck. The horse leaped forward. Carlotta's pony dropped behind a full length. Len was powerless. He saw Juan nearing the king, testing his rope. Len pleaded with his horse, and he thrilled at the eager response. The pony gained a little, but his breath came hard. Juan swung to one side, trying to get parallel with the king before throwing his short rope. The king swerved away from him, grazing the opposite wall. Juan followed him, swinging his lariat. Cornered, the king rose in the air, turned on his hind-legs and darted back down the cañon toward Len. Swinging aside from a collision, Len threw his rope. He felt a tremendous jar and was jerked from the saddle, striking against his shoulder. He relaxed with instinct born of long training, rolled over expertly, and came up standing. At the end of the lariat, the Red King stumbled to his feet. He lurched forward, dragging Len with him. But the battle was over. He was too worn to fight, and finally went crashing to the ground. Len looked at him unmoved, save for a vague feeling of satisfaction that the score was canceled. He bound him and staked him to the ground, avoiding the piteous, terror-filled eyes that followed his every movement.

Len straightened himself, to find Alvarado beside him, looking down from his saddle. Seeing him, Len took no credit unto himself for his victory, for the man sat his horse like a king and there was a smile on his lips. He dropped from the saddle and held out his hand.

"*Bueno!*" he said, and his voice was steady. Len gripped his hand silently, almost abashed, for he doubted that he could have accepted defeat with like courage.

"I am going on down toward the Mexican line," Alvarado said, casually. "I am to fight again in the Sonora ring." As he rode away down the cañon, the moonlight on his spangled bolero, Len understood why he was a great matador.

When Len rode back he found Carlotta waiting for him at a little pass that cut into the arroyo. She was on foot and leaned against the wall, just beyond the flickering ray of light.

"The Red King is staked out to the ground, down there," he said, without emotion. She did not answer.

"How did you get here, Carlotta?" he demanded.

She laughed softly. "I asked Juan Alvarado if the Red King would not wear out one horse, and when he said 'yes' I rode out here to bring you a fresh pony. I know all about this cañon—much better than you do—and I knew you would have to run the king down here from the Coyote Well—if you got him."

"You rode all the way out here?" Len asked, unable to believe her, although she stood within reach of his hand. "You should not have done it!" he said roughly, partly to conceal his own emotion.

"I am used to riding," Carlotta answered, but her voice was tired. "I started early, and I had to ride slowly because I was leading the other horse. I left early in the afternoon."

"Then you didn't dance to-night?" Len was suddenly incapable of reasoning.

"How could I?" she asked, holding out her bandaged arm.

Len stood silent. A hundred words of reproach, of triumph, of endearment, came rushing to his lips, but he could not speak one of them.

"The riding didn't hurt it much—really, truly," Carlotta said. "It was just hard to manage my reins and the other horse, too."

"You should not have done it," Len repeated.

"I should not have asked you to do it, either," Carlotta answered. "I didn't know what a big thing I had asked of you until I talked to Juan."

"It is just a matter of luck that Juan didn't return to you, instead of me," Len said.

"What? what? I don't understand you. He is at Wolsey's Tank."

"You didn't tell him that the king was here?" Len asked.

"No." She flung her head back, as if defying him to condemn her boldness.

"He was waiting farther down the arroyo—at that big boulder," Len said.

Carlotta's eyes blazed. "That was not fair! He wanted you to run the king down the cañon, then he would lariat him!"

"It doesn't matter," Len answered. "Nothing matters if you were willing to let him go to Wolsey's Tank without giving him a show to get the king for you. For you do—you will marry me, Carlotta?" He had not meant to say the words in such fashion; he wanted so much to take her in his arms, to soothe her, to kiss her tired, trembling hands, that he could think of nothing else.

"No, I will not marry you," Carlotta said, quietly, and opened her outstretched hand, showing his crumpled letter. "You would not have me." She said it with pathetic dignity; and he saw how much he had hurt her.

"I would take you any way I could get you," Len said, passionately, "and you know it, Carlotta."

She threw the letter on the ground. "Well," she answered, almost carelessly, "you could hardly expect me not to hate you, after that."

Len drew her roughly into the light. He was suddenly aware of a number of things. "You love me," he said, peremptorily, "and you wouldn't be here if I hadn't written that letter."

She stared back at him without answer.

"And you're going back to Silver Shaft and marry me."

It was the first time in her life Carlotta had been ordered to do anything, and Len knew it. She looked away from him, her eyes disdainful, antagonistic. Waiting, Len knew, if she did not yield, that he would break her will to his, no matter what the cost. But she turned back, and all the exultation that should have been his when he bound the Red King flamed up within him when she gave him her hands.

But he hesitated. "On one condition, dear," he said, and waited, trembling.

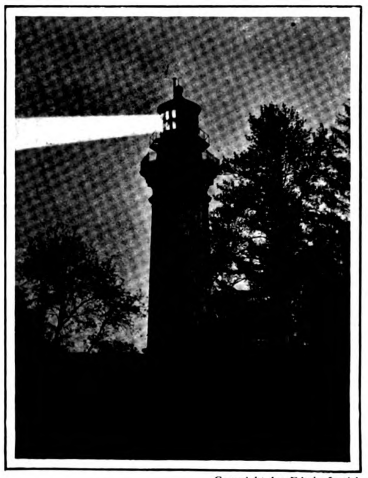
"I do," she whispered, and drew closer to him. "And I am so tired of this fighting you." She put her hands on his shoulders and drew back, looking up at him. "I do—do love you," she whispered, and even in the faint moonlight Len saw the color come and go in her cheeks. "Now, please kiss me." He took her in his arms, shaken almost to tears by the completeness of her surrender.

An Inland Lighthouse

THE REMARKABLE NEW STRUCTURE THAT ILLUMINATES NEW YORK'S SEA-CHANNEL

By Thaddeus S. Dayton

ONE always thinks of a lighthouse as crowning some tall rock against whose base the ocean surges thunder incessantly. The great beacon that the Federal Government has just completed and put in operation to guide ships coming up the Ambrose Channel into New York Harbor at night is more than two miles inland. It is set on the top of a green, tree-clad hill. A broad sweep of undulating country—farmlands and forests and spired villages—separates it from the sea. It is officially known as the Staten Island Rear Range Light, and it sends its white brilliance—a path nearly three thousand feet wide—twenty-five miles through the blackness of the night.



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The beacon that guides ocean ships coming up the Ambrose Channel is more than two miles inland

The Ambrose Channel is one of the greatest waterways in all the world. This new light and the others already in place practically complete its illumination. So well lighted is it now that it is as safe for ships at night as Broadway is for vehicles. The Ambrose Channel is a huge sea canal on which the Government spent some eight years and $5,000,000. It is seven and one-half miles long, two thousand feet wide, and forty feet deep. It was finished less than a year ago. It extends in a huge angle from the ocean far up into the Lower Bay and provides a safe channel for the greatest ships in the world. The channel is marked by two lines of buoys, bell-buoys on one side and whistling buoys on the other, with the West Bank Light at the head. But in severe storms the buoys are sometimes dislodged. With the Staten Island Rear Range Light in service, however, the two lights dead ahead of vessels furnish a certain indication of the channel's center.

This oddly placed inland lighthouse, which surmounts Richmond Hill, Staten Island, stands 230 feet above the sea. Ninety feet of this is the elevation of the tower itself. It is what is known as a "fixed" light. It does not revolve like the flashing beacon on the Navesink Highlands, but shines steadily in one direction—straight along the broad watery lane of the Ambrose Channel. It is a kerosene vapor lamp, and sends its twenty-five-mile ray from a mantle not much larger than half a banana. Its brilliancy is 300,000 candle-power.

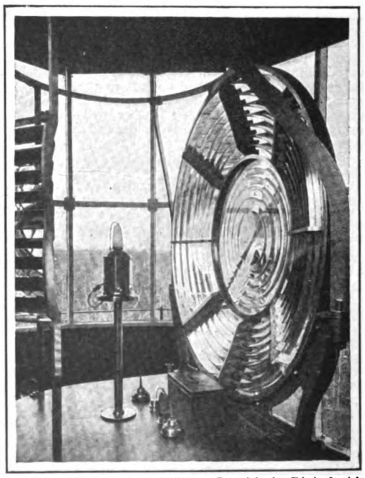
The light comes from an apparatus which one could easily shoulder and carry up-stairs. It consists of two brass cylindrical tanks, each about eight inches in diameter and three feet in height. In one of these kerosene oil is heated until it vaporizes. Under air-pressure from the other tank the oil is forced through a nozzle 1-100th of an inch in diameter. It is the combustion of the vapor which gives the light.

In the old style of beacon it was simply a matter of turning up a wick and striking a match. Lighting this new beacon is a much more complicated matter. The keeper has to begin work half an hour before sundown. When the air-pressure has been raised to the required degree the oil is turned into the vaporizer, and through the use of alcohol, which is lighted, it is heated until it becomes a gas. Then it does its own heating, and the alcohol spray is turned off. No one has attempted to measure the temperature that is created in the mantle. Nickel is the only metal which has been found capable of resisting the intense heat.

There is a duplicate lighting apparatus, and, if both should fail, the emergency reserve is another type of oil-lamp, but little less brilliant.

The light generated by the kerosene vapor and the mantle is but 1,500 candle-power, but this is intensified two hundred times by the huge lenses back of the light. The great reflector is not a single concave piece of glass, like a locomotive headlight. It is made up of a number of hoops of glass in the form of prisms, with bull's-eye centers which catch up all the rays and refract them until they are parallel and pass out in a great bar of white radiance. In the center is the big circular lens. The ribs that hold all this wonderful device together are of metal.

In the matter of candle-power this new light on the Staten Island hills is not especially remarkable, but in its range and penetrating power it is equal to the flashing beacon on the Navesink Highlands whose electric arc furnishes 20,000,000 candle-power. It is regarded by lighthouse experts as one of the most wonderful beacons in the world.



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The great reflector of Jena glass that multiplies the light 200 times and throws a beam 25 miles

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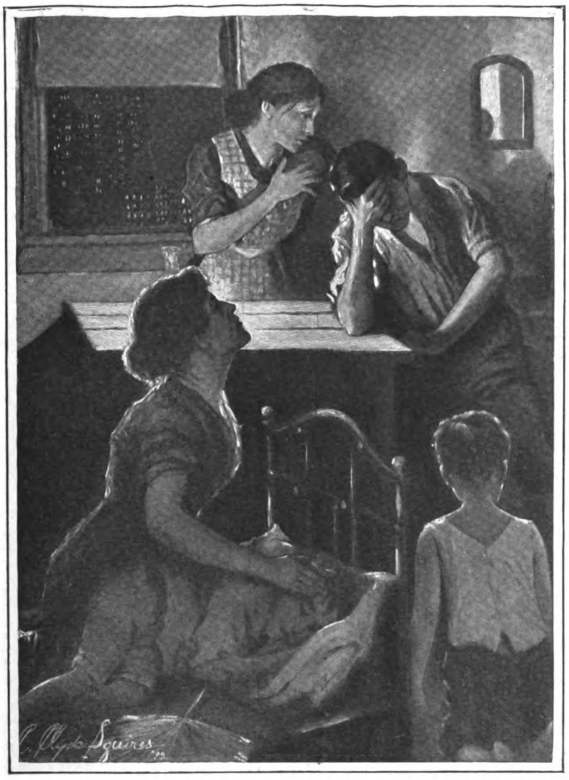
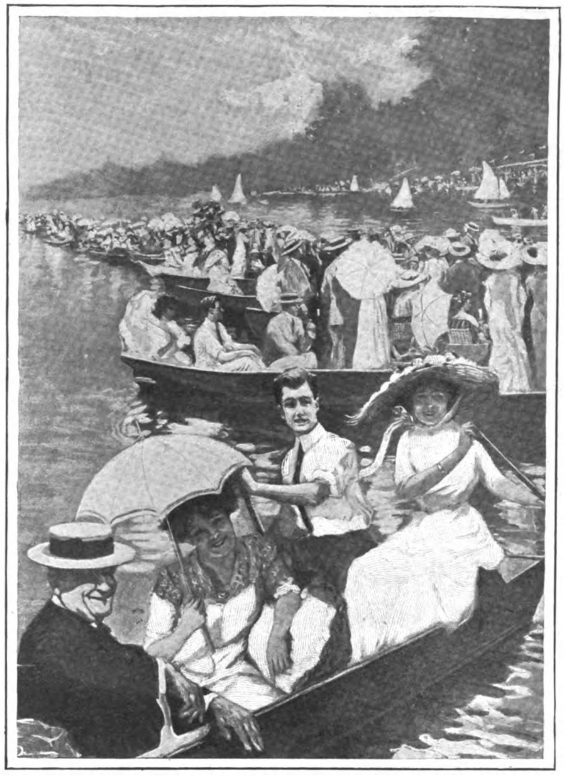




HOW SOME NEW-YORKERS WILL SPEND THE SUMMER

Interludes

COURAGE

BRAVE men are they who set their faces toward the polar bergs and floes, who roam the wild, unpeopled places, perchance to find among the snows a resting-place remote and lonely; a winding-sheet of deathless white, where elemental voices only disturb the brooding year-long night.

Brave souls are they whose man-made pinions have borne them over plains and seas, who conquered wide and new dominions, and strapped a saddle on the breeze. Their engine-driven wings are wearing new pathways through the realm of clouds; they play with death, with dauntless daring, to please the breathless, fickle crowds.

Brave men go forth to distant regions, forsaking luxury and ease; through all the years they've gone in legions, to unknown lands, o'er stormy seas; and when, by sword or fever smitten, they blithely journeyed to the grave, full well they knew their names were written down in the annals of the brave.

I am as brave as any rover described in gay, romantic screeds, but, when my fitful life is over, no epic will narrate my deeds. Condemned to silent heroism, I go my unmarked way alone, and no one hands me prune or prism, as token that my deeds are known. But yesterday my teeth were aching, and to the painless dentist's lair I took my way, unawed, unquaking, and sat down in the fatal chair. He dug around my rumbling molars with drawing-knives and burglars' tools, and cross-cut saws and patent rollers, and marlinspikes and two-foot rules. He climbed upon my lap and prodded with crowbar and with garden spade, to see that I was not defrauded of all the agony that's made. He pulled and yanked and pried and twisted, and uttered oft his battle shout, and now and then his wife assisted—till finally the teeth came out. And never once while thus he pottered around my torn and mangled jowl—not once, while I was being slaughtered, did I let out a single howl! No brass-bands played, none sang a ditty of triumph as I took my way; no signs of "Welcome to Our City" were hung across the street that day!

Thus you and I and plain, plug mortals may show a courage high and fine, and be obscure, while some jay chortles in triumph where the limelights shine.

WALT MASON.

"No, Effie, you're not to have any more candy. You've had two pieces already."

"'Scuse me, mother, I've only had one. I counted it."

AUNT MARGARET. Are you still thinking of taking up the stage as a profession?

NEPHEW. Oh yes! I've sent my address and photograph to the managers, and now it's up to them.

A MERE MAN'S OPINION

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded Mrs. Whackhurst, "that it is a bad thing for a woman to have an aim in life?"

"I do," said Whackhurst, "especially if she's going to throw bricks. She might hit something."

A WIDE-AWAKE PRISONER

"The jury has unanimously found you guilty, prisoner at the bar," said the judge, dryly, "but for some reason unknown to me they have recommended you to the mercy of the court. In view of your crime you must be hanged, but in view of that recommendation to mercy you may choose the method of hanging."

"All right, your Honor," replied the prisoner. "If that's the case, I guess I'll be hanged in effigy."

A GOOD EXCUSE

It was on the sleeping-car.

"Say, mister," said the man in the upper berth to the occupant of the lower, "quit that music, will you? What do you think this is, a concert-hall? The rest of us want to sleep."

"Why, the car is so stuffy," said the warbler, "I was only humming a little air—"

It was then that he was hit with a Pullman pillow, remaining unconscious for seven hours.

AN OMINOUS SITUATION

"What's the matter, Jingle?" asked Hawkesbee. "You look worried."

"I am worried," said Jingle. "I'm afraid that boy of mine is getting irregular in his habits."

"That's too bad," said Hawkesbee. "What are the symptoms?"

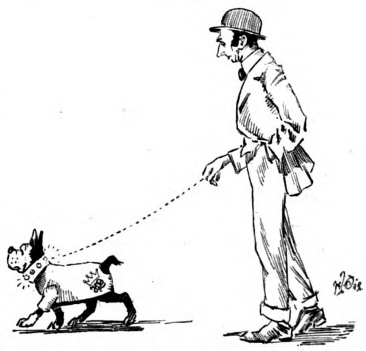
"He hasn't telegraphed home for money now for ten days," said Jingle. "He used to be as regular as Tuesday with his appeals."

A CONVINCING DEMONSTRATION

"Now, Mr. Freshe," said the professor, "can you demonstrate that X equals 0?"

"Sure," said Mr. Freshe. "I write home asking the governor for an X, and get nothing—Q. E. D."

"Excellent," returned the professor. "I'll give you the same for your mark."



AN OUTWORN PHRASE

Is "a dog's life" necessarily a miserable one?

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SECRETARY WILSON AND THE PURE FOOD LAW

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

RECORDED BY A. R. PINCI

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THAT the provisions of the pure-food law, officially known as the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, are not elastic enough and must be amended before they can remedy some of the defects which legislators evidently had in mind when the law was passed by Congress, is an important admission made by Mr. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, in the first interview he has given out on the subject. In view of the recent controversy in the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson's statements, made for HARPER'S WEEKLY, are of great interest.

"What pure food is seems offhand a simple enough question," said Mr. Wilson, "but its complications and fine differentiations, which multiply during the process of investigating the purity of food, are such as to baffle for a time even the most expert chemists and agents of the Department of Agriculture. It is due to the many difficulties and obstacles encountered that the department proceeds with the greatest caution in its campaign against impure food and drugs, a not unreasonable delay which in many quarters has been deemed a malicious desire to subvert the operation of the Food and Drugs Act.

"We hear a great deal about the adulteration of foods and drugs. But what are they, anyway? We are told that these adulterations are numerous and that nearer fifty per cent. than twenty-five per cent. of our food is adulterated, and the adulterations are by the use of chemicals deleterious to health. Compilation of a statement from some chemist can show a large number of analyses made during a series of years and that a long list of foods is adulterated. The word 'adulteration' does not apply to all cases of adulteration, strictly speaking. Generally many foods are 'adulterated' when they would be the reverse if the makers had put upon the packages the proper labeling. A mixture of buckwheat flour is adulterated, but its sale is legal everywhere if the facts are so stated on the label. Other foods are misbranded because the labels on their containers do not truthfully state the facts of the contents, but, if the labels be made proper, then the food would be legally salable. In other cases there are violations of law only because the statements required by law are not present, net weight is not stated or incorrectly stated, or size of type used for printing is not as prescribed by statute. Other violations are by reason of natural decay, as the sale of rotten eggs or by reason of unsanitary places of manufacture.

Secretary Wilson

"Food that is not pure may be simply impure or adulterated; it may be naturally so or it may become so through change after its primary state of purity, or, especially, it may be intentionally adulterated. It is not my purpose to claim that the situation relative to our national foodstuffs was always as it is now, and it may be possible to show that worse conditions existed a decade or two ago. But figures from official sources seem to indicate that, with all the diligence of trained inspectors, the number of food adulterations discovered, so far as they might affect the health, is extremely small if we confine the discussion to the use of chemicals or other ingredients actually added by the makers of the various foods.

"Analysis of food, in order to determine its purity, has so many ramifications that no little work is imposed upon the Department of Agriculture, laborious research of both scientific and legal character, upon which depends the ultimate success of the analysis and its official result. Because it must be remembered that the findings of the department, in cases adverse to manufacturers, must be taken to the courts, subject to judicial review, and a verdict upholding the department's contentions can only be assured upon the presentation of incontrovertible facts. Technicalities are a pitfall, and to avoid them the representatives of the department engaged in upholding the rules and regulations of the Food and Drugs Act must act within the most conservative limit of the law.

"No official connected with the enforcement of the provisions of the act can yield to his personal wishes or inclinations in reaching his decisions. In many cases—for instance, those relating to the use of benzoate of soda and saccharin—the question remained open until after prolonged hearings had taken place, and the final decisions followed, as in the case of judicial construction, upon the facts adduced. Benzoate of soda may now be used to a prescribed ratio in the preservation of food, although some object to its use and others do not, while saccharin could no longer be used after April 1, 1912.

"In settling the question of pure food and what it is the legal aspects are not any more potential than public opinion itself. In other words, the regulations of the Food and Drugs Act operate in the interests of the people, but it rests with the people whether they want food branded officially pure according to law, or whether they would rather interpret the purity of 'officially pure' food themselves. To illustrate I will say that although benzoate of soda may be used as a preservative, and its existence in a given article is authorized by law, if purchasers object to the chemical they will refrain from using any article which contains it. In this case the Food and Drugs Act protects the general public to the extent of making known the existence of ingredients to which they may or may not object, although the legal restrictions imposed now will guard that portion of the people which ignores labels, quality, and process of manufacture.

"The pure-food law has been in effect more than five years, a time sufficient to show decided results in correcting evils existing in the manufacture, sale, and transportation of adulterated or misbranded or poisonous or deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, liquors for many decades. The application of its provisions has been steady and well directed, with all consistent promptness and with a view to preventing the department's decisions from being reversed by the courts. In many cases where an industry in staple products was found faulty by the department slow progress could be made in settling the contested point, because the manufacturer has the right to be heard, and a hasty verdict on our part or our unwillingness to point out the wrongs to the manufacturer might have caused heavy losses upon either an innocent manufacturer or one whose process needed, as careful analysis would show, but a minor change in order to make the product technically and commercially pure.

"During the last year, as in previous years, the Food and Drugs Act has been effectively enforced by the Department of Agriculture and the United States attorneys. Cordial co-operation has existed between our department and the Department of Justice. The prime object of the act being the securing of wholesome food and properly labeled drugs for the people at large, we set out to bring this about. In one case, however, it was found that the act was inadequate to remedy faulty conditions, and the decision of the courts was adverse to the government. Misbranding was alleged of a so-called 'mild combination treatment for cancer' consisting of several packages bearing statements that the treatment would effect the cure of cancer. The indictment alleged that these representations were false and misleading statements regarding the article and that the drug was misbranded, because the analysis showed the treatment to be worthless and ineffective for the pretended purpose. On defendant's motion to quash, the district court for the western district of Missouri held that inquiry under the Food and Drugs Act does not extend to the question whether a product is effective or worthless to accomplish the results claimed for it on the label. The judgment of the district court was affirmed by the Supreme Court, with the result that many manufacturers who had changed their labels since the act went into effect promptly adopted a label like the one discarded. The Department of Agriculture and several of its officials have been blamed for this state of affairs, which the President recognized to the extent of sending a message to Congress urging the immediate necessity for remedial legislation. Until this is forthcoming the labels on packages of drugs, patent and otherwise, may carry statements unbelievable, and the department is helpless.

"The Bureau of Chemistry, through its inspection force, collected 9,500 official samples of foods and drugs last year, and 2,000 additional samples for use in scientific investigations relating to the enforcement of the pure-food law, providing data on which 312 seizures were made. Each of these samples was referred to the appropriate laboratory at Washington or to one of the branch inspection laboratories, the reports from the latter points showing that 3,280 interstate samples were found to be legal and 3,113 misbranded or adulterated, while 503 check analyses were made to insure that correct results were obtained before recommending action on the samples. In connection with this work 5,370 hearings were held, less than half being by correspondence. There were 96,129 floor inspections made of imported products, of which over half were made at New York. A total of 9,698 imported foods and drugs was analyzed, of which number 3,085 were adjudged adulterated or misbranded and 1,268 were released without prejudice to future shipments.

"The analyses made at the Washington laboratories must also be considered. Here check analyses are made and all cases prepared for the consideration of the board, in addition to the original analyses made for inspection or investigating work. Approximately 752 samples were reported by the drug-inspection laboratories, of which 529 were domestic products; 231 of these were found to be adulterated or misbranded. The Food Inspection laboratory proper reports 2,067 domestic samples and 1,097 imported foods, largely check samples on branch laboratory reports, and 2,142 cases were prepared here for consideration. The Food Technology laboratory reports 108 initial and check samples and 185 cases prepared on extracts and essential oils; the Dairy laboratory reports 320 official interstate and import samples and the preparation of 347 cases; the Water laboratory 200 samples, only 39 being of foreign origin, of which 11 were misbranded, while 39 of the 161 interstate samples were considered illegal and 6 seizures were made; of the 500 interstate samples of cattle and poultry foods, 76 were found to be adulterated or misbranded. This total of 3,672 domestic and 1,302 import samples at the Washington office gives a general total of 22,974 samples examined in the course of the inspection work.

"These figures, which are official, show the extent of the activities of the department and the extent to which the cases are made subject to the Food and Drugs Act. Sometimes the work is tedious, but the inspectors and chemists deserve much praise for their painstaking efforts.

"What I deem perhaps one of the most important subjects of investigation is the collection and analysis of about thirty different brands of infants' foods, supplemented by feeding experiments on small animals, using the commercial formulas for preparing the foods and also certain modifications. The detailed data were collated, and some of the results have already been profitably used in charted form for the information of societies interested in this problem, which is of great importance in the conservation of public health.

"Care in the preparation of clean, wholesome products is a demand met by progressive manufacturers in a gratifying manner. Many are discarding or radically modifying old systems of handling, and others, realizing that the use of certain kinds of decayed stock is indefensible, are discontinuing the practice. Many firms which formerly paid little attention to sorting tomatoes, for instance, before making pulp for catchup or soup stock, have come to realize that without this precaution it is impossible to guarantee a satisfactory product.

"The activities of the department during the last fiscal year included 325 cases reported for criminal prosecution and 337 seizures of adulterated and misbranded foods and drugs recommended, making 1,162 cases, or forty per cent. of the whole number of cases reported since the Food and Drugs Act went into effect on January 1, 1907. There were 683 cases prosecuted by the United States attorneys, or about fifty per cent. of all the cases brought to judgment up to June 30, 1911. About $16,000 was the amount of fines imposed, and costs were generally assessed against the defendants, although even the right so to do had to be upheld by the Supreme Court. Decrees of condemnation and forfeiture were entered against nearly 300 shipments of adulterated and misbranded foods and drugs, and it was insisted that in every case where foods were found to consist of filthy, decomposed, or putrid substances, or to contain poisonous or deleterious ingredients, orders be entered directing the destruction of the goods.

"It is my opinion that the Food and Drugs Act is highly effective in its present form. The President, however, has made a special recommendation to the Congress that the law should be amended in order to overcome the Johnson decision. Such an amendment would be gratifying to the department, as would a supplementary amendment, covering the prohibition of incorrect or fraudulent statements on labels of food and drug packages.

"It has been stated by some that the fines imposed upon violators of the law have been inadequate to the offense and that their payment was proof conclusive that it is cheaper to pay the fine and continue the violation. From this source comes the suggestion of providing by statute heavier fines, since imprisonment is hardly to be expected except in isolated flagrant criminal cases. A fine of $200 for the first offense and subsequent fines of $300, provided by law now, are deemed too low, it is declared, and Congress may be asked to keep the present amounts as a minimum limit with a maximum of $1,000 to $5,000."

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ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE MEDAL OF HONOR

CORPORAL HAMPTON M. ROACH, TROOP F, FIFTH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

AWARDED THE MEDAL OF HONOR FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION AGAINST HOSTILE UTE INDIANS AT MILK CREEK, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER 29 TO OCTOBER 5, 1879, IN BUILDING BREASTWORKS UNDER FIRE AND KEEPING THE COMMAND SUPPLIED WITH WATER DURING THREE CONSECUTIVE NIGHTS, WHILE EXPOSED TO THE FIRE OF AMBUSHED INDIANS AT CLOSE RANGE

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE TREND OF THE BOND MARKET

WE hear so much these days about the high cost of living and what it is doing to the business man's surplus that it doesn't seem possible that anybody can have any money left to invest in anything. Lots of things, however, that don't seem possible really are possible, and this is one of them. Ask the bond men and they'll tell you that there is really quite a little money being invested in bonds. Out of this quarter of a billion dollars of July interest and dividend money which has just been sent out, for instance, there is quite a respectable amount being put back into securities. It isn't as much as the investment dealers would like to see it, of course—the percentage reinvested could be 99.9 and still that would be true—but it's enough to make a big hole in the line of surplus bonds they are carrying. It doesn't require a very vivid imagination to picture a better bond-market than that prevailing at present, but, on the other hand, the idea that the market is dead and that there is no bond-buying at all going on is away off the line of truth. Scattered all over the country there are thousands of people who are giving a lot of attention to the investment of surplus money, and to the question as to whether or not this is a good time to go ahead and buy.

Where does the bond-market stand now; are prices up or down?—that is the first question to be considered.

On the last day of June the average of the twenty-five characteristic bonds usually taken for purposes of comparison stood at 90.14. That represented a gain of six-one-hundredths of one per cent. from the average at the end of May, but was, with that exception, the lowest since July, 1908. In that month, when the effects of the panic were still making themselves strongly felt, the average price of the twenty-five bonds stood at 89.97.

In July, 1908, just after the panic, 89.97. In June, 1912, four years away from it, 90.14. Think of it—is those four years a gain in the average price of twenty-five representative bonds of only seventeen-one-hundredths of one per cent.! No gain at all when you come to think of it. Indeed, an actual loss. Nearly all the bonds in the list sell below par. Being four years nearer their maturity now than they were then, they *ought* to sell higher. For a bond quoted below par to stand still in price for four years is really for that bond to decline in price. It has to rise somewhat just to keep its income-yield the same.

So much for that view of it. Now let's get this present price of 90.14 in better perspective. How does it compare with prices made before the panic—say, back in 1906?

Well, in January, 1906, the average of these twenty-five bonds stood at 97.91. During the following months there was a decline, the price on the last day of June getting down to 96.43. *Down* to 96.43! Just glance at the price of these bonds now (90.14) and then think of their having sold *down* to a price six clear points above the present level. That shows as plainly as anything can where bond prices stand now relative to where they stood six or eight years ago.

One other thing about this question of price-level—what has been its movement during the past year or so? We are away down below the point at which bonds used to sell before the panic. Have we been getting further away from it during recent months or has anything in the nature of a recovery been taking place? A glance at the month-to-month change in the averages shows, unfortunately, that the latter has not been the case. A year ago this month the average stood at 91.43. From then on, till February, 1912, prices were fairly well maintained, the average at the end of February standing at 91.14. Since then, however, there has been a steady decline, a low point of 90.08 being touched at the end of May. In June prices did a little better, a gain of .06 of a point being recorded. According to the last figures made up, we are thus within a trifling fraction of the lowest point.

Take the present price-level and compare it with that of a year ago or two years ago or six years ago, and one thing stands out unmistakably—that is, that bonds are to-day selling at a low price. Low? says the man who doesn't believe in bonds. What do you mean by a "low" price? When you say that a thing is "low" in price—lower than in years, if you will—you don't necessarily say that it is "cheap." Lots of things that used to be expensive can be bought now at a much lower price simply because nobody wants them. Does the fact that bond-prices have gone down six or eight points in the last six or eight years prove that bonds are a purchase now?

No, it doesn't prove it—not by any means. But it does strongly suggest to the intelligent investor that it's a situation well worth looking into. Here we have had a steady decline in bonds which has carried the price-level back almost to where it was at the end of the panic period. In past years when the bond-market has gone down it has always come up again—it has always been a safe proposition to buy good bonds whenever one of these declines took place. Is it a safe proposition now? Will the present decline be followed as in the past by recovery, or has the price of bonds gone down to stay?

The latter is a rather startling proposition when you come to think of it. It means the loss of many hundreds of millions of dollars by investors and institutions, and it means, furthermore, that they are not going to get this money back. Not only that, but it means that the raising of money by railroads and other big corporations through the sale of bonds is going to be a much harder proposition than it has ever been before—that the price the public will pay for new bonds will be lower and that the money will thus cost the borrower a high rate of interest. Such a change in conditions would come pretty close to being revolutionary. The burden of proof certainly rests upon any one who claims that such a change in conditions has taken place.

Let us look for a moment at the argument of those who claim that bond prices have gone down to stay. The rise in commodity prices, or, to put it another way, the increase in the cost of living, is the reason generally first advanced. Because the dollar will not buy as much as it would six or eight years ago, we are told, the investor feels that he has to get more income from his investments even if he has to sacrifice something in the way of safety. The income from the good old first-mortgage bonds which he has held so long used to be sufficient for his needs, but is sufficient no longer. What is the result? Simply that he makes up his mind to sell the bonds he has and replace them with a security bearing a higher rate of interest. That, of course, is a bad thing for the market in the old-line bonds. He isn't the only investor who feels the need of a higher rate of income. There are thousands like him throughout the country, all disposed to take the first opportunity to sell out what they have and change to something else. Naturally, under the circumstances, prices suffer.

This is the first great argument, and it would not only be wrong but futile to attempt to minimize its force. Prices and the cost of living have gone up tremendously. Investors everywhere have felt the pinch and the need of a higher income. There has, in consequence, been widespread liquidation of high-grade, low-interest-bearing bonds. And, as a result, prices have suffered. All that is perfectly true. But—and this with a capital B—the fact that living-costs have gone up and that that has hurt the price of the best bonds by no means proves that the price of the best bonds is never going to recover. To prove that, it would be necessary to show not only that the present level of commodity prices has come to stay, but that the strong forces which, after a big decline in the price of securities, always come into play to bring about a recovery are going this time to remain ineffective.

Can it be proved that the cost of living is to continue going up, or even that it will remain as high as it is? Concerning its causes, the most eminent economists are completely at variance. We don't really know what is the trouble—much less whether the trouble is temporary or permanent. All we know is that commodity prices have gone back to the high level established *five or six years ago*, from which point, in the mean time, prices have at times shown a decline of as much as ten per cent. They are back again, now, at the high point, but that doesn't by any means prove that they are going to keep on going up. By a good many close observers of conditions, indeed, it is regarded as very much of a question whether commodity prices will remain as high as they are now for any length of time.

And then, again, what about the fact that after such a decline as has taken place in the price of the best bonds a new class of buyers is created, and other forces set into play which work strongly to bring about a recovery? With living costs as they are, a first-mortgage, long-term, four-per-cent. bond at par doesn't probably look attractive to the average investor. But that same bond beaten down to 90 is a different proposition. At 100 it is "high." At 90 it is "low." Where there are mighty few buyers for it at the former figure, at the latter there are a good many. Banks and trust companies and insurance companies are steadily increasing their holdings of securities. Good bonds at present prices and yielding the income they do appeal to these institutions, where, not so many years past, they would not have been in the least interested.

The other great argument against buying high-grade bonds at the present time is that their price is bound to continue to suffer by reason of the continued output of securities bearing a higher rate of interest. As long, we are told, as one new issue after another of perfectly good bonds yielding five or six per cent. are being offered, the "old-line" securities yielding only around four per cent. are bound to suffer in price. Why should any one be content to draw four or four and a half per cent. from his investments when he might just as well be drawing five or five and a half?

There is force in the argument, but not nearly as much as in the other one mentioned. Undoubtedly, a large number of holders of the "old line" bonds have become convinced that we are in an era of higher returns on capital and have switched over into the newer forms of security. But to replace these defections from the ranks there have been plenty of recruits. Take the bond-holdings of the banks and trust companies, for instance, and compare them with holdings five or six years ago. At once it will appear to what an extent bonds are being absorbed in that direction. And these increased purchases, it must be borne in mind, are of bonds of the best sort; the new, untried, high-interest-bearing securities may be all right for individual investment, but do not fulfil the requirements of the banks. Similarly with the increased investment in bonds by business houses. The last three or four years have seen millions of dollars of temporarily idle business capital and accumulated profits invested in good bonds, funds which up to within a few years ago nobody would seriously have thought of investing that way. And it is into the "old line" bonds that all this money is going. Income is an entirely secondary consideration. Marketability and price stability are what is wanted, and it is in this class of bond and in this class only that they are to be found.

The supply of bonds of this class, too, is limited. Railroads and other big corporations can go on issuing an almost indefinite amount of "refunding" and "development" and "improvement" bonds; but the properties are in most cases pretty well mortgaged already and not many real "firsts" can be put out. To say that the supply of good bonds in existence cannot be added to would be to overstate the case, but it is very much of a question whether possible additions during the next few years are as great as the increased absorptive capacity on the part of banks and business houses before alluded to.

The price of good bonds at the present time is low; there is no doubt about that—low in comparison with what it was last year or two years ago or six years ago. The high cost of living and the competition of the new high-interest-bearing securities have thoroughly done their work. But that it is a permanently lower level to which bond prices have sunk is hard to believe; and, indeed, there is little reason for believing any such thing. What has happened so far is that under a combination of adverse circumstances there has been a big decline in bond prices, a decline which, like all swings of the pendulum in the securities markets, has gone further than was reasonable. Possibly it may go still further—there is no telling about that. But for the statement that there will be no recovery, that bond-prices have sought this low level there to remain for good, there seems precious little foundation.

In a Portuguese Garden

By Thomas Walsh

GONE is he who bore the thunder
Of Braganza's kings afar;
Down the Indus worlds of wonder
Lit their scepter with his star;
Gone—so day's last pageant molders—
Gone, the swarthy, bleeding shoulders
Golden-shackled to his car!
Moonlight on his pools and basins
And the shadow of a rose;
Down the cypress cliffs there hastens
Water glamorous as those
Loosed by Cynthia off the mountains
Here, where mosses hushed the fountains
Of Endymion's repose.

Nightingales, whose breast remembers
Loves so rare as these,
Round the roofless temple embers,
Tiled kiosks, and druid trees
With a wilder sob are shaken
Where the Viceroy's halls forsaken
Echo back his far decrees.
All his spices, plumes, and treasure—
Could they match the sheathing moss
O'er his threshold?—could they measure
Aught that puts the rose at loss?
Though his carven trophies glory
In their crumbling Sanskrit story,
Let its petals fall across.

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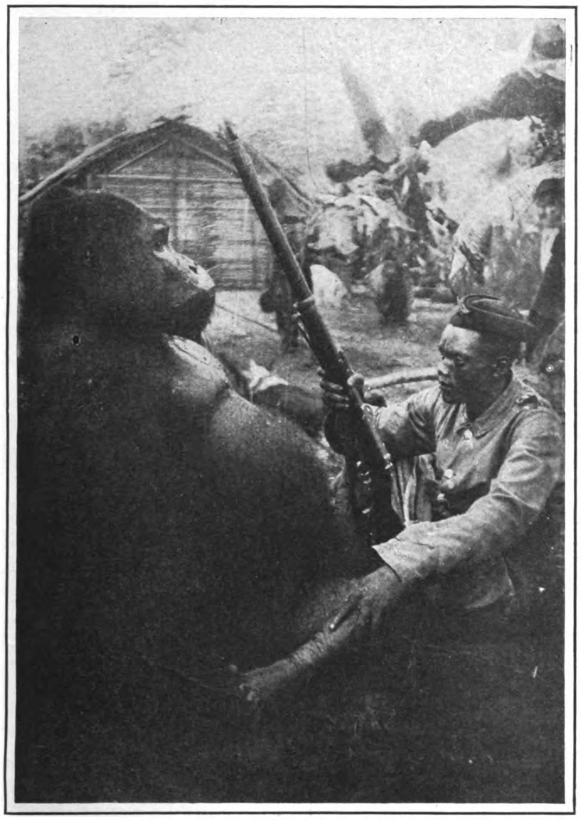
Multiple Thinking

It has been asserted that the brain can function directly only upon one thought at one time and that the apparent multitude of matters considered by the mind in a minimum of time is due to the rapidity with which thought moves from one to the other. For instance, two objects that form one mental picture, as two horses, may be visualized at once; yet distant things, as a city and a mountain, are entertained by the mental faculties not at the same instant, but in rapid succession.

Take the example of a man seated at a piano playing and singing. Before him is the sheet of music, perhaps new to him. In the lines and spaces the notes have different meanings or places in the octave of the key-board according as they are in the bass or the treble cleff. The player's two hands are busied with these two lines of music, which are thus of slightly different meaning and are altogether different in performance, having in common only harmony and time. There are also the composer's annotations, or directions for emphasis, to which the player gives regard or not, as he pleases. Then there are the printed words of the song to be read and to be sung. Also the player's foot must sometimes operate the pedal, which, in addition, it is the experience of every player that unrelated thoughts enter his mind: the probable pleasure or dislike of the audience and even memories recent or far in the past. With all that the music must be executed in proper time. Thus at the same instant the performer may be busied with four lines of text: two of the notes, one of musical annotation, one of words; his foot operating the pedal, his two hands finding the notes on the key-board to which he occasionally looks, while his voice is engaged in song, and his emotions enter the singing and playing, together with thoughts of external, unrelated matters. It seems too much to allow the argument here that the entire reading is done with infinite rapidity between the playing of the notes, and that the mind then directs the hands to press the keys and the foot to press the pedal and the voice to sing at the proper moment, and then releases itself from that part in order to sweep across the four lines of text for the next measure or part of a measure. It is true that the muscles have some automatic powers, yet there must be some mental supervision simultaneously directed over the complete performance.



SOMETHING YOU WON'T FIND IN THE ZOO

THE MONSTER SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS KILLED BY THE NATIVE SOLDIER IN THE GERMAN COLONY OF KAMERUN, WEST AFRICA. ITS SIZE, WHICH WAS SURPASSED IN LIFE BY ITS STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE, SHOWS CLEARLY WHY NO ADULT GORILLA EXISTS IN CAPTIVITY

Commercializing the Wild Horse

By FRANK J. ARKINS

Wild horses are to-day being trapped in Nevada in great numbers and are selling readily and at excellent prices in the East. They are valuable because of their wonderful powers of endurance. They rove on the great deserts by the thousands, and hunting them for delivery in the Eastern markets is a business as systematically carried on as was the annihilation of the buffalo.

Formerly when a cowboy was "broke" and needed ready cash he would ride out and shoot a few wild horses, selling their hides for from 75 cents to $1.25 each. On the plains the wild horse was a detriment rather than otherwise. As the stockmen pushed into Nevada they waged war upon them. They killed the wild horses by the hundred because they lured their domesticated animals away. The ranchmen slaughtered wherever they could. With the increase of the cattle barons and the flock masters the wild horse became a greater and greater menace. An appeal was made to the State of Nevada to assist in destroying them. There was no mawkish sentiment about it. The horses, while fine specimens, were an undoubted nuisance. At one time the government seriously considered a campaign to obliterate the herds because they were retarding Nevada's growth.

Wild horses are swift and sure-footed, wily and suspicious, and able to outrace a domesticated animal. This is because they have always lived on the desert and can dodge the cactus and sidestep prairie-dog holes. When hard pressed they can outrun race-horses. Their lives in the open have made them altogether superior. In the mountains it is almost impossible to follow them because they climb heights and travel on paths that the horseman will not dare to follow.

When, a few years ago, the stockmen started their war the same plan was adopted as in the slaughter of the great buffalo herds. A hunter, followed by several "skinners," would creep up on a band of horses, getting as close to them as possible. At a favorable moment he would open fire with a magazine-gun. Riding after the herd, that had, of course, stampeded at his approach, he would shoot into it, bringing down horse after horse. The "skinners" would be just behind him and would at once remove the hides. In this simple way the work of extermination went on, and very profitably.

There has been found to be a better profit, however, in taking the animals alive. Gradually a system has been devised of capturing these horses in their haunts. The business has developed and expanded so that it has paid able men to enter into it. One of the first plans put into practice was for the "hunters" to camp near the water-holes where the herds came to drink, and drive the horses away. The wild horse comes up for water only when very thirsty. If he is deprived of water he remains in the neighborhood. The wary "hunter" used to stay near the water-hole. He would keep on staying there four or five days. At the end of that time he would quietly move away. Thereupon the horses would crowd, and, thirsty almost beyond the point of endurance, they would drink immoderately. The hunter would return, he would stampede the herd, and the horses having imbibed so much water, capturing them was comparatively easy.

This system was quickly discarded, however. It had to be. The horses were caught, it is true, and "roped" with very little trouble, but they were not in good condition.

It occurred to one wise man to capture one of these wild horses and ride him to the capture of others. Properly handled, the wild horse makes a fine mount. He can outrun almost any animal in the cow-camps. In a twenty-mile dash he can go the last mile as gamely as the first. The idea of capturing, breaking, and breeding these horses as a carefully-worked-out business occurred to several Nevada men about the same time. In two years they had it in full swing, and two years ago it became a recognized branch of the American horse industry. It had been put on a very firm commercial basis. The stroke of genius that has "made" the business, however, has been the "trapping" feature. This is very cleverly and expertly handled.

The man who invented it located a water-hole in the mountains. This he covered and by a series of pipes conducted the water a few hundred feet away. At first suspicious, the animals soon became accustomed to the change. Then he added a few hundred feet more of pipe and later a few hundred feet more. In this way and in the most gradual manner the horses were led into an enclosure so spacious that the animals did not realize that any fences were in existence. It would be useless to attempt to confine them there on account of the size of this enclosure. The idea was to familiarize the wild horses with the sight of the place. When that was accomplished the horses were led into another corral and from that to a third and smaller one.

The procedure, then, is simply to "creep" up on the horses and close the last gate. The animals are "cut out" of the herd at will, thrown, blindfolded, and bridled, after which they are saddled. Then a "puncher" who makes it a business to "bust broncos" jumps into the saddle, and the horse, frightened to death, proceeds to buck, twist, kick, and snort in an effort to free himself from the man and saddle. Some animals are "outlaws"—that is to say, no one seems to be able to ride them, and they have the faculty of "bucking" off pretty nearly every rider. But as a rule the horses are easily broken to the saddle. Then they are by training made "bridle wise." The rest is very easy.

When this stage is reached the horses are still "wild." That is to say, they will try to climb telegraph-poles at the sight of an automobile and become aguestricken in the presence of a locomotive. They are now worth from ten to twenty-five dollars each. They are bought up and shipped away by the car-load to a city, where they are tied close to a railroad and other heavy traffic to get them used to the cars. Though feverish and excited for a few days, they quickly become docile. Finally they reach the Eastern market handsome, tough animals of great endurance that like to be petted and are just as affectionate as the city-bred animal.

Edible Flowers

The violet is not alone agreeable to see and to smell, but also, under certain conditions, to the palate. In ancient times this flower formed one of the greatest of confectionery delicacies, and with the extract of this flower was made a species of sherbet (water-ice) that was delicious. In some regions of eastern Europe it is to-day the custom to mix violets, roses, and limes with sweetmeats in order to add a floral tincture to the taste of fruit. In Turkey sweets are made of carnations, lilies, and lavender. Floral sandwiches are made in Greece and Turkey with nasturtiums, a most edible flower which grows in most warm and temperate climates in profusion. Sandwiches are also eaten of peppermint most finely ground and spread over thinly sliced radishes between even more thinly sliced (and buttered) bread. It is said that the dahlia is an excellent food, though somewhat acrid. In the kitchens of China and Japan flowers are almost as much in use as vegetables in the preparation of rare dishes. There a cook is said to be able to prepare an entire banquet made exclusively of stock of special flowers.

Indications of Long Life

It seems to be generally agreed that every person affords physical indications of his prospects of a long or short life. A long-lived person, it is said, may be distinguished at sight from a short-lived one. In many cases a physician can glance at the hand of a patient and determine whether he will live or not. The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, as well as the brain, shall be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall while sitting and short while standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm, with short fingers. The brain will be deeply placed, as shown by the low position of the orifice of the ear. The blue, brown, or hazel eye is a favorable indication. The nostrils, if large, open, and free, indicate large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs. These are general points of distinction, but are, of course, subject to the usual individual exceptions.

Umbrellas With Windows

Parisians now carry umbrellas with windows of tinsel or mica; the latter are either arranged to be inserted into the ordinary umbrella or may constitute a part of the article itself. These windows permit one to see clearly when carrying one's umbrella in front of one. It is prophesized that the next step will be toward transparent umbrellas—that is, umbrellas through which the pedestrian can see without being himself recognized.

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

No Medicine So Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in daytime. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night, and a wide-awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloated feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts food she is well, and says she don't think she could do without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.' There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

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SLICED BUILDINGS

By ALLAN BALL

Some finished contributions to New York's sky-line

"THE city beautiful" is in some danger of being a shop-worn phrase among us long before it is a happy reality. It is becoming familiar to the jaded sense of the newspaper-reading public, while it suffers our usual need of the Socratic tonic of definition. Moreover, the phrase lends itself to perversion. It plausibly excites the antagonism of the pig-headed, and very few people seem to have cared to linger upon its obvious but practically esoteric application to matters of commonplace construction. It suggests occasional splendid vistas, diagonal avenues perhaps, and monumental arrangements of civic centers. Its more constant concern with the economical blocks of buildings in which city dwellers have ordinarily to live and do business, is for most of us quite too unaffecting.

In fact, even the esthetic souls that derive the greatest distress from the ugliness which commonly characterizes our city streets and skyward contours rarely analyze with precision the sources of their pain; and naturally the stirring of the great public, which is very inadequately distressed indeed, has been even less effective. Under the circumstances a little unpretentious dogmatism may perhaps do us good.

The chief trouble with the sky-line of a sky-scraping city is not that it is irregular. Call the place a city of towers and instantly the idea of the irregularity becomes one of romance and charm. The trouble is evidently that our tall buildings, rising high above their surroundings and needing all the detachment possible, are still so infrequently treated as the towers which they are. They stand leering in one direction or the other, with an exaggerated cornice sticking out on one or two sides and wholly omitted on the rest of their outline, in the presumable expectation that somebody else's building is to-morrow going to lean sociably up against them. And still more is this true of buildings of more ordinary dimensions. Street fronts are treated with lavish expense, apparently in an ostrich-like application of the theory that the other sides are not seen at all.

A block front in one symmetrical design

It is not merely that the side walls are ugly or even quite blank. There is nothing essentially ugly about a blank wall if it is a well-shaped one and looks as if it were intended to be seen. It is not even necessary to accuse the builder of meanness in the matter. The trouble is that the side walls so commonly have no apparent relation to the front one—that the faces of the building are treated as unrelated surfaces rather than as aspects of one structural mass. It is the somewhat comical but unhappy assumption which

Ugly Slices on Broadway

seems to prevail in the subconsciousness of most of the people who have anything to do with the making of city buildings, that the surface of the building which follows the street line is the building's face and all the other sides are, so to speak, back hair.

We need, it would seem, not exactly a Daniel come to judgment, but the Socrates already recalled, to question us as to what we mean by the front of a house, what is the nature and essence of our idea of a front, why a front is, and how in reason it should be, treated. And after permitting us the easy observation that the front of a house is treated with more care and expense than the back and sides because it is more conspicuous than they, perhaps our esthetic Socrates would lure us on with an inquiry about the cases where the sides are just as conspicuous as the front is, and often, in fact, can be seen from a much greater distance down the street. With a Ruskin jogging at his elbow he might ask if our sincerity-loving imaginations have no right, even when the lateral exhibit is not actually so extensive, to be encouraged by the little which they do see around the corner. In time he might have our artistic consciences quite awake.

Putting a different face on it

The present perverted idea is, of course, largely a consequence of the practical fact that city blocks are not generally built up as whole buildings, but in slices of buildings. The true conception of a building, naturally, is of a structure standing free with an external surface all around—not a lean-to. That is why, in our too rare instances of a city block built up in one symmetrical plan, the architectural result seems so fine even when the details are individually far from perfect. The obvious misfortune that we have been forced to habituate ourselves to mere vertical sections of buildings instead of whole ones, and then the drearily familiar exhibit, by the occasional vacant lot, of the side wall of a building that is expected ultimately to be concealed, have accustomed our eyes to the side wall as a normal thing to see, with its uncouth sky-line and the visibly thin skin of more ornate masonry defining the street façade at the end. If this sight were limited to places which may really be expected to be concealed subsequently it would be tolerable. But it is not. Such a limitation has apparently perished from the speculative builder's ideal. Alleys and even front courts of expensive apartment-houses, otherwise highly presentable, are left with substantially the same arrangement. Sometimes it seems as if a subtle transposition of design had taken place, and as if, instead of the builder's thinking of the front as an aspect of the building, he thought of the building as a system of props and buttresses to hold the front up to the street.

The worst phase of the situation is along the cornice line. The profile of the sliced end of a sheet-iron cornice—unhappy invention—projecting like a visor from a front wall, which itself rises visibly a few feet above the actual building which subsides behind, is one of the perhaps few really ugly things in the universe. One can see why a projecting cornice is not carried around over a narrow court where the purpose is to admit the greatest possible amount of light; and the reason why the cornice is not carried around the side of the building to overhang some one else's real estate is perhaps also convincing. But these difficulties are not insurmountable. In fact, there is no very clear reason, either practical or artistic, why, under the circumstances, the cornice should be there at all.

It seems, indeed, as if there were some elementary perversity inherent in all this business: when, for instance, the material of the ornate front is a fine red brick, the side, instead of approximating this color in a cheaper material, is likely, in some communities at least, to be done in a cheap white or yellow brick; or, if the masonry of the street façade is light in color, then red brick is the cheap material of the lateral walls.

The phenomenon is not essentially of recent origin nor exclusively of American city conditions. Italy in the Renaissance produced buildings that exhibit the same kind of vice, to say nothing of our own occasional corner house of two generations ago with a street front in brownstone and—beginning about four inches around the corner on the avenue side, or *vice versa*—the other façade in red brick; and many a New England farm-house has glistened with white paint on its front and ends, while painted red, a little more cheaply, on its rear wall, this being less frequently seen by the stranger, and always, to the New England consciousness, with the subtle psychological difference suggested by the back door. Many a country store in many a dreary village to-day, roofed in a style that calls for a gable in front, rises in a spurious façade of clapboards to a horizontal cornice line, with a view, no doubt, of appearing metropolitan, though the slightness of the ugly pretense is apparent to everybody who does not take the trouble to stand squarely opposite its front. The famous and beautiful City Hall of New York, facing southward toward the town of its day, was built of marble on its southern and eastern and western faces, but of slightly cheaper stone on its northern side, it is said, upon the quaint supposition that nobody would ever approach it from the north.

This sort of thing is not quite a question of sincerity, for there is no real concealment. If there were it would not be so bad. It is a question of harmony and artistic solidity, unity, simplicity even, not to say decency. Nor is the difficulty of cure chiefly a matter of financial economy, though the average builder would no doubt promptly put it that way. The fault is not that the side wall is made of brick any more than that the front wall is made of stone—that the side wall is cheap any more than that the street wall is expensive. It is that the evidence of care and design is not evenly distributed wherever it will show at all; even that the thinness of the front veneer as shamelessly revealed at the edge, as a tawdry lining is disclosed in a torn or distorted overcoat. Less money might well be spent upon the front for the sake of the harmony of the whole.

Slices on a typical street

Perhaps the evil is in large part a consequence of the necessary architectural custom of studying and presenting a design in "elevation" rather than in "perspective." However well the architect realizes what the effect will be, his client, who is being pleased in advance, has a much less vivid sense of it and rejoices in the drawing of the attractive façade without imagining how it will look in combination with the view around the corner.

Governmental regulation in esthetic matters is, in this country, still a feeble and ill-nourished infant. The best architects have of themselves dealt with the problem satisfactorily in a few conspicuously high buildings by making them the symmetrical towers which are the logical solution. It would seem, however, as if for ordinary buildings and ordinary builders a code of legal limitations might be imagined that would not transcend acceptability and would include a prescription of a definite height for a given street or locality, say, not as the limit of height to which the owner might be permitted to build, but as the limit to which he would have the right to assume that his neighbor would build. Then perhaps it might be required that anything above that height would have to be finished—finished badly if the owner prefers, finished consistently if he has a sense of the fitness of things—but at any rate ostensibly finished on all its faces.

Bad and not so bad

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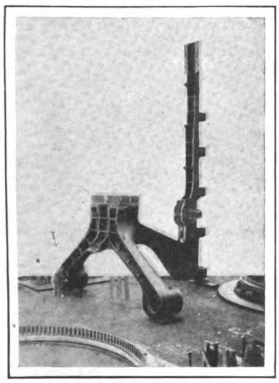
The Largest Rudder-post in the World

THE lofty chimney-like tower shown in the accompanying photograph is the rudder-post or hinge of the largest rudder in the world. Its enormous proportions can only be judged by the figure of the workman standing at the right of the base. The casting is a detail of the S.S. *Imperator*, of the Hamburg-American Line, the largest ship in the world.

The casting actually measures fifty-three feet in height. It is in two sections and weighs one hundred tons. The forward part will support two of the four propellers. Obviously a ship which is wagged by so large a tail must be enormous. The *Imperator* measures 900 feet in length and 96 feet in width. She is a veritable sky-scraper, towering nine decks above the water-line. Her cabins accommodate the



A hundred-ton rudder-post

population of a small town. Her enormous engines of 70,000 horse-power will give her an average speed of twenty-two and one-half knots per hour.

The construction of the *Imperator* and her equipment with safety devices will conform to the German laws, which are the most rigid in the world. She will have a double bottom, many transverse bulkheads, and her coal-bunkers will be distributed along the sides, practically giving her a double skin. Her equipment will include the Frahm anti-rolling tanks, which will render her steady in the roughest weather. She will carry sixty lifeboats and many collapsible boats and rafts, providing ample room for passengers and crew.

The White Rhinoceros

THE white rhinoceros is not much whiter than the common rhinoceros, but instead of ending in a triangular upper lip its muzzle is square. The white rhinoceros is the largest animal on earth with the exception of the elephant. The common rhinoceros lives on leaves, roots, and bulbs, which he digs up with his frontal horn. The common rhinoceros is vicious and cruel; the white rhinoceros is calm and lazy, living exclusively on grass and herbage. Though long regarded as a one-horned animal, he has two horns; but the smaller of the two, set back of the frontal horn, is so rudimentary that it is not seen from a distance. The forward horn is four and one-half feet in length, and one of its sides is flat. Some of the frontal horns are grooved. The white rhinoceros closely resembles the unicorn of antique legends, whose horns, when used as drinking-vessels, sterilized poisons and rendered them harmless.

Radiographing Pearl Oysters

THE application of X-rays to pearl oysters is now a fact. The origin of the substance produced by a secretion special to mussels and oysters is still a matter of scientific discussion. The pearly formation seems to originate in a sort of cyst caused by a parasite and hardened by calcification. The pearl is usually found in the thick part of the flesh of the mollusk. If not found there it is in the interior of the shell.

Millions of oysters have been sacrificed annually in the search for pearls, and the beds have been impoverished, while the decaying of the oysters has proved a menace to health. Mollusks have lain in heaps from sixty to ninety feet long and from eighteen to one hundred and twenty feet deep. When the contents of the shells began to decay the shreds were "washed," sorted, and examined. Those containing pearly grains were put into a receptacle, the diluted water was drained off, and if there were grains large enough to be saved they were found in the mud left by the drainage. At times this method of obtaining pearls resulted in pestilence.

In 1901 a professor of biology of the University of Lyons presented the Linnæan Society of Lyons with radiographs of a pearl mussel and a pearl oyster. An American electrical engineer who had visited the professor of biology in his laboratory saw the pictures, perceived the possibilities of pearl-hunting with X-rays, and opened a curious pearl-hunting establishment on the island of Ipantiva. The shell-fish are ranged in groups of ten in cases of one hundred capacity and carried at once into the radiographic room. The cases are run in on a rapidly rolling walk, and in less than one minute the collection passes before the apparatus and is radiographed. Three hundred and sixty thousand oysters are pictured per hour—six thousand per minute. The exposure to the rays is too brief to be felt by the tenant of the shell. The operation is performed with mathematical regularity. The picture is made directly on sensitive paper and in such a way that the exact place of every oyster in the cases can be seen at a glance. If a pearl is of sufficient size the bivalve is opened at once. Oysters containing very small pearls are "put out to nurse," while those without pearls are put on the "reserve banks" in the sea. The apparatus used is very powerful and so arranged that the calorific rays cannot affect the oysters. The room is lighted by lamps with red and yellow shades. Two, or at most three, persons do all the work. The radiograph shows the pearl distinctly through the shell.

How the Earth Dried

WHEN water is decomposed by radium or by ultra-violet rays it produces hydrogen and peroxide of hydrogen, and it does not form oxygen. Electrolytic decomposition forms oxygen.

A German investigator bases a new theory relating to the drying of the earth on the fact that one form of decomposition produces oxygen, while the other form does not. Part of the water vapor emitted by the seas is decomposed by the ultra-violet rays of the sun; the hydrogen formed rises toward the high atmospheric strata, and all the water does not return to the surface. Therefore, the quantity of water on the face of the globe is always diminishing and the earth is incessantly, if gradually, drying. To cite one example: on the north side of the Alps there is a continual falling off in the depth of the lakes and a gradual formation of swamps. Two hundred and fifty years ago there were 149 lakes in the canton of Zurich, to-day there are 76. The destruction of the forests and the cultivation of the land partially explain this, but the loss of hydrogen is an important factor. The hydrogen accumulated in the higher atmosphere is diffused in interstellar space.

The Oldest of Bank-notes

IT is held that the oldest bank-notes are the "flying money" or "convenient money" of China. Originally these notes were issued by the Chinese treasury, but experience dictated a change to the system of banks under governmental control.

The early Chinese bank-notes were, in most essentials, similar to the modern bank-note, bearing the name of the bank, the date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indications of its value in figures, words, and pictorial representations of coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to the full value of the note, together with a notice of the penalties for counterfeiting.

There was also a laconic exhortation to industry and thrift in these terms: "Produce all you can; spend with economy."

The notes were in blue ink on paper made from the fiber of the mulberry-tree.

The Trade in Human Hair

THE weight of a full growth of hair averages about half a pound. In recent years, in response to the dictates of fashion, the hair trade has attained enormous proportions. In one year Germany imported approximately 450,000 pounds and exported more than half that amount. Of the exports something like 42,000 pounds were sent to this country. But Germany was not the only source of our supply. Much of the hair handled is from China, although it is the cheapest because the supply is abundant and the quality coarse.

One great center of the human-hair trade is Bohemia, where a specialty is made of preparing it. The price is regulated by fineness, color, and length, although length is the chief consideration. Natural white hair brings a high figure—sometimes as high as a hundred dollars a pound. Substitutes of vegetable fiber have been offered, but these are too brittle.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.*%

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

A Delicious and Refreshing Drink.
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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Do you know that the New Yorker living below Fourteenth Street has an average of only 18 square feet of breathing space? Can you imagine anyone more in need of fresh air outings than these dwellers in sultry homes, hemmed in by scorching pavements?

Poor mothers, children and babies, broken with toil, ill-nurtured, or frail, appeal through us to you for a bit of sunshine and relief from care in the country, or at Sea Breeze, our seashore Home at Coney Island.

Won't you help them? The trouble of sending a contribution is nothing compared to the joy that it will bring to some of these stifling homes.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR
R. FULTON CUTTING, President

HOW THE WAVES TICKLE MY FEET

NO PLAYTIME FOR HER

A HAPPY LITTLE MOTHER

SUGGESTIONS

A lawn sociable by your class, Sunday school or club.
A card party at your summer hotel or camp.
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IN NEED OF FRESH AIR

WHO SAID WE ARE AFRAID?

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

The Comic Again

THE heat of present verbal conflicts has brought out nothing more amusing than the widely expressed fear, that if economic independence and a different civic status are given to women, women will cease to marry. The fear continually flames up, and it shows such a diverting attitude on the part of those who express it. On inspection their words are found to contain the astonishing belief that the only reason why women marry is because nothing else is open to them. If it is a man who protests that there is danger to the birth-rate he discloses a pathetic state of modesty on the part of his sex. They have only contrived to bring about contracts of marriage by concealing from the party of the second part how very much nicer everything else was. The security of their position depended entirely on continued concealment, and here they are about to have their ruse brutally exposed. It is a marvel that the entire movement has not ended in a world-chuckle. When it is a woman who declares that women may cease to marry—though it very seldom is—one fairly blushes for the lady. This open confession of centuries of make-shift and second-best, muffled in the most plausible cant, causes genuine embarrassment to run through the shimmer of laughter which plays about the subject.

The Anglo-Saxon is so drolly oriental at heart and seraglio instincts appear so funnily incongruous when they are unexpectedly uncovered in a conversational fray. If the modern trend is really against the nature of women, wherein lies the danger, since it can come to nothing? Yet danger is precisely the word displayed on all the frantically flying banners. We are even told that Sparta ended, and ended in four generations, because women undertook the government and conducted it with such ability that they had no time for marriage. Which is to call the closing of a subject the effect, the effect the cause, while the genuine cause is left out of the calculation entirely. In this case the women only governed because the men were all away in the wars; and if men are never at home to marry, but are always away getting killed, cessation in four generations could hardly have been prevented. By letting the government go to pieces the women would not have saved things.

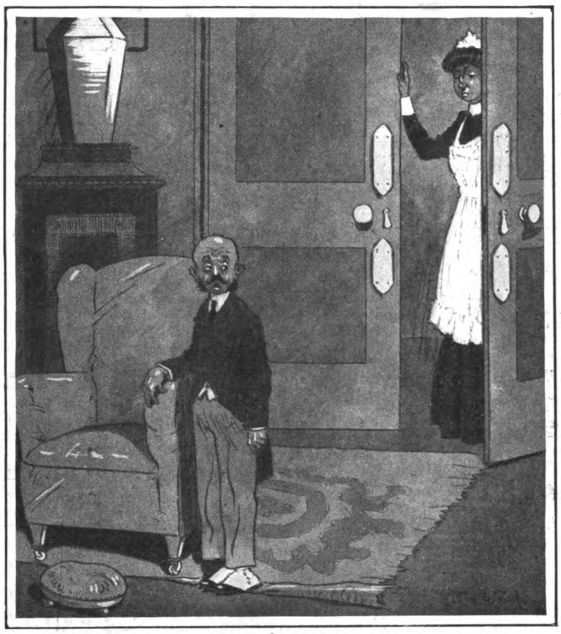
This terror of extinction is too uncomplimentary to the men, not to speak of its slur on Nature. Nature has never shown any hesitation or inability in managing us. It is we who are still struggling to establish the most rudimentary management of Nature. If we deviate she pulls us back every time. If two geniuses or two extremely tall people marry we might hope for a superman or a giant in the second generation, but Nature swings us back to the mode and we get an ordinary, if not an uncommonly ordinary, human being of average height. Nature wields us with such supreme ease! She starts each person off as near the normal as her laws will allow, which is a great deal nearer than our antecedents deserve, and for us to suggest that she would be in the least outrivaled by the allures of bachelor apartments, office desks, and personal bank-accounts is for us to land ourselves in the midst of the irresistibly comic, a vicinity we constantly skirt.

Another of the wholly solemn contentions is that if women attain too great education and freedom they will be intolerant of the men they now contentedly marry. Precisely, and it is here that the two contentions are connected. What could be a more sure way for Nature to raise the standard of her race, which philanthropy is constantly lowering, than by making the better type of man marry—a thing she has always found it most difficult to do? The women of the future will have none but the best, which will have the double virtue of increasing the finer kind and making it exceedingly difficult for the drab and average gentleman to reproduce himself. It is not at all a dreadful prospect. It sounds as though we all might some day be very charming people.

When we hear it said, 'But if the women become so much better than they are now what is going to become of the men who are as they are now?" every one seems to consider it entirely hopeless that the men should change. Their only solution is that the women should be prevented from changing. This again is uncomplimentary to the men. Every one seems to be battering the men in an unconscious but thorough way. It surely is not out of the question that men should take a step forward. They are static to a degree, but not wholly so.

It occurred to the women that they were rather cowardly and rather parasitical and rather dull, and they said, "It would be a good and an amusing idea to make ourselves more worth while, and it could in all probability be done"—with the result which every one has seen. A result not yet cataclysmic, though it is a result that is only a beginning. The women will have their hands very full for a long time to come. They will not have so much as a single eye for criticizing the attempts of other stumblers. What could be a more perfect opportunity for the men to put their own house in order? When the women pause to take account they may find, if the men have been very agile, that they are still the weaker sex. Upon which every one can again settle down for some thousands of years until the situation again gets musty.

In the interval it seems safe to assume that the women will marry, and, there being nothing else to marry, they will probably marry the men. There is precedence back of it, there is the ingrained habit of doing it, there is a penchant for it, and then, as four final and clinching arguments, there are the women themselves, unavoidable nature, the—one might as well be honest—the men, and, above all, the babies.



MR. HENPECK: "Is my wife going out, Jane?"
JANE: "Yessir."
MR. HENPECK: "Do you know if I am going with her?"
From "The Tatler."

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CANNOT MAKE BETTER
WHISKEY THAN

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

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Sea Sorrow

I RUSH to meet the sea with rapture fleet,
And watch the limpid waters curve and break
With quiet questionings in bruised silence,
Then shift and sink away and then forsake
The sand's hot answer in their chaste retreat.

And slowly the sea's music whispers low
Of dreams of perished crews and cargoes lost,
And sings with misty sighs of distant silence,
Of ghosts of ships that rise along the coast
And cry out in the wind majestic woe.

Then pale and paler grows the evening sea,
Its surface silver with those widows' tears,
Whose hopes have scanned the bleak horizon's silence,—
Covering far below the seaweed biers
That guard those deep-drowned sailors peacefully.

And I turn back, my heart sunk in the deep,
My happy heart turned traitor to its joy
Upon the anchor of this mystic silence—
The twilight gold is buried in alloy
Of darkness as the waters fall asleep.

GEORGE HARRIS, JR.

Ikons

EVERYWHERE in the Tsar's dominions are to be seen the ikons, or sacred pictures. They may be seen on shelves opposite the doors of private houses, in shops and mercantile establishments, and even in railway ticket-offices. Many are set up in the very streets themselves and before these the devout stop and make obeisance.

Foreigners are struck with astonishment when the driver of their *droshky* suddenly stops in the middle of a road, pulls off his cap, and mutters a few words of prayer. The driver's devotion to the ikon is as extraordinary to the foreigner as the crossing of himself by a Russian about to intrust himself and his vehicle to a bridge.

The ikons vary greatly in material and in value, but differ little in style. They are nearly always Byzantine and are faithfully copied from some old picture, which, in turn, is a slavish copy of another.

For the most part these ikons are made by peasants working in their cottages. The ikon passes from hand to hand, one man making the boards, another painting the background, a third sketching in the figures, and so on, from worker to worker, until the picture is finished. It has been estimated that every year about two millions of ikons are turned out in Russia.

Many of the ikons displayed in churches are of great value, such as, for instance, that of "Our Lady of Kazan" in the cathedral at St. Petersburg. This ikon contains many precious stones and is covered with very costly silk.

Dwarf Elephants

AN English official in Uganda claims to have seen a herd of dwarf elephants, the existence of which has often been affirmed by natives. When recently seen the company consisted of from thirty to forty individual elephants meandering in solitary fashion over a plain. The observer was most astonished at the weak defenses offered by their bodies. None of them had a tusk of more than ten kilogrammes in weight. A dead member of the flock was afterward found the tusk of which weighed but eight kilogrammes.

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JUL 201912

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

AMONG THE BULL MOOSE RUSHES

July 20 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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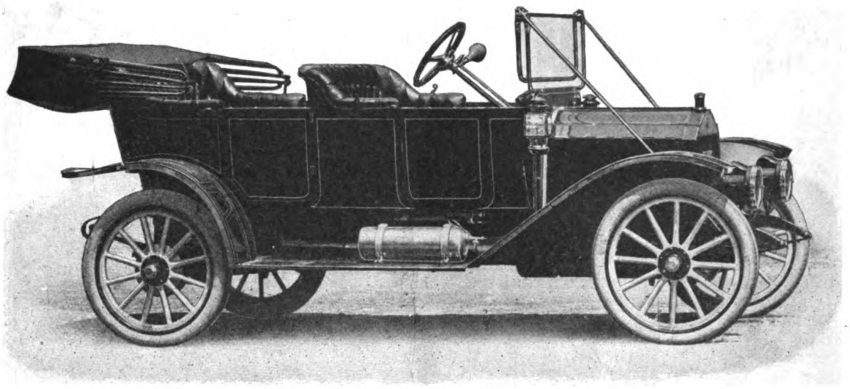

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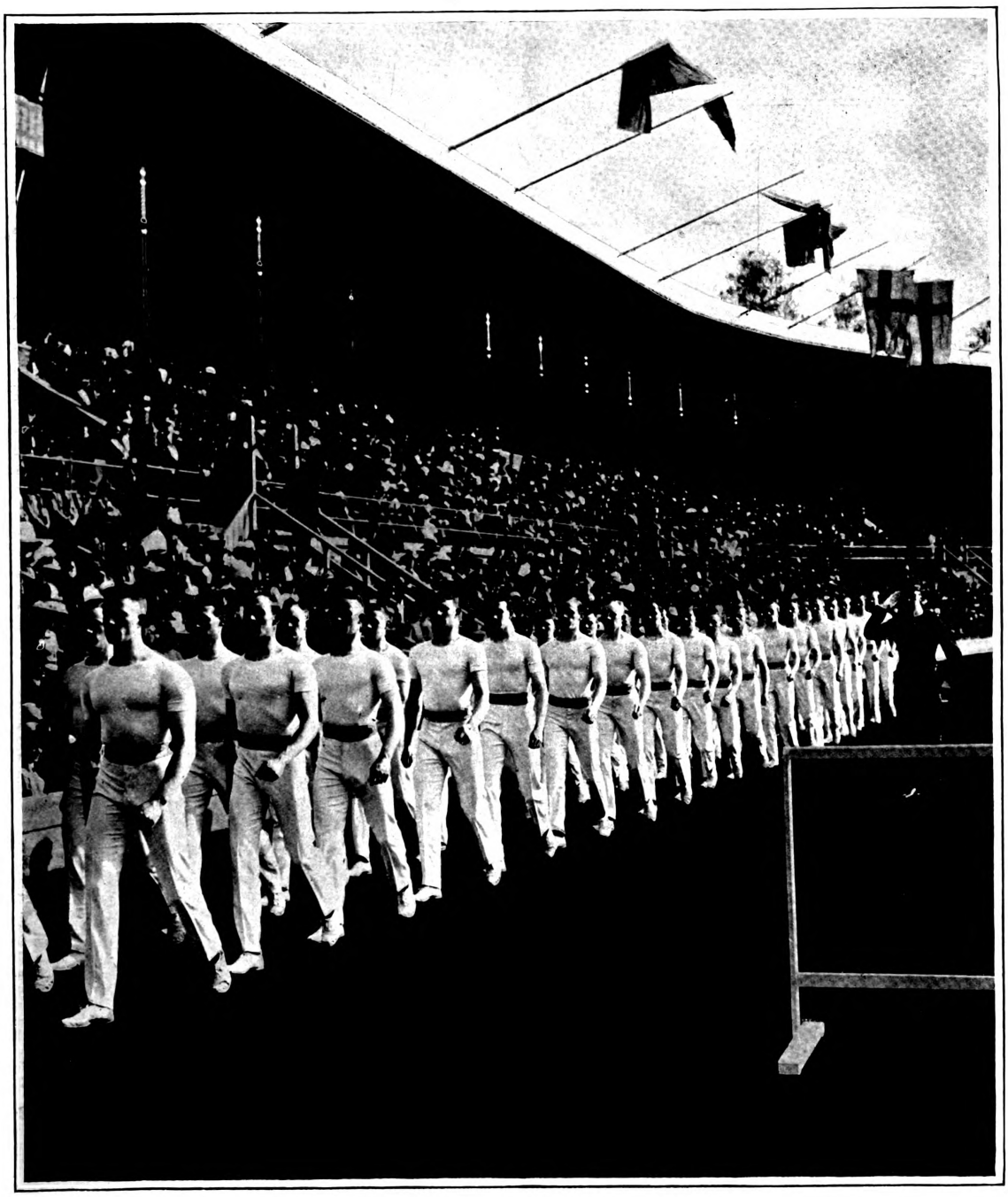

THE OPENING OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

INAUGURAL CEREMONIES IN THE STADIUM AT STOCKHOLM

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Comment

The Greatest of Games

WE acknowledge receipt of the following communication from the President Emeritus of the Deal Golf and Country Club:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Illustrating the political situation in language familiar to golfers, you aptly remark, "Mr. TAFT still has one to go." You also depict that one as "the hardest hole." Will you not be so kind as to describe it for the information of many readers?

I am, sir,
JOSEPH M. BYRNE.

With pleasure. It is the longest on the course, so long, in fact, that it is measured by time—just a trifle shy of four months. The tee is well elevated, and the green is in plain sight. A bad drive is punished severely. To the right is a quagmire of rich but predatory interests into which a sliced ball buries itself completely. On the left is a marshy pond, alive with bullfrogs and tadpoles, which has a peculiar attraction for one who harkens unduly to senseless yapping. There is no hazard directly in front except moderately high grass for about thirty days, which only checks a topped ball. But the drive must be perfectly straight for a good getaway.

The second shot is a full brassie for even long players. Again direction only is essential to safety, but woe to the player who reaches the swamp extending from the quagmire on the right or the garrulous stream, guarded by willows, which feeds the pond on the left. A good second fetches one to Labor Day.

The third is a puzzler. Thirty days ahead are the new-fashioned mounds built after the mid-Surrey model, and directly beyond, guarding the green, is a sandpit so deep that only the top of the head of one playing from it can be seen. A daringly progressive golfer will essay both hazards with a full cleek or spoon, and, if his ball goes true and high with a bit of back spin, he will hold the green; but if he overreaches, bang into the rushes among the trees goes the ball. A cautious or conservative student of the game is likely to play his third short, then pitch to the green for a sure six, with, of course, a chance from a happy approach or a long putt for a happy five. The green is undulating, but true. It will be reached, in this instance, on November 1st, the day fixed for the beginning of the fateful putting.

For the first time since 1860 this is to be a three-ball match. Hitherto the winners of the semi-finals have encountered no interference, but this year a rank outsider who has not even taken the trouble to qualify has declared his intention to butt in, and unhappily there is nothing in the regulations to prevent him from doing so. Some think it would make no difference, anyway, as he is notoriously contemptuous of constitutions and by-laws, and never hesitates to change the rules as he goes along, if he can do so to his own advantage. His play will be sharply scrutinized by the referees, as many of his best scores have been turned in when he was unaccompanied. The cards of the two chief contestants, on the contrary, have never yet been questioned.

The more experienced of the finalists has already selected a caddie, from whose faithful guidance much advantage is anticipated, although, as a matter of fact, he hardly knows one club from another. The other—a more dashing golfer—is undetermined at this writing whether to take a professional or an amateur. He appreciates the value of advice—or rather suggestion, as he is not addicted to the taking of advice—from old hands at the game, but he has a distaste for being seen associating with them within full view of a gallery. Perhaps he will be able to find a sort of political TRAVIS who combines the skill of the professional with the standing of an amateur, thereby greatly enhancing his chances and gratifying his natural inclination—which is to win.

The butter-in may take a caddie or he may not. He will play with one big stick. Unlike the others, he is a bad loser, and if the game doesn't go to suit him he will try to break it up in a row. Due precautions, however, are being taken by the recognized authorities of the Association of the U. S. A.

It will be a great game, Mr. BYRNE. Don't miss it. There will not be many around at the start because of the heat, but the gallery at the finish will be tremendous in size. For ourselves, we are going to watch the entire match with keenest interest, and issue weekly bulletins. We have a bully place to see it from—a seat high up in the crotch of a tree about half-way down on the left-hand side. It is our firm intention to keep an accurate score, to applaud all good strokes, to make a loud outcry if anybody soles his club in a bunker, and on the last or Election Day to congratulate the winner—perhaps.

Why?

We cannot blame the Colonel for drawing upon the Commandments for a motto for his Third Party; he discovered them, you know. But why, oh, tell us, why did he select the Eighth instead of the First?

The Chicago Contests

WILLIAM S. HOERNER, Esq., attorney-at-law, of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, after criticizing the account of the Republican convention proceedings which was published in these columns, writes as follows:

> The one great question raised by that convention in the minds of the intelligent American citizen was, Does Mr. TAFT owe his nomination to the voters composing the Republican party, or to a National Committee selected four years ago? This question you never mention, much less fairly discuss. Whether Colonel ROOSEVELT made a fool of himself or not, is but of little importance; whether in any American deliberative assembly a member shall be also the judge of his own membership is of paramount importance. In the final word the contested Washington and California delegates seated themselves. Was that right?—tell us. Senator ROOT did not vote upon the question of his selection as chairman. Why should those contested delegates have voted upon their selection as delegates?—tell us. Were the contesting delegates from Washington and California entitled to their seats?—tell us. If not, why not?—tell us, especially in view of the facts that they received an enormous majority of those voting for delegates in their respective districts. If they were entitled, they should have been seated, and the nomination as made is the result of clear fraud. Clarify your own mind, and help to clarify ours upon these questions, for as they are decided will the man going to the polls next fall and voting for President TAFT aid in the perpetration of a fraud upon the Republican party and the American people or assist in retaining in office an honest nominee and valuable public servant.

Mr. HOERNER has good apparent ground for complaint. The right and wrong involved in those decisions constitute the sole basis of the ROOSEVELT revolt. Our excuse for not dealing with the merits of the contests at the time lies in the fact that we could not make head or tail out of the statements and arguments advanced. But Mr. HOERNER need not suspect for a moment that the subject is not going to get a thorough airing; it is. Meanwhile we may be able to clarify his mind with respect to a few of the points.

The question of the right of the Washington and California delegates to seat themselves does not arise, for the simple reason that they didn't do it. No delegates whose seats were contested were allowed to vote on their own cases. So much for that.

A brief statement of facts is essential to understanding of the California situation. It has been a fixed rule of the Republican party since 1880 to elect delegates by Congressional districts who should not be bound by a State unit rule. The precedent was established when the national convention of that year upheld the contention of several district delegates that they should not be bound by instructions from the Illinois State convention to vote for GRANT. The call for the national convention of this year prescribed the established method of electing delegates by districts. Subsequently the California Legislature enacted a primary law requiring all delegates to vote as the State, not as the Congressional district, might direct, thus virtually enforcing a unit rule.

ROOSEVELT obtained a majority of the popular vote in the State primary election, so obtaining the four delegates at large. He also carried ten Congressional districts, giving him twenty more delegates. These twenty-four voted accordingly throughout the proceedings. But one district elected two TAFT delegates; and these two were seated, as they had to be under the rule of the party and the call of the convention. There is no question whatever of the rightfulness of that decision. Our correspondent apparently has confounded the State vote with the district votes, since he is wholly in error when he speaks of ROOSEVELT delegates having "received an enormous majority of those voting for delegates *in their respective districts.*" In the district in question the majority was for TAFT. That disposes of California.

Now as to Washington, we don't know. Much testimony was taken and many briefs were filed. President BUTLER, of Columbia University, whose ability and integrity we for one would hesitate to question, made a painstaking investigation of this case, with the result that he "could not feel justified in voting to unseat the TAFT delegates." He leaves room for doubt, however, in adding that upon further inquiry he "might have come to a different conclusion."

The data upon which all contested cases were decided is in the possession of Mr. TAFT and Mr. ROOSEVELT, whose representatives have announced their intention of publishing forthwith the facts and deductions in justification of their respective claims. Assuming a desire on the part of our correspondent to pass intelligent judgment, we would suggest the advisability of awaiting these pronouncements instead of jumping, as he seems to have jumped, to conclusions based upon false or misleading statements.

What, by the way, does Mr. HOERNER think of Mr. ROOSEVELT's solemn asseveration in the *Outlook* of July 6th that Mr. TAFT was "morally entitled" to only 70 delegates out of the whole 1,078?

Wrong Assignments

From the cover-page of the *Outlook:*

> WOODROW WILSON and the Democratic party—An *Outlook* editorial.
> Thou Shalt Not Steal—An Editorial by THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Due regard for authoritativeness would have reversed either topics or authors.

Not a Kick, Just a Hint

Chairman HILLES's initial pronunciamento begins like a dirge. "The Republican party," he says, "approaches the Presidential campaign with confidence in the solemnity of its cause." We guess it does. If ever there was a time when confidence that gloom o'ershadows all was warranted by the facts, this is it. Nevertheless, Mr. HILLES bucks up and says stoutly:

> More has been accomplished in the last three years under the administration of President TAFT than was ever before accomplished by an American President in the same period of time.

Oh, come! Everybody knows that Mr. TAFT has done the best he could, and has really accomplished quite a lot, as we have had occasion to remark more than once. But if Mr. HILLES will take a look into WOODROW WILSON'S *History of the American People*—one of the very best histories printed, believe *us*—he will discover that there was considerable doing in the last three years of LINCOLN'S term, to say nothing of a few others'.

Anyway, we are cheered by the reflection that "Upon the solid rock of the rights of the individual as granted by the Constitution the Republican party builds its structure of optimism." The party couldn't do better. That is one of our very best rocks, quite capable of upholding all the gaiety that Mr. HILLES has now or is likely to have for some time to come. But see what the wicked Democrats are up to! "Such liberties," declares Mr. HILLES, firmly, "are now assailed by those who advocate the overthrow of the independence of the judiciary."

Quite true! We concur heartily. But who advocates it? Not the Democratic candidate. He is as sot as the meetin'-house against the recall of judges. Who, then? T. R.? Well, of all things, don't call him a Democrat.

Better keep in the furrow, Mr. HILLES. Humbug is going to get short shrift in this campaign.

A Question of Business

Thou shalt not Steel, did he say? Why not, Thou shalt not Harvest?

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What Nonsense!

We should think that ministers would get tired of writing to Grandbrother LYMAN ABBOTT about the Colonel's propensities with respect to liquid refreshments. But here comes another, the Rev. W. W. ILLIFFE, of Brookline, Massachusetts, who wants to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The good doctor replies, as usual, that "Mr. ROOSEVELT is quite as temperate as I am; he never touches whiskey; has never tasted a 'cocktail' in his life; dotes on buttermilk," etc., etc. All this being so, as of course it is, having been admitted by the Colonel himself, why the need of adding the following:

During the Chicago convention he did not touch a drop of any kind of alcoholic beverages. One of the members of my staff in whom I have implicit confidence was with him almost every hour of the day and evening in a confidential and personal capacity during the Chicago convention and can testify that what I have just said is a fact.

There is such a thing as protesting too much. And why intimate the desirability of keeping a watchful staff associate on guard? Oh, fudge, Doctor ABBOTT! No sane person believes the Colonel drinks too much. Even suppose he should feel the need of a nip once in a while before going to bed, whose business is it?

Disrespectfully Submitted

Bullfrog strikes us as a far more apposite name for the Tee-tee party than Bull-moose. The caricaturists would experience less difficulty in affixing the likeness of the candidate to the emblem, and what joy-oh-joy would attend portrayal of the pollywogs!

Canal Rates

We hope Congress is not going to be greedy in its arrangements for the administration of the Panama Canal. The British protest against the proposed action on rates takes the ground that Congress, by providing for payment by our government of tolls on all American vessels, would violate our country's agreement expressed in the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty and confirmed in our treaty with Panama, that—

The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

By that agreement we shall have to abide. If Congress puts through the plan for free passage for American ships (which is a species of subsidy), we must be prepared to demonstrate before a competent tribunal (The Hague) that that provision does not violate the clause quoted.

There is a good deal below the surface of these canal questions. It will not do to jump at conclusions about anything that concerns them. Both sides must be heard, all obligations considered; American interests must neither be neglected nor inordinately pressed. In the end surely we shall all want a just arrangement which shall stand all impartial inquiry, and shall satisfy the expectations of fair minds duly informed.

Back Numbers Reissued

A Western philosopher says that everything old is neglected. Not at all! How about the initiative, the referendum, and the recall? All as old as the everlasting hills of Greece.

The Previous History of Our Discoveries

Somebody, EMERSON perhaps, said that when he had an original idea he went back to the Greeks to learn how to express it. It could be wished that the same course might commend itself to a good many Americans now occupied with new discoveries in political science. They could test their discoveries by a good deal of experience on the part of people who discovered and tried them some time ago. In an address before the Alabama Bar Association by ALFRED P. THOM, Esq., of Washington, some of this experience is set before our present-day originators. Take this, for instance, from ARISTOTLE, who wrote several centuries before Christ:

There is yet another species [of democracy], which is similar to the last in all respects except that the people rather than the law is here supreme. This is the case when it is popular decrees which are the supreme or final authorities, and not the law. . . . It is the demagogues who are responsible for the supremacy of the popular decrees rather than of the law, as they always refer everything to the commons. And they do so, because the consequence is an increase of their own power, if the commons control all affairs; and they themselves control the judgment of the commons, as it is their guidance that the commons always follow. . . . It would seem a just criticism to assert that this kind of democracy is not a constitutional government at all, as constitutional government is impossible without supremacy of laws.

It is not, indeed, necessary to go back that far. DE TOCQUEVILLE is less than a century away, and yet he found in the America of his day a tendency "to diminish the judicial power" by impeachments and by the too frequent election of judges; and he said of it:

I venture to predict that these innovations will sooner or later be attended with fatal consequences; and that it will be found, at some future period, that, by thus loosening the independence of the judiciary, they have attacked not only the judicial power, but the democratic republic itself.

This journal wishes to make formal acknowledgments to DE TOCQUEVILLE and ARISTOTLE. We have often come nearer quoting them outright than we really meant to. We were not quite fresh in our mind as to the full extent of their acquaintance with the idea recently originated at such places as Madison, Wisconsin. Of course, their opinions are hopelessly swayed by the interests, but their information seems rather surprisingly up to date.

Cavour on Protection

Protection, as CAVOUR saw it, is "the most insidious form of privilege," which "renders honest government difficult and equal government impossible." Of its intimate connection with socialism he wrote (we copy from the *Times*):

They start absolutely from the same principle; reduced to their lowest terms, they assert that it is the right, and consequently the duty, of the government to interfere in the distribution and employment of capital; that the government has the mission, the power of substituting its will, which it deems more enlightened, for the free will of individuals. Were this accepted as an unquestioned truth I know not what we should reply to the laboring classes and to their champions when, appearing before the government, they put forward the following argument: "You believe it your right and duty to interfere in the distribution of capital, in the regulation of capital; but why do you not interfere to regulate that other element of production—wages? Why do you not organize labor?" And, in fact, I think that, if we admit the protectionist system, there follows logically the necessity of admitting, if not all, at least many of the socialist doctrines.

Up at the top of the Democratic platform are the words: "The high Republican tariff is the principal cause of the unequal distribution of wealth."

That is sound doctrine. Of all the measures proposed or contemplated to improve the condition of the masses of the people, none has in it so much promise of practical benefit, of correction of existing evils, inequities and distresses, and discouragement of wild and novel proposals, as the reform of the tariff by downward revision.

Brother Sickles makes a Miss

Uncle DAN'L SICKLES should go into the woods by himself and practise the moose call until he learns what noises these skittish animals like. His first effort scared a lot off and moved his guides well-nigh to tears.

Send La Follette

The Springfield *Republican*, noting that Mr. ROOSEVELT is to start on his travels again the week after next, invites Mr. BRYAN to proceed on his trail, and "show the people precisely the sort of a democrat Mr. ROOSEVELT is."

We doubt if Mr. BRYAN would accept the invitation, but there is another who might, and who is capable of very effective work on the lines the *Republican* suggests. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S best story, we suppose, will be, "How they stole my nomination at Chicago." Now the gentleman who seems to have the most effective antidote to that story is Mr. LA FOLLETTE. He says, in his own weekly, discussing ROOSEVELT at Chicago:

He wanted one thing—he wanted the nomination. And yet he did not have enough votes to nominate himself upon any honest basis. He did have enough delegates in that convention ultimately to have nominated a real progressive and adopted a strong progressive platform. He could even have nominated HADLEY on such a platform, and progressive Republicans could have supported HADLEY in much the same spirit as hundreds of thousands of them will now support WILSON. . . . But ROOSEVELT would not consider HADLEY. He would have no one but himself. At the first suggestion of HADLEY, he ordered the third party manœuvers lest he lose his followers.

An analysis of the testimony will, I am convinced, show that neither TAFT nor ROOSEVELT had a majority of honestly regularly elected delegates. This the managers upon both sides well understood. Each candidate was trying to seat a sufficient number of fraudulently credentialed delegates added to those regularly chosen to support him, to secure control of the convention and "steam roll" the nomination. It was a proceeding with which each was acquainted and which each had sanctioned in prior conventions.

This explains the extraordinary conduct of ROOSEVELT. He could not enter upon such analysis of the evidence as would prove TAFT'S regularly elected delegates in the minority without inevitably subjecting his own spuriously credentialed delegates to an examination so critical as would expose the falsity of his own contention that he had an honestly elected majority of the delegates. He, therefore, deliberately chose to claim everything, to cry fraud, to bully the national committee and the convention, and having thus created a condition which would make impossible a calm investigation of cases upon merit, carry the convention by storm.

That this is the true psychology of the ROOSEVELT proceedings becomes perfectly plain. He was there to force his own nomination or smash the convention. He was not there to preserve the integrity of the Republican party and make it an instrument for the promotion of progressive principles and the restoration of government to the people. Otherwise, he would have directed his floor managers to contest every inch of the ground for a progressive platform before the committee on resolutions and in the open convention.

We believe Mr. ROOSEVELT is going to speak in the South. Wherever he goes he will diffuse misinformation, and especially, we presume, his own particular line of misinformation, about the proceedings at Chicago. That is the topic that seems to be the most on his mind just now. Mr. LA FOLLETTE seems to have a clear call to set Mr. ROOSEVELT right in his convention story, and if he will do it in the South he is the best man for that work.

Lorimer

There will be a good deal of rumination over the expulsion of LORIMER from the Senate, and uneasiness will remain in many minds because of misgiving about the relation of the verdict to the evidence.

Our neighbor the *World* takes a view that may be comforting to some of the uneasy observers. Declaring that "the expulsion of LORIMER will take rank among the greatest triumphs of public opinion, it says:

LORIMER is to be punished for his whole political career. He is to be punished for the sins of Big Business in partnership with crooked politics. He is to be punished for a lifetime spent in trading between the lines of political parties. He is to be punished as a representative of the mercenary interests that have preyed upon the people for a generation. He is to be punished because he was caught. . . . LORIMER has been convicted incidentally as the beneficiary of one election brought about by bribery, proved and confessed, but, in fact, the verdict against him rests upon general principles operating against general and notorious depravity. It is LORIMER and not those who accuse him who is on trial. . . .

Furthermore, the case of LORIMER explained why legislation in behalf of the people so often miscarried, why the pledges of platforms and candidates were disregarded, why taxes were high and discriminating, and why treachery and trickery had become sad characteristics of our public life.

In this view of the matter it was not necessary to prove that LORIMER himself had paid the bribe-money that was used or that he had knowledge of it. It was not necessary to prove that all who voted for him were bought. It was enough to show that the motive behind his election was corrupt, that he was a man well fitted for the service expected of him, and that his mere presence in the Senate Chamber was a reproach to the people.

This view will commend itself, we dare say, to persons who feel, with so much reason, that both the Senate and the country are gainers by LORIMER'S expulsion.

Two Old Papers Have Died

Nothing dies harder than an old newspaper once well established. Yet even such papers do occasionally die, though their more usual form of demise is by merger. That has just happened in the case of the Boston *Traveller*, established in 1825, which has been sold to the reinvigorated Boston *Herald*, and ceases to be a separate publication.

The New York *Observer*, a religious paper which used to be a habit of Presbyterian families, was two years older than the profane *Traveller*, being founded in 1823. Surely there must have been a turning over in many graves of the saints at the news, the other day, that the *Observer* was bankrupt. We are not sure that it is dead, but bankruptcy is a bad disease, and apt to be fatal. We fear the old *Observer* neglected politics. A religious weekly nowadays needs to be abundantly nourished by politics; politics nowadays, being full of religion, seems to fit better into the sacred press than it used to.

Very aged people will recall, perhaps, the conversation between CHARLEY BACKUS and BILLY BIRCH about the strictly modest young lady who declined to go to bed while the New York *Observer* was in the room. Dear, dear! How the times have changed!

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Correspondence

TO STOP REAR-END COLLISIONS

NEW YORK, *July 8, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We are paying a terrible toll of death every year to an imbecile fetish—the belief that mechanical safety devices can and do take the place of human vigilance in guarding life on the railroads. I have in mind a clear concept of how most of these slaughters can be avoided. That is why I am writing this letter. Mere faultfinding is useless. The thing to do is to point out the way of salvation.

In the two frightful accidents that have taken scores of lives in the last week the rear end of a stalled train was supposed to be guarded by the red semaphores of the block signal system. In the Lackawanna wreck we are told that the engineer of the oncoming train "ran past two signals set at 'danger,' either of which should have stopped him." Assume for the moment that this is true—does that condemn the engineer and exonerate everybody else? By no means.

It is foolish to place absolute reliance on mechanical devices. The finest chronometers, the most delicate balances, the most powerful engines, all go wrong at times. So do all the other "perfect" mechanical devices. The best protection that any stalled train can have is the guardianship of a vigilant, intelligent, faithful rear brakeman, who goes back a quarter of a mile carrying a red flag by day or a red lantern by night—*and torpedoes to be used in thick weather.* The signal torpedo is as old as railroading.

A very large proportion of rear-end collisions in which the following locomotive plunges through cars of a stalled train, killing, mutilating, and burning as it goes, is due to the failure of the rear brakeman to protect his stalled train. There are various reasons for this failure. Take first the social reason—not by any means the least. "Rear Brakes" is next in command to the conductor. He is a man of knowledge and long experience in railroading. He has dignity. He has a social status. His uniform is spick and span, his shoes glitter, his gold watch is massive, and he displays a flower in his buttonhole. He is a super-trainman.

His train is suddenly held up. The book of rules says he shall go back four hundred yards to stop any overtaking train. But does he go back? No. Why should he? The delay is only for a few minutes, probably; the schedule time of his train is well known to every one; the block-signal system is a "sure protection"—and, besides, wouldn't it be ridiculous for an immaculate man in his dignified position to go trotting back a quarter of a mile, through cinders or stone ballast or in mud, just like a common flagman? And what a blow to his social status, to finish his run all grimy, cindery, and rumpled! Believe me, there is much in this. I have known many railroad men intimately.

But there is a stronger reason for not going back to protect the train. On a run in which not only minutes but seconds are valuable, if the rear brakeman goes back far enough to afford real protection to his train he cannot overtake it when it resumes its journey. In other words, he would delay the already late train anywhere from ninety to one hundred and twenty seconds on her way, and he knows he would be "up on the carpet" for that. Pity the poor "Rear Brakes"—he'll be "damned if he does and damned if he don't."

In the Lackawanna wreck, which happened at five o'clock in the morning, there was a heavy fog. Possibly this hid the red block-signal semaphores from the engineer. But no fog in the world could have hidden the roar of two torpedoes clamped to the rail one hundred feet apart. Every rear brakeman carries torpedoes. The beautiful mechanism of the block-signal system cannot clamp torpedoes to the track. A competent rear brakeman can and will do so if need be.

What is the remedy I propose? Simply this—enforce the rules already in existence, directing the rear brakeman to protect the stalled train. No law is effective unless it is backed by public sentiment. The same applies to railroad rules. If necessary make every fast passenger-train carry a signalman to protect the rear end in case of sudden stoppage and compel that signalman to wait for the following train and continue his journey on it.

Doubtless many worthy gentlemen will offer to prove to you that this scheme wouldn't work. They are wrong. It will work—though it would be hard on the dandy "Rear Brakes" and on the company that would have to pay one more man on each fast train. But isn't it worth the trouble to save so many human lives? Look over the appalling history of rear-end-collision fatalities since Senator Wagner was killed at Spuyten Duyvil some thirty years ago, apply the test suggested in this letter, and say whether they could not have been averted by the means I suggest.

And is it not worth while to begin now to save lives and avoid tortures? I am, sir,

W. O. I.

GENERAL WOOD

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 3, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to an inaccuracy in the following statement, which appeared on the editorial page of the WEEKLY for June 22d.

"In spite of the fact of General Wood's long-standing intimacy with the ex-President, and of possible objections to having in the most influential place in the army a man whose preferment is due to the favor of that incalculable person,—"

The facts are these: General Wood was appointed a brigadier-general in the regular army February 4, 1901, by President McKinley. Prior to that time he had held the volunteer ranks of colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general, all at the hands of President McKinley. His appointment as colonel was due principally to service in the Geronimo campaign in 1886, for which he received the Congressional Medal of Honor, and the following recommendations of his superior officers:

"Concerning Dr. Leonard Wood, I can only repeat what I have before reported officially, and what I have said to you; that his services during that trying campaign were of the highest order. I speak particularly of services other than those devolving upon him as a medical officer; services as a combatant or line officer, voluntarily performed. He sought the most difficult and dangerous work, and by his determination and courage rendered a successful issue of the campaign possible."—*(Letter of Lieut.-Col. H. W. Lawton to General N. A. Miles, May 13, 1894.)*

"It was mainly due to Captain Wood's loyalty and resolution that the expedition was successful. . . . He will be a credit to his State in any capacity of *soldierly* duty; . . ." *(Letter of Lieut.-Col. H. W. Lawton to the Governor of Massachusetts, April 15, 1898.)*

"I now most earnestly renew the recommendation, calling especial attention to the letter of Colonel Lawton, which describes one of the most laborious, persistent, and heroic campaigns in which men were ever engaged, and the fact that Captain Leonard Wood, Assistant-Surgeon, volunteered to perform the extraordinarily hazardous and dangerous service is creditable to him in the highest degree. For his gallantry on the 13th July in the surprise and capture of Geronimo's camp, I recommend that he be brevetted for his services on that date."—*(Indorsement of Maj.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, February 5, 1895.)*

"Captain Wood served with me on the frontier of Arizona and New Mexico a number of years ago. I have known him well for the past ten years, and I regard him as one of the very best *soldiers* I know."—*(Brig.-Gen. Geo. A. Forsythe to the Governor of Massachusetts, April 9, 1898.)*

The appointment as brigadier-general of volunteers was on the recommendation of General Shafter contained in an official telegram to the War Department from Santiago on July 7, 1898. General Shafter also cabled on August 4, 1898:

". . . . I think General Wood is by far the best man to leave in command of this post, and perhaps of the whole district."

The appointments as major-general in the volunteers and brigadier-general in the regular army were given while serving as Governor-General of Cuba, and were no more than commensurate with the position. Secretary of War Root said:

"He was made Governor-General of Cuba on my recommendation. President McKinley did not suggest it." *(Hearing before the Committee on Military Affairs of the United States Senate, December 16, 1903.)*

"There has never been a promotion made during my knowledge, and I am quite sure that Secretary Alger can say the same for himself, except on the military record of the officer.—*(Hearing before the Committee on Military Affairs of the United States Senate, December 16, 1903.)*

The report of the Senate Committee on the confirmation of General Wood as Major-General, which was agreed to by all but two members, contained the following:

"General Wood had rendered conspicuous and meritorious services and had shown abilities and qualifications that well entitled him, in the judgment of the President (McKinley), to the rank he was thus giving him, especially in view of the service he was then rendering as military governor of Cuba."—*(Executive Document No 1, 58th Congress, 2d Session; made public January 18, 1907.)*

The only promotion General Wood ever received from President Roosevelt was when he was promoted from the head of the list of brigadier-generals to be a major-general. In regard to this, Secretary Root said:

"President Roosevelt would be called upon to put him out of that rank and to dissent from the judgment of President McKinley if he had failed to nominate him."—*(Hearing before the Committee on Military Affairs of the United States Senate, December 16, 1903.)*

And the Senate Committee, referring to this promotion by President Roosevelt, said:

". . . not one of them has a better claim, by reason of his past record and experience as a commander, than has General Wood; and, in the opinion of the committee, no one has, in view of his *present rank*, equal claim to him on the ground of merit, measured by the considerations suggested."—*(Executive Document No. 1, 58th Congress, 2d Session; made public January 18, 1907.)*

General Wood was made Chief of Staff by President Taft. I am, sir,

———— ————.

Suppose we amend the passage quoted from the WEEKLY, and make it read: "—whose preferment was so largely due to association with that incalculable person,—"—EDITOR.

WITH US

SEATTLE, WASH., *June 25, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read HARPER'S WEEKLY pretty regularly for many years with constantly increasing admiration for its many splendid features. I like its uniformly attractive "get-up," its excellent fiction, its beautiful illustrations, its telling cartoons, its scholarly essays and criticisms, its instructive scientific articles, and, most of all, its manly, honest, nail-on-the-head editorials.

All this by way of generalities. But to get down to brass tacks, the thing of things for which I swear by HARPER'S is the fearless way in which it has attacked that sham of the centuries, Theodore Roosevelt. It has taken courage to do this. It is no coward's job to assail the most popular man in the United States, for that is what Roosevelt unquestionably is to-day. Pity 'tis, but true. And you have faced the task unflinchingly. You have shown where the lover of truth lied, where the shouter for the "square deal" played foul, where the yeller of "stolen goods" obtained delegates under false pretenses. All honor to you and your vigorous pen. May it ever be in rest against the most shameless demagogue of all history. And when it is so in rest it can not be too smashing, too scorching, too vitriolic to suit at least one citizen of these United States. (And I make bold to say there are others—Mr. Poonarian, of Elmira, New York, Mr. Hawken, of Rockland, Maine, and Mr. Eriksson, of New Sweden, Minnesota, to the contrary notwithstanding.) When such fine phrases as "progressivism," "uplift," the "greater good," etc., are "twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools," it is no time to call a spade a tea-spoon. So, go to it. Kill and spare not. Down with the demagogue.

If I have any criticism to offer with respect to your course it is that you handle Roosevelt too gently. You say he is not a hypocrite; that he is deceiving himself. I respectfully beg to differ. He *is* a hypocrite, and he is deceiving no one except the American people, whom one William Jennings Bryan is also busily engaged in bamboozling.

Mr. Bryan and others say you and your paper are the tools of Wall Street. I don't know who owns your paper and I don't believe they know. But I don't care if every penny of it is owned by Morgan, Rockefeller, Guggenheim, and George W. Perkins. What I do know is that you tell the truth, tell it ably, and tell it without fear or favor. Heaven send us more like you!

I am, sir,

JENKS CAMERON.

ENTHUSIASTIC FOR WILSON

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, *July 2, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read HARPER'S almost every week since 1900, not so much for the political suggestions as for the wit and humor of your editorials whether in favor of a man or idea or against them. When you picked Wilson as "a winner" a year or two before the last Democratic convention, I did not think you would prove to be a good prophet. I did not then know the Princeton reformer, but all of us have come to see that you were right and I doff my hat to HARPER'S. Your judgment of men proved to be admirable. Almost every one here, whether in academic circles or not, and regardless of political creed, is enthusiastic about Wilson's nomination at Baltimore, and many Republicans joined Democrats in telegrams to Bryan and others in the convention urging the nomination of the New Jersey Governor. For my part it seems that the Democratic party has won a new lease of life by this wise and progressive move. Public opinion in this part of Chicago is well-nigh unanimous for him. You deserve much of the Republic for calling its attention to this remarkable leader and statesman.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM E. DODD.

PROPHECY—FULFILMENT

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., *June 20, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the issue of June 15th of HARPER'S WEEKLY, on pages 16 and 17, appears the greatest political speech ever printed.

It is unfortunate that "Prophecy—Fulfilment" will not be seen by every voter in the United States who believes in good government, who believes in a perpetuation of a republican form of government. The great Lincoln must have foreseen the clouds of the present. I am, sir,

E. B. CRAIG.

Samson in Search of Delilah

SAMSON from the ruin rose; ruefully he rubbed his nose; gazed cross-eyed up in the air; ran his hand across his hair, for to find it wasn't there! Then he cried amid his pain, "They've Delilahed Me Again! And the question now is not how few delegates I've got, but what dastard son of guile hath bewitched me with his smile to imagine this, to wit: I Am Me, The Son Of It!

"PINCHIT?" Sniffard fair arose, trembling to his tipsy-toes as he stumbled on his path, fearing much the Master's wrath. "Can it be, oh, can it be, Pinch, that you've Delilahed me? Has the hand that I have fed shorn the strength from off my head? You the leading suffragette of my cause, already yet? Answer, Pinch—is't nay, or yea?" Sniffard sniffled, "Nay, Oh Nay!"

"JIMMIE?" Jimmieboy the sweet scrambled to his footsore feet, trembling as he came along, running very far from strong. "Was it you, oh Jimmieboy, once my greatest pride and joy, who with scissors while I slept to my peaceful bed-side crept and, secretive as the fox, rifled me of all my locks? What's the answer, cheeild of mine?" Jimmie wept and answered "Nein!"

"OSBORN—You of Michigan, was it you who laid this plan thus to lay your Chieftain high toes turned upward to the sky? Can it be, oh trusted Gov., basking in your master's love, whom I thought to be my friend, is Delilah in the end?" Osborn, up in Saginoo, telegraphed his answer through, "Send me no more telegrams. I'm too busy digging clams!"

THUS it went from A to Z. Even Stubbs of Kansas, he, too, denied the dastard deed, leaving Samson in his need, in his fight for the recall, hairless as a billiard ball. Larry, Lyme, and Dixon spry, each one proved an alibi—not a soul in all the pact would admit the barb'rous act! . . . Whereon Samson, with a pout, shorn and helpless, down and out, muttered, perched high on his shelf, "Must ha' done the job myself!"

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

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THE LATEST ARRIVAL AT THE POLITICAL ZOO

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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Mr. Roosevelt's Newest Issue

MAKING THE GROCER'S PASS-BOOK AN APPENDIX TO THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE new decalogue is to be written not on a tablet of stone, but in a grocer's pass-book! The great moral issue, which was Armageddon and the battle of the Lord, has now become the cost of living!

It was a great moral issue, you will remember, that drove the Colonel to abandon the seclusion of Long Island to invoke Jehovah in Chicago. Morality was at stake, and no sacrifice was too great to defend it. Such a trivial thing as a nomination was not of consequence; but no man not a weakling could resist the appeal when morality was in danger. Therefore to Chicago went Mr. Roosevelt with his bosses and his sub-bosses and their check-books. The moral issue was so great that it justified his bolting the Republican party and attempting the destruction of the party that had redeemed him from obscurity and placed him on a pedestal. And having accomplished, as he believes, what he set out to do—the defeat of Mr. Taft next November and the disruption of the Republican party so that the cause of morality may be served—Mr. Roosevelt has now discovered that the great "moral" issue of the campaign is the cost of living.

The high cost of living, Mr. Roosevelt has permitted it to be known, is to be made the great issue before the American people at this election. We shall all be grateful even to Mr. Roosevelt if he is able to throw any light on that vexed problem, for few of us are as fortunate as Mr. Roosevelt. Few of us have been able to capitalize patriotism and make it pay such rich dividends as Mr. Roosevelt; few of us have milked the American people as has Mr. Roosevelt; few of us have such rich and generous friends as Mr. Roosevelt. To the ordinary person who has to work for his living its cost is a very serious question; and if Mr. Roosevelt can tell us how to save cents here and dollars there, we shall be willing to give him anything in reason, except a third term, which is unreasonable and therefore not to be considered. But Mr. Roosevelt may as well understand now as later that the high cost of living is not exactly what Mr. Lincoln would have called a "moral" issue, nor is it great enough and broad enough and deep enough on which to build a party that shall be lasting.

It is typical of Mr. Roosevelt that he should attempt to break into the White House with the high cost of living as his burglar's jimmy. Anything to fool the public, anything to be popular. Mr. Roosevelt will always follow the unthinking or provide food for them. Whatever fifty-one per cent. of his fellow-countrymen for the moment believe is the divine mandate to Mr. Roosevelt; and it is quite immaterial to Mr. Roosevelt that the fifty-one per cent. may be the unintelligent and the forty-nine per cent. the brains of the country. But in a democracy brains count for nothing as against numbers. "Let he who will lead thought," says Mr. Roosevelt. "I am content to lead fifty-one per cent. of the P-E-O-P-L-E." Mr. Roosevelt reminds one of the street urchin who strides ahead of the big drum-major and really thinks he is leading the procession.

It is in keeping with Mr. Roosevelt's peculiar and original ideas of morality that he should now have seen in the high cost of living a great moral issue and should be inclined cautiously to link it with the tariff. Cautiously, because Mr. Roosevelt is ever cautious when his own pocket or fortunes are concerned. He does not now speak with his usual air of being the vice-regent of the Almighty on earth. The tariff "may" be the root of all evil; "on the other hand," the tariff may not. It all depends where the campaign contributions will come from. If the tariff-protected trusts are going to be the angels and the P-E-O-P-L-E do the shouting and hold on tight to their dollars, you may be sure that after at least three minutes' consecutive thinking and a profound study of the whole question, which includes the time given to writing an article for the *Outlook* and dictating a speech, Mr. Roosevelt will reach the unshakable opinion that "on the other hand" the spots on the sun, and not the tariff, are responsible for the high cost of living. A practical man—and it is because Mr. Roosevelt never permits his practicality to be influenced by his ideals or his morals that he has become a great leader of the P-E-O-P-L-E—always keeps the way open for retreat, and has two strings to his bow, or, perhaps it would be better to say, two check-books under his hand. Now Mr. Roosevelt sat in the White House for more than seven years, and in all those seven years his lips were never able to frame the word tariff. A few millions of his fellow-countrymen, including some of his dear people, during those seven years had very well-defined ideas on the tariff and believed that in the heart of the tariff might be found the poison that was corrupting the body politic. Mr. Roosevelt, who has proved his courage at least a million times, who has swum rivers and climbed mountains and tamed the wild steed of the desert and shot ferocious man-eating birds and insulted women and browbeaten old men, this modern Theseus quavered and quailed when he faced the tariff Minotaur. For seven years and more Mr. Roosevelt was a very busy man. He reformed the spelling of the English language; he saved the world from perishing miserably by speaking, and lo! there was no more race suicide; he taught the amateur how to be practical in politics; he even aroused the public conscience; he uplifted—no, he was the uplift; he was everything and did everything, in short, except one thing. He left the tariff severely alone. He blacklisted it. He treated it with as much contempt as if it had been a malefactor of great wealth or a citizen as undesirable as Mr. Harriman or Mr. Debs. He threw it out of the White House as bodily as he did a woman seeking justice. He kicked it out of his presence as brutally as he did the appeal of a venerable man who asked only for fair treatment. During the more than seven years that Mr. Roosevelt sat in the White House he kept himself in perfect physical condition, and he used all his strength to run from the tariff whenever he saw it approaching. Then for four years Mr. Roosevelt enjoyed comparative leisure. Of course he was a busy man—he always is, for the affairs of the universe needed to be regulated, and, as an irreverent Frenchman once described him, he is the policeman of God. But he never attempted to arrest the tariff. Not he. The tariff was a friend of a friend of his, and the tariff he left severely alone.

No one can take Mr. Roosevelt seriously; he is not to be taken seriously. He is a joke without a sense of humor. If Mr. Roosevelt had humor he could enjoy himself immensely, but unfortunately for his own good he is deprived of that pleasure. Like most men with a limited intellectual endowment, an imitative but not a creative faculty, and a foolish idea that copybook platitudes are the inspirations of heaven-born genius, Mr. Roosevelt goes through life overweighted with his own importance and the solemnity of his own existence. He cackles over some other man's discovery that he has appropriated for his own with all the delirious excitement of a hen who has laid her first egg. A hen with her first egg no doubt thinks herself the most wonderful thing nature ever made and wonders at her own smartness. Mr. Roosevelt is not even original in making the high cost of living the greatest moral issue ever presented to the American people. That other high priest of morality and exponent of frenzied finance forestalled him. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, than whom, of course, no one could more appropriately be selected to preach a moral crusade, on the principle that a reformed rake is always the most pious, has announced that he intends to be a candidate for United States Senator from Massachusetts on a high-cost-of-living platform. There are many things that Mr. Lawson can teach Mr. Roosevelt, among others the intimate relation between the high cost of living and morality; but Mr. Roosevelt ought not to run off with Mr. Lawson's thunder. "Thou shalt not steal" is really an excellent battle-cry for a party of morality.

If Mr. Roosevelt can find two or three minutes to spare from his self-imposed task of revising the decalogue and cutting a new pattern for Miss Morality's light summer frock, I recommend that he take his Burke down and read "Observations on a Late Publication Entitled 'The Present State of the Nation,'" and especially this passage: "The author assures us he has not made that display of the difficulties of his country to excite the people's rage against their governors or sink them into a despondency of the public welfare. I readily admit this apology for his intentions. God forbid I should think any man capable of entertaining so execrable and senseless a design. The true cause of his drawing so shocking a picture is no more than this; and it ought rather to claim our pity than excite our indignation; he finds himself out of power; and this condition is intolerable to him. The same sun which gilds all nature and exhilarates the whole creation does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage, too; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare. If such persons can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences." A very wise man was Edmund Burke. With what fidelity has he drawn a picture of the champion of morality, who finds himself out of power—a condition intolerable to him; who passes his life in darkness because there is no sun to shine upon his disappointed ambition; who finds a comfort in spreading the contagion of his spleen; who does not overlook the "ends of relief and profit" to himself; who is so "careless about either the means or the consequences"! Dr. Woods Hutchinson, by special warrant of appointment physician in ordinary to the new party, ought to exercise his authority.

Mr. Roosevelt is properly enough the self-constituted leader for his manufactured cause. The progressives, not really the men of progressive ideas and actions, but the men who call themselves progressives and claim a monopoly of virtue, are too buried in gloom to see how ridiculous they make themselves. The conventions of both parties show the intolerable lengths to which the new political morality has been carried. Mr. Roosevelt went to Chicago attempting and hoping to boss the convention, and when he was defeated he howled about the bosses. Mr. Bryan went to Baltimore to get what he wanted, or to smash things generally, and when he met with opposition he called high heaven and the people to witness that the bosses were sticking pins into him. Mr. Roosevelt attempted his usual tactics—which failed because there were men courageous enough not to be frightened by a noise—when he denounced the selection of Senator Root as chairman of the convention. Now there was really no more necessity for Mr. Roosevelt to work himself into fury in Chicago than there was for Mr. Bryan to thunder his abuse in Baltimore because Judge Parker had been named for temporary chairman. The old-fashioned morality—not a bad morality, too, by the way—recognizes the moral right of the people to rule, and the only way by which the people can rule is by the majority expressing their preference. If the majority want Senator Root or Judge Parker, they get him, and it is perfectly proper they should; if the majority want some one else than Senator Root or Judge Parker, one or both must stand aside, and no honest man can raise any objection. But it is neither Republican nor Democratic, nor is it in keeping with the supposed theory on which the American form of government exists, that one man should arrogate to himself the right to impose his will upon the majority on the ground that he alone is virtuous.

To such extreme and cowardly lengths has this deference to the two greatest bosses this country has ever known been carried that some newspapers ordinarily sane have said that the present plight in which the Republican party now finds itself might have been avoided had "more consideration" been shown to Mr. Roosevelt; that there would have been greater harmony at Baltimore had not Mr. Murphy and others "made the initial mistake" of proposing Judge Parker's name; that to send Mr. Thomas F. Ryan and Mr. August Belmont to the convention as delegates was as tactless as if Mr. J. P. Morgan had sat in the Chicago convention as a delegate. A pretty state of affairs American politics has reached when certain men are proscribed; when New York or Virginia may not elect delegates because they are displeasing to Nebraska or Oklahoma; when to send the greatest financial genius of his time to the convention, where his ability could be useful in framing certain planks of the platform, is to invite disorder. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are always so afraid of being tempted that they are always fearful they will yield to the wiles of the tempter. If New York wants to send Mr. Morgan to a convention as a delegate, New York has a perfect right to do so; if New York should think that Mr. Morgan would make the best presiding officer, it would be cowardly on the part of the New York delegates not to offer his name and press his election; and if the other delegates do not like Mr. Morgan or object to his presiding over them because he has too much money, or not enough money, or for any other reason, they can vote him down, and they are not required to be demagogues about it, either. That was the way things were done before the firm of Roosevelt and Bryan, makers of morality garments, was organized (Theodore Roosevelt, fitter; William Jennings Bryan, chief designer; references by permission to Mr. George W. Perkins, Mr. Frank Munsey, Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, Tammany Hall, the Harvester Trust, and many of the largest consumers of morality in the United States and abroad. Cash invariably with orders, unless satisfactory bank references are given.)

Mr. Roosevelt, besides making the cost of living the chief feature of his great moral show, has adopted as his trade-mark, which he has registered in the Patent Office, the words "Thou shalt not steal." A most excellent trade-mark, and sure to prove a valuable asset. But Mr. Roosevelt, like Mr. Galsworthy's Little Ann, is always so sudden, and, like that interesting young person, is always so busy that he has never time to finish. "Thou shalt not steal" is good, but incomplete. Would it not be better for Mr. Roosevelt to adopt as his trade-mark:

"Thou shalt not attempt to steal—a nomination,"

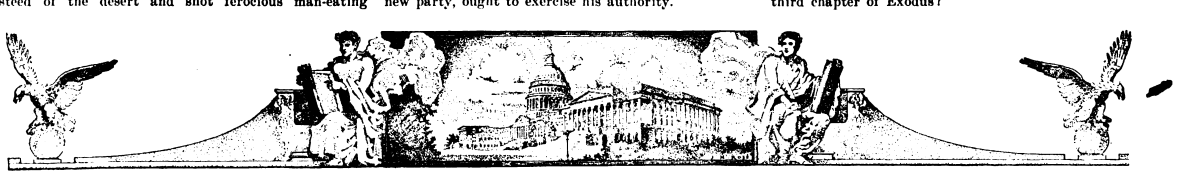
or perhaps:

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor,"

or again:

"Thou shalt not covet a nomination which thou hast declared thou wouldst never again accept."

And as Mr. Roosevelt has declared that in the Bible he has found his inspiration, would it be asking him too much to read the eighth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Exodus?



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A Ray from the East

BAHAISM, A WORLD-RELIGION WHICH HAS SPREAD WESTWARD FROM PERSIA AND NUMBERS MILLIONS OF FOLLOWERS IN BOTH HEMISPHERES

By Charles Johnston

ABBAS Effendi (Abdul Baha) is the eldest son of Baha U'llah, the disciple of Ali Mohammed, who originated the religion known as Bahaism, among whose objects are the unification of all religions, the recognition of the universal brotherhood of man, and the establishment of peace among all nations. Though only a few decades have passed since its inauguration, Bahaism numbers several millions of adherents, and thousands have suffered martyrdom rather than renounce their belief. Abdul Baha, who is now visiting and lecturing in the principal cities of the United States, was confined for more than forty years in Acre, Syria, by order of Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan, and was liberated two or three years ago, when Turkey became a constitutional state.

DURING the past few months there has appeared at peace conferences, in fashionable pulpits, and at select meetings of devotees, a venerable Oriental with benign eyes and a patriarchal beard, who is heralded as the head of a new world-religion. To his personal name, Abbas Effendi, or Sir Abbas, has been appended the magnificent Arabic title Abdul Baha, "The Slave of the Glory," a parallel to the equally splendid designations Abd ur Rahman, "The Slave of the Merciful," and Abd ur Rahim, "The Slave of the Compassionate," by which pious Moslems express their whole-hearted subjection to the will of Allah, the Most High.

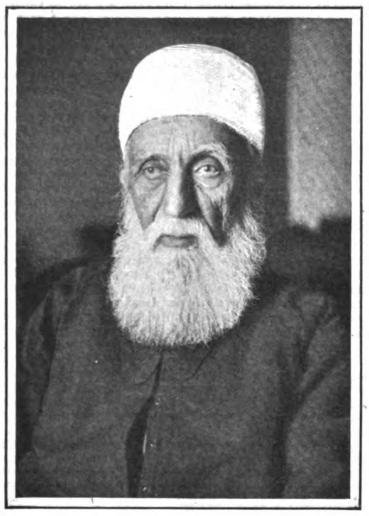
There is in the name Abdul Baha a second reference, for its bearer thus indicates his position as the son, the disciple, and the successor of him who bore the title of Baha Ullah, "The Glory of Allah." Baha Ullah, in his turn, had been preceded by a certain fiery young apostle, whose personal name was Ali Mohammed, and who had taken the title of "Bab"—that is, "the Door" of wisdom, and had preached a crusade of reformation in Persia, beginning sixty-eight years ago. Ali Mohammed, "the Door," created an upheaval of thought in the conservative religious world of Persia which may fairly be compared to Luther's Reformation; and the Persian's movement was regarded with like reprobation and abhorrence by the orthodox elements of Islam. For six years Ali Mohammed carried on his stormy and eloquent apostolate, in spite of civil and religious persecution, repeating, in the nineteenth century, the fervor and valorous disregard of danger that Paul of Tarsus had so superbly exhibited in the first. There is, indeed, a close likeness between the position of Paul toward the synagogues of the orthodox Jews of Asia Minor and that of Ali Mohammed toward the mosques of the orthodox Moslems in neighboring Persia, eighteen centuries later; for the faith of Mohammed bears the closest relation to the national religion of the Jews, both in spirit and in tradition.

Ali Mohammed went about declaring himself to be the Forerunner, the herald of one who was to come; and all eyes in Persia and throughout much of the Moslem world were alert with expectation of the new Messenger. The Messenger was finally recognized in the person of one of Ali Mohammed's early disciples, Mirza Hussein Ali, a well-born Persian, whose family had given ministers of state to the realm of the Shah. Hussein Ali was born in 1817, two years earlier than Ali Mohammed; he was, therefore, thirty-three when the "Door" was put to death, shot by the soldiers of the Shah, after an earlier escape from death which was well-nigh miraculous. Two years after this first martyrdom, while the fires of persecution still followed the new movement, one of its adherents, crazed by the rigors and cruelties inflicted by the Persian government, attempted to assassinate the Shah, thus bringing down on the band of reformers a renewal of terrors and dangers. Their leader, Hussein Ali, was loaded with chains and cast into prison, and shortly afterward was banished from Persia. With him was his son Abbas, then a boy of eight: he who, after sixty years, has come as a guest and messenger to our shores.

Exiled from Persia, Hussein Ali and his little band of devoted adherents took refuge in the Turkish Empire, and, through the icy storms of winter, made their way to Bagdad, where they remained for about ten years. Here Hussein Ali became convinced that it was himself whom Ali Mohammed had designated, when the Forerunner had spoken of one who was to come. He took a title which expressed his sense of his mission and its origin: Baha Ullah, "the Glory of Allah," meaning that in him the Light of the Most High was visibly concentrated. The followers, who up to that time had been called Babis, "devotees of the Door," now began to call themselves Bahais, "devotees of the Glory," thus declaring their belief that the Glory had been revealed.

The Turkish Empire was not likely to receive them more hospitably than their native Persia. The Sultan of Turkey was even more strict in his orthodoxy than the Persian Shah. The religious communities of Turkey and Persia bear to each other some such relation as the Roman Catholics do to the Greek Catholics; and, just as both these great historic churches are little hospitable toward the thought of Martin Luther, so the Sultans Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz of Turkey were as hostile toward the unorthodoxies of Baha Ullah as was Nasr ed Din Shah of Persia. In 1868 the Persian reformer and his family were sentenced to take up their abode in the city of Acre, on the coast of Syria, under Mount Carmel, and due west of the Lake of Galilee, and forbidden to go beyond the boundaries of the city. For a quarter of a century Baha Ullah remained at Acre, teaching and preaching and giving alms, and there he died, in 1892, the mantle of his apostolate falling on his son Abbas, who in due course assumed the title Abdul Baha, "the Slave of the Glory." When the Young Turks triumphed in 1908, and the crafty and wicked old Sultan, Abd ul Hamid, was dethroned and imprisoned, the new order in Turkey was marked by the withdrawal of the sentence on Baha Ullah's family, so that Abbas Effendi, now the head of the Bahai movement, was free to come and go as he pleased. The long years of exile and persecution were ended. As a result, Abbas Effendi went, in 1910, to Egypt, later visiting London and Paris; his visit to this country, we understand, is a first stage of a journey round the globe.

This is a very brief outline of the external history of the new religious movement. Let us now consider its ideas and inspirations. Baha Ullah wrote much. Among his writings is one called *The Seven Valleys*, an Oriental *Pilgrim's Progress*, an allegory of the search of the personal consciousness after the infinite consciousness. The Seven Valleys are the seven stages through which the traveler toward God must pass



Abdul Baha
THE PERSIAN APOSTLE OF THE GOLDEN RULE

before reaching his goal. They are the valley of Search, the valley of Love, the valley of Divine Knowledge, the valley of Unity, the valley of Contentment, the valley of Astonishment, and, finally, the valley of Absolute Poverty and Annihilation, wherein the soul dies to self and lives to God. It is possible, says Baha Ullah, for some travelers to pass through the seven stages at once. The goal is that of all mysticism: the entry of the personal consciousness into the "Mother-Sea of Consciousness," to use the beautiful phrase of an American philosopher.

Baha Ullah, perceiving that this union with the Oversoul, or realization of the already existing oneness with the Oversoul, is and has ever been the one goal of all religious effort, the one field of all religious experience, saw quite clearly that, if the goal and even the methods of all religions are one and the same, the fundamental unity of the world's religions is the great outstanding truth of theology. In a book entitled *The Book of Certainty*, Baha Ullah set himself to demonstrate the oneness of all religions, or, rather, of those with which he himself was more or less familiar—namely, Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. Like all pious Moslems—for he was a Moslem through all his broader ideas—he pays the greatest reverence to Christ, as, indeed, has been done in the Mohammedan world since the beginning. For pious Mohammedans, Christ is a great and miraculous prophet, one who died and rose from the dead; and Baha Ullah suggests a reconciliation between the Moslem and the Christian by implying that the spirit and power of Christ reappeared in the Arabian prophet; just as it is suggested, in the New Testament, that the spirit and power of Elijah reappeared in John the Baptist. The Mohammedans have, of course, much the same background of tradition as the Christians, both accepting the Jewish scriptures as fundamental. So that, in the view of Baha Ullah, the path of reconciliation should be easy.

Baha Ullah deduced, from the unity of all religions, the natural conclusion of the unity and brotherhood of all mankind. No cause has kept men apart, and set them at war against one another, as has difference of religion, and this is especially true of the region of the world which Baha Ullah had chiefly in view. Therefore, he held, the declaration of the unity of religion should be the most powerful force in bringing men together, in breaking down the artificial bounds of creed, of race, of national and political antagonisms. Baha Ullah, who always sought practical applications for his theoretical conclusions, set himself, in one of his books, to work out the theory of an international Court of Arbitration, which he called the Hall of Justice. One gets the flavor of Baha Ullah's style in such a sentence as this: "O children of men, ye are the leaves of one tree and the fruits of one branch. Therefore you must manifest by your deeds and actions the fruits of unity and the signs of oneness." Again, he urges us to "recognize the Radiance of the Sun of Truth shining in the sky of all religions"; and teaches that all men, developing their spiritual nature, should make such progress in divine virtues that they may become regenerated through love.

As to the more detailed application of his faith, Baha Ullah taught the greatest respect for both science and religion, looking upon them as the two wings of human advancement. He taught the duty of strict obedience to the laws of whatever government under which his followers might find themselves, and, as they were to be citizens of the world, he instructed them to show themselves good citizens of the land in which they dwelt, exhorting them, wherever they were, to be examples of honesty, sincerity, trustworthiness, fidelity, happiness, and piety, avoiding slander and double-dealing. He demanded purity and unselfishness from his followers; commanded them to look upon all the races of mankind as their brothers, and to unite in seeking to benefit one another. He was eloquent against slothfulness and idleness, and proclaimed that honorable work done with human kindness was a form of worship. To work is to pray. He taught that people as a whole do not attain the full development of their powers, and are like unpruned fruit-trees, which must be made to bear ever more fruit. He emphasized charity and reiterated the golden rule.

Before a word of comment on this teaching of Baha Ullah, let me illustrate also the style and method of the son and successor of the "Glory of God" by quoting a few sentences from one of his addresses, delivered in Persian at All Souls' Church in Chicago, in the beginning of May:

"Inasmuch," says Abdul Baha Abbas, "as the reality of religions is one, and the difference is one of imitations, but religion essentially is one, the existing religions must give up the imitations in order that the Reality may enlighten them all, may unite humanity. When people hold fast to that Reality, that Reality being one, all shall be united and agreed; all the religions then shall summon people to the oneness of the world of humanity; all the divine religions will proclaim equality of rights; all the divine religions will summon people to the mercy of God; all the divine religions will admonish people to virtue. The foundation is one, there is no difference therein. If the essentials of religion, therefore, be observed, peace shall be the result, and when we study conditions we find that the conditions existing are due only to imitations which have crept into religions, and the differences in the imitations have caused these various denominations and sects.

"And now let us consider the various people of the world. They all belong to one kind; and let us recall the fact that the nations of the world, the American, the English, the French, the German, all the Continental nations, even the Turks and Persians, belong to the same Adam, belong to the same household. Why should they have dissensions? God has created all humanity; He has provided for all; He preserves all, and all are submerged in the ocean of His mercy. Inasmuch as we have a kind God, why should we be at war with one another?"

It must have become quite clear long ago to readers that we have here exactly the same thoughts, expressed in almost exactly the same words, as have made the material of religious urging and teaching for hundreds of years. Paul said, at Athens, before the sixtieth year of our era, exactly what Abbas Effendi repeats, in Chicago, at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Does it follow, then, because these two Persian teachers are repeating, in slightly varied phrase, the world-old and age-worn truths that their mission is the less real and valuable? By no means. The very fact that these men of strange race and alien tongue come to us and tell us, out of the depth of their hearts, what we have heard from the beginning, does much to bring the sense of unity that is the very center of their thought. It is a great and compelling thing to find a deeply religious man not of one's own faith and civilization. Such a one cannot fail to deepen our sense of religion. And these men have this in addition, that, holding the universal truths, they have honestly and in the face of dire persecution striven to carry them out. They live their religion, as well as teach it. This is their power.

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NEW LIGHT ON KING EDWARD

A REMARKABLE BIOGRAPHY WHICH REVEALS THE LATE BRITISH SOVEREIGN IN HIS TRUE CHARACTER

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IT is more than two years since King Edward died, but his memory is still fresh and living in the hearts and minds of his subjects. What the "old King" did and said and thought, how he would have acted in the various crises that have supervened since his death, how his successor compares with him—these are topics that one finds constantly cropping up in that intimacy of private conversation at the club and round the dinner-table which is the best test of popular interest. There can be no question that King Edward is widely missed. His passing left a gap that has not since been filled. He was so human, so active, touched life at so many points, and had so completely at his command the royal knack of inspiring interest and affection among the millions who had hardly ever set eyes on him and never come into any sort of personal contact with him, that the stage without him still seems empty of its central figure. One cannot build up such a position as he occupied in a day, and, admirably as King George has shaped in many ways, it would be absurd to pretend that he fills the place left vacant by his father in the social and public life of the country, in the world of sport, and in the sphere of international politics.

And it is because people still think and talk of King Edward that the life of him written by Sir Sidney Lee and published in the second supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been, and is being, enormously read and discussed. It is a sound piece of work done by a competent craftsman. Terse and candid, preserving throughout a true sense of proportion, and based on much unpublished material, it is a document of real importance. In some particulars the author, in my judgment, underestimates the late King's influence and initiative. If so, it is a fault on the right side. Nothing as a rule is more tedious and sterile than a biography of an English sovereign written by an Englishman. In private conversation Englishmen comment on and criticize their sovereigns with a freedom that is apt to scandalize Germans. But in public they carry the fetish not so much of adulation as of reticence to an absurd extent. If one were to judge of an English sovereign by the character-sketches that appear in English books and periodicals one would have to conclude that Great Britain had the invariable misfortune to be ruled by a sort of paragon in wax, a desiccated effigy of the conventional qualities, talents, and graces, a dehumanized dummy of decorous commonplace, a political automaton, a rigid pattern-plate of the proprieties who went through life with one eye fixed on his wife and the other on the constitution. If any of their kings were really to justify such a caricature of frozen impeccability, the British people, I hope, would feel like deposing him. But it pleases them, apparently, to hear him spoken of—in public, at any rate—as though all the endearing frailties of humanity had been omitted from his composition, as though it were almost improper and bordered on *lèse-majesté* to hint that a British monarch might be a man and not a marble monument. From this to gross and Byzantine panegyric is but a step, and a step that is naturally and not infrequently taken. One would, of course, have expected a man like Sir Sidney Lee to avoid any such absurdities; but it is none the less pleasant to record that his study of King Edward sincerely strives to pierce through the trappings of royalty to the personality behind and deals with the King in a spirit of self-respecting discrimination. It is, in short, an honest biography. It neither exalts nor depreciates. It fulfills the higher function of explaining.

The first part of the memoir makes rather depressing reading. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, in spite of their many excellent qualities, were not over-wise parents, and it is doubtful whether to the end of her life the Queen really understood her son and successor. He was reared and educated on a highly rigid and artificial and almost suffocating system. Dull studies, incessant supervision and suppression, the denial of all free intercourse with his fellow-creatures, made him as much a prisoner as a prince. At Oxford he saw next to nothing of undergraduate life and his career there was hedged round with innumerable restrictions. His father cherished the old paternal fallacy that his son's mind and character could be run into a predetermined mould, and Queen Victoria in this, as in everything, followed her husband with unquestioning faith. Ten days after the Prince Consort's death she wrote to King Leopold: "No human power will make me swerve from what he decided and wished. I apply this particularly as regards our children—Bertie, etc.—for whose future he had traced everything so carefully. I am also determined that no one person, may he be ever so good, ever so devoted among my servants, is to lead or guide or dictate to me." The "sheltered life" theory of upbringing broke down with the prince as it breaks down with every one. He turned out differently from what his parents had planned; nature expelled with a pitchfork returned with a rush; he began inevitably to go his own way, and his courses were not always such as his mother, the embodiment in all social matters of mid-Victorian narrowness, always approved. To the last Queen Victoria thought of the prince as her son and therefore a fitting subject for tutelage, and not as a separate human being, and still less as her successor.

All sovereigns, I am inclined to think, are natural monopolists. The one thing you can nearly always rely on their not doing is to surrender the smallest fraction of their prerogatives. They may gird at times at the eternal round of irksome and boring duties imposed upon them, but so long as they have a breath in their bodies they will continue to discharge them; and the very last thing they think of relinquishing to or sharing with their successor is the conduct of affairs of State. Queen Victoria made a policy of keeping her son out of as much knowledge of public business as possible; she delegated to him the social and ceremonial duties of her office, but from any participation in politics he was rigorously excluded. For thirty years after he came of age his repeated requests to help his mother in her political duties were invariably declined, although they were frequently pressed upon her not only by himself, but by ministers. It was not until 1892 that the Queen finally consented to his being supplied with confidential documents by the Prime Minister's private secretary. In another age such a policy would have had disastrous results. There have been more than one instance in British history of Princes of Wales who revolted against their exclusion from affairs of state, who insisted on being admitted into the *arcana imperii*, who formed political parties, intervened belligerently in the debates in the House of Lords, and made themselves a center of opposition and disturbance. But King Edward, as Prince of Wales, never showed the least inclination to follow in their footsteps. He chafed against his position of enforced subordination; it intensely irritated him to feel that he was not trusted; but his placable temper and good sense kept him from any overt demonstrations.

The Queen, it is very clear, underestimated her son's discretion and shrewdness. In Sir Sidney Lee's words, "she deprecated the discussion of national secrets over country-house dinner-tables." Whatever the prince learned as to the affairs and policy of the nation over which he was to rule he picked up informally. He was never in any sense trained to the craft of kingship. Politically he was permitted no more information than he was able to gather on his own account and he had no more power to influence the direction of events than the youngest under-secretary. King Edward, like his predecessor, had to learn his business on the throne itself. On his accession, says Sir Sidney Lee, "he was a stranger to the administrative details of his great office, and he was too old to repair the neglect of a political training. Nor was he of an age at which it was easy to alter his general mode of life. He cherished a high regard for his mother's statesmanship and political acumen, but he had no full knowledge of the precise manner in which they had been exercised. At the outset there were slight indications that he over-estimated the sovereign's power. In consultation over a King's Speech, he seemed in some peril of misinterpreting the royal function, but his action was due to inexperience and to no impatience of ministerial advice." But while it made no provision for his political education, the "system" on which he was trained had its good points. It made the prince an admirable linguist, speaking French and German with fluency; a model of punctuality, carriage, alert perception, and royal style; an excellent man of affairs. Possibly, too, his exclusion from politics left him freer to cultivate those social aptitudes and that knowledge of men and women in which he afterward came to surpass all his crowned contemporaries. "In the capital city," says Sir Sidney Lee, "he rapidly became the leader of fashionable life. The Queen's withdrawal left him without a rival as ruler and lawgiver of the world of fashion, and his countenance was sedulously sought by all aspirants to social eminence. With manhood he developed increasingly an accessibility and charm of manner, a curiosity about persons, a quickness of observation, and a love of hearing promptly the current news. He took genuine pleasure in the lighter social amusements, and gave them every encouragement. Consequently, society in almost all its phases appealed to him, and the conventions of royal exclusiveness, in which he had been trained, gave way to his versatile human interests. There was a democratic and a cosmopolitan breadth about his circle of companions. He did not suffer his rank to exclude him from gatherings to which royalty rarely sought admission."

Looking back on King Edward's reign, I think the dominant emotion of most Englishmen is one of surprise. He made a far better king than people on the whole expected. Very few dreamed, when Queen Victoria died, that her son would confer fresh renown on the throne she had raised to an unexampled height of honor, confidence, and affection, or that he would extend its utility to spheres she had scarcely entered. The English press took upon itself to remind him, on his accession, that what is pardonable in a Prince of Wales cannot be condoned in a king; and the general disposition was to believe that with all his popularity, his heartiness, his approachableness, and his instinct for saying the right thing at the right moment, he would yet be unable to bridge over the gap left by the old queen's death. It was almost with a shock of astonishment that the country in 1910, surveying his nine years' reign, realized that a more powerful and successful monarch had rarely sat on the British throne. In 1900 people thought of him predominantly as a man of pleasure, a leader of society, an ardent sportsman, fond of the material things of life, *un bon Parisien*. In 1910 they recognized that he had proved himself a real statesman and diplomatist. Almost the last stage on which it was expected that he would essay to cut a considerable figure was that of *Welt-politik;* yet, with the possible exception of the Kaiser, nobody in Europe had more influence on the course of international politics during the first decade of this century. We may have to wait another fifty years to take the true measure of that influence. Sir Sidney Lee, I think, is inclined to undervalue it. He seems to suggest that King Edward was merely a stately and winning figurehead, and that he brought no initiative, or creative or modifying power, to bear upon the celebrated movements in foreign policy with which his name was universally associated.

I shall be surprised if the fuller information that posterity will have at its disposal confirms that judgment. The king may have been rather the executor than the originator of policies designed by his ministers, but the manner in which he prosecuted them gave them a new scope and meaning. He constituted himself in the name of his people and his government a sort of traveling ambassador. He assumed the task of approaching the peoples and rulers and statesmen of Europe and of negotiating with them as a quasi-unofficial but wholly representative spokesman of the nation. He thus made himself the most commanding figure in European politics and played a part, often the leading part, in a diplomatic revolution as complete and far-reaching as any in history. I need do no more than recall how enormously his visits and his engaging personality and good sense helped to knit England and France together, dissipated the seemingly incurable suspiciousness that hung over Anglo-Russian relations, and cemented anew the friendships between England and Spain, Italy and Portugal. These were very great and very real achievements, and I doubt whether they would have been possible but for King Edward and the peculiar qualities of his mind and temperament. He was an excellent judge of men and affairs, with a natural interested shrewdness sharpened by immense experience and a wide contact with life. He learned and assimilated with extraordinary quickness; a man of strong feelings, sharp decisions, and not without a native strain of irascibility, he had himself always well in hand; few prejudices clouded his judgment—he could tolerate anything but dullness and placidity; his fondness for society and agreeable surroundings and company made him genuinely anxious to stave off friction, to bring men and nations together and to put them at their ease; everything he did and said showed forethought, maturity, and an absence of effort; he enjoyed his diplomatic activities not only for the advantages that accrued from them to his nation and the prestige they brought to himself, but also because the instinct for matching his gifts and brains against those of other rulers ran strongly in his blood. Great Britain will be lucky if she gets another king as good as he was.

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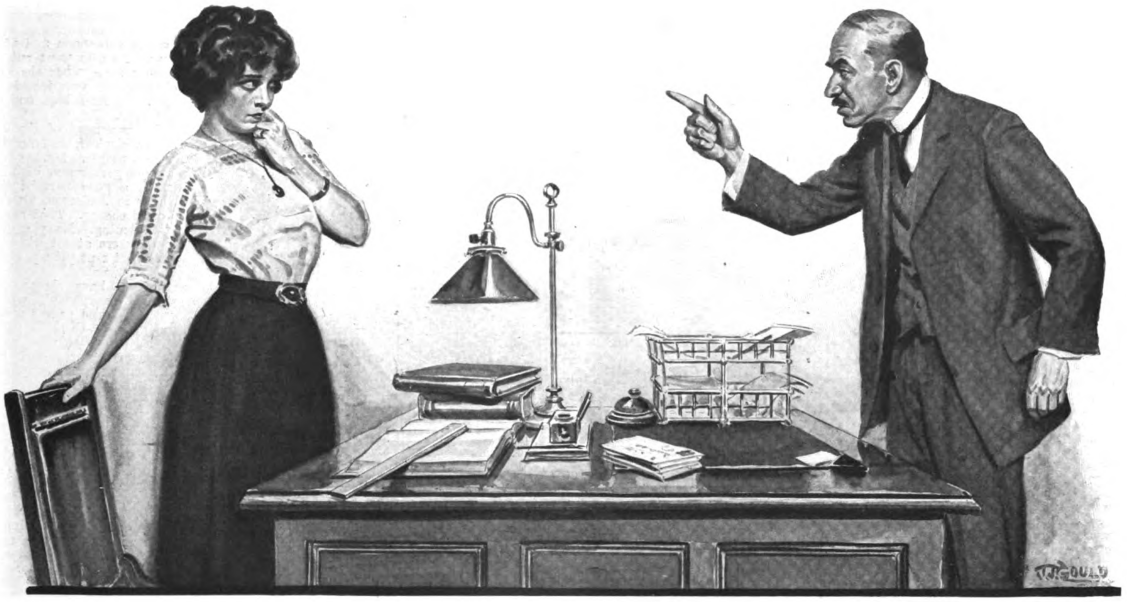

The Office Nagger

A TYPE OF EXECUTIVE THAT CAN DISORGANIZE AN OFFICE MORE SPEEDILY THAN THE MOST INCOMPETENT

By Cromwell Childe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

NOT long ago a manufacturing company in the fabric field half a century old, and renowned in its line for its big dividends and its family groups of stockholders who could never be induced to sell, lost the head of its home office. He had been a marvelous young man, taking all the details off the hands of the general manager and handling men with wonderful skill. A man who had but recently come with the concern and was frank-spoken went up to him one day.

"Mr. Nason," he said, "before I came here people told me I'd find you a martinet." (He used a highly colored adjective to go with the noun.) But I haven't found you one."

The head of the home office smiled a queer smile. "Tom," he replied, "plenty of men have said that of me. They have all been men I've tried out and who haven't made good. I haven't heard any of the men who have made good saying it."

But Nason was carried off, almost before the corporation that was so depending on him could realize it, by an attack of blood-poisoning. His place had to be filled. The general manager looked around. He had always been thought a shrewd judge at picking men.

His choice finally fell—for he thought he would not get in a costly executive from outside; he, after all, was always on hand to "coach"—upon one of the most brilliant field men the company had ever had. In selling goods Bob Barrettson had made a wonderful record. He had an engaging personality, he was quick and sharp, and his trousers were always perfectly creased, his coats freshly pressed. Nason had been a trifle careless as to these latter details.

The fame of Barrettson had preceded him. The company employees worshiped him to a man. About the office he had always been uniformly delightful, and he had hosts of friends and "boomers" in the trade. It was generally believed that his appointment was a significant step in his advancement, and that he would go steadily onward to the presidency, especially as he had a father behind him who had large means and probably at the psychological moment would be allowed to buy up stock. That might not be needed, either, for the daughter of the president was known to have cast a very friendly eye on young Mr. Barrettson. It was her suggestion, the knowing ones said, that had popped the idea of him into the general manager's head.

No man, therefore, ever started out in a big $10,000 job (with promise of more to come) more auspiciously than Robert Barrettson. He looked the part of the brilliant young executive to the life. But in less than three months it was discovered that the sales in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were not increasing as they should. This territory needed expert treatment. Mr. Barrettson was the only man who could fill the bill. He left his desk, in consequence, and an "Acting" took up his work. Two months later the "Acting" was made permanent. Mr. Barrettson had been gracefully, diplomatically deposed. In a skilful way he had been sent back to his old job.

The young man who had had such superb opportunities placed in his grasp had turned out to be a "nagger," the most wasteful and ineffective executive possible.

Ambitious to make a record of efficiency, he started in "fussing" on little things. Tompkins was one of the concern's most brilliant men. A specialist in his field of buying raw material, he had made himself an authority. Traditions and the confidence Nason had in him had held him to the "house" when larger offers came from elsewhere. For some reason that will never be explained Bob Barrettson started "nagging" him, sending for him at all sorts of inconvenient times, criticizing minor, utterly insignificant details of his work. Tompkins stood it for a long time, even when it seriously interfered with his campaigns. He patched up the mistakes he was forced to make with

There had grown up instances of "soldiering"

a skill that was nerve-taxing and nerve-racking. He was one of the last to complain.

For every one did complain over young Mr. Barrettson's head. The staff was being driven harder than it ever had been before. It was constantly "picked upon" for trifles, yet when really big errors of judgment were made the new executive did not see them. His entire time seemed to be spent on little things that could not possibly count, and frequently, too, on matters where he would be quite in the wrong, because he had not taken the time to inform himself.

Barrettson's successor had no special name or fame in the trade, nor was he notable as a "dresser." He never "nagged"; he "called down." It was wonderful the number of times he found that necessary in the early days of his administration. The force had been disorganized—not beyond the point of repair, but discouragingly when it was recalled what it had been. Barrettson had been so intent on making a record at hunting down what he thought were the faults of the "stars" and lecturing these men in haughty, superior fashion, that under his nose there had grown up innumerable instances of actual "soldiering" on the part of obsequious small fry. The "little fellows," seeing that there was practically no likelihood of their being caught, developed much ingenuity in this way, and incidentally cut down many a profit and spoiled the chance of more than one good order. The new man had no time to "nag," if, indeed, he ever thought about it. His mind was on doing the big things properly.

More than one Barrettson has crept upon the staffs of leading American business houses within the past few years. In the old days, when enterprises were small and the actual owners personally "bossed" and oversaw everything, he was impossible. The shrewd old principals would have quickly seen the uselessness of such a man. Now, when the real chiefs have to confine their efforts to the broad working out of policies and must pick out younger men for the details and to handle employees, big and little, individually, the "nagger" has a great chance.

He has his chance because he is always a man that appears wonderfully well before his superiors and his real personality is never suspected. Months of destructive work may go on without the heads ever knowing it. It takes time to undermine the effectiveness of a well-built-up organization, and the harm is not apparent until the evil has taken root strongly. Barrettson's commercial frailty was discovered in time. On the other hand, Marius Enting's was not.

Enting had been the neatest, cleverest, most perfect machine for having orders carried out that a big department chief ever had. Upsil, his head, could, if he had wanted, have stayed uptown in his comfortable apartment for days at a time, simply directing broadly. As it was, he spent little time in his office. He was always traveling around the city, breakfasting, lunching, dining, meeting big men at clubs, getting ideas and the "punch"—which, in commercial language nowadays, means the effective, good, masterful, impressive way that gathers in business. He needed to give Enting only the outlines of an idea, a ten minutes' talk over a flat-topped desk, and in a few

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days he would see it being carried out precisely as he had pictured it.

One day a certain man who was a power in the financial world sent for Upsil. With few preliminaries he offered him a five-year contract in a very great company, beginning at three times his present yearly salary. Upsil had heard what was in the wind, and he at once accepted.

His old concern listened to the news with regret, but without trepidation. Upsil had been an excellent man, but there was awaiting them an assistant who knew every detail of the job. No, it could not have been better—so long as Upsil had to go. With very little delay Marius Enting was installed at the big desk and given the prerogatives of which he had been the deputy chief for several years. No one had the least doubt of his success.

Things ran so smoothly that those above him were more than ever confirmed in their belief in Enting's adaptability. Enting's immediate office force, however, grew to see the change. It came directly. They had been "jacked up" to their work before, but always with an agreeable man in the background, to whom any one could go, to suggest or appeal. Now their "boss" was a new kind of man. He sat at a desk hour after hour and followed up every subordinate with the eye of a hawk. The unprecedented occurred. Inside of a month every man of the division had been found to be doing wrong in innumerable ways and each time brought a scolding, a petulantly worded complaint.

Certain men seemed to get the brunt end of this new condition of affairs. It had never been noticed that Tackley, Snaith, and Forgetman were men that made many mistakes. But almost every day these three would find on their desks brief memoranda of sharp little criticisms:

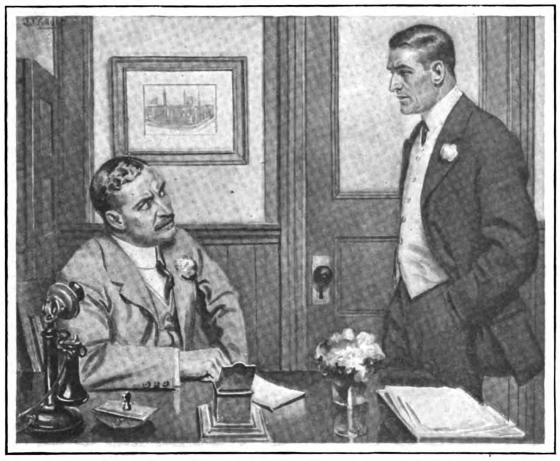
"Do you call that letter to the Zee and Bee Company well written?"

"Should it have taken three hours to prepare that statement yesterday? Why could it not have been done in two?"

"I think you can manage with fewer papers on your desk. I am able to keep my desk clear. It seems to me that others can."

These notes, like stings of bees, descended upon the men whom Upsil had thoroughly relied on when it came to the actual getting of business and smoothing over of the difficulties that must arise in every big enterprise, and the three had certainly not fallen back in their work. They bore very patiently with the complaints, feeling that the new chief should be given a fair "show." It might have been greater loyalty to the company to have let some hint of the new man's incapacity get up to headquarters, but none of the staff felt like doing that.

Enting had dropped into his new chair with altogether too great a reputation. The people over him would have been incredulous had they been told that he was all wrong, that, instead of planning new business, issuing stirring advertising, and firing the spirit of the selling force, he was still a chief clerk only, letting all policies run their course and spending his days trying to find fault with every one. Before Upsil went he had never dared to resort to any of these tactics. Now he had a fierce lust for power. He hated to leave his desk; it was such a delight to order men and young girls around, and make them quail.



For some reason Bob Barrettson started nagging him

Tackley finally left very quietly. Snaith followed him, and Forgetman soon had a mysterious offer, which he accepted. There were other men that left, and several of the best stenographers disappeared. Enting filled their places with people who manifestly held him in awe. He was not altogether pleased with his selections, but it seemed the best he could do. Several very promising young men and women had quietly asked for transfers to other departments, requests based on perfectly plausible reasons that he could not well ignore.

A year later a new vice-president, brought into the company for his organizing ability, it being recognized that the concern was losing ground, started in to "clean house" all around. When he came to where Enting sat enthroned he was astounded at the way in which the department had degenerated. Outwardly it was much the same as when Upsil had built it up. But its effectiveness and its business-getting power had vanished under the "nagger's" rule.

It took that vice-president just an hour to perceive the entire situation. He had discovered the canker-worm. The disease had struck well in. It required the most expert handling and much money to repair the damage the "nagger" had done.

A certain capable young woman who was earning eighteen dollars a week in a big mercantile corporation put on her hat wearily and without enthusiasm, feeling she had done little the entire afternoon and that her work had lost its interest. As she went out of the door, looking five years older than when she had come in brightly at nine o'clock, she was joined by other dispirited young women. It had been one of Mr. Anderson's "interfering" days.

Mr. Anderson was the acting manager of the department. The entire work was clerical, and needed to be handled by very competent people. Mr. Anderson's immediate chief was an old gentleman, high in favor "above," on the sick list a good part of the time. He left nearly everything to Anderson, always reserving, though, the right of discharge. That never stopped his assistant from threatening. Many a girl who did not know he had no powers at all when it came to "firing" had had her heart sent pit-a-patting more than once.

This special day he seemed to have chosen for "messing." He had overhauled everybody's work, going so far as to move about books and papers while clerks were out at lunch and greeting them on their return with criticisms and questions that they were unable to answer with all their work disarranged. By three o'clock nerves were in a jangle, and everything had fallen far behind. Ridiculous mistakes were being made by ordinarily composed young women, some of whom were badly "rattled," others winking hard to keep the tears back. Through it all the little man bustled, absolutely unconscious that he was defeating his ends. He called this "getting efficiency." It usually took about three days for the office to recover.

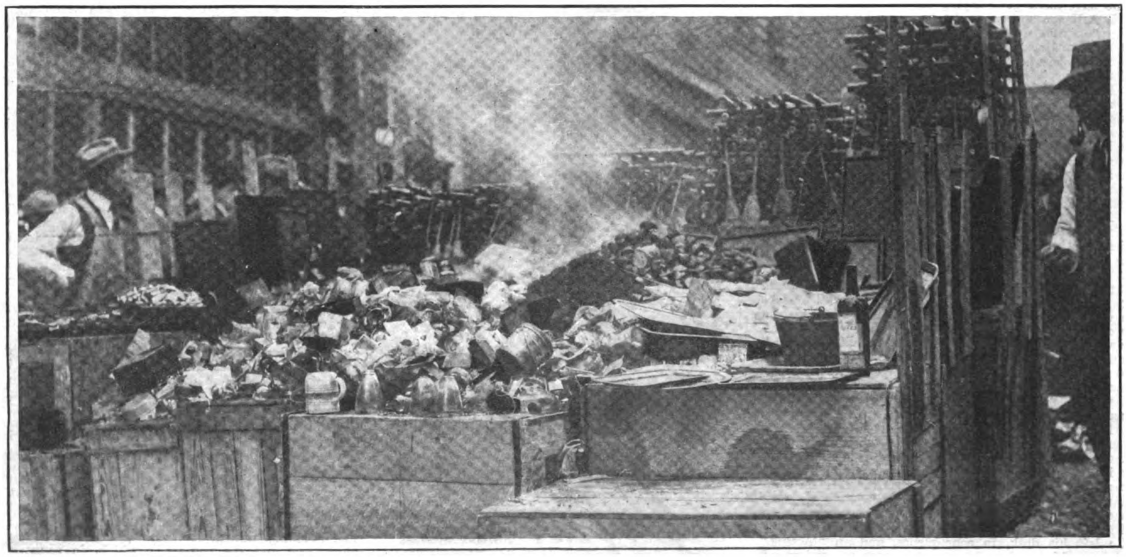
Yet Anderson really had ability. He knew his part of the big business thoroughly. In many ways he was one of the best-informed men in the corporation. Under him the work came out well in the long run. What the company never knew was that his "nagging" made his department cost many per cent. more than it should. A good chief who had his knowledge of the detail could have carried on the department in perfect fashion with two young women for every three of his.

Anderson had the faculty of so confusing and muddling a girl in fifteen minutes that it would be half a day before she got back on the right track again. His "nagging" was of the quick, excitable, fussy, irritating variety. Behind his back he was "the dancing master." By half-past nine o'clock on the mornings of his "bad days" the whisper would pass from desk to desk. "He's on the job again to-day."

Many a "nagger" half suspects it himself, many more know they "nag" and glory in it, feeling that minor browbeating of this sort is one of the perquisites of even a little executive authority. But men of Anderson's type think they are really helping the clerks individually and the clerical force as a whole, when they descend on one or all and "rampage" in petty ways. Anderson would have been very much surprised if it had ever been hinted to him that he had this failing.

One of his staff, the same capable young woman already spoken of, once said of him: "He can do more damage in destroying the work of a day than any other man I have ever seen. If he were really cross, assertive, domineering, even brutally unjust, it would be hard, but it would not necessarily upset my work. Nonsensical bothering is what sets the business woman's nerves on edge. It distracts, like the pricking of countless pins.

"When he comes around and 'nags' he calls it 'getting up steam.' Maybe that sounds well to him and he really believes it. I notice, though, that, every time, it means we go home with any amount of work undone that we should have, and would have, finished; just so much left over for the next day that ought to have been put through before we closed our desks."



"PIPE DREAMS" WORTH $10,000 GO UP IN SMOKE

OPIUM, MORPHINE, AND PIPES, SOME OF THE LAST NAMED VALUED AS HIGH AS $250 APIECE, WERE BURNED IN ROSS ALLEY, IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINESE QUARTER, RECENTLY, BY ORDER OF THE CALIFORNIA BOARD OF PHARMACY. THEY REPRESENTED THE SPOIL CONFISCATED FROM CHINESE OPIUM DENS IN MANY CITIES

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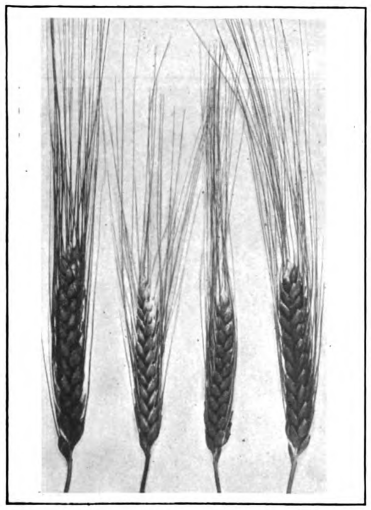
Has Science Helped Wheat?

By Mark Alfred Carleton

Cerealist, United States Department of Agriculture

DURING the past thirty years the acre yield of wheat has increased in this country about two bushels, being now about 14.1 bushels per acre. Our present average acreage is approximately 46,500,000 acres. At a two-bushel increase in acre yield we are, therefore, now harvesting about 93,000,000 bushels more wheat each year than we could have produced at the same rate of yield of thirty years ago. This increase seems very small, however, in a country which is so far advanced in its knowledge of the best methods in agriculture.

In this country the greatest increase in the yield of wheat already obtained is from an increased efficiency produced in the crop itself. Such improvement



Heads of durum wheat

may be brought about by the introduction of better varieties from other regions or by the improvement of the varieties we already have. The chief improvement has been made by the establishment of foreign wheats adapted to growing on dry lands or withstanding dry seasons, and also of winter varieties able to stand more severe winters than those that were formerly grown. To the first class belongs the durum wheat, often called macaroni wheat. The latter name has been applied because of its peculiar fitness for the manufacture of macaroni, though it is not at all unsuitable for bread-making.

Durum wheat was introduced into this country from eastern and southern Russia, in the year 1900, by the writer, acting as Agricultural Explorer for the United States Department of Agriculture. It was obtained from districts of extreme dryness, and was, therefore, expected to be well adapted for cultivation in the arid portions of the Great Plains, particularly in the northern part, as it is a spring wheat. This expectation was afterward fully realized. In the experimental trials of the wheat, and on many farms, it not only gave fair yields in seasons so dry that other wheat was unprofitable, but often produced from thirty to fifty per cent. greater yield per acre, and commonly a twenty-per-cent. greater yield. In 1902 enough was grown among farmers to be of some use commercially. Since then its production in North and South Dakota and Minnesota has steadily increased from about 100,000 bushels, in 1902, until it appeared to reach a maximum of about 50,000,000 bushels in the years 1907 and 1908. The first actual statistics were obtained by the census of the crop of 1909, which showed a production of almost 40,000,000 bushels in that year.

During recent years, partly because of the persistent practice of growing the wheat in localities not suitable because of too much rainfall, and partly because no care was given to seed selection, the yield per acre has not been nearly so good as formerly. Nevertheless, the census of 1909 shows a great gain in growing this wheat. In North Dakota, where there is the largest acreage, there were 1,223,189 acres in 1909. The yield per acre exceeded that of the common wheat by 1.66 bushels. Therefore the quantity of wheat produced in the State that year, in excess of what it would have been if the durum had not been grown, was 1.66 bushels on each of the 1,223,189 acres, or 2,030,494 bushels.

In South Dakota in the same year the durum wheat acreage was 946,549 acres, and the excess in yield per acre over the common wheat was three bushels. Three bushels on each of the durum wheat acres, amounting to 2,839,647 bushels, is, therefore, the increased production of wheat in that State by virtue of the use of durum. Adding these increases in production for the two States, we have a total of 4,870,141 bushels as the excess of wheat production in 1909 for North and South Dakota, caused solely by the use of durum wheat.

At the same time that the durum wheat was introduced several better strains of the Crimean hard winter wheat were also brought from Russia for trial in the Middle Great Plains. It was soon found that several of these strains, the Kharkov, Beloglina, and two or three new lots designated simply by the name Crimean, gave better results than the ordinary Crimean, generally known as Turkey, already grown in that region. Much the best of the new strains is the Kharkov, and it is on the basis of the good results obtained by this variety alone that the figures here given are obtained. The Kharkov variety, after thorough experimental trial by Federal and State officials, was shown to be so superior in hardiness that it rapidly grew in favor among the farmers, and in Kansas it is now estimated that at least forty per cent. of the hard winter wheat acreage is of this variety.

Two different smuts, the bunt and the loose smut, cause annually great losses in wheat production. For one of these, the first named, there is a means of prevention which is now so thoroughly known throughout the country that it has come to be much practised by intelligent farmers. Sufficient figures have been obtained to justify a fairly accurate estimate of about 10,562,000 bushels of wheat that are annually destroyed by the bunt smut. At the same time it is fairly well established that about ten per cent. of the farmers regularly treat their wheat with proper preventives and avoid any loss. Therefore the number of bushels mentioned constitutes really ninety per cent. of the actual loss of wheat from bunt smut that would occur if no farmers at all should practise such preventive measures. In other words, the total loss with no use of preventive measures would be 11,736,000 bushels, and the difference between these sums, or approximately 1,175,000 bushels, is the quantity of wheat that is gained each year by the application of scientific agriculture in the prevention of this smut by the ten per cent. of farmers who are regularly putting such knowledge into practice.

In the face of so many means known at present for increasing the yield it may well be asked why progress in this matter has not been more rapid. First, the general answer must be given that farmers, as a class, having long lived isolated from others, have a greater tendency to be conservative in their operations than people of other callings. Then, many of the publications intended to help the farmer are prepared and issued in such a manner that the aim is only partially, if at all, accomplished, because the presentation is not of a kind to attract the farmer's practical turn of mind, and turns out to be more beneficial to men engaged in work similar to that of the authors than to the man who should be benefited. Only a few of the most practical bulletins from the experiment stations, certain circulars and *Farmers' Bulletins* of the United States Department of Agriculture, and a few pamphlets of the better class issued by industrial departments of railways, seed firms, and other commercial organizations are really prepared in such a way that the farmer can possibly make use of them. Plain, pointed paragraphs on the kind of seed to use, how to prepare the ground for it, how to sow the seed, how to handle the crop, etc., are the things that are of value to him, rather than the history of varieties, dissertations on hardiness, milling quality, etc.

It is well known that a farmer will much more quickly put into practice a new idea if he sees the actual results on his neighbor's farm than if he reads of it in a publication. Much more progress can, therefore, be made by a greater amount of field demonstration work, exhibiting before the eyes of the community the actual good results of better farming. Several nuclei of operations should be established in each State, from which should radiate, over a limited district, information obtained on sight by actual field demonstrations, and from which better seed can be sold to farmers in the immediate locality under some kind of State supervision. A procedure of this kind thoroughly and persistently conducted would have tremendous influence and would soon cause much more rapid progress, as may be proved by the success in certain places where it has already been adopted to a limited extent.

Heads of Kharkov winter wheat

It should not be inferred from the statements herein that the outlook is discouraging. It is almost impossible to measure the actual improvement in bushels and dollars. Even the comparatively small amount of demonstrated increase in wheat yield of thirteen million bushels is very gratifying as showing that something has been accomplished, while the probable total increase of forty to fifty million bushels represents really a large income on the investment made by the Federal and State governments for the cost of experiments.

Wheat grown after wheat, showing the exhaustion of the soil

Wheat grown after rye and vetch plowed under when green

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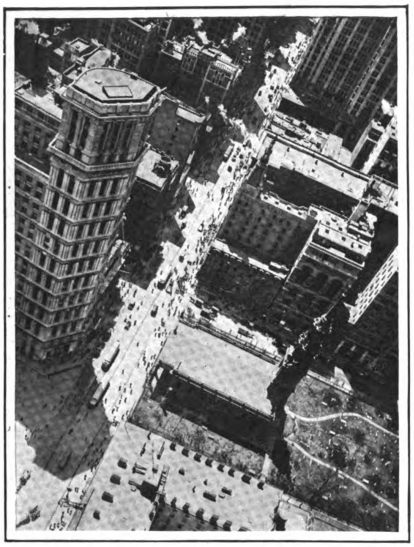
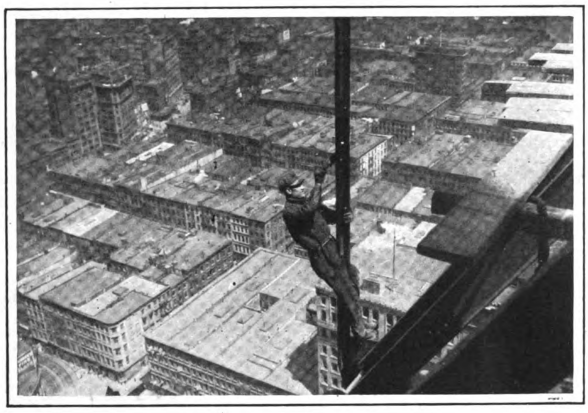


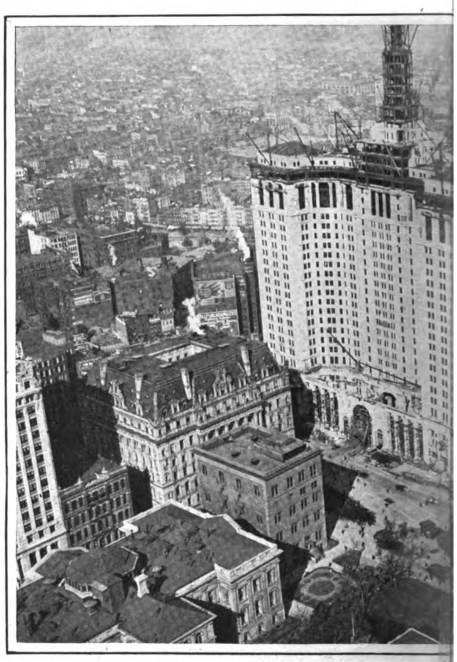
The St. Paul Building (left), once a skyscraper

Southeast, with Governor's Island in the background

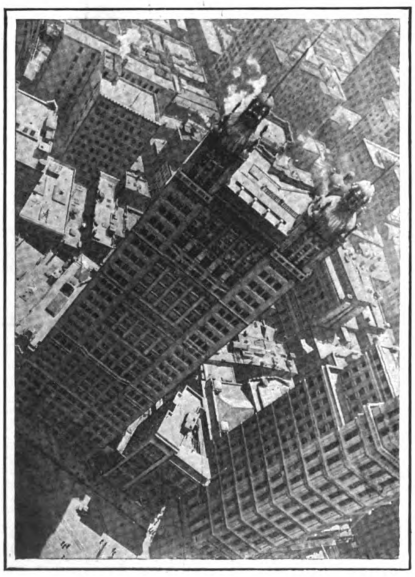
An unconcerned



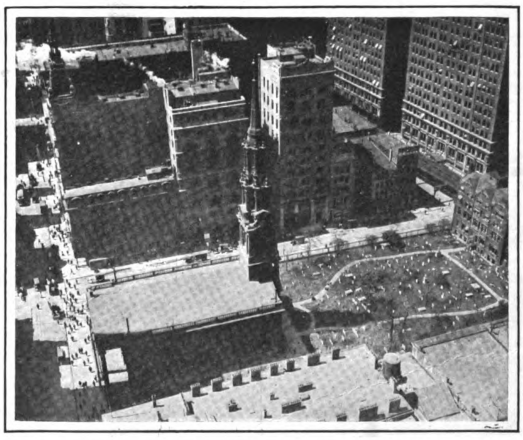
This job requires steady nerves



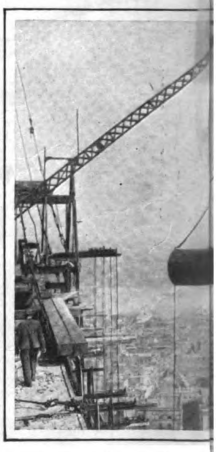
Looking northeast. In the center is the new Municipal B



The Park Row Building—a photographic fantasy



St. Paul's Church and (in the foreground) the Astor House roof



One of the pow

WHERE NEW YORK'S SKYSCRA

LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROOFS OF LOWER NEW YORK FROM THE NEW WOOLWORTH BUIL
AND, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE EIFFEL TOWER, THE HIGHEST STRUCTURE EVER REAR

Photographs

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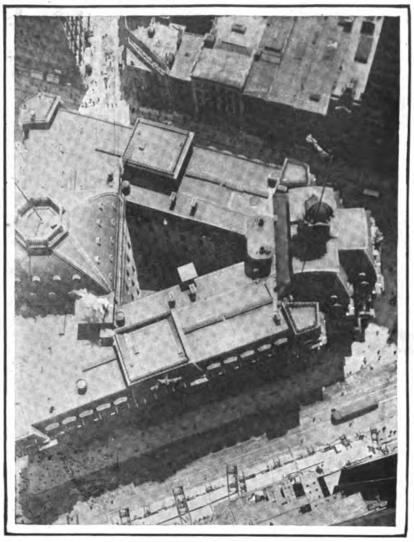
ler on the heights

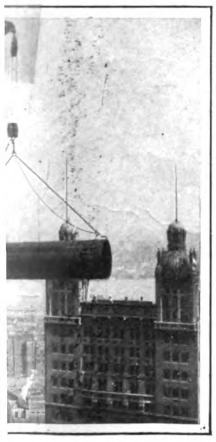
The City Hall and (behind it) the County Court House



An unfamiliar view of the Post-office

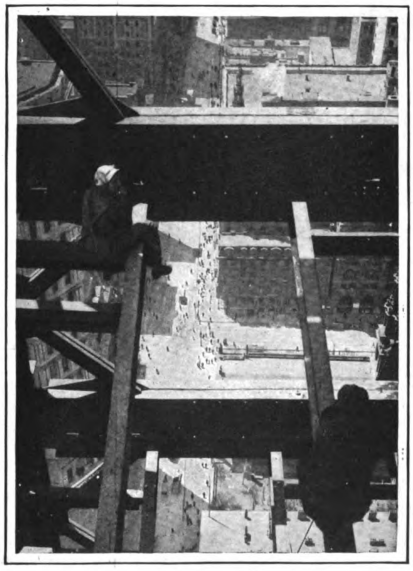
ıg; to the right is the once towering Pulitzer Building

The panorama to the northward



l cranes at work

Looking down on the Singer Tower



They really do look like ants from this height

ERS CEASE TO BE IMPRESSIVE

NG, WHICH WHEN COMPLETED WILL BE THE TALLEST INHABITED EDIFICE IN THE WORLD,
BY MAN. IT WILL MEASURE 750 FEET FROM THE SIDEWALK TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER
own Brothers

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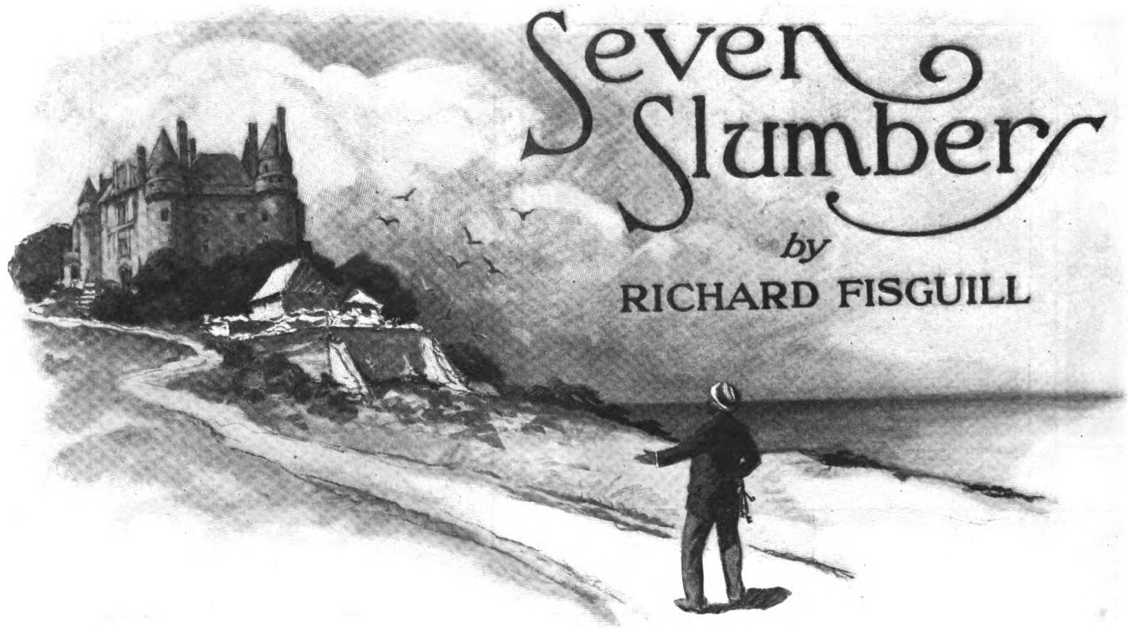

Seven Slumbers

by

RICHARD FISGUILL

I

"MAÎTRE PLOUDAHUT," Mr. Augros began, "I am informed that you have charge of the property known as 'Seven Slumbers.'"

"I have."

"Is the place for sale?"

"I regret to say that it is."

"May I ask why you regret it is for sale?"

Maître Ploudahut did not reply. His arms drooped, dangling down; his eyes lost their searching look.

Mr. Augros came to the conclusion that he was in the presence of a shrewd lawyer. Being a lawyer himself, he felt a pang of regret for his own Paris office, from which he had just retired with a fortune. Had he done well, he wondered, to retire from his profession in the prime of life? But a vision of "Seven Slumbers" rose up before him, bringing in all its freshness the dream of his youth.

"Well, Maître Ploudahut," he prodded, "let's come down to business. Are there any commercial reasons why you should hesitate to handle the property known as 'Seven Slumbers'?"

"None whatever. I have accumulated a small income selling and reselling the place. There are no commercial reasons why I should not continue to do so till the end of my days. But for some reason, when you came into my office a moment ago, I realized all at once that I was seventy-two years old and had sold 'Seven Slumbers' often enough."

Mr. Augros smiled, then frowned. Was it shrewdness or truth he was confronting? They were so much alike—shrewdness and truth!

"Has the property increased or depreciated in value from having changed hands so often?" he inquired.

"Increased. That is another odd feature."

"It certainly is," the Paris solicitor agreed. "Out here on this desolate coast—"

"Precisely!" his colleague broke in. "Nobody would think 'Seven Slumbers' could find so many purchasers. I for one would not give the snap of my fingers for it. But it looks as if every stranger who comes this way and catches a glimpse of the property forms the unalterable resolve of buying it some day and settling down there. What is more remarkable, they all seem to realize their ambitions. They come back one after the other with first-class certified checks, take over 'Seven Slumbers,' try to settle down, fail, and one fine morning they turn up in my office with the notice that their château is for sale. And they look pretty nervous, I tell you, when they bring me the notice. I'm tired of it."

The Parisian smiled, then inquired:

"Is the place haunted?"

"No. Ghosts are common enough out here in Brittany, and I have several châteaux on my list that enjoy the unenviable reputation of being haunted; but in this respect, as in every other, 'Seven Slumbers' is exceptional. No rumors of ghosts, crimes, nor anything else unsavory, have ever been associated with the place. The owners go in happy and enthusiastic, they come out wretched. But not a single one of them has ever accused the château of being what it should not be. I asked the last owner if there was anything unreal or unnatural about the property. 'On the contrary,' he said. 'The place is only too real and natural for me!'"

"What figure did this last owner of too much realty put on his property?"

"Three hundred thousand francs."

"I will take it at that price," Mr. Augros announced.

II

With the bunch of keys clanking in his hands Mr. Augros set out on foot for his "Seven Slumbers." The château was two miles from town on a road along the cliffs. It was a summer afternoon—just such an afternoon as when he had first seen the château twenty years before and formed the unalterable resolve of becoming its owner. The same furze grew by the wayside. The same gulls seemed to be circling over the cliffs. On the highest rocky point a goat stood outlined against the sky—just as Mr. Augros had noticed twenty years before. And over in the west hung a shivering curtain of mist, ready at any moment to be pulled by the wind across the sky. Nothing had changed; time was eternal; nature was eternal.

Mr. Augros looked at his keys fondly. They were seven in number, he remarked, and each was of a different size, the biggest being at least a foot long. The way the big key glittered in the sun, clanking against the others, amused the retired lawyer. All at once it swung back, striking him upon the knee—his bad knee. Mr. Augros stopped. And as he rubbed his knee he realized that if furze and cliffs and goats and mist had not changed any more than sea and sky he, at any rate, was not exactly the same lean young fellow who had worn his name and passed there twenty years before. He was forty-one now, and stout. Yes, he had changed, both he and his feelings. As Mr. Augros rubbed his knee he rubbed his heart. He recalled that, along with the unalterable resolution of becoming the owner of "Seven Slumbers," he had also cherished another resolve on that fine summer afternoon twenty years before. But women had changed since then. He could no longer think of women as he had done twenty years before in the springtime of his life. His heart, of course, had changed a little, but women had changed a great deal; and he no longer desired a mate for his splendid nest. Giving an affectionate pat to his knee, Mr. Augros started off

The gate swung back, disclosing a diminutive room

again, but careful now to avoid the wild oscillations of the big old key, which seemed moved by a spirit of demoniacal mischief.

At a turn in the road "Seven Slumbers" flashed into view. Perched there on the top of one of the cliffs, like a man's dream wrought out in granite, the château was more than striking. Mr. Augros could not repress a cry of admiration. The property lay between the road and a precipice, at the bottom of which the puzzling sea could be plainly heard. The château started where the space between the road and the edge of the cliff was so narrow that stables only could be built. But as the space widened the structure broadened; and, when hewn blocks of granite stopped, a series of terraced rose-gardens took up the dream and went on, till the road swept back to the brink of the precipice ending the estate. Everything, Mr. Augros noted, was in the same perfect condition that had filled him with rapture and fired him with ambition twenty years before.

"This property," he calculated, "is worth five hundred thousand francs, and I could sell it for that if I advertised the photographs in Paris. But I'll never sell it; I've slaved too long; I—"

A neatly dressed peasant woman interrupted his soliloquy:

"Is Monsieur the new owner of 'Sept Sommeils'?"

"I am."

"I have the honor of being Monsieur's cook."

"That's news to me."

"They all take me," she explained. "I am Mamma Angèle."

"Glad to meet you, Mamma Angèle. But I generally choose my servants, you know. I am not in the habit of being chosen by them."

"They all talk that way at first," Mamma Angèle remembered. "But I am the best cook in these parts; my man is the best valet, my daughter the best maid, my son the best coachman and gardener. Monsieur will pardon my honest pride, but he is sure to take us when he sees what we can do. Then we know the furniture—"

"We'll talk it over some other time," Mr. Augros promised. "I came out this afternoon just to look things over, and—"

Mamma Angèle reached out, took the bunch of keys from Mr. Augros's hand, and explained:

"The apartments are all locked. Monsieur would never be able to match these keys in their locks. With his kind permission I will lead the way." Executing another courtesy, she made for the big iron gate.

Though vexed by the woman's pertinacity, Mr. Augros realized that he would not have thought of trying the smallest of his seven keys in the enormous iron gate. Nor would he have guessed that this same small key, inserted upside down and turned backward, would let him into the vestibule of the château. After all, Mamma Angèle was useful for the time being. They entered the hall, which extended the whole width of the château.

"Fine as ever," Mr. Augros admitted, running his eyes about the vast room.

"This way, please, sir." Mamma Angèle unlocked the parlor door. The new owner forgot to observe which key she used. Inlaid floor, Oriental rugs, mirrors set into tapestried walls, white and gold.

"Fine as ever!"

Mamma Angèle said nothing, waiting for her master to feast his eyes. When in her opinion he had sufficiently feasted she pushed back some folding doors and disclosed a dining-room in keeping with the parlor. Then came the library, a billiard-room, the fencing-hall.

"This door," she pointed out, showing a door that opened from the fencing-hall, "leads to the stables and carriage-houses. But Monsieur had best see his more intimate apartments first." Opening another door in the fencing-room, Mamma Angèle entered a

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passage that was chilly in the extreme. The walls, floor, and ceiling were of granite.

"I never saw this part of the château before," Mr. Augros remarked. Looking more closely, he was puzzled to observe that he could find no trace whatever of where two stones met.

"How was all this put together?" he asked.

"We are in the cliff," Mamma Angèle replied. "This passage was tunneled out of the cliff. It leads back to the main hall of the château. The small windows you see up there open out on the sea. Will Monsieur be good enough to follow me?"

"But what is this? It looks like a slab!"

"It is a stone door. We will visit the receptacle as we come back from the stables and kitchens."

"Visit the what?"

"The receptacle. That is what I have been taught to call it. But Monsieur should visit his more intimate apartments first. Will he be good enough to follow me?"

Mr. Augros was that good. But only once during his tour of inspection did he succeed in banishing from his mind the haunting slab door, and that was when Mamma Angèle, as calmly as usual, chose the next to the biggest key on the ring, opened a highly decorated panel, and announced:

"Here is the bridal chamber!"

This was another surprise. As Mr. Augros stared at the dainty rose fittings his heart began to beat, beat, beat. But, remembering that women had sadly changed, he blew his nose and declared:

"Well, this is certainly a room I shall not need." Mamma Angèle coughed. "No," repeated Mr. Augros, "I shall not need this room." And, the slab door coming back to haunt him, he ordered, "Let's go now and have a look at our receptacle!"

But before she would lead him to the rock-hewn passage Mamma Angèle quietly insisted on showing her master the kitchens, the servants' quarters, the laundries, pantries, baths, and—as Mr. Augros decided—a dozen other self-evident appurtenances of a château. Finally they stood before the stone door. Mr. Augros noticed that Mamma Angèle, to open the slab, used the big key—that twelve-inch piece of glittering steel which had struck him on the knee. It was a grating lock. The stone-set hinges grated, too. Then the granite gate swung back, disclosing a diminutive room, hewn, like the passage, from the entrails of the cliff and without a single window.

"What—what—" Mr. Augros shivered. "What on earth is this hole for?"

"In warm weather we keep butter here."

Though shivering, Mr. Augros mopped his brow.

"Butter," he repeated, thoughtfully. "Butter. Yes, but what did the original owner intend this place for?"

"I have heard my mother say he used to hide his gold here."

Greatly relieved, Mr. Augros let himself laugh. Then he remarked:

"Well, he was a lunatic, this original owner. I keep my money in a Paris bank and pay with checks only. I don't believe in keeping money round the house. And, Mamma Angèle, you will continue to use this receptacle for butter in hot weather."

Mamma Angèle coughed, courtesied, then announced:

"Monsieur is wise."

III

But Mr. Augros was not happy. And, like many other unhappy people, he did not have the courage to dig about the roots of his unhappiness. He dug elsewhere. First he attributed his discontent to the Angel family. He had let himself be selected by them. Mamma Angèle was his cook, her husband his valet, her son his coachman and gardener, her daughter his maid. Several times he resolved to discharge all these Angels and start over again with servants of his own choosing. But when he sat down to one of Mamma Angèle's artistically prepared dishes, when he noticed a new rose her son had grafted, when he gavé himself over to her husband for a morning shave, when he watched her daughter, blue-eyed, high-heeled, and nicely aproned, come gracefully tumbling down the stairs to bring him his hat and cane—when he reflected upon all these things, he did not have the heart to send them away. And his unhappiness stayed on.

He then decided to refurnish the château from top to bottom. This was striking closer to the roots of his trouble. The original owner of the place had clearly been unable to solve the question of how the empty receptacle should be furnished. Nor had any of the first owner's followers been more successful. Mr. Augros proposed to show them all a thing or two. But after a week's worry he was forced to admit that the original designer of "Seven Slumbers" was a past master of decorative art. Even the bridal chamber, for which, in spite of woman's sad change, Mr. Augros had fancied he might have a few original ideas, baffled him completely. He spent two days in the bridal chamber trying to think out some way of making the room more attractive. And though his blue-eyed maid, who during these two days found frequent occasion to bring her master his hat and cane, gave him several very excellent suggestions, Mr. Augros finally snorted out of the rose-tinted chamber, consigning the whole question of receptacles, brides, and blue-eyed maids to the lower world.

"I'm a fool not to be happy!" he told his pillow. He was now digging further away from the roots of his unhappiness than he had ever done before. But we all spend our lives dodging the real issue. Mr. Augros, therefore, gave himself over to the full enjoyment of Mamma Angèle's excellent cooking, which he digested while strolling through his rose-gardens or lounging on the cushions of a little balcony that hung from the library over the road.

It was amusing to watch the expression of admiration that swept over the faces of people who passed by and caught sight of "Seven Slumbers." In most cases the look remained a frank expression of admiration, and nothing more. But every now and then Mr. Augros noticed that the look of admiration gave way to an expression of intense longing, such as his own face, he reflected, must have worn twenty years before when he had resolved upon the acquisition of "Sept Sommeils" at any cost.

"Ah ha!" he muttered, from his balcony. "So that young fellow out there in the road is making up his mind that one day or another he will own my 'Seven Slumbers'! We'll see about that!"

One couple especially annoyed Mr. Augros—a gaunt, middle-aged man and a mere girl of a woman. And it was especially the rhapsodical look of confidence on the girl's face that annoyed Mr. Augros. She seemed certain of becoming one day the mistress of "Sept Sommeils." By the man's gestures and expression it was easy to see that he was promising the girl nothing less.

"Yes, yes, little snipe—" muttered Mr. Augros from his balcony, apostrophizing the girl. And *snipe*, as you doubtless know, is the French bird that takes the place of an English *goose* when an annoying young woman is meant. "Yes, little snipe, believe everything that chap is telling you! Feel perfectly sure that he is going to buy 'Seven Slumbers' for you and strew roses in the bridal chamber. But meanwhile what are you going to do with me?"

This couple came so often, and their looks were so expressive, that Mr. Augros's annoyance grew to be an obsession. Sometimes, after too much of Mamma Angèle's excellent cooking, he would wake from a nightmare, having dreamed that "the little snipe" had gotten into his bridal chamber and locked the door on the inside. Once the dream was so vivid that to dispel it he was obliged to go and see if she was not really hidden in the silk coverlets of his nuptial bed. Half asleep as he was, Mr. Augros forgot he kept the bridal chamber locked. When the door would not open he began to kick against the decorated panels with his bare feet, calling down anathema upon "the little snipe" who had stolen into his bridal chamber and locked the door on the inside.

Mamma Angèle hastened up from below, clad in warm, red flannels and bearing a candle. His cook's red costume came near throwing Mr. Augros into another nightmare. But she finally succeeded in arousing him. Then she produced the bunch of keys and unlocked the rose-tinted room. The fact that the bridal-chamber key was next to the biggest of the seven keys had already struck Mr. Augros the first time he saw the room unlocked, but he had forgotten it. The fact now returned with double force, noting it, as he did, while not yet entirely free from the effects of nightmare. He paid but scant attention to the many proofs of the chamber's emptiness which Mamma Angèle proceeded to set forth by unmaking the bed, peering into wardrobes and under a sofa.

"There ought to be somebody here," the fond mother ventured to observe, protected as she was by the red flannels of age. "But Monsieur sees quite plainly that this beautiful room is devoid of a gentle soul!"

Mr. Augros was busy with the keys.

Why was the key to the bridal chamber next to the biggest of the seven keys! An hour afterward his tortured brain went from the next biggest key to that foot-long, glittering piece of complicated steel which had struck him on the knee—and opened the receptacle. From midnight to dawn Mr. Augros did not sleep. Sitting up in bed, he was studying his keys. Though they were extravagantly carved, he made out a series of numbers, the size of each key increasing with its number. The big iron gate's diminutive key was No. 1; the parlor and dining-room suite No. 2; the kitchens, servants' quarters, and dependencies No. 3; the stables and carriage-houses No. 4; his own apartments No. 5; the bridal chamber No. 6; and the tremendous key of the empty little granite receptacle was No. 7. Seven keys, "Seven Slumbers"! What did the original owner mean by his seven keys and his seven slumbers? Why had he chosen the biggest and

He did not relish the idea of her dying there on his sofa

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most complicated key of all for that cold-storage cell of a room which he had cut from a granite cliff?

Mr. Augros did not enjoy his chocolate that morning. At lunch he did not touch the snails which Mamma Angèle had spent three days in preparing for her master. At dinner he burst into inexplicable profanity when his artistic cook sent in by her daughter a magnificently roasted snipe reposing on the oyster-shell in which it had been browned. Mr. Augros threw snipe, oyster-shell, dish, and all at the high-heeled, blue-eyed creature, and then rushed off to his bedroom, clanking his keys as he went. About midnight he visited the receptacle. The place offered so many attractions for the poor man that he spent the rest of the night there, stretched out at full length on the granite floor.

By morning he had made up his mind. Issuing forth from the receptacle, he tottered along the stone passage till he reached the fencing-room. There he found a bell and rang for Mamma Angèle. She appeared immediately, dressed in her best, followed by her husband in his Sunday clothes, as well as by her son and daughter, likewise attired. Mr. Augros was too disturbed to be struck by this unwonted appearance and unusual assembling of his servants.

"Mamma Angèle," he announced, in a hollow voice, "lock every door and window of this establishment and take the keys—these seven keys—to Maître Ploudahut. He will pay you your wages and something besides. 'Seven Slumbers' is for sale!"

"Monsieur must not worry," Mamma Angèle said. "Everything is in readiness for his departure. Monsieur will find his bags ready and the carriage at the door." Replying to the faint look of surprise on her master's face, she completed: "The others liked to leave quickly. I had the carriage brought up so that Monsieur could catch the morning train."

"Thank you, Mamma Angèle. You—you have been a good servant. Your husband, your son, and even your daughter—" But Mr. Augros's nerves got the better of him, and he had to come to a halt. The Angel family also began to show signs of nerves. But, faithful to the last, Mamma Angèle and her husband took up their positions on each side of Mr. Augros and gently pushed him toward the front door.

"Poor Monsieur, dear Monsieur—there! God bless Monsieur in this world and the next!"

Such language and sentiments were not calculated to calm Mr. Augros. As he staggered forth from the unique dream of his life he burst into tears. And the wind, it should be said, had just pulled its mist curtain across the sky. Through his tears and the mist Mr. Augros could hardly make out the carriage toward which he tottered. The adieus of his servants reached him as so many murmurs from the puzzling sea. It was harrowing thus to flee from a lifetime dream. It was crushing. And with the intention of leaving some sort of tender expression to float about "Seven Slumbers," for which he had slaved twenty years, Mr. Augros, unable to talk, reached out for Mamma Angèle through the mist of his tears and the mist from the sea, caught at her, carried the woman to his breast, and kissed her once, twice, three times, and lovingly. Squirming to free herself, the kissed woman emitted a cry and collapsed on Mr. Augros's bosom. His hands and arms being occupied, Mr. Augros resorted to brushing his tearful eyes against the nearest part of his bundle. He wished to free his obstructed vision and spy out a resting-place for the good soul whom he did not care to drop there in the road. When he saw what was in his arms he came near dropping to the ground himself. He was supporting a heavily veiled, slender creature who in all probability was a woman, but who certainly was not an Angel. Mamma Angèle and her family were all there, dumb with amazement but making the sign of the cross.

"Take her." Mr. Augros held out to Mamma Angèle as much as he could of what he carried. Mamma Angèle backed away, shielding herself with large and numerous signs of the cross. Nor would any of her family dare to touch the stricken creature. Mr. Augros decided to lay her down on the front steps of the château. As he was doing so the crape veil fell aside, disclosing the face of a mere girl—one of those mere girls that any old bachelor in the world would hesitate to drop on stone steps. Accordingly Mr. Augros, though he was weak and suffering, kept on into the château and took his charge to the parlor. He remarked that the longer he carried her the lighter she got. In his new-found strength he felt tempted to carry his burden up to the second floor and lay her upon a bed where she might comfortably repose. But, reflecting that this might not be comely on his part, he regretfully laid her out on the widest and softest sofa in the parlor.

"Old woman," he ordered, glaring at Mamma Angèle, who had followed with signs of the cross, "bring me all the smelling-salts in the house, a bag of hot water, a bottle of wine—and send me that daughter of yours!"

The Angel family unlimbered. As Mr. Augros superintended the resuscitation of the pretty creature he heard his carriage being taken back to the stables; he heard the distant rattle of kitchen utensils, the noise of blinds being opened; and finally he heard a soft "Oh, mon Dieu!" escape from the lips which in his blessed blindness he had kissed three times out there in the road.

"Where am I?" the lips asked.

"In 'Seven Slumbers.'"

"Where?" She started up with a rhapsodical look on her face that made Mr. Augros jump back. Where had he seen that look before? "In 'Seven Slumbers,'" she whispered, holding out her arms toward Mr. Augros. "Then I am dead, thank God—" And her girlish arms drooped back to her sides, and she drooped back to the sofa, ready and anxious for her long, last sleep. Mr. Augros did not feel well himself. He remembered her now. She was the girl, the very same girl, the identical little snipe who had given him countless nightmares. But for some reason he did not relish the idea of her dying there on his sofa.

"You are not dead," he said, encouragingly. "You are as much alive as I am!"

The girl shook her head. Evidently she preferred death to life.

"Don't you feel well?" asked Mr. Augros.

This question seemed to convince the young woman of her living state. She started up again, but this time with a look of such hopeless despair painted on her face that Mr. Augros felt ill. Then she dropped back to the sofa, murmuring:

"What a pity! It would have been so nice to be dead with father and stay in 'Seven Slumbers.' I knew it was too good to be true."

"But 'tis true!" stammered Mr. Augros. "It is quite true that you are in 'Seven Slumbers.' Only I don't think I'm exactly your father."

"No," the girl responded, shaking her head. "Father is dead, I am alive, and this is not 'Seven Slumbers.'"

Mamma Angèle's daughter, who had been absent during the interview, returned at this moment with enough hot water to scald any woman belonging to the Christian faith.

"Take yourself and your tub back to the kitchen!" Mr. Augros ordered. "And I'll ring if I need you or any member of your family."

Whereupon the old bachelor, who was barely forty-one (and greatly agitated), took his seat by the sofa, fanned the girl with his hat, and waited for both his nerves and hers to grow calm.

IV

But even when she was calm enough to force a smile of thankfulness to her lips the girl stubbornly persisted in her wish to be dead.

"And why do you wish to leave this pretty world?" Mr. Augros inquired. He was getting better and better all the time.

"Because father is dead."

"Hm!" grunted Mr. Augros. Then, esteeming that a change of conversation would be beneficial to both parties concerned, he negligently asked:

"How did you happen to be out there in front of the château this morning?"

"I had come—" And the reply took Mr. Augros's breath away; "I had come to tell 'Seven Slumbers' good-by."

"So—so you know the place!"

Now there are smiles that are sadder than tears; and such a smile came to the girl's lips.

"Know 'Seven Slumbers'!" she exclaimed, in that deep whisper of hers. "I have never known anything else."

"You have lived here?"

"All my life—that is, never."

"Please—"

"This is the first time I have ever been in 'Seven Slumbers.'"

"But—"

"But father never talked about anything else." Mr. Augros passed his hand over his forehead. He had begun to understand. The girl continued: "It is unspeakably frightful to wish, to want a thing all your life, and die without getting it!"

Mr. Augros, now distinctly recalled the gaunt, middle-aged man he had seen so often with the girl in front of the château.

"As a young man," she went on, "father became infatuated with 'Seven Slumbers.' It was just after mamma's death; and 'Seven Slumbers' took her place in his heart. I loved what father loved. He used to bring me out here on fine summer afternoons. 'You will live here one of these days,' he would say. And all through our struggling life it was 'Seven Slumbers' here and 'Seven Slumbers' there. Everything would be different when we owned 'Seven Slumbers.' We should be happy all day long when we lived in 'Seven Slumbers'; we should do this, do that— And he died last week, talking to the last in his delirium about this château which destiny would not let him have. There is something unspeakable in all that, Monsieur! What if poor father is still being troubled in this last sleep of his by 'Seven Slumbers'? Don't you think it is unspeakably frightful?"

Mr. Augros esteemed that it was, and all the more so because the dead man had left behind a haunted daughter. It should also be borne in mind that Mr. Augros had just passed through a haunting night of his own. He was, therefore, in a state of mind that leads to sudden resolves.

"Do you feel strong enough," he asked, "to step down the hall?"

She misunderstood him, thinking he meant toward the front entrance and the public road.

"Certainly!" she exclaimed. She rose to her feet, swaying with weakness. "I have abused your kindness long enough. But please remember"—and she colored deeply in spite of the proud touch she threw into her voice—"remember that it was your lamentable mistake in taking me for another person that led to all this trouble!"

Mr. Augros had his own views in regard to the lamentable mistake, but he did not express them.

"Come," he said, simply, leading the way, but not toward the front door of the château. Reaching the fencing-room Mr. Augros took the girl into the chilly rock-hewn passage and down this to the slab door of the receptacle. Producing the big key, No. 7, he set the great lock to creaking. The slab swung open.

"My child," he explained, "this vault, hewn out of a granite cliff that hangs over the sea, was intended by the original designer of 'Seven Slumbers' as a resting-place for his body when he should be no more. I do not know why he never carried his plan out. Possibly for the same reasons that have driven all successive owners away from 'Seven Slumbers' once that they guessed the purpose of this vault. I know it nearly upset my reason last night when I finally made out what this receptacle, with its biggest key of all, was meant for. I lay here six hours on this granite floor, thinking Death already had me in his clutches. When I met you out there this morning I was leaving the place with the intention of never coming back."

"Oh!"

"Now, child, I have an idea. Suppose we—you and I—suppose we seal this vault up and seal too this stone passage that leads to it; but before we do that—"

"Before we do that—" she whispered.

"Before we do that," Mr. Augros whispered back, "let's put—your—" His nerves got the better of him again and he choked.

The girl trembled, guessing, but not daring to believe what she guessed.

"Would you like that?" Mr. Augros managed to whisper. "Would that make him—would that make you happy?"

"Oh, you really mean it!" she cried, holding out her arms with that childish gesture of hers.

Three months afterward Mamma Angèle strewed rose petals (which the Church had blessed) all the way from the big iron gate to the bridal chamber.

Those Who Go Back

By Herbert Francis Sherwood

MANY writers and speakers, when referring to the volume of American immigration in general terms, put it at a million a year. They, of course, have in mind the fact that twice within recent years that total has been exceeded in the number of aliens who have landed on our shores, and that occasionally the number has approximated 900,000. In truth, such a statement is not only misleading, but actually incorrect. The degree of its inaccuracy has been indicated recently by two investigations into the movements of human beings to and from the United States. One of these, that of the Census Bureau, has shown that the gain in our foreign-born population in the decade ending in 1910 was only 3,128,683, or at the rate of 312,868 a year. The figures of the third-class transatlantic travel for the last nineteen years, lately computed, making no allowance for deaths, show an average annual increase in the alien laboring class for that period of about 342,000. The third-class passengers to our Atlantic shores in the course of the calendar years 1893–1911, inclusive, totaled 11,248,807. In the course of the same period 4,838,078 persons, or more than two-fifths of that number, sailed away again. The net immigration, therefore, was not far above 4,500,000. In 1911 the true immigration from Europe and western Asia was little, if any, in excess of 175,000, for the number of those who, either because of industrial conditions, sickness, accident, or a desire to see the old home and their friends, returned home was almost exactly two-thirds of the number who landed. Even in the years of our greatest industrial expansion, when the "great human river" reached its highest level, the circular motion of a part of the current was continued, the eastward flow being almost exactly one-third that of the westward.

Taking the data presented as a basis, it may be stated conservatively that not above three-fifths of the present or "new" immigration will remain here. This is the true immigration. The frequent references to an influx of a million a year, therefore, are without foundation in fact. In no period has the net immigration averaged more than half that number. Changing industrial conditions make it doubtful if it ever will.

It is of interest to note that the element of transatlantic immigration which is more adversely criticized than any other is least likely to remain here permanently. It is from the shores of the Mediterranean that we receive a large proportion of our supplementary supply of alien labor. This Mediterranean element has manifested a capacity to adjust itself closely to the requirements of our labor market. Nearly one-half of those who have come from that region in the last nineteen years have returned. In making this statement no allowance is made for deaths in this country. It is based on the total of arrivals here, and, therefore, is actually conservative in the extreme. In the course of this period there were three calendar years—1904, 1908, and 1911—when the outgoing current actually exceeded the incoming.

The great preponderance of males among those returning home indicates that those who comprise this floating labor supply are chiefly those immigrants who do not bring their families with them. This suggests that the process of assimilation, outside of a few cities, is not likely to be so serious a problem as many have thought, and that a proper distribution may modify it in so far as it relates to the cities. Apparently the congestion in certain industrial centers is due in a large measure to this floating population which flows in when times are prosperous and out again when there is small demand for its services. From this one would judge that the accretions to the permanent population through immigration can be cared for without serious strain upon our institutions. It leads to the conclusion that the immigration problem is, after all, the question whether the commodity of labor shall be ranked with other commodities and placed on the list of those highly protected, or whether it shall be left where it is.

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"AM HAVING A GREAT TIME. MOST SOCIABLE SET I'VE EVER MET."

"THIS IS THE DULLEST HOLE I'VE EVER BEEN TO. I LEAVE TO-MORROW."

"THE FOOD UP HERE IS EXCELLENT, AND I AM IMPROVING DAILY."

"THE FOOD IS SO BAD I CAN'T TOUCH IT. SHALL LEAVE TO-MORROW."

"THIS RESORT IS A SHOCKINGLY FRIVOLOUS PLACE."

"A GRAVE-YARD COMPARED TO THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A CIRCUS."

REPORTS FROM THE SAME HOTEL

Interludes

IN THE COURT OF HUMOR

THE Supreme Court of Humor was in session, and the judge dragged his weary length into the court-room and with a deep sigh seated himself on the bench.

"The first case on the calendar this morning," he said, dejectedly, reading a memorandum before him, "is Blatzkins *versus* Bloomer. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Ready," said counsel on both sides simultaneously.

"What is the charge?" asked the judge.

"Felonious assault," said counsel for the plaintiff. "The defendant, moreover, your Honor, admits the assault, but pleads—"

"Never mind what he pleads," said the judge. "We will hear the plaintiff."

Mr. Blatzkins was duly sworn and testified as follows:

"I was on my way home from church on Sunday last, your Honor," said he, "and as I passed along the street I perceived the defendant, Mr. Bloomer, walking on the other side of the avenue. I had known Mr. Bloomer since boyhood and so I hailed him, and as we walked along together he said he was tired and was going off for a rest. I laughed and said if he was tired he auto."

The plaintiff chuckled and the defendant scowled.

"What did you mean by that?" demanded the judge.

"It was just a playful little joke, your Honor," said the plaintiff. "Tired—auto—see?"

"I am afraid I do," said the judge, with a shudder. "And he then hit you?"

"No," said the plaintiff, "he didn't do anything. He just walked along in silence for about fifty yards, and then he remarked that he thought he'd take a tramp in the woods."

"Yes," said the judge. "And then what?"

"Why," giggled the plaintiff, "I—er—I poked him in the ribs and asked him what the tramp's name was, and he hauled off and punched me in the eye so hard that I landed in the middle of the street."

BUSINESS TERM

ELIMINATING THE MIDDLE MAN.

"Did he kick you after you had fallen?" asked the judge.

"No," said the plaintiff.

"Or try to gouge your eye out with his thumb?" continued his Honor.

"Why, no, Judge," said the plaintiff.

"Did he make any effort to chew your ear off or push your nose in until it stuck out at the back of your neck like a collar button?" persisted the judge, coldly.

"He most certainly did not," said the plaintiff.

"Then," said the judge, "I regret to say that I must find him guilty. Had he done these several things it would have mitigated his offense, but as it is he stands committed to pay a fine of ten dollars for dereliction of duty. Meanwhile the sheriff will take possession of the person of the plaintiff and place him in solitary confinement for three weeks with no other nourishment than the stenographic report of the latest vaudeville jokes along Broadway. Next case!"

USEFUL HINTS

A dozen old beaver hats suspended like Japanese lanterns along a sylvan path and filled with trailing vines make a very attractive and original tile walk for a country-place.

In muzzling your bees be careful to place the muzzle on the right end. It is only in the aftermath that the bee is dangerous.

Humming-birds should now appear in your garden and should be treated kindly unless they persist in humming "O Promise Me," in which event you are justified in using them to decorate your hat.

Parents of college students beginning their summer vacation will do well to remember that hockey-sticks are excellent weapons for carpet-beating, and used in this fashion will provide profitable occupation for idle hours.

To rid your lawn of dandelions plow it up early this month and roll with a heavy roller, a steam one preferably, and after covering the surface with a heavy coating of Portland cement have it scrubbed daily with sand-paper.

Caterpillars may now be expected in great abundance, and may be hunted without fear of a violation of the game laws. The simplest and most humane method of extermination is to seize each individual caterpillar by the nape of the neck and, after placing it under the influence of ether, to run it through your clothes-wringer.

INGRATIATING

"THIS is the fifth time you have been brought before me," said the judge, severely.

"Yes, your Honor," smiled the offender. "When I like a feller I like to give him all my business. You see—"

"Sixty days," roared the judge.

THE NEW SPORT

"THESE here New-Yorkers is bound to have their sports, I see," said Uncle Silas.

"In what way?" asked the boarder.

"Why," said Uncle Silas, "sence they give up hoss-racin' they've gone in heavy fer the turkey trot. Don't seem to me 's if thet could be very excitin'."

DOING WELL

"WELL, Jiggson," said Dubbleigh, "how is that son of yours getting along? Making his bread and butter yet?"

"Better'n that, Dubbsy, better'n that!" said Jiggson, proudly. "That boy of mine earned a dozen eggs and a couple o' pounds o' porterhouse steak last week."

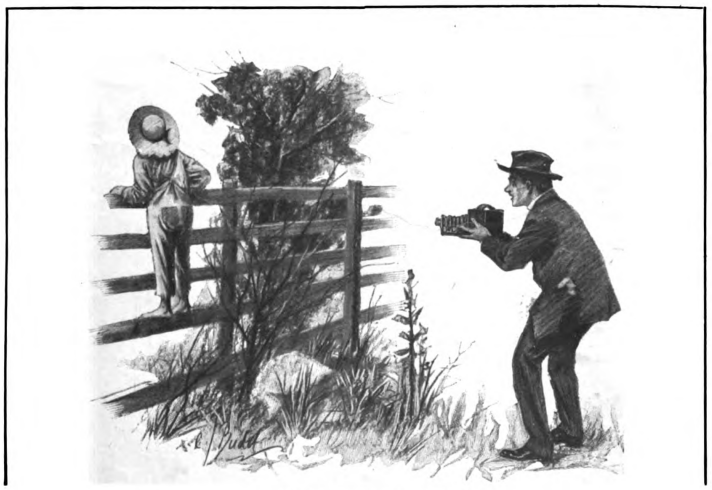
TO TIME

"TURN back, O Time!" the aged cry,
"And give us back the days gone by!"

"Haste thee, O Time!" the Youth implores,
"And lead me fast to Fortune's Doors!"

For me, dear Time, I do but pray
That thou wilt linger here to-day!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



TAKING A BACK SEAT

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Detroit Goes Cadillaquaing

ALL THE WORLD IS INVITED TO HER WATER FÊTE IN HONOR OF MONSIEUR CADILLAC, HER DISCOVERER

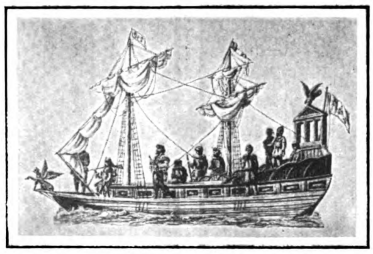
By Charles A. Hughes

THE celebration of her two hundred and eleventh birthday by the city of Detroit, next week, is going to inaugurate the newest and most notable form of historic pageant known to man—the Cadillaqua. The fact that it is to be celebrated on the water as well as on land hardly explains the unique title, until one remembers that the founder of the city was the bold explorer, Monsieur Antoine de la Motte Cadillac, gentleman adventurer and explorer in the interest of Count Pontchartrain. Cadillac's name furnished the inspiration. The combined inventiveness of fifty thousand citizens, stimulated by the offer of a fine automobile as the prize for the best title, at last brought forth the gentle, liquid, soothing word by which the week of pageantry and sports shall be known. The first two syllables do honor to the explorer; the last two signify in sonorous Latin the water on which the fête is to be held.

One can truthfully say that the idea back of the Cadillaqua was the revolt felt by all humans against the dull routine of hard work in the long summer days. And yet there is mingled with it the hope that the thousands of visitors who will be attracted to Detroit by the beauty and brilliance of the pageantry and the thrilling events in the water sports may contribute to a still greater volume of business to be done during the ensuing year. Already manufacturing sixty-three per cent. of the motor-cars of America—ten million horse-power per year—and calmly promising a population of one million in 1920, Detroit has instituted the Cadillaqua in the hope of having much fun, more population, most business. The City of the Straits will throw open the entire show free of charge to all the world from next Monday until Friday night. This has been made possible by the contributions of seven thousand citizens who gave from ten to one thousand dollars apiece to the entertainment fund, and each received in return a tiny little celluloid button by way of a voucher of his patriotism. That great natural park, Belle Isle, set in the midst of the Detroit River just at the entrance to beautiful Lake St. Clair, will be the resting place for those who look on at the pageants, races, etc. There is room on these grassy banks for three-quarters of a million spectators.

The celebration will be begun next Monday evening with a pyrotechnic display on the river—"The Vision of the Voyagers." Monsieur Cadillac had tramped through wilderness and paddled along the waterways for forty days from Lachine, Quebec, when he pitched his camp just above Belle Isle on the evening of July 21, 1701. There he was so enraptured by the beauty of the sunset and the glory of the evening star that he took them for a token and determined to establish a colony beneath the rays of the star. Thus he came next day to the site of Detroit. It was necessary to invent new kinds of fireworks in order to reproduce the sunset and star glow that thrilled Cadillac. The work has been perfectly done.

Monsieur Cadillac himself will arrive at Detroit on Tuesday with his suite. He, too, will have journeyed from Lachine, but neither the portages, the pitfalls, nor the Indians will harry him as they did his prototype two hundred and eleven years ago. Instead of being met by painted redskins, this modern Cadillac will be received in Lake St. Clair on board a beautiful hydroplane and taken with dispatch to Colonel Frank J. Hecker's steam yacht, the flagship of a tremendous fresh water armada lying at the head of Belle Isle, waiting to escort Cadillac to the foot of Third Street. There he will be met by one hundred and fifty Counts of the Court of Cadillac, and escorted to Grand Circus Park by the State Militia, United States Regulars, United States Marines, and the Naval Reserves. Governor Osborn of Michigan will be one of the first to greet Cadillac as he comes aboard the yacht *Halcyon*, and the Governor's salute of sixteen guns will be heard by Cadillac from many revenue cutters as the pageant passes down the river.



"The Griffon," first sailing craft on the Great Lakes

After Monsieur Cadillac is presented to city, State, and national officials at the reviewing stand at Grand Circus Park, and after he has received the scroll recording the city's progress for the last year, which is to be locked in the city's vaults not to be opened for one hundred years, Cadillac will make way for the largest automobile pageant ever staged. The automobile capital of the world—Detroit—will give the biggest automobile parade, with 10,000 cars in line. That evening comes the historical pageant on land. Twenty floats depicting scenes from the early history of Detroit will comprise the main section of the pageant. Cadillac's landing will be shown; the French court of the early eighteenth century will be portrayed; La Salle and Hennepin, erecting the French cross on Belle Isle, will be in view; the faithful reproduction of the Battle of the Bloody Run Bridge will be given; fur-traders and the Indians bartering with trinkets and skins will be shown in brisk pantomime. The infamous Pontiac and the disclosing of his conspiracy to the whites by the Ojibwa maiden will be the subject of one float of surpassing beauty.

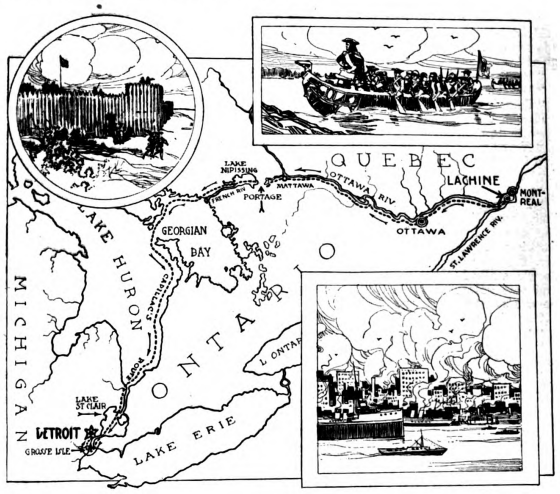
And that is only one day of a week of wonders which Detroit is providing for her own people and for the thousands who are to come and sample her birthday cake. Yacht races, motor-boat races, contests between the world's fastest hydroplanes, and similar events, will follow in succession for the rest of the week. One special feature deserves mention and that is the Cadillac Court, erected in mid-river, around which a brilliant naval parade will be held on the evening of July 25th. The court is 2,000 feet long, 300 feet wide, and contains three immense fountains, the middle one 65 feet high. The fountains will be illuminated with red, white, and green lights. Between the fountains are immense Roman galleys carrying a combined band and orchestra and a singing society of 150 voices. The musical organizations will render a concert programme as a fleet of steam yachts, motor-boats, excursion steamers, and many other forms of river craft forms in parade and passes around the court.

As the Mendelssohn Singing Club finishes its last number—the "Star-spangled Banner"—three sixty-inch bombs will be projected into the air, releasing millions of stars and thirteen stripes in colors, forming a huge American flag in the heavens, the appearance of which will be the signal for the entire concourse of people on the island and on the American shore to join in singing the chorus of the national anthem.

Cadillaqua closes on Friday with a "Venetian Night" on Belle Isle, during which thousands of decorated and illuminated canoes will parade through the canals and lagoons of the island to the accompaniment of bands and singing societies stationed along the water course.

That outlines briefly Detroit's plans for her 211th birthday celebration. It is a municipal show of which the nation, as well as Detroit, will doubtless be proud. Detroit citizens have labored for a year preparing their first big water fête celebration. George T. Moody, who was also a former president of the Detroit Board of Commerce, is the president of Cadillaqua; William E. Livingstone, president of the American Bankers' Association, is treasurer of Cadillaqua.

Among the vice-presidents of Cadillaqua are Homer Warren, president of the Detroit Board of Commerce, by which organization Cadillaqua was given its first impetus, Captain Fred M. Alger, Milton A. McRae, Abner E. Larned, Charles K. Kotcher, Fred H. Holt, H. J. Porter, and Byres H. Gitchell, with W. A. Shryer as secretary.



M. Cadillac's dreary journey—a holiday jaunt for his impersonator

The Old-fashioned Garden

By Alice E. Ives

I WANT the old-time garden,
The dear sweet-scented flowers,
With yellow bees a-buzzin'
Through all the peaceful hours.

The gate that hung a bit awry
For little feet a-swingin',
The sod beneath the lilac bush
With early violets springin'.

It's gettin' back to Paradise,
Just dreamin' of 'em blowin',
It kind o' seems as though the cares,
The tired pain o' knowin'

The ways and wiles o' city streets
Would drift like smoke from fire,
If I could stand inside that gate,
And smell the old sweet brier,

Low pinks and bouncin'-betties,
An' marigolds in rows,
Wee, snowy, sweet alyssum,
An' dainty button rose.

White phlox like girls in weddin' clothes,
Red poppies swayin' light,
And perky, gay snap-dragons
In velvet coats bedight.

There were not any orchids there,
Nor blooms that smelled o' money,
Just sweet old-timey blossoms
Where bees could gather honey.

Youth an' old age that lingered,
The last o' autumn flowers,
The bells o' Canterbury
That hung in tall, green towers,

An', oh, the dear blue larkspur!
Sweet williams all adornin',
An' purple glories where you heard
The angels say, "Good mornin'."

The very names are music.
Like elf horns blown in dreams.
They're swayin' now before my eyes
Till each a presence seems.

If God gives me no garden
In answer to my prayer,
But just keeps me a-waitin'
Till I get over there,

The first thing I will ask for—
An' keep on asking', too—
Will be an old-time garden
All shinin' with the dew,

An' hummin' birds an' butterflies,
An' I among 'em kneelin';
'T would even give to Heaven, I think,
A kind o' homey feelin'.

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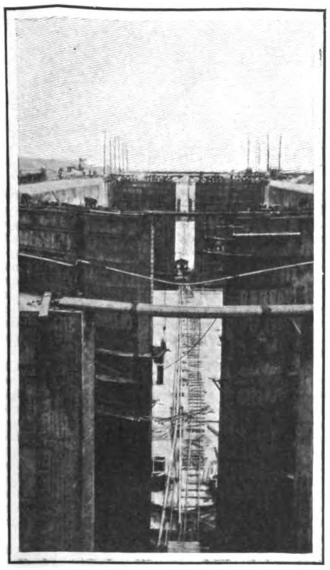
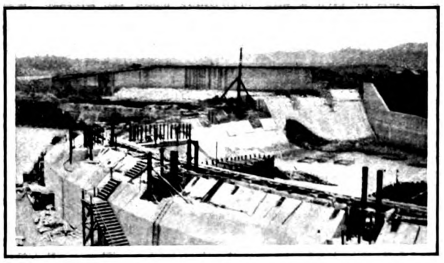
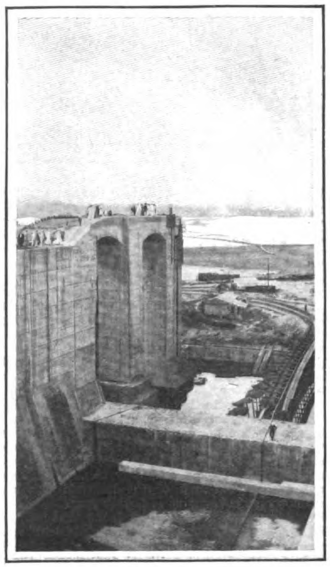


One of the Gatun locks, seen from above

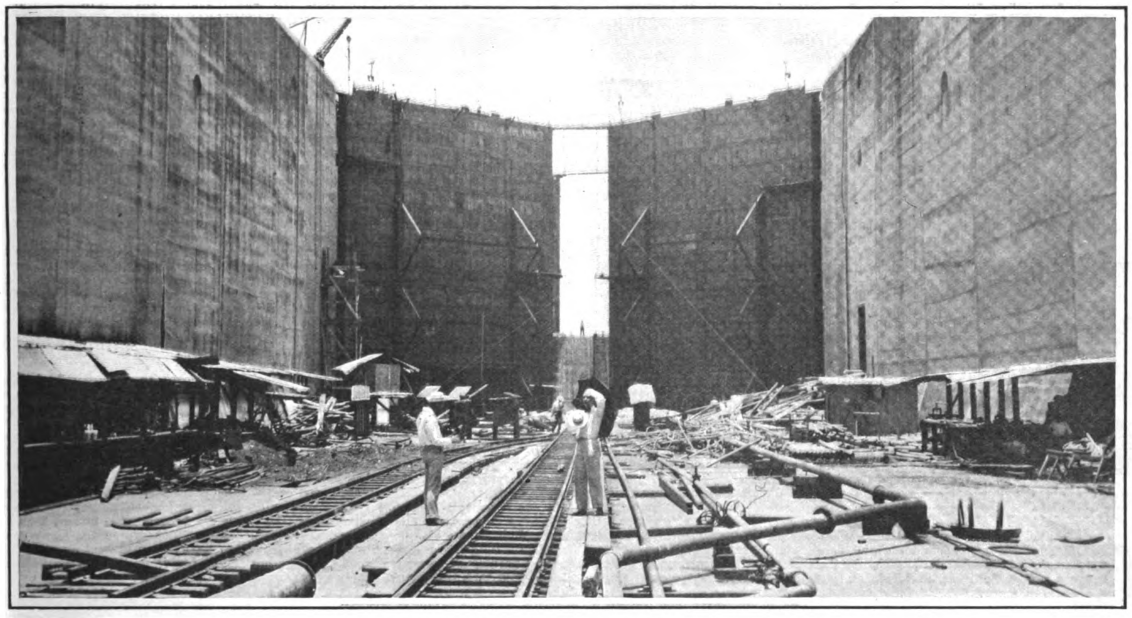
Excavations along the route of the Panama Canal



The sluices which will keep back the Chagres River

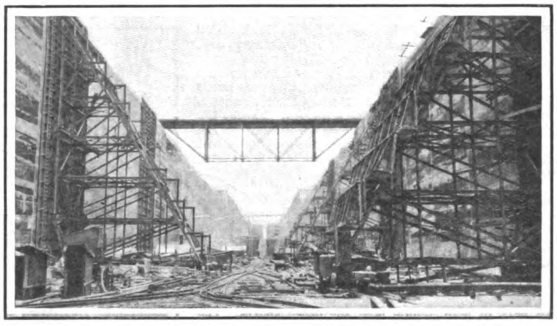


An 85-foot drop to the level of the Atlantic



The great gates of one of the Gatun locks, partly closed

Gatun Lake, which will be 164 square miles in area



The Gatun locks, looking toward the Pacific

THE LAST FEW SPADEFULS

Although nearly three years remain before the end of the time first estimated as necessary for the completion of the Panama Canal, it is an open secret that the colossal undertaking is now approaching its termination. Some views of the Canal, recently taken, are shown on this page

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PIVOT ON WHICH THE SITUATION TURNS

IF you walk into the average broker's office and ask an opinion on the market the reply you'll get in three cases out of four is that "everything depends on the outcome of the crops." Most people whose business it is to talk about the market, having made that statement, will then go on to qualify it by saying something about "political considerations also being important," but it is the crop outcome which is generally recognized as the dominating influence. That is always so at this time of the year and particularly so this season. When your broker tells you that everything depends on the crops he is only telling you what he has been telling his customers every mid-July for years. But this season, whether he realizes it or not, the statement carries particular force. Good crops always do mean a lot to the country and to business and to the stock-market, but it would be necessary to go back a good way to find a time when a satisfactory out-turn of the harvests was as important to the country as it is this year.

Every summer, of course, it looks that way, so it will hardly do to make such a statement without giving the reasons why. Briefly, they are these: First, this is a year of great political disturbance, the effect of which on business and the markets is bound to be harmful unless offset by some very positive favorable influence such as big crops. Second, on account of increased operating expenses, net earnings of many important railroads in the crop country have of late shown a marked falling off and are in sore need of the stimulus which big crops would bring. Third, increase in the capacity of our manufacturing plants has been very great and sustained buying-power from the agricultural sections of the country is necessary to keep many mills and factories from having to shut down. Fourth, anything short of large crops could not fail to result in a further rise in the cost of food, with all that that means as a harmful influence on business and the markets.

Glancing separately at these reasons why the crops are this year particularly important, it will at once be seen how seriously the political situation might react on security values were it not offset by a business-producing outcome of the harvests. All through the time when the nominating conventions were in session the markets remained undisturbed. Why, doesn't all this political disturbance hurt prices? was a question most frequently asked—only to be met by the reply that future earnings and not who sat in the White House was what determined the real value of a security. Politics, it was realized, while a factor of the highest importance, was not enough to put prices down as long as crop-prospects remained such as to foreshadow active business and big earnings later in the year. But only as long as that. Nowhere better than in Wall Street is it realized that, without the promise of a full harvest, the political factor would have made itself much more strongly and disagreeably felt.

That the present downward trend of the earnings of many of the big railroads operating in the crop country be checked, it is particularly important that this year's harvests should be large. Take, for instance, the St. Paul, an old-established dividend payer, but which has had to reduce its dividend from seven per cent. to five and is barely earning that. What would be the difference between good crops and poor crops this year to a road like St. Paul? Simply the difference between being able to pay dividends and not being able to pay them. If it is objected that St. Paul is an extreme case, the reply can be made that, while special influences may have operated to bring about a relatively greater decrease in earnings on that property, any number of other roads might be named which are running perilously near the line of dividend reduction. Good crops this year will mean earnings making possible maintenance of dividends at present rates. Poor crops or even a crop moderately below the average will mean dividend reductions in a good many cases. It is, of course, not merely a question of earnings derived from direct tonnage—that is, from the hauling of the crops themselves. Between good crops and bad the difference is far more than that. Good crops mean buying-power and that means an influx of miscellaneous merchandise lasting for months after the harvests have been gathered. When crops have been poor the railroads get the benefit of no such merchandise movement.

Important to the railroads as is this tonnage which always follows a satisfactory outcome of the crops, it is of even greater importance to the many manufacturing concerns all over the country which depend largely upon orders from the agricultural sections. The past ten years have seen the evolution of the farmer from a poor, mortgage-ridden individual to one of the big buying powers in the country. The result has been a steady increase in the capacity of mills and factories making not only the things farmers are supposed to need, but the many articles of luxury which their improved financial state has enabled them to buy. The biggest part of the product of many a big maker of musical instruments and low-priced automobiles, for instance, finds its way out into the smaller towns scattered through the wheat and corn belts. It is, indeed, upon a full volume of orders from this source that capacity is based.

In the eastern sections of the country manufacturers pay less attention to the crops, but all through the South and West harvest prospects are studied with the utmost care and play an important part in shaping manufacturing and financial policies. To the man who makes some article mostly sold in the farming communities, the fact that crops are going to be good or are not going to be good is not a matter of academic or theoretical interest. To him the difference between good crops and poor crops is all the difference between big sales and small sales. And as his manufacturing has to be done several months ahead, it will readily appear how important it is for him to be able to figure out in advance what the outcome of the harvests is likely to be.

Then, in the fourth place, we are particularly in need of large crops this year in order that a check may be put upon the rise in the cost of food. Here and there one still hears learned dissertations about the influence on food prices of the increased production of gold, but people very generally have come to understand that the trouble is simply one of shortage of supply. To feed our rapidly increasing population, we need a corresponding increase in the volume of our food-crops. But no such increase has taken place. On the contrary, as was shown in a recent article, while the population of this country has increased twenty-one per cent. in the past ten years, production of foodstuffs has stood practically still.

It will, of course, take more than one big crop to bring about any real correction of this condition, but a start has got to be made and it is mighty important that it be delayed no longer. Does any one ask why meat-prices, for instance, are soaring at present? Let him glance at the figures showing that last year's corn crop (food animals are largely fed on corn) was some three hundred millions of bushels less than in the year before and *far below the country's consumptive needs.* Because the beef companies have come out with the statement that that is the real trouble—that the average steer, for example, weighs less now than he did at this time last year—there has been a strong disposition to ridicule its importance, but it is a very simple matter of mathematics after all. You don't have to take the "Beef Trust's" word for it that the fodder crops were short last year. That is a matter of official record.

And it is just as certain that, if we don't have a full crop of corn and hay and oats this fall, there is going to be a further rise in the cost of living. We are going along now on what is left over from last year's crops, but the amount remaining on the farms is far below the average. Very full crops will fill in the deficiency and possibly bring about some price-reduction—though, as has been said, it will take several big crops in succession in order to accomplish much in that direction. On the other hand, if the corn crop is poor, even as poor as last year's, there is bound to be a shortage with all that that means in the way of higher prices.

It would be bad enough to have to pay any more than at present for life's necessities, but any further rise in the cost of living would have economic and financial consequences far more serious than the mere necessity of paying a few cents a pound more for this or that. Nobody who is in the least familiar with present investment-market conditions fails to realize how the price of the very best stocks and bonds has been hurt by the high level of living costs, and what a harmful influence on the markets any further rise in commodity prices would necessarily exert. Then, in the second place, bank-loans, already unduly expanded as a result of high commodity prices, would inevitably be expanded even further, which would mean a serious check on business, if not the creation of conditions positively dangerous. Thirdly, by any further rise in prices, exports would be restricted and imports stimulated, this resulting in a reduction of the favorable balance of trade which means so much to the growth and prosperity of the country.

These are the reasons why we particularly need big crops this fall. The next question is, What are the chances of our getting them?

Only fair, according to the early-July government crop report. Take the figures and go over them, comparing them with the figures for previous years—they are not such as to inspire enthusiasm. The big acreage planted with corn, it is true, allows leeway for a record crop should weather conditions from now on be ideal and prospects for hay and oats are bright; but considering the report as a whole, average crops only are forecast.

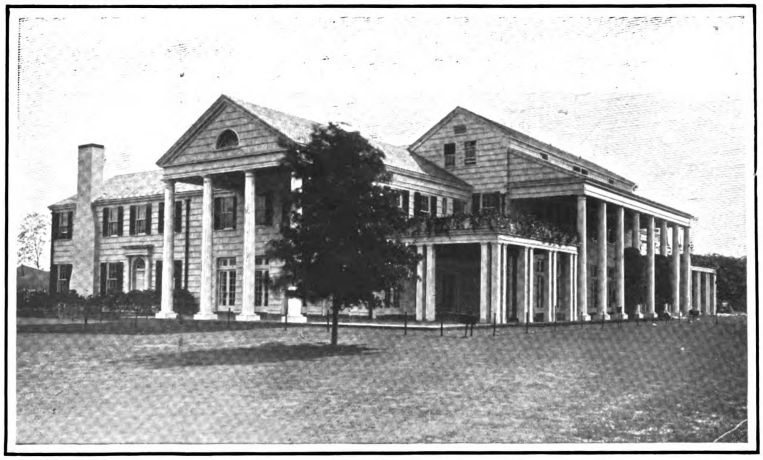
The real hope of big crops this year, indeed, lies not in what wheat and corn may contribute, but rather in what may be contributed by oats and hay. Oats show a large acreage and an exceedingly high percentage of condition (89.2) and with good growing weather from now on the yield will run above the record of 1,186,000,000 bushels established in 1910. Hay, too, has had a favorable start and promises a big yield.

Bumper crops this year would do a great deal toward improving the situation, but, except by those who allow the wish to become the father to the thought, bumper crops are not expected. The possibility is still there, but, figuring on present acreage and condition, the outlook is for crops little if any above the average for the past few years.

The Finest Country Club in America

THE new club-house at Piping Rock, Long Island, which was opened not long ago, is considered to be the finest country club in America. Its architecture is of the Colonial type, and its arrangement is unusual in that it is built around a central court which is treated as a garden. Except the men's café, which is finished in butternut, all of the rooms are finished in white with papered walls and chintz curtains in keeping with the character of the house. Many of the pictures and other decorations of the club are gifts of members. The main club-room overlooking the terrace has been designed and furnished under the personal supervision of Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, who selected and presented to the club its entire contents. The general scheme of planting about the club-house and in the central court is also attributable to him.

The club-house contains, besides the locker rooms and quarters for men, quarters for ladies, who will take part in polo, tennis, and the other sports. The ladies' polo club has already begun play on one of the Piping Rock fields. Three polo fields have been created, around which is a mile turf track one hundred feet wide, which has been built for both flat and steeplechase racing. There are also an eighteen-hole golf course and eight grass tennis courts. The governors of the club are: J. Searle Barclay, Jr., Percy Chubb, Paul D. Cravath, Frank L. Crocker, Joseph E. Davis, John B. Dennis, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Clarence H. Mackay, Frederic P. Moore, Charles B. Macdonald, John S. Phipps, Herbert L. Pratt, Charles Steele, Frederic N. Watriss, Harry Payne Whitney, Bronson Winthrop, and Henry Rogers Winthrop.



The new Piping Rock Club House on Long Island

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One of the first woman voters saying "No"

Voting Out the Street-car Smoker

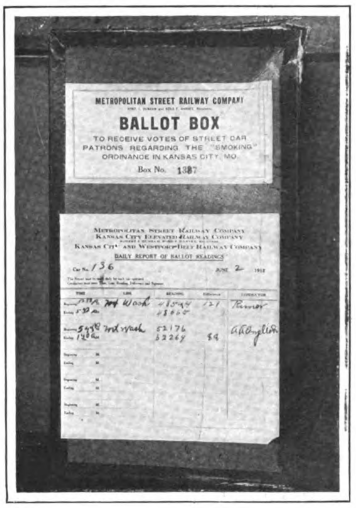
By F. J. Munagle

SOMETHING new in street-railway operation was seen in Kansas City, Missouri, last month. It was the referendum on the subject of smoking on the street cars. There was quite as much interest in the outcome of this test of public sentiment as there is usually in a public election in which the political issues are of great importance. Indeed, it may fairly be said that there was more, for the women and children had a part in this contest and were deeply concerned as to the result.

The voting began on the cars on Saturday, June 1st, and continued until the midnight of June 7th—a full week. There were two ballot-boxes on each car, and every nickel-paying patron was given a ballot. There were two parts to this ballot—one bearing the word "yes" and the other "no." Each bore the same serial number and there was a perforated line for tearing them apart. The voting patron was enjoined to tear up the portion of the ballot he did not use, lest somebody, picking it up, should render his vote a nullity. It was required that a ticket should be voted on the car on which the passenger received it, and those voted otherwise were thrown out. The range of numbers given out by each conductor was shown on the outside of the ballot-box and was signed by the conductor when leaving the car. About eighty per cent. of the fare-payers voted. Many put in the whole ballot—that is, both ends—which was understood to mean "indifferent." Every now and then a passenger refused the ballot tendered, and others who accepted them tore them up and threw them away, but these were not numerous, as most people were tremendously interested.

The ballot-boxes were gathered up after each shift, and, after being checked at the division headquarters, were taken to the general office to be inspected, checked, recorded, and counted. For this work a small regiment of workers was required. Thirty girls did the sorting and counting, under competent supervision. The ballots were placed in envelops, the affirmative vote in one, the negative in another, and the indifferent in a third, with the figures showing the totals found. These envelops, duly certified, went to the tabulators, who made the computation on an adding machine. It took ten days to make the count—some of them long days—but it was as well made as is the official count in the most scrupulously conducted public election. Certainly nothing was omitted to guarantee accuracy or to present the assurance of fairness.

There were 3,100,000 printed tickets and of these approximately 2,000,000 were given out by the conductors and voted on. From the morning of the first day to the night of the last the "noes" had the best of it, for the smokers themselves voted that way quite generally, not only because they had considerate regard for women and children, but because they had become convinced that a clean and sanitary car was best. The vote stood about three to one for the "noes" and in favor of the maintenance of the company rule. The cost of the election was about $3,000.



One of the eighty-five hundred ballot boxes used

It required the services of forty people to check, count, and tabulate the two million votes registered

The "no-smoking" rule has prevailed in Kansas City since November 1, 1910, when President Egan instituted it. When the cards were posted announcing it, there was a loud guffaw. A rule of that kind couldn't be enforced, it was said. The right to smoke was too well intrenched. President Egan took the position that smoking rendered the cars filthy and unsanitary and was a gross imposition on women and children—if not on everybody. So tactful and firm was he in putting the rule in operation that it was successfully enforced practically without disturbance. Moreover, it won public sentiment, and habitual smokers themselves unhesitatingly pronounced it a good thing.

The cigar men, however, were not pleased. The politicians got busy during the summer of 1911, and put an ordinance through the council authorizing smoking within circumscribed limits on the cars. Mayor Brown, responding to overwhelming protests, vetoed it.

That settled the matter until another mayor was elected. Then another "smoke" ordinance was passed, and the mayor disregarded protests and signed the measure.

The company, while not acknowledging the right of the city to permit smoking on its cars, then ordered this referendum. In the mean time it kept on enforcing the no-smoke rule. Deprived of the moral influence of official support, it found some wilful violators, though they were rare. When they persisted, the car was stopped to wait until they got off or threw away their cigars, a result which was always aided by the manifestations of outraged and indignant sentiment on the car. The announcement of the big referendum vote in its favor has helped to establish peace and acquiescence in the company's rule.

The Proposal

By A. Sufferan Mann

THERE is no thing that I can do
That I'll not gladly promise you,
And strive with all my brawn and brain,
In spite of toil, in spite of pain,
To lay them all before your throne
If you will come and be my own.

I offer you a happy home,
And freedom when you wish to roam;
I've acres broad, and bonds and stocks
In goodly store lie in my box—
A motor-car, a yacht to cruise,
All, all devoted to your use.

Turn not those glowing orbs away,
Break not my heart by saying "Nay,"
But come to me, and ease the woe
In which about my tasks I go—
Let the rich radiance of your glance
Fill all my days with song and dance!

'Twas thus I spoke—by hook or crook
I was resolved to get a cook;
But all the same,
That summer's day,
Although she came
She wouldn't stay!

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Some Evils of School Life

By Lewis M. Terman, Ph.D.

THE charge of school over-pressure has been made repeatedly for at least fifty years. Although during that time the actual number of hours of confinement at school tasks has not considerably increased, and the school itself has been hygienically improved in many respects, the accusations of over-pressure have not become less numerous or vehement.

In the schools of the United States the daily session in the cities varies usually from five to five and one-half hours; in the country and small villages from five and one-half to six hours. A number of States limit by law the daily attendance of children under eight years to four hours. Compared with those of some of the ancient schools, which were continued from dawn until dark, these hours seem very reasonable indeed. But the official length of the school day gives little clew to the presence or absence of over-pressure. Home lessons must be considered; also private tuition in music, painting, language, etc. Another thing to be taken into account is the employment of children before and after school hours.

What is a reasonable programme for the elementary school? To give anything like a thorough account of the experimental work which has been done in the effort to find an answer to this question would require a volume in itself. Most of the students of experimental pedagogy would probably agree that the following programme represents a fair norm for healthy children:

Before 8 years	2 hours
8–10 years	3 hours
10–12 years	3–4 hours
12–15 years	4–5 hours

In the average American high school the pupil of medium ability cannot do the required work satisfactorily by devoting less than seven hours a day to study and recitation. Above and below this all extremes are found in individual schools and with individual pupils. The eight and one-half to nine hour day is not rare. When we add to these hours the time children are required to devote to private instruction, is it any wonder that so many of them break down under the strain?

Investigations of the health of school children have shown appalling results. Every study has demonstrated sufficient correlations of ill health with years of school attendance and daily hours of study to establish the existence of a cause-and-effect relation.

As the details of these investigations have been practically the same, a single illustration will serve our purpose. Hertel, who studied the health of 4,352 boys and girls, found the percentage of ill health in the first and second grades 18.4. This rose to 34 per cent. by the end of the third grade and to nearly 50 per cent. by the end of the eighth year, with its average of eight and one-half hours of daily study.

The defects which increase in frequency and work such havoc with the future of the child are myopia, spinal curvature, headaches, and nervous troubles. Statistics show that spinal curvature increases fifty per cent. from the first to the sixth grade. Headaches also double in frequency from the first to the seventh year, while other nervous troubles increase nearly fivefold.

When we consider that the daily period of study increases concomitantly with the morbidity, it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that they are causally related. The fact that schools with both morning and afternoon sessions show nearly twice as much morbidity in the higher grades as schools with one session only points to the same conclusion.

We can reasonably attribute to worry a large part of the blame for the surprising amount of malnutrition and anemia found to exist among school children. Just as the experiments of Cannon proved that teasing a cat held the digestion of its dinner in abeyance by causing a cessation of the peristaltic movements of the walls of the intestines, in like manner we may reasonably infer that school worry is inevitably accompanied by imperfect digestion and assimilation of food. The resulting malnutrition aggravates in turn the nervous instability.

But now the question has been raised whether there may not be unfavorable influences more direct. This is the effect of fatigue upon the blood. To test this theory numerous experiments have been made. In all these tests, both on children and adults, it was found the proportion of hemoglobin showed an average decrease after mental work, whether this was continued for weeks or only for hours.

Since hemoglobin is that element of the blood which carries the oxygen, we can readily see the importance of this discovery. If the child pursues mental tasks for long periods, and is not given or is not required to take sufficient time for repairing the loss which such effort entails, then oxygenation of the blood becomes more and more imperfect and the child becomes anemic and listless.

The reverse phenomenon—*i. e.*, the improvement which takes place in the composition of the blood as the result of a well-spent summer vacation—tends to corroborate the theory. This has also been the subject of much experimental study, but the results of all the investigations being similar, the details of one will suffice. Borchman gave blood tests to nineteen boys and eighteen girls before a two months' "summer colony" outing and again after their return. The second test revealed an average gain of nearly a million red corpuscles per cubic centimeter of blood, with a corresponding increase in hemoglobin.

The most obvious and sensible remedy for school over-pressure is to shorten the hours of daily study and to demand intensive work for a short period. This would result in as much mental gain for the day with considerably less wear and tear on the health.

There is nothing in which people differ more than in the view as to the popular period of a day's work. Instead of urging an equal number (and that the maximum) of hours upon all children, we should endeavor to learn the conditions under which the nervous system of each child functions best. It is folly to impose an eight-hour programme on a four-hour nervous system. Little progress is made when the child is tired. It has been proved that one hour of instruction in the afternoon is almost exactly as fatiguing as two hours in the morning, and that it has therefore only half the educational value of the latter.

That the long school day is not necessary for the end desired has been shown both by accidental circumstances and by experiment. In 1909 it happened that many thousands of children in New York City had to be restricted to half-day attendance because of the overcrowded condition of the schools. A well-known authority in child hygiene made a thorough study of the progress made by these "half-timers" and was forced to the conclusion that in New York, at least under the school conditions then existing, a half day was productive of better results than a whole day. It is interesting to note that the results of this study were never published.

Experience proves that by a half-hour of daily instruction for one or two years any intelligent mother can prepare her child to enter the third grade by the age of eight years. One hour of daily private instruction continued to the thirteenth or fourteenth year would fulfill all the academic requirements for entrance into the high school.

The cry of the teachers is always "not enough time for the required work." To have each grade "cover the course of study" month by month delights the superintendent's heart. It is an end to work for. If he would spend half as much time and energy in searching for and cutting out the unnecessary work as he now devotes to the framing up of rigid prescribed courses he would have at the end of the school year a class just as brilliant mentally and with a good many more red corpuscles.

DR. SAM: "HE MAY PULL THROUGH—WITH A LONG REST"

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Asphalt Lakes

ASPHALT belongs to those substances specifically designated as bitumens. This may be defined as a generic term for a class of minerals, occurring in nature, which are soluble in chloroform and other neutral spirits. They all consist of compounds of carbon and hydrogen, but often contain compounds of nitrogen, sulphur, and oxygen.

The first use of asphalt was by the ancient Egyptians, their source of supply being the regions contiguous to the Red Sea, where it is still mined. During the pre-Christian era asphalt or bitumen was used almost altogether as a cement, almost in the form in which it was supplied by nature. This substance aided in the preservation of mummies. Cisterns lined with asphalt three thousand years ago are still serviceable. During the Middle Ages, however, the substance appears to have been almost entirely forgotten, and not until the nineteenth century was reached was any industry based upon it attempted. It is not definitely known who first suggested asphalt as a paving material. Its use for the purpose was first attempted in France about 1840, but the results were unsatisfactory. However, later attempts proved successful both in Paris and in London. Later still, in America, it was observed that fragments of asphalt that had dropped from carts were crushed and compacted into a solid rock bed by the wheels, and the conviction that road-beds could be constructed of the same material was inevitable. The first asphalt street laid in any Atlantic coast city is claimed by Newark. This was in 1870, and the substance came from the mines of Trinidad. Washington soon followed the example, and then the use of asphalt in road-making became general throughout this country.

While asphalt is found in varying quantities in many countries, the greatest supplies come from Trinidad, Cuba, and Venezuela. The substance from Trinidad, although first used as a substitute for and as an improvement on coal-tar in roofing and like purposes, is the bitumen best known in the United States for street pavement, and of the fifty million or more square yards laid in this country it is claimed that seventy-five per cent. at least is a mixture in which Trinidad asphalt forms a part.

The asphalt lake at Trinidad occupies a depression of about 114 acres and is probably the center of an extinct volcano. It is a lake in most senses of the word, for there are well-defined shores and inlands scattered through it at intervals; and the surface is in constant motion; there are also movements which may be ascribed to currents and eddies. The center of the lake is about a foot higher than the edges, this relation being maintained, although the lake as a whole has been lowered by the constant removal of material from it. The depth of the deposit is not accurately known, but the lake fills up quickly when the surface is removed. The surface is not level, but is composed of irregular tumescent masses of various sizes. As the spaces between are always full of water, these masses are prevented from coalescing. The softer part of the lake constantly evolves gas, which consists largely of carbon dioxide and sulphuretted hydrogen, and the pitch, which is honeycombed with gas cavities, continues to exhibit this action for some time after its removal from the lake. The asphalt from Trinidad in its fresh state can be picked up and molded without soiling the hands. The substance is pulled apart on the surface with picks and the pieces are carted away to the ships. In the Bay of Cardenas, Cuba, asphalt is drawn up from the bed of the sea through eight or nine feet of water.

Spinning Eggs

AN interesting experiment exhibits the phenomenon of fluid friction. Take two eggs, one raw, the other hard-boiled, and suspend them by wires from an electric-light fixture or other support, their long axes being vertical. Then if they be gently turned around once or twice, it is found that while the boiled egg continues to revolve the raw one comes immediately to rest.

This difference is due to the fact that the boiled egg is a solid body, the whole egg turning, while the raw egg is a fluid contained in a shell, the shell alone being turned by the twisting of the wire and the fluid remaining stationary.

The investigator who devised this and the following experiments employed it as one of the proofs that the earth is a solid body and not a thin crust of rock surrounding a fluid or "pasty nucleus." In that case, he held, the observed swinging and swaying motions of the earth's axis in precession and mutation would be impossible.

The same phenomenon is shown in the following experiment, though in a directly opposite way. If two eggs be spun rapidly on their sides on a mirror or other perfectly smooth surface, the experimenter by gently placing his hand upon the boiled egg as it spins stops its movement permanently. But if the same experiment be made with the raw egg it will immediately begin to spin again when the hand is removed. Indeed, it is extraordinary how long one can hold his hand upon the raw egg without destroying its motion. The reason of this is apparent. The fluid within the shell continues to revolve, although the shell itself is stationary, while in the other case the whole egg is stopped.

If one attempt to spin the eggs on the mirror, after the manner of a top, he will find that the boiled egg will spin for a considerable time, but that the other will fall almost immediately on its side. It has been observed that this experiment furnishes a solution of Columbus's problem—how to make an egg stand on end. First boil the egg hard and then spin it.

On the Trail

You and I, and the world before us,
You and I, and the years behind,
Off again on the trail that bore us,
With storm and rain and the eager wind.

Risen at last from a mute subjection,
Careless of men's poor, petty bands;
We shall see with awe love's resurrection
Out on the trail again. Join hands!

You and I, in the still of the moorland,
Side by side in the camp-fire's glow;
Desert or forest or gipsy poor land,
Joy is ours that the free can know.

Stars in heaven to guide our roaming,
Moon and sun in the open skies;
Though these whirl down in the wild sea's foaming
There is light and to spare in your amber eyes.

Death shall strike us swift, unknowing,
Eyes undulled ere life grows stale;
Dear heart, we shall sleep where the winds are blowing,
You and I, on the endless trail.

WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

American English

THE Germans have come to the defense of "American English." Brandl, an authority on the English language, has expressed the opinion that English is as well spoken generally in the United States as it is in England.

Professor Skeat agrees with Brandl, and goes further in that he asserts that in the United States more zeal and interest is evinced in the study of English than in the mother country.

It has been pointed out that one reason for the importance of the study of English in the United States is that the language is the medium whereby are dissolved the foreign elements received into our national life.

On the other hand, we are assured, the Britisher takes his language for granted, and, as in the case of other things that he takes for granted, he is, it is contended, inclined to assume too much with reference to his language. It would be a difficult matter to convince the average Briton that the English tongue is as well spoken in America as in England. He might admit that an American speaks English "well," but would balk at the proposition that the inhabitant of the United States speaks as perfectly as the Britisher.

As a matter of fact, for every flattened "a" in the United States an "h" is dropped in England. On both sides of the Atlantic are many mutilated words, and the best authorities seem agreed that there is little occasion for natural complacency in either country.

It is, however, a curious fact that while the average Englishman's speech would be understood by any audience in the United States, and while he could understand the speech of his auditors, he would at home within two hours' ride from London find localities wherein the uneducated speak dialects not understood in the next county.

The German authority mentioned is of opinion that the "American twang" is passing.

Bogs as Nitrate-fields

IF peat is mixed with lime and sown with nitrifying ferments, its filaments become incased with masses of nitrates. Wherever there are peat-bogs it is possible to obtain nitrates equivalent in quality to those of the great nitrate deposits in Chile. The bogs, hitherto regarded as good for fuel only, are thus found to be undeveloped sources of wealth.

Nitrates are as necessary to industry as to agriculture. In 1910 South America exported 2,400,000 tons. Europe, the chief consumer of American nitrates, pays a tax of approximately $60,000,000, and is glad to pay it, and thankful to get the product. To the systematic use of nitrates and to that alone the majority of countries owe their production of crops. Nitrates are manufactured at great expense from the nitrogen in the air; yet a natural nitrate-bed lies in every marsh.

Why Silver Tarnishes

EVERYBODY is familiar with the tendency of silverware to part with its brilliance and become tarnished when exposed to ordinary atmospheric influences, but not every one knows that the cause of the tarnishing is the action of sulphur in the air. Unless frequently cleaned, the surface of silver will become black in the course of a few months. The best way to keep silver bright without the necessity of cleaning is said to be to coat the surface with a thin solution of collodion varnish diluted with spirits of wine. After being applied with a soft brush the spirit evaporates, leaving a thin, glossy, transparent film on the polished surface. Warm water removes the varnish. Tarnished silver may be restored by careful rubbing with a soft cloth wet with dilute solution of potassium cyanide, one ounce to a quart of water, followed by rinsing.

Sea Currents and Migrations

REPORTS received by the French government from its consular officers in Hawaii throw light, it is thought, on certain problems of ethnography. Not very long ago a little schooner, dismantled and with its rudder gone as the result of a tempest, was drifted by winds and ocean currents from Tahiti to Hawaii after eighty-one days. Hawaiian traditions declare that in ancient days people came from Tahiti, drifting with the currents, and settled the islands. The adventure of the dismantled schooner seems to prove the possibility of such a migration, and it is suggested that the currents of the Pacific, which have not yet been sufficiently studied, may throw much light on the distribution of the native races among the island groups.

SALLOW FACES

Often Caused by Tea and Coffee Drinking.

How many persons realize that tea and coffee so disturb digestion that they produce a muddy, yellow complexion?

A ten days' trial of Postum has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up a bad complexion.

A Washington young lady tells her experience:

"All of us—father, mother, sister, and brother—had used tea and coffee for many years until finally we all had stomach troubles more or less.

"We all were sallow and troubled with pimples, breath bad, disagreeable taste in the mouth, and all of us simply so many bundles of nerves.

"We didn't realize that tea and coffee caused the trouble until one day we ran out of coffee and went to borrow some from a neighbor. She gave us some Postum and told us to try that.

"Although we started to make it, we all felt sure we would be sick if we missed our strong coffee, but we tried Postum and were surprised to find it delicious.

"We read the statements on the pkg., got more, and in a month and a half you wouldn't have known us. We all were able to digest our food without any trouble, each one's skin became clear, tongues cleaned off, and nerves in fine condition. We never use anything now but Postum. There is nothing like it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

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Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

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Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

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Mast Trees

In the Provincial Charter of 1691, under which the Plymouth Colony and the Province of Maine were united with Massachusetts, it was provided that all trees of the diameter of twenty-four inches and upward, twelve inches from the ground, growing upon land not heretofore granted to any private person, should be reserved to the Crown for the furnishing of masts for the royal navy.

A surveyor-general of woods was appointed to see that this provision of the charter was carried into effect. Near the coast all white pines of suitable dimensions were marked with the "broad arrow"—three cuts through the bark with an ax, like the track of a crow. This was the King's mark.

Long after the Revolution had obliterated the royal authority men who had been taught in boyhood to respect the King's mark hesitated to cut such trees.

In felling a tree it was necessary to "bed it" to prevent its breaking. This was done by cutting the small growth and placing the small trees across the hollow, so that there should be no strain upon one section more than upon another when the monster pine struck the ground.

The mast was hauled out of the woods on one strong sled, whether in winter or summer, and so many oxen were required that the hind pair were often choked in crossing a hollow, being hung up in their yoke by the pulling of those ahead of them.

A mast-hauling was a great event and everybody within walking-distance came to see it.

The Black Venus of Brittany

One of the most curious relics of paganism remaining in a Christian country is the gigantic black stone figure of a woman which is to be seen in a forest of the district of Morbihan in Brittany.

It is known as the "black Venus," but probably dates far back of the time when the Greeks and Romans worshiped that goddess. Antiquaries assert that this figure belongs to the age of the serpent-worshipers, one of whose subterranean temples is in the neighborhood. This would make the figure far older than the Christian era.

The statue is that of a huge, uncouth woman, with a sullen, angry countenance, her form enveloped in a loose mantle. The superstitious Bretons have always worshiped the figure, asserting that it has power over the weather and the crops. If the idol is neglected they declare that the grain dies on the ear, and if the anger of the "black woman" is farther roused a tidal wave sweeps over Morbihan.

Twice the stone was cast into the sea by pious folk, who hoped thereby to put an end to this idolatry, and twice the peasants dragged it back and set it up in its old place.

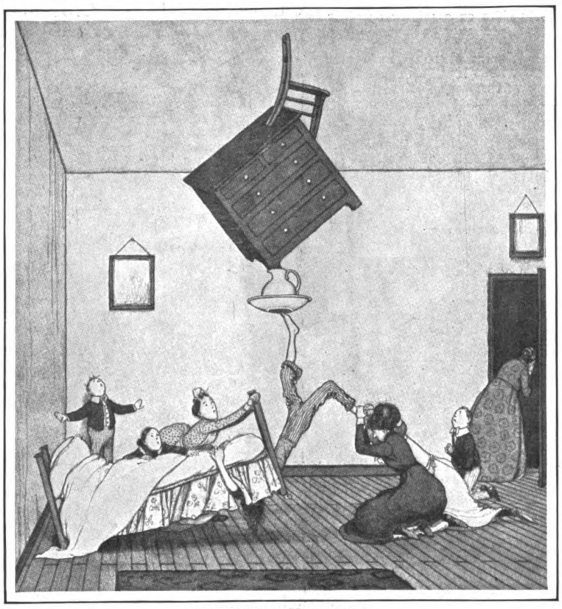
Some two hundred years ago Count Pierre de Lannion, on whose estate the figure stood, in order to save the statue from both friends and enemies, dragged it by forty yoke of oxen to his own château and set it up in the courtyard. He cut an inscription on the base of the pedestal, declaring the figure to be a Venus carved by Cæsar's soldiers.

The Clock of Death

The clock at Hampton Court Palace derived its unpleasant title by reason of a superstition that whenever any one long resident in the palace dies the clock immediately stops. It is of record that when Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James I., died the old time-piece was striking four and that it stopped almost before the last stroke sounded. Since that time it is said to have repeated this grisly proceeding each time a royal personage within its jurisdiction died.

At any rate, the clock has an interesting history quite aside from this. It was the first astronomical time-piece made in England, being constructed in 1540 for Henry VIII. Thirty-two years ago it was brought out of a shed wherein it had lain neglected for nearly half a century; and by order of the then Secretary of the Office of Works it was re-erected in the courtyard opposite the entrance to the state apartments. There is historical evidence to the effect that it was built by one Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer who came to England at the invitation of Cardinal Woolsey.

This old time-piece tells the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun, and the number of days since the beginning of the year, the phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian, and the time of high water at London Bridge. The time required to wind it is half an hour every week. The weights have a descent of over sixty feet.



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Nature Study

The Grasshopper

Th' Hopper-grass—he's tired, too,
A-climbin' up th' daisy stalk,
That's w'y we bof sat down to rest
'Cause we mus' have a little talk.
Th' Hopper-grass he said, "Ahem!"
An' quivered all th' daisy stem.

Most folks would be "clean tuckered out"
To hop an' skip an' jump all day—
I like to skip sometimes myself;
'Tain't bizness, tho', jus' only play.
He won't tell how it is you jump
To never give your head a bump.

Th' Hopper-grass—he never wished
He was a little girl like me.
Don't know what he would ever do
Wifout his "feelers," don't you see;
They go ahead an' 'xplore, I 'spects,
Where he mus' step his foots down nex'.

Can't 'member all it is he says,
'Cause I jus' ducked my head; you know
Th' fast 'xpress train Honey-Bee
Won't look where he is goin' to go!
He mus' fly straight on his "bee-line"
Right to our honeysuckle-vine.

But w'en I turned my head aroun'
My Hopper-grass—he's out of sight.
He isn't very nice at all—
He's dreffle rude an' imperlite.
W'en folks go 'way they say "Good-by."
W'at's walking on my curls?—Oh, my!

A gentlemans 'at calls on you
He should stay sitting on a chair.
'Tain't necessary for him to go
Admire th' ribbon on your hair!
That's w'y I shook him in th' grass
An' 'vised him please to let me pas'!

An' marched away wif all my curls—
'Cause Little Girls aren't goin' to mind
If ev'ry Hopper-grass there is
Is sitting in th' path behind!
Th' Black-eyed Susie said, "There, there,
Th' fresh ole Alec! Don't you care!"

I'm glad th' "Black-Cap" vine he saved
His sweetest ones to comfort me—
But guess who's here a-waitin' 'round
Right on that head of "timothy,"
An' gave me *such* a wicked wink!
W'at will his wife an' childrens think!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

The Arizona Road-runner

One of America's ornithological curiosities is the Arizona road-runner. This is a long-legged, long-billed bird, slender of build, and of a height that approximates twelve inches. It is a characteristic sight of the desert of our new State.

It derives its name of "road-runner" from its habit of taking the road in front of travelers on horseback or in vehicles and of running swiftly or slowly, as it may deem the occasion requires, presumably for the purpose of exhibiting its neighborly spirit and sprinting qualities. It not infrequently "keeps company" with the traveler for a distance of several hundred yards.

The road-runner is held in high esteem in Arizona, and no one would think of killing the bird, since it is held to be the deadly enemy of the rattlesnake. While there is no authentic account of any witnessed battle between a road-runner and a rattler, the Arizona tradition is that the snake fears this bird above all other enemies. It is said that the road-runner will drive the serpent into a coil and then, darting into and around the reptile with lightning-like rapidity, will peck it to death. Whatever truth there may be in the local tradition in this respect, the fact remains that the road-runner is avoided by the snake.

The Fingers and the Calendar

No doubt most people remember the number of days in any particular month by recalling the rhymes they learned at school. Another method is practised in Iceland, and it is so simple and ingenious as to be worth knowing.

Shut the fist and let the knuckle of the forefinger represent January with its thirty-one days, and the depression between that and the next knuckle will represent February with its lesser number of days. And thus every month that corresponds to a knuckle will be found to contain thirty-one days; and every month that corresponds to a depression a less number of days.

The little finger will represent July, and beginning again with the forefinger knuckle it stands for August, and from this one continues to count through the months of the year.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

July 27 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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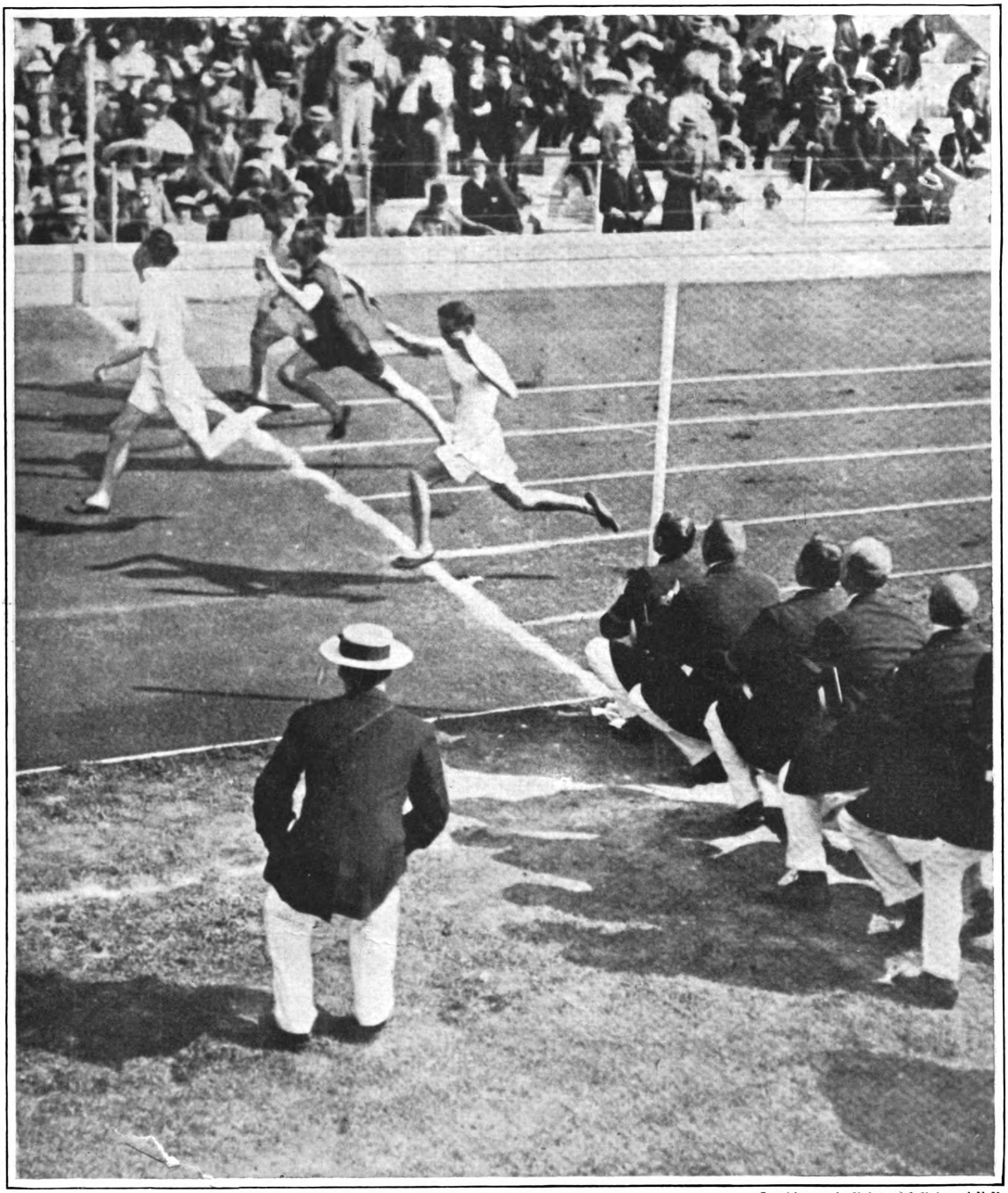

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VICTORIOUS AMERICA AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The final heat of the 100-meter dash in the Olympic games at Stockholm, won by the American competitors. The men, in left-to-right order, are Ralph C. Craig, A. T. Meyer, D. F. Lippincott, and F. V. Belote. The winning time was 10 4-5 seconds.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Preliminaries

THE finalists in the greatest of games are still in the club-house getting into their togs, but the caddies are out, bright and confident. Sakes alive! What a lot of them! Fore caddies, back caddies, side caddies, even tee caddies without number—and not a solitary "pro" in either bunch! That seems singular. Hitherto a seasoned veteran has always led a short procession—a HANNA or a QUAY, a GORMAN or a BRICE, a CORTELYOU or a MACK. Now we have a pair of town-meetings headed by Mr. HILLES and Mr. MCCOMBS, neither of whom had ever seen a club four years ago, steering straight for the first tee with becoming, though slightly ostentatious, modesty.

The Republican contingent comprises regular caddies exclusively—*i. e.*, members of the National Committee, such as Messrs. NIEDRINGHAUS, BROOKER, ESTABROOK, WARREN, *et al.*, twelve in number, but the Democrats are for the most part new, if not fresh. The most impressive in appearance is the blind Senator GORE, a quite wonderful man; then comes Mr. MCADOO, who takes a short political vacation while waiting for his tunnel to pay; behind him Senator O'GORMAN, the particular judge who happened to be selected after VICTOR DOWLING had refused, a canny man withal; then young Mr. DAVIES, the best-looking, whose own little game for gubernatorial honors is not going to be helped by secretarial work; MITCHELL PALMER, the smart, genial, and ambitious Pennsylvanian; Senator REED, really the most able member present; Congressmen BURLESON and MCGILLICUDDY; Messrs. SAULSBURY and EWING; and furtively bearing the water-pails in the rear those two old-stagers, ROBERT SMILING HUDSPETH and JOSEPHUS MOSES DANIELS.

A goodly array, in sooth! All their pictures are in the papers, and some say Mr. MCADOO already has a Cabinet position under thoughtful advisement, although others think it may rain before fall. The important thing is that not one of these ever saw what used to be called a boss, or would know what it was if he did. The Honorable THOMAS TAGGART thought for a minute that he might be rescued for services rendered, but when he swam up the raft was full. As for Messrs. MURPHY and SULLIVAN—but hold, enough! it is a family affair.

It is proper, however, even necessary, perhaps, to announce to eager subscribers that members of the Democratic National Committee are authorized to receive contributions—and hurriedly pass them on. The feeling was strong that this wholly incidental, though somewhat important, work would keep them so fully occupied that they would have no time to aid in other ways—and it was thus arranged to the enforced contentment of all most agreeably concerned.

Meanwhile, not a few sharp eyes rest upon the other camp. Mr. HILLES is the most innocent-looking caddie who ever surreptitiously swung a club, but every once in a while he disappears around the corner where one BARNES used to forge niblicks. There is no reason, believe us, to suspect that the two confer at the bellows. In point of fact, Mr. BARNES gives practically all of his time to Defense of the Constitution and By-laws of the Union. Hardly a day passes on which he fails to appear in the market-place stridently upholding fundamentals and striking terror to the heart of Free Trade, which is about to consume our industries and cripple for life not only our noble women but our helpless children. Notwithstanding these patent facts, suspicious eyes follow Mr. HILLES's slightest movements with avidity prepense. Let us hope that he will mind his p's and q's and not hazard the fortunes of the great white father by seeking advice from any person of experience.

But there goes the boss-killing butter-in in an aeroplane, with BILL FLINN bearing the big stick, to keep a vaudeville engagement in Chicago. He will return, never fear. You could no more lose BRYAN himself.

Spite Money

I intend to stand by Governor WILSON both financially and morally, and will do everything in my power to make his candidacy successful.

These are the words spoken by Mr. CHARLES R. CRANE, of Chicago, after having partaken of digestible viands at Sea Girt.

Let us see about this. Mr. CRANE is a builder of elevators and rich. Until 1909 he was a stanch Republican. It is generally supposed that he made a substantial contribution to his party's campaign fund in 1908. Anyhow, President TAFT appointed him Minister to China. While on his way to assume his post he blabbed so indiscreetly that he was recalled by the State Department and deprived of his commission. Thereupon he complained bitterly and retired sulkily to Chicago, vowing vengeance upon the President, who seemingly had done only his duty.

Since then Mr. CRANE is said to have inserted a clause in his will enjoining his executors to expend moneys to defeat Mr. TAFT's political aspirations. In any case, when Senator LA FOLLETTE started out for the nomination Mr. CRANE helped him to the extent of $30,000. Later he chipped in a large sum to enable ROOSEVELT to beat Mr. TAFT in the primaries. Now he proposes to lend his "financial" and "moral" support to the Democratic candidacy.

Why does Mr. CRANE do all this? Was it principle or personal vengeance that impelled him to help LA FOLLETTE? Was it patriotism or personal enmity that induced his contribution to the ROOSEVELT fund? Is it "progressiveness" or hate that inspires him, a lifelong Republican, eager to obtain office under a Republican President, to "stand by Governor WILSON"?

The answer is obvious. Mr. CRANE would make use of a Presidential candidate's honorable ambition to gratify his own vindictiveness. His money is spite money. There may be no sufficient ground in morals, or at least in politics, for refusing to accept it. That is perhaps a matter of opinion. But, having in mind the purpose which actuates the proffer, would it help?

We doubt it. Mr. CRANE's moral support we suspect is not of sufficient weight to merit discussion, but his financial aid would better be left with the candidate whose motives are identical with his own.

Information for Birmingham

The people of Birmingham have risen *en masse* to demand, through the columns of the *Age-Herald*, from us an "explanation" of the talented Mr. BUDD's picture of a donkey which recently adorned the cover-page of this journal.

"Who ever saw a pacing donkey?" is the burden of their cry.

We scorn to answer. If the *Age-Herald* had not neglected its duty as a purveyor of fresh intelligence, it would have informed its benighted readers long ago that the enlivened jackass of unterrified Democracy has struck an entirely new gait this year.

To Resign or Not to Resign

The resignation of Governor WILSON has not yet been received. It is curious how many good reasons can be found for not doing a thing which one does not want to do.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

There is no personal reason why Governor WILSON should resign if he doesn't want to. Governor CLEVELAND didn't. Party considerations, however, deserve to be and apparently are being taken into account. If Mr. WILSON should resign now, New Jersey would almost surely elect a Democrat as his successor in November, for a full term of three years. If he should resign after November 5th, the president of the State Senate would succeed him for the unexpired term of one year. The present Senate is Republican. Whether the next one will be is a question. The chances seem to be about even. Advice in such a case amounts to little, because the advisers are pretty certain to recommend either what they themselves want or what they think the recipient wants. It is a question which Mr. WILSON will have to decide for himself. Whichever determination he reaches can evoke no just criticism.

Our Well-placed Mayor

Animated possibly by the self-acknowledged achievement of its neighbor, the *World*, in nominating a Democratic candidate for President, the *Sun* proposes Mayor GAYNOR for Governor, and declares firmly:

If it is not in him to make one of the best Chief Magistrates the State has ever had the *Sun* will undertake to eat the City Hall, from the statue with the golden scales down to the foundation-stone.

In view of the difficulty of determining whether it is "in him" or not, the undertaking is probably less rash than at first blush it seems. Even so, we wouldn't do it. The old building is our best example of municipal architecture, and ought not to be subjected to the ravaging juices even of a gastronome.

Why, moreover, should the *Sun* want to transfer Mr. GAYNOR from the big place where he is needed to the lesser one which another can fill as well? To help the ticket? That is hardly necessary—is it? Surely it cannot be the idea in the back of the head of Mr. TAFT's most valiant supporter. How about that, Brother REICK?

It won't do, anyway. Our quaint Magistrate has become a city institution—the first of his kind since ABRAM S. HEWITT. We cannot spare either his courage, his sense, or his whimsies.

What's the matter with DIX?

Home Again

Brother BRYAN had a great time when he got home. They had heard, in some way or other, that he was coming, and, according to the *Commoner*, gave him "a big ovation, regardless of politics." If they had been regardful of politics, they might have given him something else; but that is neither here nor there. We revert to the teeming columns of the *Commoner*.

A large crowd congregated early on the depot platform and overflowed inside the gates.

Fortunately nobody was impaled while overflowing. The band then led the way up the street, "with the triumphal auto directly behind." We infer that Brother BRYAN was in the exultant motor-car. Anyway, "when the auto drew up, C. M. BRANSON, climbing onto the fender of the car, led the cheering until"—until what? What think you? Why, until a certain person couldn't stand it any longer—"until he was replaced by Mr. BRYAN himself, who proposed cheers." It must have been thrilling. We have never seen a fender on a motor-car, but it seems fitting that there should be one on a triumphal auto; and if there was, you may rest assured that Brother BRYAN stood on it, probably on one leg at that, and "proposed cheers." He also made an address.

Many who listened to the speech declared that it was the greatest that BRYAN ever delivered. A number of Republicans made this statement. BRYAN seemed to feel deeply that he was among friends irrespective of political affiliation. He let himself out, so to speak, and laid bare the burden that was upon his heart.

This, we hasten to remark, is purely figurative language. Brother BRYAN is the most conventional of gentlemen in even the hottest weather.

When several of his admirers called out for him to get upon the hotel balcony BRYAN declared that he thought he could do just as well standing up in the automobile which had brought them from the railroad station. He made a witty reference to the fact that he did not like to talk over the heads of an audience.

That caught the crowd right away. In fact, "the speech"—aided, of course, by the witticism—"made a profound impression."

The Lincoln *Star's* account, which also we find in the *Commoner*, differs in some particulars. For example:

Just as Mr. BRYAN reached the exit to the station an old woman, plainly dressed but with the light of good womanhood in her eye, planted herself firmly in front of Mr. BRYAN and extended her hand.

The latter grasped it warmly and she stepped aside to let the avalanche of men flow into the street. Seventh street was jammed with automobiles. As they pushed Mr. BRYAN into BOB MALONE'S car, the torrent of sound from the honking auto horns was deafening.

Colonel BILLS quickly brought order out of chaos, and the whole party, with the band leading, followed by a huge flag and the BRYANS and hundreds of citizens on foot, marched up-town.

WOODROW WILSON and other historians will oblige by kindly taking notice that the triumphal auto was the property of BOB MALONE, and that it was Col. BILLS, not Col. BILL, who brought order

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out of chaos. In other respects, the foregoing is correct.

Good Cheer for T. R.

Words of encouragement continue to pour in upon the First Commandment candidate. The tried but true *Evening Mail* "prints to-day a few of the thousands of letters received." Presumably they are the best, though of course they may be only the better.

Mr. HARRY SHULTZ writes:

When you left the Presidential chair copious tears were shed, for the common people felt like sheep without a shepherd.

Rev. G. N. TEGNELL testifies:

I spoke at one Sunday-school picnic and asked the children who they wanted for President and they all answered THEODORE ROSENFELT.

G. L. LEMON declares:

In my opinion the Progressive party will fill a long-felt want.

JOHN H. MORRELL says:

You have nothing to fear when well organized. God is with you.

B. MOOSE writes:

After taking two bottles of your Doctor ABBOTT buttermilk, I feel like a third term.

ED. F. HALEY, of the Second Missouri, offers to withdraw as the regular Republican candidate for Congress if that will do any good. (Dem. maj., 1910, 4,876.)

Other letters, in addition to those from Mr. TEGNELL, Mr. SHULTZ, *et al.*, were received from Mr. WILLIAM LAZENBY, Mr. W. C. EASTERLING, Mr. E. J. KELLAMS, Mr. WARREN EIKENBERG, and leading representatives of other well-known American families.

Optimism

Now is the time to brag! The irrepressible DIXON says TAFT won't get a single electoral vote. Senator O'GORMAN is reported to have predicted that WILSON will carry every State. The Governor himself is said to have ejaculated, in response, "Astonishing." DEBS is yet to be heard from. A Prohibitionist also is running somewhere.

No Frills, Please

WILSON picks his Veranda Cabinet.—*Head-line in the Times.*

Back up. The glowing lexicon of Plain People's Democracy contains no such word as veranda. "Piazza" might do in these namby-pamby days, since Brother BRYAN has one in Lincoln; but when A. JACKSON wanted to smoke up after supper he went out on the back porch.

Joy, Oh, Joy

The groggy (no offense!) Colonel solemnly asseverates:

The fight at Baltimore was not, as at Chicago, to eliminate the bosses, and, incidentally, to nominate a certain candidate; it was to persuade the bosses into themselves nominating Dr. WILSON, thus securing the perpetuation of their own control in their several States. Mr. SULLIVAN, of Illinois, Mr. TAGGART, of Indiana, and others like them brought about Dr. WILSON'S nomination; Mr. MURPHY acquiesced at the end. Dr. WILSON'S victory would not mean the dethronement of these men; it would mean their perpetuation in power.

We felicitate Messrs. MURPHY, SULLIVAN, and TAGGART upon the assurance thus authoritatively conveyed. It is their first ray of light or hope; also their last.

The Case of Rosenthal

ROSENTHAL, a New York gambler who had paid for police protection and was raided notwithstanding, felt aggrieved, and made loud complaints. The district attorney and the police commissioner both came back to town to see about it. It got too hot for somebody's comfort, and some men came at midnight in an auto, called ROSENTHAL out of a restaurant, and shot him thoroughly dead. Then the men went away. Their driver and the man who hired their car for them have been caught and questioned, but the assassins themselves at this writing are still at large. They seem to be known, but their apprehension is a matter of some delicacy. It is accepted that they were persons hired to kill; but were they hired by policemen fearful of exposure, or by gamblers displeased with ROSENTHAL for not keeping quiet? The natural answer to that is, by both, since gamblers and police were working together.

This case has made excitement. It is disturbing to believe that a certain element in the police force is criminal, and in league with criminals, and ready to go any length of crime to avoid exposure. That is undoubtedly what our community here in New York does believe. We are used to being told, and to believing, that a large majority of our policemen are honest and brave. The force as a whole is not rotten, but it has some very rotten details.

Why not weed them out?

That is the nub of the whole matter. No one has authority to clean up the force. The laws that regulate our police are made at Albany. The police politicians always have excellent connections there, and can get laws passed pretty much as they like. By their efforts the powers of the commissioner and all the local authorities have been so much reduced that it is next to impossible to turn a rascal policeman out. That, as we understand it, is why at this writing the town wonders whether anything really important will come of the killing of ROSENTHAL. Something ought to. It is not comfortable to feel that a man who has become obnoxious to our municipal protectors can be shot down on the sidewalk of Broadway, and nothing come of it but newspaper head-lines. No active remonstrant can be sure that his turn will not come next.

Too Bad

The wreck of the oil company that he went into, and to which he lent his name, is said to have been the death of Admiral EVANS.

Very likely! It was too bad. A perfectly honest man, but simple of mind, with that incredible simplicity about the processes of money-making that results sometimes from a lifetime spent in "the service."

The Express Companies

The Interstate Commerce Commission has swung its ax at the express companies, and wants rates reduced and things very much changed.

The most hopeful conservative can hardly expect the express business of the United States to go on very much longer as it has gone. In some respects it is very good, the best of its kind, we suppose, in the world, but not up to the needs or expectations of a public whose standards have been formed by the Post Office. The companies have waked up somewhat in the last two years, and are a little spryer in their services and more accurate in making change, but they still seem Rip Van Winkles of American business. They have come down from the beginnings of railroads, creatures of privilege; not even corporations, but very close-communion partnerships with shareholders who have no voice in the business. Between them they do an enormous work, but we all inevitably ask, What might we not get in the way of express transportation if the business was run first of all for our benefit, and next to pay expenses and a profit to owners?

That is a fair question. If the companies don't contrive a satisfactory answer to it, the answer will come in the form of the parcel-post.

Useful as a Threat

Perhaps, after all, and in spite of his efforts to the contrary, it is going to be Mr. ROOSEVELT'S vocation to show how much more effectively a public man can work out of office than in it.

That has been Mr. BRYAN'S vocation these many years. He has been useful as a threat. Mr. ROOSEVELT this year is undoubtedly useful as a threat, especially to the Democrats.

The Candidate for all Three Parties

The Republican managers are entirely wise in asking the courts to determine at once what candidates for electors shall have the right to style themselves "Republicans." True, no such question ought ever to have been raised. But ROOSEVELT has made perfectly plain his astounding plan both to bolt the party and at the same time to run as its candidate wherever he thinks he can, as with Panama, "take" its organization and its name. He has likewise announced his willingness to "take" any Democratic electors who will run as such, and then, if elected, vote for him, although he does not, so far, lay formal claim to the Democratic nomination. Apparently the third party is all three parties, according to his view. Riding only two horses is not enough of a feat for him; the late Mr. BARNUM'S ideas of what could happen in the ring were evidently timid and reactionary; the circus business is now truly progressive.

Unfortunately, however, the law applies to the circus business, and there, as elsewhere, it is rather opposed to taking things that do not belong to you. It is hard to see how it can permit one party to take the name and machinery of another against its will, or one candidate for President to take another candidate's electors. If it were only international law, as in the Panama case, there might be plainer sailing for righteousness. As it is, we can see but one thing for righteousness to do, and that is to recall the law immediately, including the Ten Commandments, which we believe it is based on. It is clear the bosses had a hand in them. They will have to go, and who so fit for the job as the reformer who began politics by discovering them? They are in a class with the SHERMAN law. They don't suit modern business conditions.

Brighter Outlook

Twenty dollars a seat for the front row at the Bull Moose Convention, and worth every penny of it. Cheer up, GEORGE, there's a rebate coming to you!

Literature Also

Mr. ALBERT MORDELL, of Philadelphia, kindly invites us to join him in applying progressive ideas to literature, which he has undertaken in a piece on "The Shifting of Literary Values." We should like to, but we really haven't yet caught up with our imperative job of sizing up all the progressive activities now going on in politics. We have to be political, and can only be literary when we get a breathing-spell, and we haven't had one since last March. For the moment we are winded.

We gather, however, that Mr. MORDELL proposes to treat HOMER and DANTE somewhat as the political progressives deal with the political classics that came before LA FOLLETTE. He proposes, as we understand, to inquire if their moral and religious and intellectual standards were really truly progressive, and if they weren't then he thinks they ought to be taken off the shelf. We simply can't at present accompany the investigation—we're gasping, anyhow—but we hurriedly acquiesce in one early point in Mr. MORDELL'S piece. He is incidentally turning down BOCCACCIO, and remarks particularly that his character of the patient Griselda wouldn't commend itself to a suffragette. We agree. It wouldn't. We should probably have to agree also—how could we help it, this progressive year—that the *Decameron* is therefore not much of a literary effort. We'll have to let it go at that.

Wits at Work

A famed American publicist was holding forth on the *Titanic* at a London club lately. "If I had been ISMAY," he said, "I should have gone down with the ship." "You should have been on the *Titanic*," said a wit—"you would have gone down there better than you go down here."—*Saturday Review.*

Nothing in the wide, wide world so fully reconciles us to the grievous misfortune of lacking a sense of humor as a true British witticism. Read it again! Now— Oh, what's the use?

But wait! Here's another:

To the Editor of the "Saturday Review":

SURRENDEN PARK, PLUCKLEY, KENT, *June 1, 1912.*

SIR,—I agree with Lady GROVE that it would not be quite tactful to exhort a company made up of several nationalities with the words "Be British!" "Be men!" would be preferable. For the same reason the word "Unmanly" is better than "Un-English," as the latter implies that Englishmen have the monopoly of all right feeling.

Yours truly,
WALTER WINANS.

Now who ever said that a person cannot be both English and funny? But say! Can you beat it?

Andrew Lang

ANDREW LANG is dead. Eheu! Eheu! ANDREW LANG, Scotch scholar, most famous and accomplished of hack writers and hack editors! It is to mourn for Mr. LANG. He has left no duplicate in the world; no "ANDREW of the brindled hair," no hack-writing scholar who knew his trade and practised it as persistently and skilfully and gainfully. He was sixty-eight, it seems; over-young for such a man to go. No doubt so far as literature goes we had his best long ago, perhaps in the *Ballades in Blue China*. But we shall miss his personality. That was always interesting, and so was his work, whether it was writing or editing, verse-making, story-telling, criticism, essays, discourse in the papers, or Scotch biography. Such men take long in the making, and should last long. One reads in the life of SCOTT of ANDREW LANG, Scotsman and scholar, grandfather of our LANG just lost, and the friend and neighbor of Sir WALTER.

Yesterday, To-day, and Forever

Mr. HARVEY is to-day serving the cause of good government without knowing it.—*Louisville Post.*

That's good.

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Death

"O Lady, we receive but what we give!"

PERHAPS among all the wise, deep-reaching things COLERIDGE said, he never uttered one more closely packed with wisdom and significance than the short sentence of short words quoted above. He was writing, as it chanced, of Nature and of how the external world lives only through our projection of vitality into it.

"Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth—
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth
Of all sweet sounds the life and element."

Might not the same line fit our relations to death? May it not be true that what we are capable of giving to death we shall receive again?

Certainly the habitual attitude toward death, whether it be one of fear and anxiety, or of longing and faith, does repeat itself at the last moment, and such as have looked to it as a liberation from the prison-house of the body find its offering spacious and peaceful.

A youth who had succumbed to a long and trying illness, jotted down on a bit of paper, within the last two hours of his end, "Dying is hard; but death is easy." A cheerful doctor, who had saved a patient in a crisis of disease, remarked, "I pulled you through this time, but if you ever come that near the border again, I shall not pull you through." And the ungrateful patient responded, "If you ever hold me back again when I am that near release, I'll put dynamite under your house and blow you all up." This confirmed his theory, the doctor said, that at the point of death there are none reluctant to pass; practically none who would be willing to turn back. For the last experiences are free of pain, and nearly always offer some sense of peace and liberation.

Moreover, very few people die in the frame of mind of the poet "Ionicus":

"O, true shall boyish laughter ring
Like tinkling chimes in kinder times!
And merrier shall the maiden sing
And I not there! and I not there!

"Like lightning in the summer night
Their mirth shall be so quick and free,
And O! the flash of their delight
I shall not see! I shall not see!"

One can read in these lines how completely alive was the author at the moment of writing them. The divorce from earth and its ambitions and desires is, in most cases, a mercifully gradual process, coming of its own accord with the flagging of the mortal faculties or breaking gently upon the dim memories of old age. If one turn to biography to read the end of men of note, infinitely touching is the quiet one hears of, the surcease from turmoil that precedes the crossing of the deep waters.

FREDERICK TENNYSON, that tumultuous and fiery brother of the Laureate, jots down in a letter, toward the close of his eighty-third year, some very valuable memoranda of the sensations just preceding the end:

"Apropos to spiritual matters I have had recently for several consecutive days some very strange experiences. One morning I awoke and seemed to have lost my natural memory. Objects daily presented to me for years seemed no longer familiar as of old—but as when a man after years of travel returning to his home and to the chamber that he formerly occupied takes some time and labor of thought to bring to his recollection the whereabouts of objects once (as it were) instinctively known to him. I had the same difficulty in recovering my relations to my surroundings. And this for days was supplemented by a strange sense of having been far away, and conversant with wonderful things—movements and tumults which only immeasurable distance deadened to my perception like great music borne away by the wind. Ever and anon there flashed up within me what I can only describe symbolically as iridescences of feeling, as when the prismatic colors of a rainbow succeed one another, or the colored lights in pyrotechnics cause objects in midnight darkness to assume their own hues. But all this, wonderful as it may seem, is not the only change that has come upon me; I am happy to say that simultaneously with these phenomena a revolution in my spiritual economy, of far greater moment, has, I believe, taken place. I have always prayed for that regeneration or second birth ('Thou must be born again,' said the Lord to NICODEMUS), to be shielded from selfhood; and as the divine answer to such prayers, continually repeated, I can declare without any self-delusion that the answer has actually been a sensible change in the nature of my affections. Never have I felt toward those around me such tender inclinations, such earnest desire to do them all possible good regardless of self-interest, such a spirit of forgiveness of my wrongs; and my earnest and prayerful thankfulness for such inestimable benefits has been invariably acknowledged by that voice from the Lord Himself of which He has repeatedly ratified to my spiritual ear His promise of blessing and the continuation thereof—and that 'Thou hast nothing to fear, for I am with thee, night and day, body and soul!'" Think of that!

The loss of the objective reality of the material world which the old poet so cleverly describes is a very common experience. BROWNING describes it, though differently, in his poem "Confessions." To the dying man the table with the physic bottles on it becomes the lane and the garden wall where in his youth he met the maid he loved.

"What I viewed there once, what I view again,
Where the physic bottles stand,
On the table's edge—is a suburb lane,
With a wall to my bedside hand.

(The Curtain)

"To me it serves for the old June weather,
Blue above lane and wall;
And that farthest bottle, labeled 'ether,'
Is the house o'ertopping all!"

Whoever has hovered near death knows how ghostlike and unreal are the living figures that hover about the bed; how slack all earthly ties become and how very real and present and actual is the sense of space, light, release upon which one is entering. Ever afterward to one who has approached the gateway must the actual world seem somewhat fluid and evanescent—a mirage that may at any moment melt away. Yet there is one thing that stolidly, alarmingly in some cases, persists; it is the habitual personality. The whole solid structure of the world indeed evaporates before our very eyes, but the soul we have created out of our reiterated thoughts and desires, that remains stubbornly alive in the face of all physical failure.

A lady whose husband was slowly dying said: "One might say that for weeks he has been unconscious; he accepts whatever happens about him without challenge or response. But, however unconscious he be, whatever he utters tallies with his life-long striving: prayers, long, well-thought-out argument as to the preponderance of the good in life, these repeat themselves in his wanderings. There has not been one word throughout all the long trial and the suppression of the upper consciousness which has not spoken of faith in life and its purpose and complete resignation to the designs of God."

This harking back to the deepest-seated desires and thoughts must give one pause! Our chief privilege, then, in this short day must be to harbor the highest thoughts we can lure, the least self-centered desires; and to remain, as MAETERLINCK has somewhere said, "heroically persuaded that no part of what we do within these confines can ever be wholly lost."

Whatever illusions we live with, there is none but knows his spirit a pilgrim and an alien in these earthly scenes, homesick for other shores. To be fit, then, to enter into another life is a task not to be long lost sight of. For we do not know for how long a space the habitual form and content of our thoughts and wishes here may crystallize and determine the quality of the next stage of our consciousness.

Correspondence

AUTOMOBILES AND YELLOWSTONE PARK

ST. PAUL, MINN., *June 27, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Attention is drawn, in your last issue, to a recent order by the Interior Department at Washington amending the rules governing the Yellowstone National Park. Your article further states, "that while automobiles have from the first been barred from the park, it is believed that the day is not far distant when a new order will permit their entrance."

I should like to present for consideration the proposition that while we preserve the park, its timber, and its animals, should we not preserve as far as possible the Western traditions and associations; should we not preserve the camp-wagon and the pack-train and exclude the automobile? Has sentiment no place here?

I submit that it is not a sufficient reason that time will be saved by the automobile. Those time-savers are the ones that will ultimately ruin much of natural beauty. They are like the man in the European gallery of fine arts who said he went through it in three hours and a half, and if he had had his bicycle he could have done it in half an hour.

I am, sir,
H. B. STILES.

APPROVED

ELIZABETH N. J., *June 29, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—One seems to recognize the editorial hand in "Diary of the Republican Convention."

My old friend Robert R. Sinclair, were he living, would have enjoyed it. You should have it "done into a book" as they say at East Aurora, and put on the newsstands at so much "the copy," as the Saturday *Evening Post* would express it.

This one yarn is worth the price of the WEEKLY for a year, though probably it could be reproduced cheaper.

I am, sir,
F. H. PIERSON.

THE TWINS MUST GO

CORWIN SPRINGS, MON., *June 28, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If progress means to go forward, then surely one of the most important preliminaries to an effective and permanent advance is the removal of superfluities in the shape of demagogues and "cat 'em alive" agitators. Admitting, then, that the eliminating of "deadheads" and parasites is essential to progress, the "plain people" are certainly to be congratulated, for both the Democrats and the Republicans in convention assembled have unquestionably taken a long step in the right direction. The promiscuous "ditching" of Roosevelt at Chicago and of Bryan at Baltimore, as the first order of business, would seem to indicate that common sense and intelligence are abroad in the land. Furthermore, the American nation is indebted, to an extent that can never be estimated, to the conventions for the positive and uncompromising ejection of the world-famous "Gold Dust Twins." I am, sir,

JAMES SHINE.

GRANTED

LOS ANGELES, *June 20, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am a constant reader of the WEEKLY. All the vituperation and insults you cast upon Colonel Roosevelt makes capital amusement for we Californians. I admire your selection of cartoons. And if you will kindly continue thus you can greatly aid us in the election of Mr. Roosevelt with the largest popular vote ever cast for a Presidential nominee.

I am, sir,
WM. H. DUKEMAN.

All right; we will continue to help.—EDITOR.

IS HE A SUFFRAGETTE?

FRANKENMUTH, MICH., *July 20, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

GENTLEMEN:—

A reader of your:—HARPER WEEKLY, I, want to ask you is Mr. Col. Rossevelt a Women Suffragettee or not, You said so some time ago, but some *Repl.* here deny it,

Please give me a reply
And greatly oblige
LORENZ HUBINGER.

We cannot tell you. The Colonel is subject, just now, to new convictions without notice.—EDITOR.

COMPROMISE

SPOKANE, WASH., *July 1, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It seems that neither Roosevelt nor Bryan can be happy unless President. As this is impossible, I offer the following solution as providing, as far as possible, relief for the rest of us:

Let Mr. Roosevelt be President on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and Mr. Bryan President on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Remembering that on the seventh day the Lord rested, let us reserve Sunday as our day of rest. I am, sir,

ALEX. M. WINSTON.

The Platform

They were looking for an issue that was certain for to ish,
The Recall, the Referendum, and their brother the Inish—
All had served their purpose nobly in their progress on the stump,
But had failed to win the prizes, and had taken quite a slump,
Something new no one had thought of in the ages gone before
Was the thing they clearly needed as they looked the matter o'er.
But their Hero solved the problem, as he cried with eyes aglow,
"What the other parties swear to we'll assert is never so."
(Said Flinn to Pin, straight through his hat,
"The Boss is right—we'll win on that!")

"If one party claims," quoth Teddy, "black is never, never white,
We'll assert the Sovereign Voters for to change it have a right,
And if so they like it better making milky white pure black,
They can do it if they have us standing firmly at their back.
Red is blue, and green is yellow, pink is azure as the skies,
If the Sovereign Peepul vote it in their councils ever wise.
'Tis a fact beyond disputing, as we all of us well know,
What the other parties tell us cannot possibly be so."
(Said Pin to Flinn, "I say, old Hunch,
Ain't he the Wonder of the Bunch!")

"Now the Tariff," he continued, "we have got to make it plain,
Doesn't deal at all with taxes, but the country's need of rain,
We'll assert that all the tariffs either party's ever backed
Have been failures, since the parties didn't understand the fact
That the Tariff deals with weather, not with taxes on our hats,
Or the duties to be levied on pug-dogs and Russian cats,
Let us wait and watch the others, noting just how far they go,
Whereupon we'll tell the Peepul that their statements aren't so."
(Said Flinn to Pin, "By ginger, Giff,
Ain't he the sixty-horse-power biff!")

"If they choose the Ten Commandments"—oh, his smile was glorious!—
"We'll announce that they are bandits who have stolen them from us,
And have shown their insincerity, because they thus reveal
They have broken that provision which commands *Thou Shalt Not Steal!*
Hence I bid you, Faithful Workers, worry not about the planks
Of the Platform that will win us countless thousands to the ranks—
Let your slogan be a loud one, as your winning way you go,
What the other parties stand on cannot possibly be so!"
(Said Pin to Flinn, "Let's call a hack—
I rather think we'll all get back!")

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

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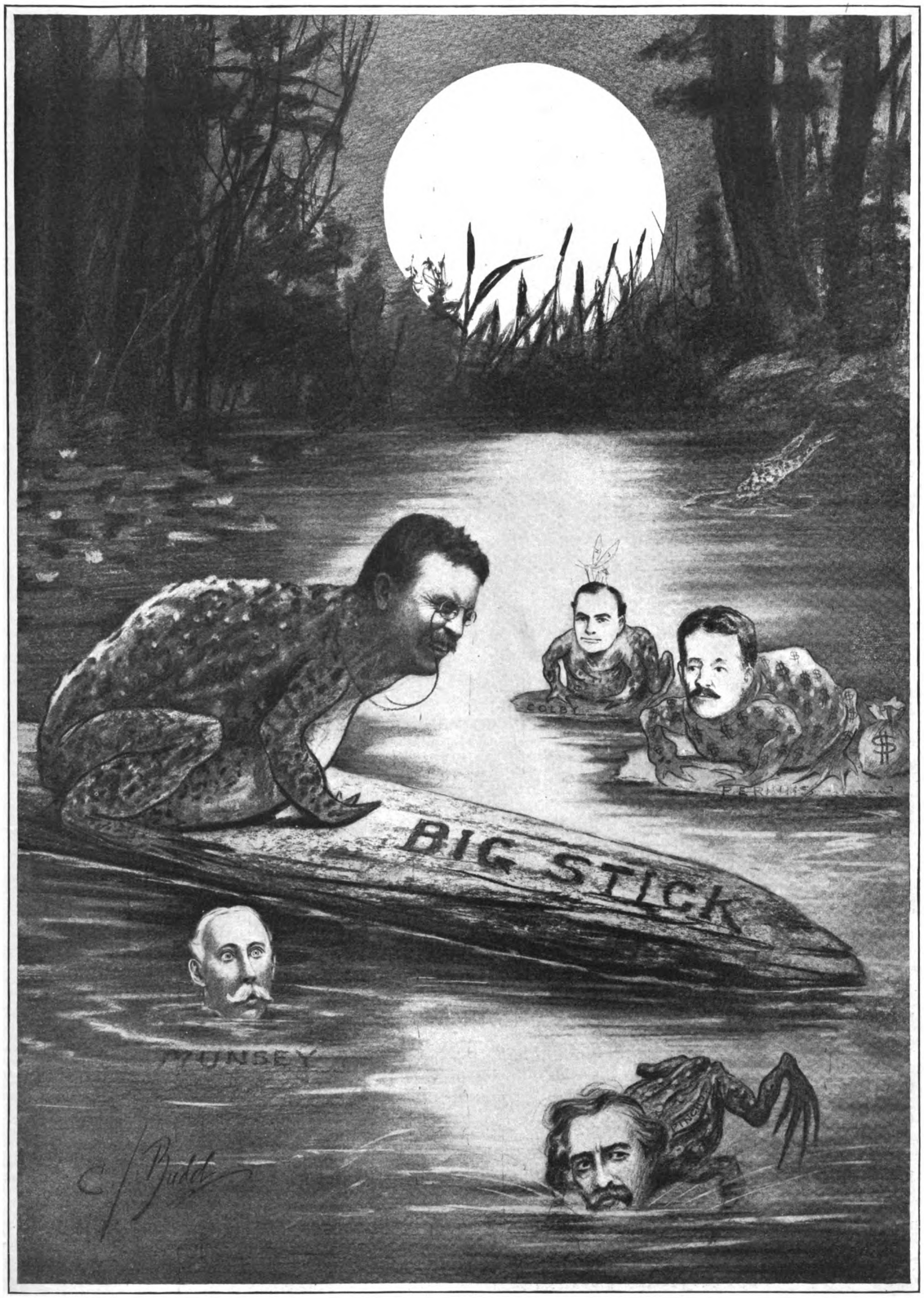

"COME ON IN, FELLOWS, THE WATER'S FINE!"

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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America's Athletic Missionaries

OUR TRIUMPH AT THE FIFTH REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES AND WHAT IT INDICATES AS TO THE SPREAD OF SPORT AROUND THE WORLD

By Edward Bayard Moss

WHEN Baron Pierre de Coubertin conceived the idea of reviving the Olympic Games it is doubtful whether he realized the tremendous development that sixteen years of international athletic competition would produce. The original games were of a sacred and religious character. The modern revival was introduced with the idea of making world-wide the friendship and true sportsmanship that should mark amateur contests of all types. It cannot be truthfully said that this laudable result has as yet been accomplished. The tone and status of the meets has steadily improved, however, and there remains to-day no doubt as to the benefit to mankind at large both mentally and physically of these ancient athletic games revived and modernized.

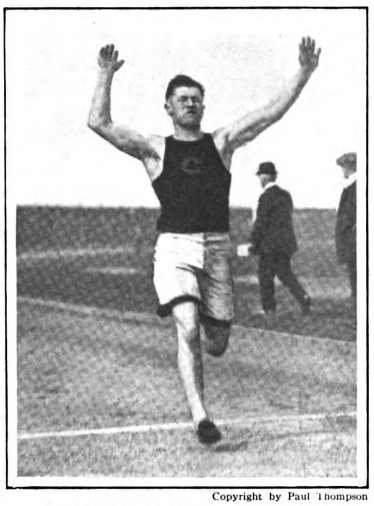
With the passing into history of the fifth revival of these sports held at Stockholm this month, one feature stands out pre-eminent. The benefit of physical culture and the perfection of athletic development and attainment is no longer confined to Anglo-Saxon races. Around the world the cult of physical uplift and amateur competition is spreading, and the result of the propaganda was clearly shown in the various events that composed the programme of the 1912 Olympic Games. While the triumph of the American team was expected and foretold by the athletic authorities of the world, the showing made by athletes representing countries in which track and field sport is in its infancy was the really surprising and encouraging feature of the games.

The supremacy of the United States in this department of sport was never threatened during the nine days of the meet, but the ability of foreign entrants to break through here and there with victories and new world's records establishes the fact that with every succeeding revival of the Olympic Games the task of maintaining this supremacy will grow more difficult. For six consecutive times the American athletes have won the majority of laurel wreaths at Olympic Games, including the "Local Cycle" meet held at Athens in 1906. Each succeeding meet sees the entries increased by hundreds, as can be gathered from the fact that at London in 1908 the total entry was 2,647, as against 3,698, representing twenty-seven countries, at Stockholm. Close to 5,000 entries are expected at Berlin in 1916, and who shall estimate the total in 1920.

When the United States team won first honors at London four years ago the Americans shared the points with eight other countries. At Stockholm twelve nations and colonies were credited with places in the twenty-nine events that formed the programme. In the preceding four Olympic meets England won second place three times and Canada once. Greece captured third place twice; Sweden once and France once. At the fifth meeting an official scoring system of three points for first place; two for second, and one for third was adopted. Under this method it was easy to score the totals of the various nations, and the result furnished some startling surprises. In the track and field events—the real Olympic feature of the games—America was first with 85 points; Finland easily won second place with 27, and Sweden third with 24. Great Britain fell far below her previous showing, and could roll up but 14 points. Even adding the scores of Canada and South Africa to the English total it but doubles the score, and to-day the Britons are taking stock of their athletes and athletics and preparing to enter the lists at Berlin with a team that shall surpass the records of the past.

That the American team should score such a sweeping victory under conditions and against competition never equaled heretofore indicates the caliber of the team that sailed for far Sweden on June 14th to battle against the world. Never in the history of track and field sports has such an aggregation competed under one flag, and it is quite possible that its equal will not be seen again at similar meets for years to come.

Considering first place alone, the United States won 9 out of 14 at Athens in 1896; 17 out of 23 at Paris in 1900; 24 out of 26 at St. Louis in 1904, when there were virtually no foreign entries; 10 out of 23 at the "Local Cycle" Olympics at Athens in 1906, and 14 out of 26 two years later at London. At the fifth revival this month the Americans won 16 firsts in 29 events, 12 seconds, and 13 thirds, scoring within a few points of the aggregate of all the other countries combined in track and field. Figuring all forms of sport that comprised the Olympic programme—including shooting, fencing, swimming, cycling, wrestling, tennis, and military riding—the United States still led in total scoring at the time of departure for home. The general record in all sports was as follows: United States, 128; Sweden, 104; Great Britain, 66 (combined with colonies, 108); Finland, 46; Germany, 34; France, 23; also scattering points for nine other countries.



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James Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian from Carlisle who won first place in both the Pentathlon and Decathlon competitions

Some idea of the caliber of the athletes and the competition can be gained from the fact that thirteen new Olympic and nine world's records were established during the games. Of the thirteen new Olympic records United States entrants were responsible for 8; Finland for 3; England, 1; and Sweden, 1. That any one country should surpass this record in the near future, as Olympic meets go, appears most unlikely at this time. When the day shall arrive, thanks to the efforts of the International Olympic Committee, in which other nations stand equal athletically to America, better general performances may be expected; but until that time it is probable that the United States team of 1912 will be the standard by which to measure succeeding squads of competitors.

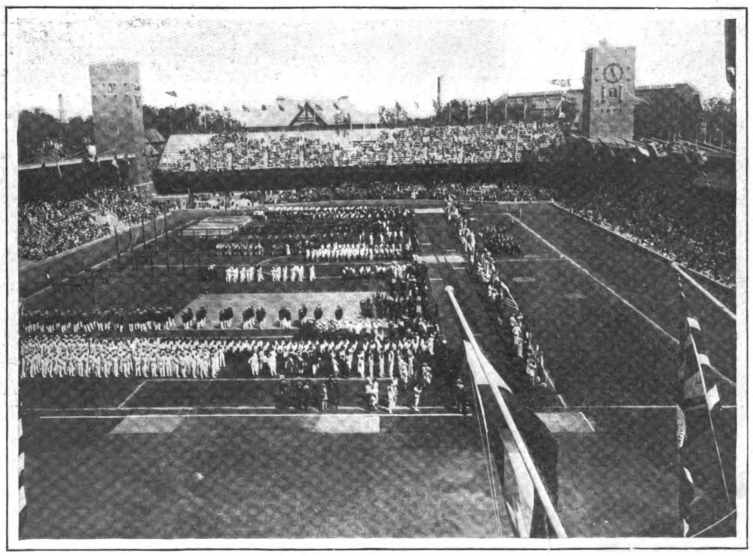
Mr. James E. Sullivan, the Secretary of the American Olympic Committee, and America's leading athletic authority, told the writer before departing that he considered the aggregation the greatest athletic combination that the world had ever known. Trainer Mike Murphy, who stands alone in his chosen line of life-work, echoed Mr. Sullivan's statement, and the athletes themselves verified it before a month had elapsed. It was a typical American team, more than ninety per cent. native born, and composed of all classes and conditions of men and youths. In the heterogeneous gathering were lawyers, physicians, policemen, Indians, negroes, Hawaiians, college men, school boys, clerks, mechanics, and, in fact, entrants from every walk of life. Sons of wealthy men fraternized with youths of their own age so poor that public subscriptions by citizens of their home towns were necessary in order that they might make the trip to Stockholm.

There was no class or color distinction on board the training-ship or in the Stadium. Each man and youth was an integral part of the team, bearing the American shield, with his work to do. That every member discharged his duty to the limit of his athletic ability can be judged from the overwhelming victory which crowned their efforts. As they swept past the royal box in the ceremonial parade that marked the opening of the games they were the most observed of all the teams. As the meet progressed, disclosing athletic prodigy after prodigy wearing United States colors, the thousands of spectators who attended the daily competitions cheered them on to further efforts. When the *Finland* sailed from Stockholm at the close of the meet with her athletes bearing away more than half of the historic trophies, the piers were lined with the same cheering spectators, their cries of "Bon Voyage!" ringing across the water until distance deadened the voices.

This demonstration was loyal and lasting, for the impression made by the United States team, collectively and individually, won the sincere regard of the Swedish people, from king to street urchin. Athletic and Olympic enthusiasm has held all Sweden in its grasp for more than a year. The American methods and systems of training for and staging big track and field meets have been the model which the Stockholm authorities used in making the great games the success that won praise from every competing country and athlete. Sweden sent her athletes here to participate in our contests, and secured for her team-trainer a runner of Swedish blood who has gained many honors on American tracks. The country was imbued with American athletic ideas and prepared for an American victory.

Other nations observed every move of the athletes from these shores, and were quick to express their admiration of the style and performances of the men who won with a uniformity not equaled by any other country. That similar methods will be adopted before the next Olympic Games is a certainty, for the Old World is awake to the benefits of American training methods and desirous of wresting the laurels of track and field from the sons of the New World. The Olympic authorities of England, France, Germany, Sweden, Russia, and other countries contend that their athletic men are equal to the Americans and lack only training and the hard polish of competition. This statement is borne out in fact by the many startling performances of their athletes during the Stockholm games.

The greatest individual honors went to H. Kolehmainen, a Finnish long-distance runner, who, unaided, scored nine of the twenty-seven points gained by his country. No other athlete in the 3,000 that competed could point to a similar record, for Kolehmainen won the 5,000 and 10,000 meter runs and first place in the



The Stadium at Stockholm on the opening day of the Olympic Games, as seen from the royal box. The American team is second in line, uniformed in blue coats and white trousers

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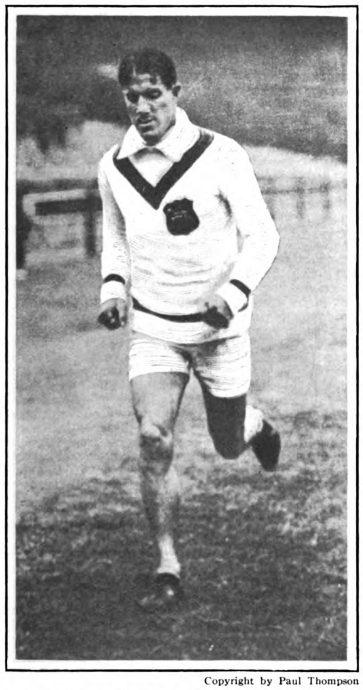
8,000-meter cross-country team race. At these distances he was invincible and set the pace to suit himself. Louis Tewanima, the American Hopi Indian, and Jean Bouin, the famous French distance runner, were unable to test him to the limit of his endurance and speed. One of three brothers, all noted for their running ability, he appears to have a long career ahead of him either as an amateur or professional, should be listen to the proposals of the shrewd promoters who are trying to engage him for a tour of the British Isles and America.

Finland, however, did not depend upon Kolehmainen for her points alone. In Taipale and Niklander, the northern country uncovered two giants who held their own with the American Hercules, Ralph Rose, and his Irish cousins, Pat McDonald and Matt McGrath. Taipale won both discus throws, and Niklander secured a second and third. He is a farm-boy who will not celebrate his twenty-first birthday for nearly a year to come. Two of his team-mates, Saaristo and Peltonen, are also big men skilled in the art of javelin hurling, in which Finland made a clean sweep of all three places in the two-hand event.

The home of the ancient Olympic Games also came to the fore with a point-winner of excellent ability. In Tsiclitiras, Greece has a jumper who held his own in all forms of leaping competition except the running high jump. As the holder of the world's standing broad-jump record of 11 feet 6 inches, he was feared in all the jumping events; and not without reason, for he won the standing broad jump, and was third in the standing high jump. Germany, too, produced several athletes, who, if they are forerunners of what may be expected at Berlin in 1916, forecast trouble for all other countries at the sixth revival of the Olympic Games. Hans Braun proved himself a flier by running second to Reidpath in the 400-meter race, in close to world's record time. Lische, the Berlin high jumper, was also good for second place in this event, defeating George Horine, the world's record holder. The German's leap of 6 feet 3 1-10 inches was but one-half inch below that of the winner.

While the athletes of other European countries were winning points and breaking records, England, the home of all modern forms of track and field competitions, made a most discouraging showing. Not since the Olympic Games have become really international have the athletes of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales failed in the manner shown at Stockholm. The one redeeming feature was the running of Arnold N. S. Jackson, of Oxford University, in the 1,500-meter race. To win this event, the premier track contest of the meet, was the desire of every mile-runner who journeyed to Stockholm. The United States team, with such entrants as John Paul Jones, of Cornell, the amateur world's record holder for the mile; Abel



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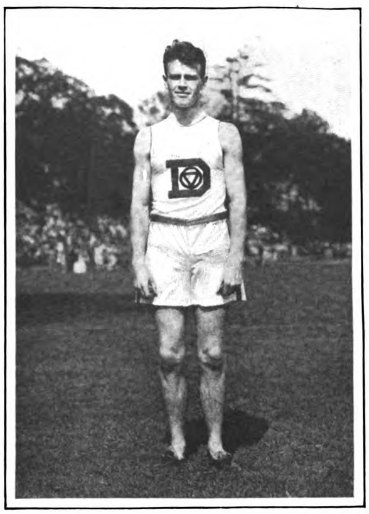
K. K. McArthur, the South African policeman who won the Marathon race from a field of more than seventy

Kiviat, who holds similar honors for the 1,500-meter; N. S. Taber, of Brown University, and others, was supposed to have by far the best chance of victory, if not a clean sweep; but the delicate-appearing English collegian upset all form by breasting the tape ahead of both Kiviat and Taber, with Jones unplaced.

Several shrewd athletic authorities boomed Jackson as a first choice in this race, but the majority, including the English contingent, were doubtful of his ability to win over the two star American runners. He proved, however, to be fully equal to the task of winning, for he ran just back of the pack until the



Ralph Craig, the American sprinter, who won first place in both the 100 and 200 meter races

stretch was reached, when he spurted with a startling sprint which carried him to victory in 3 minutes 56 4-5 seconds—a new Olympic record, and but one second behind Kiviat's world record. Jackson has a long, even stride, great speed, and endurance far beyond what his physical make-up would appear to indicate. He has been aided in his training by the advice of his uncle, C. N. Jackson, Treasurer of Oxford University, who in his day was a runner *par excellence*. With a year or two more of coaching and training, Jackson is likely to take his place among the great runners of English athletic history.

The English, proud as they were of Jackson's victory, found little aside from his great mile run to satisfy national athletic pride. Press and public are still discussing the poor showing made by the team. The opinion is general that the English athletic authorities and the athletes do not take their sports seriously enough, and are, therefore, badly handicapped in Olympic Games, where the best performers of the world meet in competitions decided by fractions of seconds and inches.

The press has been unusually outspoken on the subject, and British complacency has received a rude jolt. The combined scores of Great Britain and all her colonies on track and field alone were one point less than little Finland's, and but two more than Sweden's. While Jackson is a popular hero to-day the athletic authorities are already looking ahead to Berlin, determined that four years hence a team really representative of athletic England shall bear the Union Jack. If England has reason to be proud of Jackson, what shall be said in America of Craig, Meredith, Thorpe, Babcock, the brothers Adams, Gutterson, and the score or more of athletes who were the greatest point-winners and the admiration of every athletic enthuiast to whom Stockholm was a Mecca during the early weeks of July?

To these men and their team-mates who competed and were unplaced every honor is due. That the team was composed of the greatest collection of athletes of modern times was proved by its victory. That a majority of its members are just entering upon their athletic career is as true as in the case of Jackson. James E. Meredith, the Mercersburg Academy school-boy, is already the holder of five world's records at the age of nineteen years; Alva Richards, winner of the Olympic high jump, is but twenty-one, and did not participate in athletics until a year ago; Lippincott, who won a second and third, and broke the Olympic record for the 100-meter dash, is a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania; and Gaston Strobino, who finished third in the Marathon race, is but a slip of a youth who did not take up long-distance running until late in 1910.

Similar examples might be quoted down through the entire United States team. The case of Howard P. Drew and James Thorpe illustrate the result of the country-wide search for material for the 1912 team. Drew is a negro youth of twenty-two, a student in the Springfield, Massachusetts, high-school. He is married, and the father of two children. He works during the summer and after school hours as a bell-boy in a Springfield hotel. When he first began running he made a pair of sprinting-shoes out of an old pair of ties and a dozen wire nails. Not until he had run the 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds half a dozen times would athletic sharps concede his ability as a sprinter. The fact that he broke a tendon in his right leg in the semi-final of the 100-meter at Stockholm undoubtedly robbed him of a chance to figure in Olympic history.

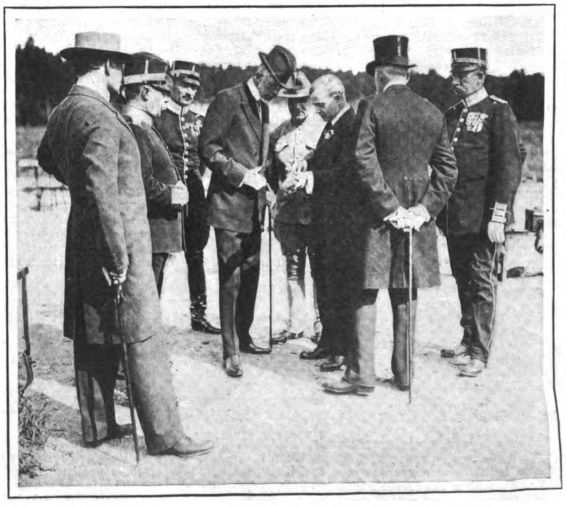
In James Thorpe, the Sac and Fox Indian, now enrolled at the Government Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, America can boast of the greatest all-round athlete in the world to-day. As the winner of both the Pentathlon contest, consisting of five grueling events, and the Decathlon, with double that number, he achieved a place for himself never before won by a modern athlete in Olympic Games. In the Pentathlon he scored four firsts and one second, while in the Decathlon his total was close to 9,000 points out of a possible 10,000.

When McArthur, the South-African policeman, came staggering into the Stadium under a broiling sun, with the temperature close to 100 degrees, the winner of the Marathon race, he was followed within less than three minutes by Gitshaw, his team-mate, and then Gaston Strobino, bearing the United States shield. In that terrible and torturing run over the rocky roads adjacent to Stockholm, all but twenty-seven of the seventy-odd starters had fallen by the way. One death and dozens of runners prostrated were recorded among the contestants. Yet when the final count was made it was found that of the first eighteen men to finish ten were Americans. All but two of the twelve United States starters finished the twenty-five-mile run, and the 30,000 spectators sweltering in the superheated Stadium ceased their cheering to wonder at the athletic prowess of a country which could develop record-breaking athletes for every form of competition, and whose victories contained the challenge "Go thou and do likewise."

Arnold N. S. Jackson, of Oxford, the winner of the 1,500-meter run

That the athletes of the world profited by the American invasion at Stockholm there can be no doubt. The results achieved by the United States system and methods in this department of sport were on trial before the congress of nations. The manner and means whereby the sweeping victory on track and field was achieved was not a lost lesson to the hundreds of athletes and athletic authorities that had gathered for the Olympic Games. It is safe to assume that during the four-year interval between the fifth and sixth revivals of these international meets foreign countries will work out a campaign modeled from the American plans that will increase their winning percentage many points.

Fortified by modern methods the athletes of Germany, France, England, and the north countries will present a most formidable front to the United States team at Berlin in 1916. The battle for points will be far closer and the victories widely scattered.



The King of Sweden and his aides inspecting the American army rifle used by the victorious United States team

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Archbishop Platon Discourses

By Charles Johnston

The subject of this article is the Russian Orthodox Archbishop of North America. He holds his position as a result of the purchase of Alaska, which had its Russian Church and Bishop before we acquired it. From Alaska Bishop Platon was transferred to San Francisco, and finally to New York, where he was made an Archbishop

WE had been talking of the return to sober and constructive policies in Russia as contrasted with the hysterical months which immediately followed the war with Japan. Archbishop Platon began to tell me of one movement among many which, he said, went straight to the heart of the matter:

"You have heard of 'Stolypin's farmers'? No? That is a true movement of reconstruction. At a single stroke Stolypin cut the ground from under the feet of the revolutionary extremists and dreamers. He quietly but firmly carried through a law which permitted the members of the village communities to demand a partition of the village land so that they might hold it as individual owners, peasant proprietors, instead of the old collective ownership. And you know well that there is nothing that so steadies a man, nothing that makes a constructive conservative of him like ownership of land. Was it not Sir Henry Maine who said that the development of individual property and the development of civilization were one and the same thing? At any rate, this is how it is working out in Russia with 'Stolypin's farmers.'"

I asked Archbishop Platon to give me some idea of how the law worked in detail. He answered thus:

"Let us suppose that a village community owned five thousand dessiatines of land. A dessiatine is about two and a half acres. And you know what our Russian land is like—the famous 'black soil,' the most fertile in the world. Well, let us suppose that there are in the village community a thousand males, men and boys—for in the collective ownership of land only males are reckoned. This would give each male five dessiatines. But in an average family there are probably four males, so that the separate family which, according to our supposition, demanded a partition of the land would receive twenty dessiatines, or something between fifty and sixty acres.

"Now look at the advantage of individual ownership. First, there is the effect on character, the strengthening of the sense of individual responsibility, instead of the old happy-go-lucky feeling that the village would look out for all its children, even if these children spent much of their time drinking in the tavern. The man who feels the firm earth under him and knows that he owns it, that the fields are his own, and the garden, and the trees, and the buildings, will rise early and toil late to improve his land. He will never willingly pass by a weed without stooping to pluck it, and day and night he will ponder and consider how he may make his property more productive. All the powers of conservation and construction in his nature will be called forth and there will be a strong training of his will and character."

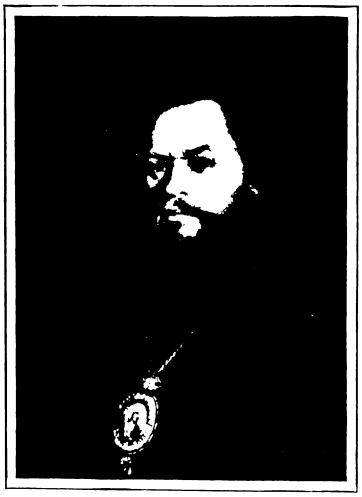
I asked how far this land division had been carried out.

"Since Stolypin inaugurated it it has gone rapidly forward, so that now there are millions and millions of dessiatines of land in every part of Russia, in the east and west, the north and south, in the governments along the Volga, in Central Russia, in the regions about Kieff, my own country, you know, where 'Stolypin's farmers' are building up new homes, new character, a veritable new Russia. There is a real revolution, in the best and most conservative sense, a change along the lines of true construction, not destruction and dispersion."

One could not help thinking of the change that this will bring to Russian literature. Remember first the tales of the old days of Russian serfdom before Alexander II.'s Emancipation in 1861: tales like the elder Aksakoff's *House of Bagroff*, with its atmosphere so like that of the South before the war; then the period of transition, immortalized by the genius of Turgenieff, with Tolstoy's wonderfully depicted and somewhat idealized mujiks—the very essence of whose nature and feeling springs from their relation to the village community and the communal system—with their softness of nature, their sentimentalism, their expansive, loosely knit character. Instead of these picturesque and rather irresponsible peasants, these men and women of the communal life, we shall have a new literature, a literature of firmer tissue, of stronger will, of heightened responsibility, of steadier nerves; more manliness, more self-reliance, more self-respect.

"And it is always the best men of the village, the sober ones, the hard workers, who are the first to seek and to benefit by the new individual ownership," continued Archbishop Platon; "the lazy class, who love to spend their days in the tavern, the picturesque and thriftless loafers, come to grief and disappear. And the steady, sterling man who, with his sons, began by owning twenty dessiatines, will in time come to own a compact property of eighty. His honesty and force will tell, and land will go to him who can make a good use of it. Individual ownership and character will react upon each other."

Let me interrupt this discussion of agrarian problems to relate a little story in which Archbishop Platon played a leading part. It will be remembered that immediately after the close of the war with Japan the Emperor of Russia promulgated a constitution giving Russia a form of representative government in an elective body called the Duma. This was in August, 1905. A few weeks later this was followed by a proclamation establishing the principles of public liberty, based on the principles of the real inviolability of the person, and of freedom of conscience, speech, assembly, and association, and establishing as an unalterable rule that no law shall come into effect without the approval of the Duma. As often happens, this sudden expansion was accompanied by wide-spread disorders, the extremists on the one side seeking to take advantage of their new liberty, while the extremists on the other side, resenting the loosening of bonds, sought to bring about a reaction. One lamentable feature of these disorders was the series of attacks on the Jews and of disorders in which hatred of the Jews and their resentment of that hatred played a leading part. In Kieff, where Archbishop Platon was at that time stationed, there is a large Jewish population, as is commonly the case in the south and southwest of Russia, in the territories which were later added to the old central Muscovite kingdom. Kieff, like so many other cities, had its disorders and attacks on the Jews. On October 22, 1905, these disorders came to a head, and a huge throng of wildly excited townsmen assembled, inflamed by stories and rumors of misdoings, determined to raid the Jewish quarter. Their pretext was that a Jew had cursed the Emperor and spat upon his portrait.



Archbishop Platon
FROM A PORTRAIT BY DIMITRI ROMANOFFSKY

When the multitude assembled Archbishop Platon was in his own church in full canonicals, with his miter upon his head. He heard the angry storming of the crowd without and realized its meaning and purpose. Instantly he came to a decision, and in robes and miter went forth to meet the multitude. Of the church attendants only two accompanied him. So the tumultuous throng came on, crying for vengeance upon the Jews, and Archbishop Platon went to meet them. It had rained heavily all night and was raining still. Paying no heed to the pools of water and mud that covered the street, the Archbishop, seeing that there was but one way to check the hysterically excited mob, knelt down in the street immediately in the pathway of the turbulently advancing throng and began to pray.

The profound love and veneration for the Church which is at the center of every Russian heart was touched, and the multitude wavered, halted, grew suddenly silent. Those who were in front checked those who were behind, and a whisper ran through the crowd carrying word that the Archbishop was kneeling in the street praying, in spite of the mud and rain.

After he had prayed Archbishop Platon rose and confronted the huge throng.

He spoke, and his fiery words so dominated the multitude that he led the turbulent thousands to the church and made them promise, calling God to witness, that they would leave the Jews unharmed and return quietly to their homes. Thus the multitude was checked and the work of destruction was prevented by the great churchman's fearless devotion.

The impression which this exhibition of devoted valor made on the public of Kieff was immediate and profound. The Jews especially were full of gratitude.

From "Stolypin's farmers" our conversation turned to the recent labor troubles in the Lena mines in Siberia, where the soldiers had fired on a mob of strikers, killing many of them. Archbishop Platon said that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the facts to speak with authority, but the question was being fully investigated by the Emperor's ministers and by the Imperial Duma. Concerning the Duma, of which he was for a time an influential member, the Archbishop said certain things which are worthy of permanent record.

"We Russians," said Archbishop Platon, "are very little known in this country. America knows us only from what is said of us by persons who dislike Russia and the Russians. Our masses are essentially kind and very gifted, and we are profoundly convinced that the future is ours. At present we are living through a painful and trying period; when it will end we know not, but we already see the beginning of this end and perceive that the tenor of our life is to be attuned in a different key. Of course many a hot-headed person among us thinks that this is not being done as quickly as he would wish; yet this may be for the best, according to our saying that 'the slower we move the farther we go.' How could such a process go on more rapidly? Our country is attempting a reform of our whole life from the top to the very bottom. We are strong enough for the task, but as yet we lack the calm and well-balanced attitude toward one another.

"Our Duma is the best example of this: ever swayed by emotion, exceedingly outspoken, wasting much time on affairs which are neither very important nor very serious. Unlike the Congress at Washington, the Duma is not a quietly working machine, but a stormy arena of thought and passion, sometimes swayed by emotion rather than by the deliberate demands of reason. I can assure you that there is hardly another parliament in the world so rich in strong and talented men who are able and willing to work, but in spite of whom work is continually hindered by the changeful moods of the Duma. The nation has not yet quieted down; therefore the Duma, which is the mirror of the national soul and conscience, is also unquiet. Our national life cannot as yet be made to flow quietly and peacefully; consequently, the solution of many a question of state is delayed from day to day, though eagerly awaited by many.

"The labor question is one of the few problems which have already been largely solved both by the Duma and the Council of State, and solved in the most humane way. In Russia the labor question is a new one, for with us factories and mills are a recent development; nevertheless, the labor question in our country already has a character of its own, with all the features which mark it in old Europe and young America. The condition of the unemployed must be regarded as one of the most important features demanding immediate and radical treatment. My American flock consists of common working-men, and I know well what it means for them to be unemployed. I can state categorically that in no other country in the world is the condition of the unemployed so terrible as in the wealthy United States."

On the Stair

By Annie Campbell Huestis

As I went lonely up the stair,
Ah me, the ghost that I saw there!
So bright and near it seemed to be.
It laid a hand, with tender touch,
On my sad eyes that wept too much,
And bent a wistful face to me.
It was the friend whose heart I brake
With many a grief for my false sake.

The hand that sought to dry my tears
Had dried her own in earlier years
(The patient tears I made her shed).
The face that bent to comfort me,
From the dark hall where none could see,
Had smiled on me as she lay dead.
It was the friend I did not spare
Who met me on the lonely stair.

If I could live those years again,
And break no trust, and give no pain,
And nobly grieve to see her die,
We could forget that she is dead,
And all the years so strangely fled,
And love this meeting, she and I.
But I was false as friend could be—
And she comes back to comfort me!

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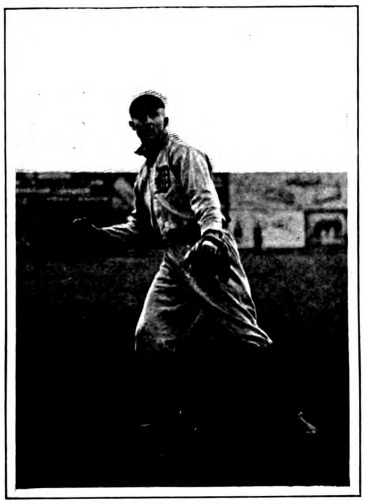
THE BASEBALL SCOUT

THE MAN WHO "COMBS" THE MINOR LEAGUES FOR WAGNERS AND TY COBBS

BY EDWARD LYELL FOX

A MAN sat on the topmost tier of the grand-stand at Columbia, South Carolina. The upper rows of the structure being vacant, he perched there in strange isolation, all unmindful of the clamorous fans below him. At times he drew a gilt-leafed memorandum-book from his pocket, made some notes, replaced it, and resumed his steady scrutiny of the field. There Atlanta and Columbia of the Southern League were playing. The score was close; it was lively baseball; yet the man never became enthusiastic. Only when



Ty Cobb was secured for seventy-five dollars

Atlanta's slender, blond-haired outfielder swaggered to bat, danced about the base lines or swept cross lots, pulling down high-hit balls, did the man appear interested. Then the little note-book would appear again and as quickly vanish. Innings passed, and when the lithe young outfielder had stolen his fourth base a look of satisfaction came into the man's face. Later he left the grounds as quietly as he had come.

That night a message went over the wires from Columbia to the headquarters of the American League Baseball Club in Detroit, Michigan. The message read: "Transfer your option on Pitcher Cicotte of Augusta to Outfielder Cobb of the same club." And Detroit did, for the sender of the message was the mysterious man of the grand-stand—a major league scout.

That is how Tyrus Raymond Cobb, called "the greatest player that the game has seen," was discovered. He was seized by one of the countless tentacles of an octopus—the scouting system of baseball. These tentacles, extending from the club offices of the sixteen teams that compose the National and American Leagues, are always reaching throughout the length and breadth of the minor leagues, fastening the young and promising ball-player in their toils and bringing him to the larger cities where larger teams and larger patronage demand strengthening. The scout is a spy and purchasing agent combined. He must move secretly from city to city, from town to town, always under cover if possible—for if young minor league players know he is sitting in judgment they are apt to become nervous and "blow up." He must have the instinct for a shrewd business deal. He must be able to buy the recruit from the minor league club at the lowest figure possible, and, if rival scouts be on the trail of his quarry, he must by all means circumvent them and capture the prize. Cobb was bought for seventy-five dollars. Detroit would not sell him for thirty times that sum. In Augusta he received ninety dollars a month; to-day he draws ten thousand dollars a season. To find such men is the task of the scout, and sometimes he must follow the trail for days before his decision can be made. For example:

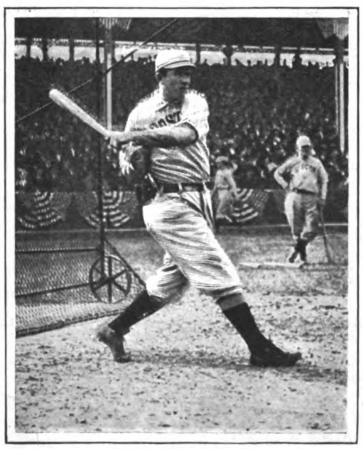
The summer before last Arthur Irwin, scout of the Yankees, heard that a young man named Caldwell was pitching brilliantly for the McKeesport Club. As the information came from a reliable source Irwin packed his bag and hustled South. He arrived on a Saturday and hurried out to the ball park, only to discover that Caldwell had pitched the afternoon before. Learning that his quarry would not pitch again for five days, Irwin resigned himself to following the club. On the fifth day, as scheduled, Caldwell walked out to the pitcher's box. He got a poor start, however, and was driven to the bench under a shower of base hits. This was discouraging, but there was something in the tall pitcher's action and bearing that impressed Irwin, told him to be patient and keep on the trail. So Irwin did. For five more monotonous days he followed that McKeesport Club, and when Caldwell went to the box again the scout was rewarded for his sagacity and determination. Caldwell, you see, pitched a fourteen-inning game and won it. The score was 1 to 0. That night Irwin gave him a New York contract, and to-day he is regarded as one of the coming pitchers of the American League. Incidentally he did not cost President Farrell much money.

There are instances, however, when, upon the advice of scouts, tremendous prices have been paid for the promising ball-player of the minors. On these occasions many scouts were on the trail, and competition being keen, with ten or more clubs bidding for the services of the players, naturally the price tags were changed many times. Take the cases of Marquard and O'Toole. Upon the advice of its scouts the New York National League club paid Indianapolis eleven thousand dollars for Marquard. For a time it looked as if the money had been thrown away. Marquard was a raw failure. But Manager McGraw had faith in the young pitcher and also in the counsels of the scouts, who had seen him mow down the heaviest batters. McGraw retained the recruit when all New York was howling for his release. And Marquard vindicated the scout who had chosen him by regaining form and pitching the Giants to a championship.

With O'Toole, however, it is different. Upon the advice of its scouts the Pittsburg Club paid $22,500 for this untried pitcher. The price staggered the baseball world. It was unheard of. Yet President Dreyfuss of the Pirates had faith enough in the ability of his scouts to hand over that lump sum for an utterly unknown quantity. O'Toole may make good. If he does he will be worth every cent of the $22,500 that Pitsburg paid for him. It is not pleasant, though, to think of being that scout if O'Toole should turn out a failure.

But these things must be, for baseball's popularity may well be said to rest in the hands of the scouts. Star players make first-division teams and first-division teams make money. Every year sees the burning out of one or more of these stars. The Cobbs, Wagners, Mathewsons, Chases, etc., are hard to find. The demand exceeds the supply by something like 50 to 1. And as these men cannot play forever they must be replaced. So it is to the smaller leagues that the larger organizations look for their successors. Hence the necessity for the scout—the man who combs these minor leagues more thoroughly even than stock-sellers comb smaller cities and towns.

We have seen how both New York and Pittsburg have spent money lavishly upon the advice of scouts. Sometimes, however, it happens that an embryo star is obtained at a price which in after years appears ridiculously small. Such was the case of Tris Speaker, the Boston American outfielder who last year had a fielding average of .956 in 138 games and ranked fourteenth in the batting list with a percentage of .327. Late in the season of 1907 the Boston Club, hearing of Speaker's work as a member of the Cleburn Club of a Texas league, secured him for a very nominal sum. Subsequently McGuire, after watching his play, turned him back to the Little Rock, Arkansas, team, with the proviso that he was subject to a recall. Speaker in his new surroundings regained his form and was soon the sensation of the league. The papers published in the cities of the circuit printed glowing accounts of his play. It was not long before McGuire heard of the startling change and rushed his scouts to Little Rock to size up Speaker again. The latter, on reaching the town, found half a dozen representatives from other clubs all bidding for Speaker's services. He promptly exercised the prerogative of the Boston Club and took him back East for another trial. This time Speaker made good. Had he been the property of Little Rock he would easily have brought five thousand dollars on the baseball block. As it was Boston got him for less than a seventh of that sum.



Tris Speaker, the Boston outfielder

So much for some of the uncut diamonds that have been dug up in remote parts of the country. But what of the men who did the digging—the scouts? In most cases they are veteran ball-players, men who were

Hans Wagner, of Pittsburg

transforming baseball crowds into yelling hordes when many of the present-day stars were peeping through holes in the fence. It is a business with them, and often their salaries are rather high. Their living and traveling expenses are provided for, and they are just as much a part of baseball as any member of the team even though they never don a uniform or glory in the applause of the fans. In fact, few of their names are known.

Among the more prominent is Arthur Irwin, known as "the dean of scouts." Irwin played professional baseball as early as 1878. To-day he travels over the country on the lookout for promising players for the New York Americans. Gene McCann is another old-timer whose name is familiar to those who have followed the national game for the past ten years.

The Pittsburg Pirates have a number of scouts working for the club. President Barney Dreyfuss is himself an excellent judge of the ball-player in the embryo. He frequently slips quietly out of Pittsburg and journeys to some small town to watch a youngster, of whom he has heard promising reports, play ball. Two regular Pittsburg scouts are Howard Earle and Frank Haller. Both are known in every baseball circuit in the country. Since they have played and have been connected with baseball for more than twenty years, they are seldom deceived as to the value of a player once they see him in action.

One of the most successful scouts is George Huff, director of athletics at the University of Illinois. Huff, who is at present a discoverer of diamond talent for the Cleveland Blues, formerly worked for the Chicago Cubs. Captain Frank Chance has implicit confidence in his judgment. Huff played football and baseball at Dartmouth and has been connected with athletics for years. He is credited with uncovering such players as Ed Reulbach, Jake Stahl, Carl Lundgren, Tris Speaker, and many others.

The White Sox depend to a great extent on the judgment of Ted Sullivan, while Washington uses Mike Kehoe and Dick Patton. The Athletics have two excellent scouts in Tom O'Brien and Al Maul, both of whom have been connected with baseball since

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1884. Another pair of old-timers who travel about wherever baseball is played are Lary Sutton and Tom Daly, representatives of the Brooklyn Club. As scouts they have few superiors. Detroit uses Bobby Lowe and Jimmy Casey. For the Giants Billy Lush watches the college players, while Mike Finn and Dan Brouthers pass judgment on the various youngsters who may be considered possibilities at the Polo Grounds.

One of the captures of which Brouthers is justly proud was that of Larry Doyle, now the Giants' field captain, whom he secured from the Springfield, Ohio, Club. Clark Griffith, at that time manager of the Yankees, had a chance to secure Doyle from Springfield. He sent Jimmy Callahan to pass judgment on Doyle. The latter was not playing particularly efficient ball at the time and Callahan sent word to New York that he would not do. Later Manager McGraw heard from Brouthers that Doyle was a real comer and signed him up. There have been no regrets expressed by New York fans over this motion.

The Yankees, however, have picked up some bargains on their own account, for Bert Daniels cost but $250 and the transfer of an amateur catcher from the University of Pennsylvania who had never joined the team. Russell Ford was secured from Atlanta as the result of a deal whereby Castleton, another pitcher who had cost $3,000, was sent to the Southern club with the understanding that at the end of the year the Yankees were to have the pick of the Atlanta team for a flat sum of $500. The Southern management expected that they would take Castleton back after another year of training, but Irwin surprised them by selecting Russell Ford.

Many have claimed credit in one way or another for the discovery of John Hans Wagner, one of the "greatest of them all." Wagner attracted attention from the very start of his baseball career. His awkward style made his stops and throws appear extraordinary and cause comment even among the novices with whom he played. The late Harry G. Pulliam, former president of the National League, is generally credited with finding the Pirates' great shortstop. Years ago, when Pulliam was secretary of the Louisville Club, he heard vague rumors of the playing of a young German at Patterson, New Jersey. Pulliam came North and, after watching Wagner in two games, decided he was needed at Louisville. Pulliam secured his services for less than one hundred dollars a month, and Wagner began in Louisville the career that has brought him wealth and fame such as has been the portion of but few ball-players.

Frank Chance was another player who attracted attention even as a school-boy. Danny Long, of the San Francisco Club, saw him playing in California and recommended him to the Chicago Club. Chance was catching at the time, but the late Frank Selee, after watching him play at Chicago, determined to make a first baseman of his new recruit. The success he met with is known to every fan.

The methods used by the scouts vary. Most of them —Irwin, for instance—like to remain unknown to the man they are judging until they have seen him play. Others, like Brouthers, believe in making known their presence and giving the recruit a thorough going over.

I met Irwin the other day and asked him to tell me something about the different types he met while scouting—the players that were hardest to judge. Said he:

"It may surprise you, but pitchers are easiest to find. The reason is that in a pitcher you don't have to look for more than one asset—and that is pitching. If your man pitches well you're safe in signing him up. It doesn't matter whether or not he can bat, run bases, or do anything but pitch.

"But supposing you go out seeking a good shortstop because there is a vacancy in that position. You must have a man who can work well enough to jump in and fill that job continually. It is different from a pitcher, who is in the game one day and then may not work for another week or longer. The infielder has to be on the job every day.

"Probably you will be tipped off to a minor league shortstop and go to watch him work. In the field

Captain Larry Doyle, of the Giants

he is likely to look like a star. He'll handle grounders beautifully, work in well with the rest of the infield, cover a great deal of ground, and do everything in the field well. Then you watch him when he comes to bat. The chances are he makes such a miserable showing that you know right on the spot that he will never do for big-league work.

"And that's the way it goes. Find a man who can bat and the chances are that he won't be able to field. Find a man who is mechanically a good batter and a good fielder and he will probably prove himself without a head. Or maybe he won't be able to run bases. It's seldom you can run across a player who does everything well. And that's one of the reasons why an infielder or an outfielder is more difficult to pick up than a pitcher. He has to do more."

But discovering promising young players and buying them are two entirely different propositions in the work of the baseball scout. Much diplomacy is necessary and other matters besides the question of cash must be considered. The small club-owner may object to releasing the star of his team in mid-season. Again, he may demand some veteran of the big team as a bonus. The chief difficulty, however, is found in agreeing upon a price which will be acceptable to both clubs. The fact that a major league club desires the services of a young player usually causes the latter's value to double or treble in the eyes of his manager. He starts out with the supposition that if the Giants, for instance, want Jones the latter must be a far better player than he had estimated.

"You may have him for $4,500," he tells the scout.

The latter knowing that Jones is worth about half that sum, the deal resolves itself into an ordinary business dicker with a compromise as the final solution. To overcome this natural inflation of values the scout sometimes resorts to subterfuge, just as is done in other business enterprises. For instance:

Two seasons ago the scout of one of the big Eastern teams was sent hurriedly to the Pacific Northwest in quest of an outfielder of whom excellent reports had been heard. Arriving at his destination, he found that the manager of the club knew of his identity and that anything like a bargain was out of the question. The scout watched the team for several days before attempting to talk business. All this time, however, he was evolving his scheme. Then he approached the manager and surprised him by asking the price of the shortstop, who was a mediocre player. This was fixed at $3,000. Haggling followed, and finally, as if in desperation, the scout agreed to the terms, with the proviso that in case the shortstop did not equal expectations he could be returned and the money refunded.

Twenty-four hours later, as he was about to leave town with the shortstop, the scout received, in the presence of the club manager, a telegram. This stated that the big league team needed the temporary services of an outfielder. Remarking that the regular player must have met with an accident, the scout asked offhand, "What can I buy your center-fielder for?" Taken off guard the manager replied, "You can have him for $500."

That night the two players and the scout left for the Eastern city. Two weeks later the shortstop was back on the bush circuit, but the center-fielder had come into his own. He was the sensation of the season and aided materially in the winning of a pennant.

The real test of a scout's value, however, is not always in securing high-class young players at small prices. It frequently happens that his advice as to the rejection of certain youngsters is likely to be just as valuable as his judgment in selecting others. Errors of judgment may cost his employer several thousand dollars. The good scout must understand the internals as well as the externals of his quarry. Let me illustrate:

At the ball park in Chattanooga one day last summer two scouts, one from a National, the other from an American League club, were watching the game. Both were after pitching material and in time they began to discuss the available supply, dealing of course in generalities. They might both be after the same youngsters. A certain man was in the box that day, and, after watching him, the National League scout turned to the other.

"Let's be honest with each other," he proposed, "just for the sake of satisfying ourselves on a certain point. Who is the best pitcher you have seen working in the minors this year?"

Without a moment's hesitation the American League scout exclaimed: "There he is—in the box!"

"I agree with you," said the other. "He has perfect action and is in a class all his own here in the minors. I've recommended him to the manager of our club, but he'll have none of him. Why is it that none of the big league clubs will touch him?"

"He has no heart," replied the scout, who knew.

The Marriage of Marie Duval

By Rowland Strong

MARIE DUVAL was nineteen last birthday. She is the typical Parisienne of the middle class. Her small nose has a tendency to turn upward; her eyes are large and blue-gray, neither too round nor too narrow, and on their quick glances gaiety and a keen sense of life seem to be ever at games with one another.

Summer and winter she rises at six, and an hour later she sallies forth to purchase the household bread—a two-pound loaf about a yard and a half long. At that time all the streets of Paris, including the Rue St. Placide, where Marie lives, are lined with square zinc boxes in which the inhabitants deposit their kitchen refuse.

Marie was not a hundred yards from her home when, one morning, her dress caught and was badly torn on the jagged edges of one of these *poubelles*, for so they are called from the name of the prefect of the Seine who first ordained their use.

Just then there happened to be passing the son of the ironmonger, young Monsieur Edouard Brunet, just returned from completing his two years' military service in a regiment of dragoons. "Mon Dieu! Mademoiselle Marie," he exclaims, "let me fix up the tear with this safety-pin." The two young people have known each other since childhood. They have a chat, and then Marie flies home, fearing that her parents are becoming alarmed at her absence.

"He is a nice boy, Edouard," she remarks to her mother. "I always had a *béguin* for Edouard!"

The *béguin* is the wide cap worn by nuns, but in Parisian slang it means a "special fancy" for some one. Monsieur and Madame Duval exchange a meaning glance, and when Marie leaves the room they say to each other, "I see no objection," each knowing well what the other has in mind.

Also, when Marie comes back, trilling a light song, and bringing on the coffee-pot from a kitchen the size of a pocket handkerchief, she guesses from her parents' looks what they have been thinking about. She kisses them. They call her a "sly one," and laugh, and Marie laughs, and asks them what they are plotting, and they both swear that they are not plotting anything, Madame Duval adding that it is no crime to have one's thoughts.

In France young people under twenty-one years of age cannot marry without the consent of both their parents. Should the parents be dead, the consent of the grandparents must be obtained. It sometimes happens that the parents and grandparents are all dead, in which case certificates to that effect must be obtained from the mayors of the different communes or parishes where these deceased persons habitually resided. This is often a lengthy and costly affair. Among the poorer classes, when the parents are alive, it not infrequently happens that their consent can only be secured by means of a present.

No such obstacles, however, are to endanger the matrimonial schemes of Marie Duval and Edouard Brunet. To be sure, Madame Brunet, Edouard's mother, who has a long, pink face, pointed chin, and hard, brown eyes, is at first strongly opposed to the engagement. But Edouard, a model of filial devotion, who has never openly revolted against his mother's wishes, is an unconscious diplomatist of the first rank. By never contradicting her, he invariably ends by getting his own way.

When Madame Brunet discovers that nothing can disturb her son's respectful equanimity or alter his determination, she gives in. Clearly Edouard is a far better *parti* than Marie, for Marie's father, who is a master-cooper, has a business which is at most worth $10,000, while the ironmongery of Monsieur Brunet represents an income of $4,000 a year. Furthermore, his maternal grandfather is a retired captain in the army and decorated with the Legion of Honor. But Madame Brunet is alive to Marie's excellent qualities. She "has order," and that is a "dot" in itself.

The outcome is that Monsieur and Madame Brunet pay a ceremonious visit to Monsieur and Madame Duval, to demand Marie's hand for their son Edouard. The next afternoon Monsieur and Madame Brunet receive an equally ceremonious visit from Monsieur and Madame Duval, who announce their daughter's acceptance of Edouard's suit. Dinners are exchanged, and Edouard is authorized to bring Marie flowers. Then the banns are put up at the mayor's office and the church.

When the wedding day arrives the entire party, numbering sixteen, including the ushers and the bridesmaids, start off in four immense landaus lined with cream-colored silk. The coachmen, in ancient derby hats, have orange-blossoms on their coats and their whips are tied with white silk bows. The bridegroom is in evening dress. His *témoin*, or "best man," is Monsieur Charlot, the corporal of his regiment, who, of course, is in full uniform.

After the ceremony the party drives to the Bois de Boulogne, to one of those vast, rambling restaurants which make a specialty of *noces* or marriage feasts. It is late in the afternoon before dessert is reached, and then everybody is called upon to sing a song. Madame Duval, reminded by familiar melodies of her own *noce*, is seen to be in tears, but manages, after a few spasmodic twitchings of the lips, to pull herself together. A photographer takes the bridal group. It is now time for the newly married pair to depart. Edouard is crying at the thought of quitting his mother, but Marie is serene, and looks prettier than ever before.

Lamps

BY ALFRED NOYES

IMMENSE and silent night,
Over the darkling downs I go,
And the deep gloom is pricked with points of light
Above, around me and below.

I cannot break the bars
Of Fate; nor, if I scan the sky,
Comes there to me, questioning those cold stars,
Any new signal or reply.

Yet—are they less than these,
These village-lights that I do scan
Below me; or, far out on darkling seas,
Those twinkling messages from man?

Round me the darkness rolls!
Out of the depth each lance of light
Shoots from lost windows, thrills from living souls,
And—shall I doubt that starrier height?

No signal? No reply?
As o'er the Hills of Time I roam,
Hope opens her warm casements in the sky
And lights the heavenly lamps of home.

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Bidding for the Transcontinental Trade

HOW MONTREAL IS REBUILDING HER HARBOR TO WIN THE OVERLAND WHEAT TRAFFIC

By Edward Hungerford

THE St. Lawrence River, draining the five Great Lakes of North America, leaves Ontario, pursues a course one hundred and sixty miles to the northeast, and comes to the level of the sea in a broad and shallow basin before the wharves of Montreal. For stretches of that one hundred and sixty miles this wonderful river runs as smoothly as a mill pond; between those smooth stretches it descends the rapid and dangerous rapids that exist all the way from Ogdensburg to Montreal. But at Montreal the river is, in spirit if not in fact, an arm of the sea. It is still a thousand miles to the ocean, but nevertheless to the wharves of the ancient French-Canadian city come the great ships from the far corners of the world.

At Montreal navigation bound up the St. Lawrence changes from ocean to inland. The Lachine, the last of the series of canals that carry the upper river traffic, has its exit and entrance gateways in the very heart of the city's harbor. The craft that pass and repass through these locks are the steamers and the barges that will reach Kingston, Toronto, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and Duluth. The craft that pass up and down the river to the east of Montreal are the ocean ships that come and go to England, France, Germany, distant Asia, and the nearer east coast of the two Americas. Between the smaller vessels of the lakes and the canals and larger burden-carriers of the open seas, there already exists an exchange of traffic that is impressive in volume. And beside the inland water traffic there is a considerable rail traffic that spans Canada from Montreal to Vancouver. The one through transcontinental line already completed across the Dominion has seen its facilities taxed to record points all the past winter. Two other transcontinental railroads are fast nearing completion, and these normally will only increase the tonnage that is poured upon the wharves of Montreal for transport across the sea. Commerce seems to have picked the city under the mountain to be for all times a great junction-point in traffic.

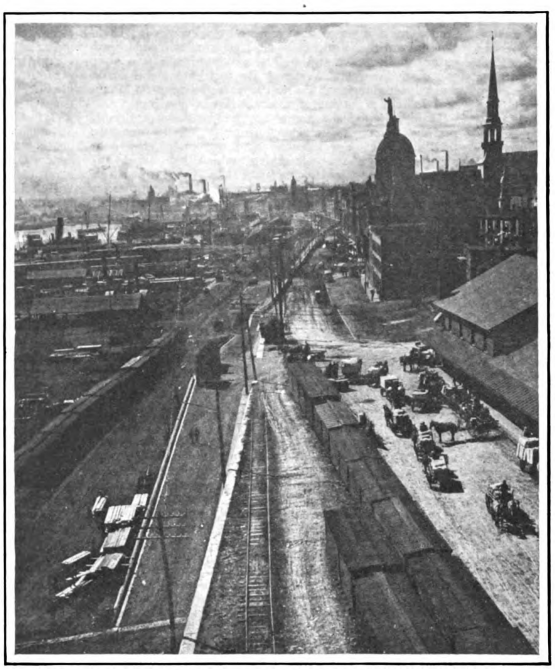
The first real improvement of Montreal Harbor began back in 1825, when the Lachine Canal, cutting a neck of Montreal Island and avoiding the most dangerous of all the rapids of the St. Lawrence, was opened with a modest working depth of but four and a half feet. Back of the Lachine the other canals along the river to Ontario and from Ontario to Erie—to avoid the bottle valve of Niagara—were being finished, and the inland water traffic of the Great Lakes—now grown to be the greatest water traffic in the world—was begun. Much of it seemed to find Montreal a natural outlet toward the sea, although the Erie Canal, which the State of New York had just completed, seemed a dangerous competitor in the beginning.

In that early day Montreal enterprise asserted itself. It asked why, if vessels could ascend the Clyde to Glasgow or the Tyne to Newcastle, they could not ascend a properly dredged channel in the clear waters of the St. Lawrence to the chief city of Canada. The ship-owners said that they could. That meant that Montreal would have to dip deep into her treasure-boxes. But, seeing her commercial possibilities just ahead, Montreal did not hesitate to dig into those strong-boxes. She refused tempting offers from private sources for her water-front rights, and in 1830 appointed her first Board of Harbor Commissioners. It immediately expended half a million dollars on permanent wharves and their appurtenances, and within twenty years had dredged such a channel through Lake St. Peter that vessels of five thousand tons could easily ascend to those wharves. The effect of the Montreal enterprise was immediate. Commerce made its way more and more to Montreal from the inland country. Canada has deepened her canals to fourteen feet within the past two decades and is preparing to make them twenty-one feet in the near future. And meanwhile the State of New York is spending a sum, vaguely estimated at $101,000,000, in deepening the Erie Canal to twelve feet.

Montreal, having accomplished her harbor and the channel for five-thousand-ton ships that led to it from the open sea, stood still for half a century and admired her works along the water-front. They were impressive. Much-traveled folk were not slow to say that she possessed one of the handsomest harbor fronts in the world, with its gay show of shipping, its broad, stone-walled quay street, and, back of that, the line of sober, serious limestone buildings, much given to domes and cupolas. It was all impressive and in its way beautiful. But it was growing obsolete. And there were more and more men in Montreal who realized that each year.

The inland traffic—with grain always the chief item in that traffic—was not coming to Montreal in the volume in which the Canadians wished it to come. If it came down the Lakes it was almost sure to be diverted from Buffalo to New York or even Boston—not much of it by the obsolete Erie Canal, but rather by a group of sharply competing railroads connecting the first two of these cities. Some of it was going farther south within the United States—to Baltimore or to those new ports at Hampton Roads. It was not coming through Montreal. The first of the Canadian transcontinental lines — the Canadian Pacific — was growing into history, the deepening of the St. Lawrence River and the Welland Canals being an old story, while Montreal still dozed.

Then Montreal awoke. Two new transcontinental lines were being driven across western Canada. If she did not take care the bulk of their traffic would not come to the wharves of the chief city of Canada. It would go rushing by rail down across the United States or to new harbors below Quebec.



The harbor front of Montreal

You cannot threaten the commercial power of any considerable British town with impunity. The Briton may move slowly at times, but he moves surely. He set his teeth together and determined that Montreal should again be one of the great ports of the world. That meant, in the first place, a modern channel to "blue water," as mariners like to call the open sea, and the Dominion government set to work to dredge that channel thirty feet in depth right up to the wharves of Montreal. That contract meant some fifty miles of dredge-work up the narrow parts of the river and through the sands of Lake St. Peter. Last summer vessels of fifteen thousand tons capacity sailed for a thousand miles up a land-locked river and berthed at the wharves of Montreal.

Now consider Montreal Harbor as a terminal or, if you please, merely as a junction-point for traffic. It was entirely out of date for actual work, no matter how travelers might rave about that gently curving quay line. It was no more of a real port ten years ago than a flickering gas jet was real street illumination or a horse-car a fit transportation unit through the highways of a great city. Montreal knew it and Montreal searched for a man who could make her port the equal of any other in the world.

She found her man. Fate has a kindly way of generally bringing the right man forward in an emergency, and in this case the man was Major George Washington Stephens, a long-time wealthy resident of the city under the mountain. As a young man Major Stephens had gone to work, not, like most of the rest of us, from sheer necessity, but rather because he liked it. At a time when he might have been loafing about Europe and having a most comfortable and idle time he went to work as a clerk at six dollars a week in the offices of a German merchant line at Hamburg. The crisp air of the sea, the bustle and the business of its ports captivated him. And in a few years he had come to know more about harbor business in his quiet fashion than a great many so-called experts. He comes of a good Vermont stock and so, after all, it is the blood and brains of this country that has gone to help make Montreal the most efficient port in the world.

Major George W. Stephens became the head of the Harbor Commissioners of Montreal less than a half-dozen years ago. He prefaced his work by a personal inspection in company with the commissioners' new engineer in charge, Frederick W. Cowie, of the great ports of the Atlantic: London, Liverpool, New York, Glasgow, Hamburg, Antwerp, Havre, and Marseilles. Almost all of these have embarked upon important port improvements, and in almost every one of them government authority, either municipal or national, has assumed charge.

Any great port can be considered from two angles. It may be studied from the traffic standpoint, divided in the first place into freight and passenger and then again into all the various channels by which that traffic travels overland and overseas. That part of the problem understood, the necessities to meet its demands must be had. There must be piers, quays, or docks. Then there must be a dry-dock—a floating dock, perhaps, with repair if not construction facilities for cargo-bearers of the highest class. There must be warehouse and storage facilities upon the piers and about the docks for the accumulation and slow disposition of cargoes, and there must be ample and adequate railroad facilities to and from every part of the port.

No wonder that the newly organized Board of Harbor Commissioners demanded from the Canadian government $10,000,000 for an initial expenditure for the rebuilding of the port of Montreal. The Ottawa government, in whose hands the maintenance of the chief port of the Dominion had been placed, looked with alarm at the increasing stream of Canadian grain crossing the United States and granted that first appropriation without much hesitation. Since then it has given the Harbor Commissioners of Montreal another $6,000,000 without any hesitation at all. It has begun to appreciate the work that Major Stephens and his fellows have undertaken there at the foot of the Lachine Rapids.

They found that a start had already been made toward improvement of the harbor conditions. John Kennedy, for many years the engineer of the harbor works, a man with a far-seeing and prophetic eye, who had struggled for years against the intense conservatism of an intensely conservative city, had already planned three great piers, two of them to reach a thousand feet in length eventually, at the extreme upper end of the harbor. Major Stephens showed recognition of the long years of faithful service that Mr. Kennedy gave the city of Montreal by raising him to the important post of consulting engineer to the board. He has proven a right hand to Mr. F. W. Cowie, the engineer who is in actual charge of the present prosecution of the work.

The Board of Harbor Commissioners as constituted under the direction of Major Stephens, acting upon the report made after his trip to progressive ports of British and continental Europe, began to amplify Mr. Kennedy's original plans. It did not hesitate. Behind it stood not merely the commercial hopes and ambitions of a thoroughly roused British city, but the strong-boxes of a powerful young nation just coming into its own. It decided upon a scheme big enough and broad enough to carry Montreal many years into the future, and it decided that all the work upon its harbor side must absolutely conform to that scheme. Too many ports have builded only to tear down again as ships grew longer and their traffic problems more complex. There will be little tearing down in the new harbor of Montreal, for the scheme now adopted is capable of almost infinite expansion.

Briefly stated, it comprehends a group of great piers, warehouses, and elevators at the upper end of the harbor, at the foot of the Lachine Canal, the very gateway of the traffic of the Great Lakes and immediately in front of the heart of the city. This development, already practically completed, extends a little more than a mile from the foot of the rapids and the canal. For another mile down the river the proximity of St. Helen's Island makes it impossible to handle great ships in and out of projecting piers, and so in this place will be built shore wharves and

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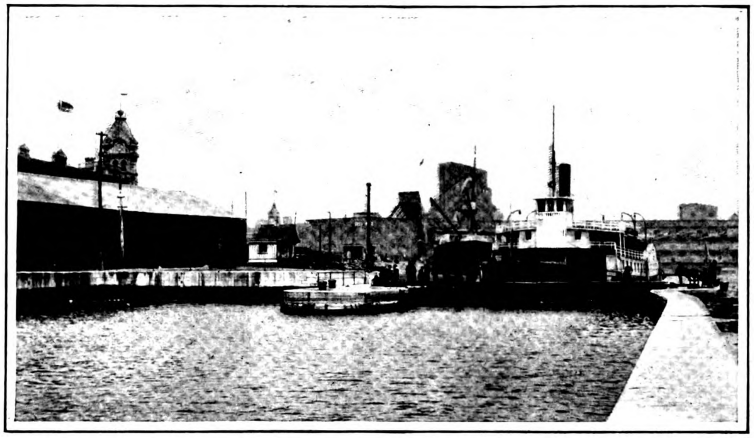
rebuilt the long Victoria pier extending parallel to the bank. This last pier as reconstructed will have two floor levels, the outside one high and for ocean ships of the largest size to lie alongside, while within the sheltered basin that it forms will be ample accommodation at low level for the river craft that ply not only up and down the St. Lawrence, but into the rivers that go to swell its volume. Here will be not only the passenger station for the great volume of water-bound pleasure traffic that goes in and out of Montreal throughout the summer months, but a huge receiving depot for the foodstuffs that must constantly be coming to feed the hungry mouths of a growing metropolitan city—butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, fruit, poultry from the fat farms of the French-Canadian *habitants* for many miles down into the river-served Province of Quebec. Below St. Helen's Island the river is available at its full width once again, and here are already three more projecting piers for the use of steamships in exclusive freight service. There are many more of the projecting piers to be built here, both to and beyond the floating dry-dock, which will accommodate the largest of the ships entering Montreal. The entire port development reaches some five miles already and is served by a city-owned and operated railroad of from two to eight tracks in width, carried for the most part on a solid viaduct above the traffic of the piers.

To know the new port of Montreal you must visit it. You probably will give one little regret, at least, for the passing of the picturesque harbor front of that town as you used to remember it, with its substantial stone quay wall lining it and the neat and dignified stone structures of the solidly built city facing it. The new port is strictly utilitarian. It has reared its great sky-scraper elevators high into the air along the water-front, blotting out forever the vistas of the quay street and almost hiding even the graceful towers of the parish church of Notre Dame, as well as the fantastic turrets of the rear of the tiny Bonsecours chapel. Conservative Montreal gave a little gasp as it saw its fine harbor line disappear behind the first of a chain of sky-scraper elevators. But conservative Montreal knew that a great American port must have grain elevators, that the city which was the gateway of the granary of the world and aspired to be its greatest grain port must have a chain of those elevators. It quickly reconciled itself to the utilitarian nature of the new work. Even the most conservative part of a conservative town brought to a commercial crisis recognized its need.

To see this work in company with Major Stephens is to understand better the present phase of its development. You begin your pilgrimage at the double locks of the Lachine Canal, which is to be the first of the passageways around the rapids of the upper St. Lawrence that will be brought to the ultimate depth of twenty-one feet. There is a reason for that—the Georgian Bay Canal—and that reason one of the very greatest of Canadian commercial hopes. The Georgian Bay Canal is planned as a twenty-one-foot ditch from the head-waters of the Ottawa River, which enters the St. Lawrence only a little way above the Lachine Rapids, straight across an easy country to the head-waters of the Mattewa, which in turn flows to Georgian Bay—that little-known gateway of the upper lakes. When Canada digs that Georgian Bay Canal the cobwebs will begin to gather in the elevators at Buffalo, and Montreal knows that. For that new canal will shorten the old route through Lake Ontaria, the Welland Canal, Lake Erie, and Lake St. Clair by something like four hundred miles, an appreciable saving to steamers bringing the eastbound wheat from the great elevators at Port Arthur, Port Williams, and Duluth—to say nothing of the vast volumes of freight traffic in the three upper lakes.

So an important part of the Montreal harbor scheme embraces the rearrangement of the entrance to the Lachine, substituting one great lock for the two that now exist at the harbor front and giving a far larger basin for the canal-bound craft. These last can also be taken alongside the larger piers or the sea-going steamers. The harbor-front railroad terminal affords another method of communication, for no great port in the world has better railroad service right at her wharves than the new port of Montreal. For a good many years the various railroad interests that entered



At the gateway of the Lachine Canal

Montreal operated switching service over those tracks, using their own locomotives and train crews. It was a confusing business over that crowded link at the edge of the city's heart. And that stretch of harbor-front track is important as well as crowded. It is the only direct link between the two railroads that enter at the east end of the city and the two that enter at the west. Without its facilities these roads must interchange traffic at the extreme rear of Montreal Island, a matter of weary miles of hauling.

Major Stephens saw in the harbor-front railroad, resting upon the nation's property, an interesting possibility of development and revenue. He substituted order for something which at times approached chaos by taking over the direct operation of the railroad at the time when the commission was planning to extend its eight-track stem an additional five miles down the river-front. The Harbor Commissioners have already purchased ten modern switching locomotives as the nucleus of an even larger brigade of motive power, and alone these handle the rail traffic of the port side. Such a system promotes efficiency. It also comes near paying its own way. It costs the railroads something like twelve dollars to handle a car on their tracks at the rear of the city; the harbor terminal will bring it across on its own short link line for five. For the piers and warehouses it makes a very reasonable switching charge of two dollars and fifty cents a car and almost reaps a profit out of the business.

"We have builded our pier warehouses two stories," Major Stephens will tell you, "although a good many steamship men told us at first that the thing was impossible. In practice it is not only possible, but makes for the quick handling of a ship."

That is one real secret of a successful port. It must not only afford good facilities for the interchange of passengers and freight, but it must give every facility for the rapid loading and unloading of a great vessel. It costs much money to tie a big ship up in port and every owner is fretting during that process. Montreal Harbor is still too new in its renaissance to have given full evidence of its value, but only last summer the Canadian Pacific liner *Mount Royal* discharged 4,250 tons of general cargo and took on 9,500 tons, also of general cargo, all in fifty-three hours. The average time taken in European ports, as shown by carefully compiled statistics, for the loading and unloading of a 10,000-ton cargo is fourteen days. Montreal handled 13,750 tons in a little over three days and feels that her new port measured up to its first test.

For that is to be the test of these great expenditures upon the water-front of the Canadian metropolis. If Montreal suffered two sky-scraping elevators to raise themselves in front of her lovely and famous quay street, she felt that they must pay for their utilitarian ugliness by utilitarian efficiency. The first of these elevators, built about three years ago, is a steel structure with accommodation for 1,000,000 bushels of grain. For the second the even more modern concrete construction was adopted. It is a real giant, rising 230 feet above the street, and was first planned for an accommodation of 2,000,000 bushels. It is not quite complete as this is being written, but while its concrete bins are still drying in the forms the workmen are placing the foundations for an addition which will hold another 750,000 bushels. Montreal Harbor is not going into elevator construction in any half-hearted fashion. This new structure is by far the largest transfer elevator in the world.

"But it is not that it is the largest that counts," Major Stephens will tell you; "it is the most efficient. . . . It can receive, load, and unload a million bushels a day into waiting ships at every pier in the upper harbor of Montreal."

He points upward. A somewhat ungainly system of overhead passageways is carried from the high levels of the elevators to each one of the great outstretching piers. In these passageways are endless-belt carriers, and through them the grain can flow not merely to ships berthed close to the elevators, but to those that lie a half-mile distant. Through those passageways the hungry empty holds of four great ships can be fed simultaneously—sixteen thousand bushels an hour to each of them. It does not seem so much of a trick to load and unload 13,750 tons in fifty-three hours at Montreal—and so break a world's record—when you come to examine the facilities in her new port.

Major Stephens has the elevator idea—the accumulation of a bulk of cargo ready for ships—in the building of his piers. He has already defied British tradition and built those pier sheds two stories in height. There is apparently no reason why they could not go ten or twelve stories high with proportionately increased efficiency. In the upper stories general freight could be assembled and stored. Ingenious electric elevators at the new piers of Montreal already take loaded trucks, horses and all, to their second stories. There is apparently no good reason either why elevator service should not take both trucks and railroad cars to the tenth or the twelfth floor of a well-constructed steel and concrete pier structure.

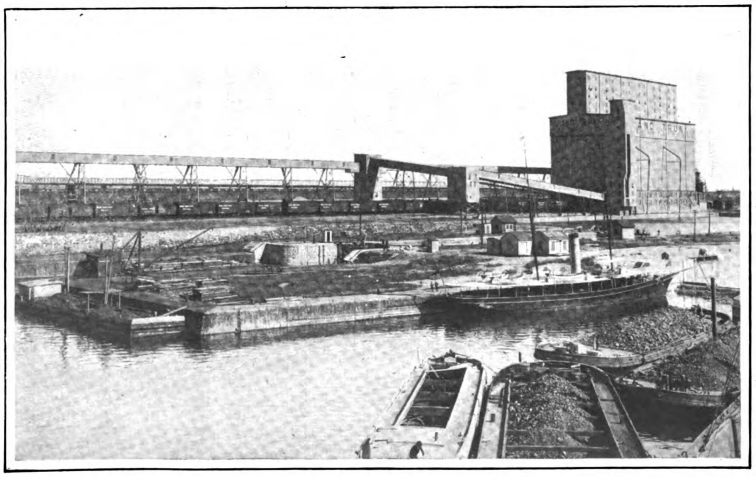
That is another secret of a successful port—the accumulation of cargo. A great part of the world's traffic is still handled by tramp steamers. To attract these tramps is the aim of every harbor authority. The sure way of bringing them is to have plenty of freight ready for them; the facilities, such as Montreal already has, for giving them that cargo quickly.

"We can accumulate outbound cargo here through the long winter months," begins Major Stephens.

You interrupt him. The long winter months! That brings to your mind the fact that Montreal is not an all-the-year-round port like those along the ocean front of the United States. You remember once going up there to see the ice palace before Canada became convinced that winter carnivals were bad advertising. The St. Lawrence was as solidly locked as the granite floor of the world at that time. It is so locked each year for something more than five months.

"But our big plant does not rest idle even in those months," Major Stephens will tell you. "We have thirty-five miles of track along this harbor front, storage room for six thousand cars—this soon to be doubled—and all winter long we are making a great interchange freight-yard out of it. Twenty years hence will see the manufacturing and the wholesale interests of Montreal quite largely concentrated on this harbor front, served by the harbor tracks and the harbor switching service. The pier sheds will make first-rate freight-houses throughout the winter. We cannot afford to let our plant or our staff deteriorate through half the year."

You can touch the port of Montreal, as it has been reborn, at almost every point and find it measuring to the best tests of efficiency. Perhaps that is the reason for its new-found prosperity. Within the last eighteen months six new lines have found it advisable to institute regular freight and passenger service direct to the wharves of the metropolis of Canada.



The Grand Trunk elevators at Windmill Point, Montreal. They have a capacity of more than a million bushels

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The Silent Woman

By Clarence Welford

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WE have lived for over fifty years in the big double, white, frame-house on Marlboro Street, with the garden fronting on Green. When we first bought it the street was hardly more than a straggling country lane with great open spaces and vacant lots, and the few houses that were on it were old-fashioned frame-houses with big gardens. Fifty years is a long time to live in one place, and now, but for our own house, which has stood all these years unaltered, the whole street from the Market to the water-front is a solidly built line of brick blocks. It was partly because I was an invalid and could not get out much that we kept our big garden for air and exercise, and but for the little cottage in the back, fronting on Green Street, we have never given up a square foot of it.

Of course, as in all lives, there have been certain renunciations that I had to make because I was not strong enough to travel much, and so what life I have seen has had to be brought to me here at old Marlboro House. Still every renunciation has its compensations, and the beauty of living long in one place is that you see the whole of things; you see the beginning and the middle and the end. People who go about a great deal see more; but what they see are detached events, whereas, staying this way in one house for fifty years, and putting your roots down deep into the ground, you see slow growths and crises and climaxes. Moreover, if you are observant at all you are bound to get a certain philosophy of life. What I have grown to realize above all else is that events do not make character, but that character beckons events. Circumstances seem to drop like raindrops out of Heaven, and the forms they take, deep or shallow, broad or narrow, beautiful or ugly, depend upon the vessel that catches and holds them. There are really no events and no circumstances that cannot be transformed into beauty by the soul that receives them. For the soul, after all, is the creative power; and here in this quiet house, spending so much of each day on the big sofa between the southern windows that overlook my garden, that is what I have watched. The more because there, in the little cottage at the end of our garden that overlooks the new street, was worked out the soul drama of Sylvia Dare.

But the story does not begin with her. The story begins with young Marsden Galen when he first came home from the university and was established in his father's law office. He was a superb creature, vital, magnetic, handsome, and brilliant. Every one spoke well of him and every one expected great things of him. Sometimes, in thinking about him, I have analyzed all his powers down to sheer health. It was health that made his back so straight, his eyes so sunshiny, and his teeth so gleaming. It was health that made his voice so rich and full and his speech so lucid and ready. Even the staid old business men in the town predicted great things for Marsden Galen, and, as will always happen in a small town, mothers with marriageable daughters had their eyes fixed upon him. He was a social favorite, for he had all the lighter accomplishments. He danced well, he sang delightfully, his humor never failed him, and his manners—well, they were the Galen manners, and they have been known for generations. In all the fifty years that I have watched men grow in this town I have never seen one who promised better than Marsden. And then of course, you know, he had family behind him; for the Galens have been known for wealth, for culture, for social influence here for at least five generations.

You can imagine, then, what it meant to us all when the report came out that Marsden Galen had eloped with Sylvia Dare. The Galens were literally the royal family of our Southern town, and Marsden was a prince of the blood. As to Sylvia Dare, no one knew anything about her, except that she was a pretty little thing who came of a family who had once been noble in Portugal, but had been nothing but very poor in America. For weeks the town talked of nothing else until Marsden Galen returned alone, and then the scandal was hushed up. His family let it be known that he knew nothing of Sylvia Dare; that their leaving on the same train was a coincidence merely, and that Marsden did not know where she had gone. There were some people who even believed the tale; there were others who questioned Marsden Galen's conduct; but family and influence and health and charm go a long way to cover our misdeeds. For myself—well, I dare say you know how invalids judge things. Ill, alone a great deal of the time, speaking little and hearing little, one's eyes grow to take the place of all the other senses, and one sees a character or a life-story or a temperament at a moment's glance. And so when, a month or two later, Marsden dropped in to call on me one evening, though no mention was made at all of his absence or of the gossip, I knew as well as I know now what he had done to Sylvia Dare, and I never wanted him to come to see me again. Oh yes, he was as alert, as lively, as full of charm and vitality as ever—a charm that at that time was not even too lazy to exert itself for a quiet old married lady who lay on the sofa watching him and listening to the things that he did not tell.

I told you that because I was a good deal of an invalid, and did not go much out of my own home, we had saved our garden on Marlboro Street fifty feet on either side of the big house and one hundred feet at the back. Just at this time my husband began to agitate the question of building a small block of rentable houses on Green Street, where a class of artisans was beginning to live. It would be a splendid investment, he said, and I was to have the rentals for my charity money. I thought about it a long time, and then decided that I would rather give less to charity and not have the backs of ugly houses to look out at; but I compromised in so far as to allow him to build the one little white trial cottage in the southwestern corner. We rented it immediately to a very respectable carpenter with a consumptive wife and three small children who played havoc in my garden. Finally, when the wife died and the carpenter went West, taking the three children, I fenced off enough garden for the cottage and the little house stayed vacant. It was then that I had the letter from Sylvia Dare. She said she would like to rent the cottage; that she was coming to live in M——, and that she was bringing her one child. The letter made no mention at all of having known our town before; but also no attempt to disguise who she was, for she signed her maiden name. That night my husband and I talked long about it. We had very little impression of the kind of person that Sylvia Dare might be or of what means she had of paying her rent; indeed, we did not even know whose child she was bringing with her, but my husband is always tolerant, and he said:

"Poor girl, let her come. If she cannot pay her rent, or if she proves an undesirable character, it is easy enough to get rid of her again; but there is no use in refusing her the rent of the cottage because she went away under questionable circumstances." So in the early spring, when the jonquils and the wallflowers were just blooming and the lilac trees in the garden budding, the cottage was opened and aired, and one night after dusk a little lady dressed in black and heavily veiled entered the cottage, leading beside her a superb two-year-old child. I saw them as they came out of the back door to look at the little railed-in garden. She had thrown back her veil, and her face, though pale, was as beautiful as ever; and I fairly gasped when I looked at the child, for there again was Marsden Galen just as I had known him when his own mother brought him in her first young mother's pride to show me; the same golden curls, the same gleaming skin and teeth, the same blue eyes and dimpled-face, and straight-backed, the same splendid reserve of vitality in the little figure. They wandered hand in hand around the little garden, stopping now and then to look at the flowers, but never a sound did I hear from either. They must have been talking to each other, for I could see that she was pointing out all sorts of things to him, and once she lifted him in her arms to show him my garden over the palings; but though the windows were open to let in the early spring dusk I could not hear her voice. And that was the first time I saw Sylvia Dare again.

It is strange how slowly we came to know anything about her life. The first thing that we found out was that she did not speak. By degrees I learned that she had some work to do and that the expressman brought large bundles from New York; called again and took away others, and that her communications even with him were carried on in writing. She marketed at the same little corner-grocery that I used to walk to occasionally on Saturday mornings, and she always came with her basket on her arm and with the child by the hand. So unobtrusive was she in her silence, so tactfully and carefully did she manage it, that it was a long time before people realized that she bought and paid without ever speaking. She picked up things and smiled and her smile was a question. Her garb was always the same, and she might almost have grown to be invisible, so unnoticeable was everything about her but the splendid child. No one passed the baby without smiling; every one stopped to speak to him, and I don't know now how long it was before others as well as I recognized him as the child of Marsden Galen. Indeed, when in the fall after Sylvia Dare had taken my cottage Marsden Galen's engagement and approaching wedding to Miss Bland were announced, some of the idle-minded speculated as to whether Sylvia Dare would forbid the banns; whether she might not have come back to make trouble. But I, who watched from the garden windows, who saw her daily coming and going, her hours of silent sewing at her garden window, knew well that making trouble was the last thing that had entered into Sylvia Dare's mind. She must have been a young woman still, not more than twenty-two or three, and yet her life was ordered as exactly, as quietly, and as regularly as mine. In one of the little notes that she sent me with her check for the rent she asked permission to take care of the little garden that belonged to the cottage

They wandered hand in hand around the little garden

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herself, instead of allowing my gardener to go on in there, adding tactfully:

"I will take great care to put nothing in the garden that might clash in color with your own beautiful garden," and from that time on my man never entered it.

I remember one night I said to my husband—I suppose Sylvia Dare must have been in the cottage then about four months:

"I am going to call on Sylvia Dare." And John said at first, "My dear, I don't see exactly how you can. What will you do? Go around to the Green Street door and leave a visiting-card or call to her over the fence from your garden?"

But I said, "If ever I saw a lady, whatever her past has been, or whatever her troubles, she is one. She has lived now for five months in the same garden with me, and I have never heard her voice or seen anything but a placid smile on her face, and never have I seen a house and child as perfectly ordered as hers. I want to know her and I am going to call."

I think Sylvia Dare must have had, like all indrawn natures, strange premonitions. At any rate, the day that I went to call, the shutters of her house were closed, and there was every external sign of her absence. I tucked my card under the front door and went away wondering. Three days later I had this letter:

"My dear Mrs. Burton,—I thank you for your call. I know quite well that you meant it in kindliness, and it is because I can rely upon your kindliness that I asked to come here to live; but for reasons which now I cannot talk about, and because my life is very full of preoccupation and work and care, I can neither receive nor pay visits, nor do I feel at liberty to know people. My life has its own responsibilities and purposes and it is and must remain a lonely one. I am, very sincerely,

Sylvia Dare."

And so the years began to slip away and Sylvia Dare's existence in the south corner of my garden came to be a matter of course. I never saw nor heard of so few events in a life. She never seemed ill and the child never seemed ill. Her habits were absolutely regular. I used finally to say that I could tell the time of day by looking out of the back window and seeing what Sylvia was doing, and I could tell the season of the year by the color of the things she was sewing. By degrees I learned that her work was the making of artificial flowers for milliners, and that these were as beautiful, and probably as expensive, as the imported flowers from Paris. I know that some of our town milliners found out in New York that she worked for certain shops there with flowers and tried to get her to do work for them, but in vain. She never received their calls, and answered their letters by saying that her time was completely occupied and that she could undertake no more work. Her hours in the garden were never my hours, although she worked there industriously early in the morning and late at night. Her beds of delphinium and phlox, her hollyhocks and Canterbury bells vied with mine, and her lilacs at the back door were as sweet and her roses better cared for than any tended by my paid gardener. Twice a year, in the early spring and the early fall, she went away, taking the child with her, and was usually gone just two weeks to a day, when she returned, unlocked the cottage, and went to work again. Almost the only thing that I knew about her was that she must be a great reader, for every Saturday afternoon found her at the public library. When she left, one day, just as I came in, the librarian, who was a friend of mine, smiled and said:

"She takes out just the books that you read."

I was surprised, for the moment, because I was a born student and, through being thrown so much on my own resources, I naturally got tired early of light reading and pursued some pretty heavy courses of philosophy and history.

"Oh yes," said the librarian further, "all those books and journals of poetry and philosophy that you have given us she takes out and reads." And then he added, with a regretful smile, "she never speaks. She brings a written list of what she wants and she takes whatever I can give her. Odd, is it not," he said, "how hard you will work for a person who won't speak a word? It is something about her smile, I suppose, but I take more trouble to hold back books that she wants than I do to serve any one else in this town."

"That's right," I said. "She seems a lonely woman."

Marsden Galen married and had three children, one right after another. I wonder how many people compared them with Sylvia Dare's little boy. His other children were sallow little creatures with straw-colored hair and protruding teeth, and they had none of the superb vitality which had marked his youth and marked that of his little son in my garden. The child I grew to know after a while. He often played in his garden when I was sitting in mine, and I would call him to the railing and talk to him. He had his father's ready smile and quick flow of speech. The voice was singularly beautiful, and there was an undertone of chuckling merriment in everything he said. I was careful, of course, never to ask him personal questions, but as he grew to be five or six years old I asked him about his education. He could draw flowers, he said, and sing, and he knew Bible stories and all the fairy tales. Indeed, the fairies seemed very much alive to him, and he was not at all sure whether Hop-o'-My-Thumb did not sleep in the beds of jonquils in the early spring or that princes did not often ride on bumble-bees' backs. I knew from that that the silent woman could not be silent with her child. She must read to him and teach him, though I myself never heard her call him or speak to him. If she appeared at the window or the door and smiled at him while he was playing in the garden he immediately ran to her and put his hand in hers, and she led him in and closed the door. I think he must have been about seven when he began to play out on the other side of the house sometimes, but there were evidently rules about the hour at which he should come in, for I have seen him running, his damp curls thrown back from his face, asking the passers-by as he ran if it was quarter past five o'clock, or, in the summer season, if it was a quarter to seven.

He was not at all sure whether Hop-o'-my-Thumb did not sleep in the bed of jonquils

While the years went by bringing weal and woe, pain and illness, losses and gains, and changing the lives of many of us, they brought, so far as I could see, no changes but the growth of the child in the life of my little neighbor. That must have been a tremendous upheaval when she wrote a note to the principal of the nearest public school, asking for a desk for her son, who was to be entered at the opening in the fall. He was entered, and that was the beginning of the end. You see I said at the beginning that, sitting still this way and watching life from an invalid's couch, one did see beginnings and growths and endings, and I had seen the beginning of the life of Sylvia Dare—a quiet little girl, strictly trained, who disappeared from town with the most brilliant figure we had in it—and the return of a silent woman who gave no explanations, who spoke no word, and who lived her life by herself. Young John Dare was evidently like his father, a flaunting figure; a person who, wherever he was put, was obliged to be noticed. He was more alive than other people; he could do more, could say more, could play harder, and he was certainly more beautiful than other children. It was not long before trouble began. Children are cruel because they are ignorant. The life of the race has to be lived over in them and they go through the stage of the young barbarian whose natural instinct is to torment. I hardly know when it was that I began to hear that children in school tormented young John Dare by asking him who his father was and where he lived. His father, he said, was a great adventurer and lived in another world. No one knew what he meant, but somehow even those children had absorbed the idea of disgrace and humiliation connected with John Dare's father. Little Marsden Galen was three years younger than John, but it happened that he, too, was among the tormentors when one day a lot of the children were playing out on the pier near the Boat-house Point and John, having answered them, hastily turned in to fight four boys at once. It just happened to be the blow of Marsden which sent him backward off the pier into the water.

I had been ill with an attack of grip for over two weeks, when my maid rushed in to me crying:

"Oh, ma'am! Oh, ma'am! They have brought him home dead, and she's there alone—the woman that never speaks, in the cottage! She's there alone! And the child has been brought in dead."

I was up and dressed in a short time. I did not even attempt to go around by the Green Street side and ring at the front door; I took my own key to the back door, determined that this woman should not sit there alone with her dead child. I slipped out through my garden path into hers; for the gate, for little John's sake, was always kept open now, and I found, as I had supposed, the back door locked. But I put in my own key, turned it, and went in. A low, moaning sound reached me as I opened the door. It was hardly above a whisper, just a repeated "Oh! oh! oh!" I did not knock, I did not call, I walked up the stairs following the sound, opened the door of the room, and saw her sitting there on the floor beside the couch where the child lay, white and still and smiling, more beautiful in death even than in life. When she saw me she arose at once, and I went toward her and opened my arms and took her in. She did not resist me, but she did not weep, and after a while she drew back again and said:

"Now, of all times, do not tempt me to speak. There has been a reason for all these years of silence and the reason is greatest now."

"My dear," I said, "I won't speak to you or ask you to speak to me if you will let me stay."

At that she smiled and drew up a chair on the other side of the couch and pointed to it, and I sat down. And so that night we stayed in absolute silence in the terrible house. It seemed to me that the beauty of mother and child, the living mother with the strange eyes and the dead child with the perfect face, was more beautiful than any painting of any Madonna of all those that had been sent me. And you know, because I never go to any place, people have sent me photographs of all the famous pictures. She indeed had the wistfulness of a Botticelli girl-mother and the heavenliness of a Fra Angelica woman; but she had something over and beyond, that I have no words to describe—a something that must have come from years and years and years of unbroken restraint and inward force.

I hardly went home those next two days, before the little boy was buried. My maid brought over meals on trays for both of us, and I somehow hoped that the wall of silence which compassed her around was to be broken down at last to me, but I was wrong. She did not speak. Part of the time when I was there she was busy making drawings of the little child. She

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did a wonderful head of him. She did a picture of him as he lay on the couch. As the hours passed my eyes wandered over her room, so expressive of her life. Judging from her books her mind must have been as full of interests as her life was emptied of them. One shelf showed a strange collection of sacred books. She had, beside her Bible and the Apocrypha, a *Bhagavad Gita; The Voice of the Silence; The Simple Way*, by Lao-Tse; *The Manual of Reason*, by Confucius; the Upanishads; The Sutras. She had a shelf of English poetry—Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Spenser, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, and Francis Thompson. She had a collection of American lyrics and Victor Hugo's *L'Art d'Etre Grandpère*. She had a shelf of history, and over in the other corner was evidently the child's book-case, and there were his books; from the torn Mother Goose and worn old Andersen, with its beautiful wood-cuts, and Grimm, with its loose leaves, to the Andrew Lang color-books. There were rare volumes of Crane and Kate Greenaway, and I wondered, as I sat there, where she had collected them for the little fellow. There were but three pictures—"The Resurrection," by Pierro della Francesca; the flower figure of spring, a detail in Botticelli's "Primavera," and the same painter's figure of Venus on the edge of her shell. At first I wondered to myself where her taste came from, and then I realized that an innate refinement and an indrawn life would answer for all she had done and gained. Often I left her sitting alone in the room with her dead, but never again did I hear her break down, see a tear, or hear a moan. We drove together, hand in hand, to see the little fellow laid in the earth, and when we got back to the house, as she got out of the carriage, she turned before we separated and said:

"Go now, and when I need you I will call."

It was three weeks later that I heard the evil news of Marsden Galen's boy. First of all, simply that his back was hurt and the doctors predicted that he would be a cripple, and little by little the story leaked out. His father had kicked him and he had fallen backward. They were standing by the bath-room door when the thing happened, and there were two steps down into the hall. The child's back struck on the edge of the stairs. Those ten years in which Sylvia Dare's life had been apparently without a break or ripple had been full of changes and events for Marsden Galen. He was a rich man now, a very rich man. He had made much money and many enemies. He had had external successes and, I fancy, little internal peace. His business dealings were questioned by men in his world, but his power was great and they were afraid of him. His wife was sickly and complaining; his children were ill brought up, and what I noticed most was the gradual change in his own face. The candid smile of youth was changed to a lurking scowl, and his jaw was heavier, more animal-looking. Gossip said that he drank occasionally to excess; but he was too keen a man and too able to be a drunkard, and if he drank to excess it was only from time to time in order to forget.

When I first heard the news of young Marsden's hurt I hardly believed it, but little by little it was substantiated, and I could not but wonder what it meant to Sylvia Dare if she knew it. I could not tell her, for she did not call. She did not call, but I could not stay away forever, and during the next summer I went in there several times through the back way and sat with her in the dusk of the evening, and she broke the silence of ten years and talked to me from time to time, but always of books, of literature, and of philosophies of life. She talked of life, and of all that we miss who see so little of life—only a single corner. "But I think," she said. "Don't you? That where we can't broaden we can often deepen, and by thinking over the same thing and thinking it more and more deeply, and patiently acting upon our thought, we perhaps in another way get as much as if we had experienced a great many different things." Then she smiled her wonderful, luminous smile and said: "One's garden of thought may be as narrow as the garden of the cottage, but the little fence does not prevent its being as deep as the earth, or as high as heaven, does it?"

I think it was the profound peace of her own nature that strengthened me to watch her slowly fade, as she did that summer. So that one day, when she turned to me quietly and said: "When I know there is no hope for me, and when I am sure I am about to go, I am going to ask you to call Marsden here," I was not even surprised, although up to that time she had never mentioned his name.

You know there is a certain force about a sanctified character that holds one off, and even when she gave me this sight into her life I did not dare to say a word. I merely said, "Yes, tell me when to call him."

It was several weeks later that one night she said to me:

"The doctor says the time is getting short. Now, when you can and when it's easy, bring Marsden here." She paused for a moment, and then said, "Bring him after dusk."

It was midsummer, and Marsden's family were all away, so I sent a little line to his office asking him to come to see me. He came the next afternoon, about five o'clock, looking, I thought, rather flushed and excited. I did not know whether it was something that had happened in his business life or whether he had some suspicion of why he had been called. I was lying on the big couch and he drew up a big chair beside me and sat there talking lightly and blithely of things that had happened down-town, of the Vienna doctor to whom his boy had been taken for treatment, and of the hope of his possible recovery. There came a pause in the conversation and I felt I must make the break.

"Marsden," I said, "Sylvia Dare is dying. She may live a few days longer. She wants to see you."

When I first uttered her name he flung his head back, his square jaw protruded, and a fierce light came into his eyes, but I looked at him steadily and very gently and went on quietly:

"Marsden, she has lived here in the cottage in my garden for ten years. She is a beautiful soul and it can't but do you good to see her, to know what she has made of her life. If you are willing I will take you quietly through the back door to-night, an hour or so later. No one will ever know you were here."

When I finished speaking he groaned and dropped his face into his hands. The fierce light had disappeared from his eyes. He dropped his elbows on his knees and cowered low. Then he arose quickly and turned to leave the room. When he got to the door he turned back and answered:

"Yes, I will come."

It was nine o'clock when he came back. The doctor had been with Sylvia and left her for the night, and my maid, who watched with her nights now, had been sent home. When Marsden came I was so tired I was hardly able to speak, but I was so weighted down with the thought of the meeting of these two people, of the strange thing that had come between their lives, binding them together and holding them apart, that I felt as if eternal issues were hanging upon what happened. I took Marsden's arm and led him out through the long path of my garden into her little garden. As we came nearer the house I saw him looking on all sides eagerly, keenly, as if to take in the details which had made her life. We pushed open the back door and he followed me up the stairs. Sylvia was sitting in the great chair by the southern window overlooking the garden. The shades were drawn at the window where she sat, but the other window was flung wide and the scent of the summer evening, of the clove pinks and roses, made the night air heavy. There was no moon. The stars were like gems set in a sky of black velvet. Marsden hesitated as he stood at the door, and Sylvia raised her eyes and looked at him for a moment. She seemed hardly more than a child then, as she lay there in her soft, white gown, her brown hair plaited and falling over her shoulders, the faint color in her cheeks and her great eyes wide opened and full of light.

"Marsden," she said, quietly, "come and sit down by me." She spoke with authority and as unconcernedly as if she had been in the habit of asking him to sit there every day of all the eleven years in which she had not spoken to him. He took the little chair and moved it nearer and sat there. He did not raise his hand or try to touch her or to speak. I moved away into the next room and sat down with the books there, intending to read, but her clear voice reached me:

"Marsden," she said, "do you remember what I told you when you left me? I said, 'No matter what has happened, it is but one mistake and I will right it. I will make every other act of my life annul the one piece of ignorance. You shall not ruin my life.'"

I could hear Marsden groan then, a harsh, stifled groan.

"And, Marsden," she said, "it has not ruined me. I have built a life out of it. On one mistake, and I have built it full of beauty. But if I had been a really good woman I would not have thought of that. I would never have said it."

Then I heard a voice that I never want to hear again in this life. It was Marsden's voice, and the stifled agony in it was piercing.

"Sylvia," he said, "it's no question of being a woman. You have been an angel."

"Oh no," she said, "no. If I had been a good woman I should have said, 'It shall not ruin you.' That is what good people think of. They don't care for themselves. They don't care whether an act hurts their lives or their hopes or their reputations. They wonder whether it will hurt or help other people. It has not hurt me, Marsden. It has taught me and made me grow. And it did not hurt the child. It made me more careful of his life than happy mothers are. And I did begin very soon to care that it should not hurt you. I came here that you might never forget. That I might be a living warning to you. And I kept the silence, that none should be able to say I ever spoke or hinted at it. I have kept the silence all these years to consecrate my speech to you to-night! But oh Marsden, Marsden, it has strangled your soul, and I have had to live here and watch it! I have seen you in the distance from time to time, and I have known it was killing you. And now it's for that that I am dying. So that I might speak to you without hurt to you. Without hurt to me, or without its being a grievance to any one else who has claims upon you. The child died to show me, Marsden. And I am dying to tell you, and One greater than all men died to teach the same truth—that we must shape our virtues from our errors."

It was Marsden's voice I heard then, stifled and choking.

"Sylvia," he said, "I have killed you and killed my first child, and I have crippled the second, and there is a curse on everything I do. Gold comes out of it, but never love and never happiness."

"I know," she said, "I know. And it is for that I have sent for you. You must change it all from this moment. You can't afford ever again to give anything out of your life but love and pardon, because you have been loved and because you have been pardoned. And because two of us—and still another—have died to show you, you must take the evil thing in your life and make it beautiful. It may be your own child," she went on, "will get well, but if he does not, forget the physical hurt and give him in his soul that which is greater than bodily pain. Give him only beautiful thoughts to think and only fair trusts to keep and give him the interest which never wavers, and the sympathy that never dies."

"Marsden," she said, and, as I listened, her voice sank lower, deeper, and the tone was thrilling. "Marsden, it is not only one life we live. It goes on forever and forever, and every act and deed, and every thought beget more of the same kind; and we are making our souls and making life. And as for me, do you think, going now, I would take a Heaven where your soul should not come to me transformed and beautiful, bringing along with it all the souls that you had learned to love in life? This thing that I have got out of being here alone all this time is this—that there are more worlds. You need not grieve over what we have missed and what we have given up and what we have not had. There are more worlds and I will find you again in one of them; and we will know enough not to make mistakes then, but we will sow only the seeds of love and strength."

Marsden must have forgotten everything, for he called out and his voice was so loud it might have carried over to the big house. I hastened in.

Sylvia had fallen back and her eyes were shut. I put my hand on her pulse and found it beating. I think Marsden thought she had died then, but it was only faintness. I took the brandy from the table by the bedside and fed her with a teaspoon, and she opened her eyes and looked full at Marsden and smiled.

"It's good-by now," she said, "but remember there are worlds upon worlds ahead of us."

He went out then, and as he turned at the door to look back there was a light on his face as of a glimpse into infinite Heaven, and I knew that the new turn had come in his life.

And so I say again that the soul shapes events as vessels shape the water that is poured into them.

"Marsden, it is not only one life we live. It goes on forever and forever"

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SEA-URCHINS

Interludes

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT

THE agent was showing off the cottage with considerable enthusiasm, some of which was gradually imparting itself to the lady and her daughter.

"Just look at that field-stone mantelpiece," he said. "Isn't that a beauty, madam?"

"Yes—but it's kind of rough, ain't it?" said the lady. "We has an onyx mantelpiece in our settin'-room to home."

"And then off here," said the agent, "is a dark room for photography. There has been such a craze of late years for—"

"We don't none of us take no stock in photography as a fad," said the lady, "so a room like that don't attract us."

"But think, madam," said the agent, "what a pleasant retreat it will be in the midst of a thunder-storm. No spot in America is immune from thunder-storms, and of course we have them here at the Harbor just as they have them everywhere else. This dark room will make a delightful retreat when the lightning begins to flash through the heavens—"

"Thunder and lightnin' haven't any terrors for us," said the lady. "We come from a cyclone country, and we never bother our heads none not even when the lightnin' begins to hit. I guess our place has been struck— Oh—let me see—about how many times has our place been struck, Maud?"

"Oh, about ten or fifteen times," said the girl.

IT'S A SHAME TO DECEIVE THE POOR BIRDS

"LET'S CROSS OVER, BILLY, OR WE'LL RUN INTO THIS BUNCH O' SKIRTS"

THE WOMAN-HATERS

"Hardly a season goes by we haven't had to put up a new chimbley."

"Then you must be used to it," smiled the agent, "and I am afraid you will find some of our storms around here rather tame compared to the home product. But to return to the dark room. It opens out of the dining-room, as you see, and possibly you could use it for a wine-cellar."

A gleam of light appeared in the daughter's eye.

"Oh, mother—I have just thought," she said, clapping her hands together gleefully. "If it opens off the dining-room, perhaps—"

She hesitated a moment.

"Perhaps what, Maud?" asked her mother.

"Perhaps it will be a good place for papa to eat his asparagus in—you know how he mortifies us dangling it in the air!" said Maud.

The cottage was leased for the season.

AN EXPERIENCED HAND

"So you think you would make a satisfactory valet for an old human wreck like myself, do you?" said the old soldier to the applicant for the position of body-servant. "You know I have a glass eye, a wax arm, and a wooden leg that need to be looked after, not to mention my false teeth."

"Oh, that's all right, Colonel," said the applicant, cheerfully. "I worked five years in the assembling department of the Squeegee Motor Car Works, and there isn't a machine on the market that I can't take apart and put together again with my eyes shut."

MORTIFYING

"YOUR daughter's address on the Influence of Alexander Hamilton at the Commencement exercises this morning was very fine, Mrs. Dudds," said the Professor of English.

"Mebbe 'twas, Professor," said Mrs. Dudds, "but her overskirt sot so crooked I was most mortified to death."

A GOOD SUGGESTION

"OF course," said the landlord, "the place looks dingy and dirty, but I'll be glad to repaper it for you according to your own taste. Would you—er—would you have any suggestion to make?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Sniff. "I would suggest sand-paper."

UNCERTAIN

"HAVE you purchased your new car yet, Mrs. Noorich?" asked the visitor.

"No, Mr. Smithers, I ain't. I can't make up my mind whether to get a gasolene car or a limousine car. Maybe you can tell me—does limousine smell as bad as gasolene?" inquired the lady.

AN OBSOLETE SIMILE

"THEY tell me that Jimpson and his wife fight like cats and dogs," said Slathers.

"Cats and dogs?" retorted Spiffles. "Lord, Slathers, cats and dogs are not in it for a minute. They fight like a couple of candidates at a preferential primary."

THE DE HOBBLE TWINS—BOW AND KNOCK

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The Last of the Viking Poets

AUGUST STRINDBERG AND HIS WORK

By James Huneker

THOUGH the first decade of the twentieth century has been passed, Sweden is a country so little known to us that discoveries still may be made there. Skalds, poets, sculptors, mystics, men of science, notable divines, philosophers, statesmen, soldiers, and novelists of the first rank this northern land can boast. But we speak of Swedenborg, and seldom read him; even Strindberg first penetrated to the Arcana with Balzac as a guide. We have heard of Berzelius, and a few have read the good Bishop Tegnér, Runeberg, Carlén, and Atterbom. The music of Carl Michael Bellmau, that marvelous improvisatore, falls on deaf ears, for who could transpose the joyous lilt of his bacchanalian verse into an alien tongue. We stand before his statue in the Djurgaarden at Stockholm and admire him vicariously; but his songs are not for European or American ears. Emmanuel Swedenborg, it may be admitted, has stamped his image deeply on contemporary mysticism, and is for other nations the Swede par excellence. But with the death, a short while ago, of August Strindberg the world awoke to the fact that a poet, dramatist, novelist, thinker, and mystic, and second only to the mighty Swedenborg in the power of deeply stirring his fellow-beings to spiritual issues, had passed away, only to begin a newer, more vital life in the memory of his countryman, Strindberg, one of the best-hated men of his generation, Ibsen not excepted.

About a dozen years ago his name was only a name to me, until one day Edwin Björkman gave me a volume containing his eleven one-act plays. Ibsenite as I was, these sinister pieces, not untipped by a grim humor, were arresting. I knew their author principally by the phrase of the amiable Dr. Nordau, who had contemptuously referred to him as "poor, crazy Strindberg" (at that time Nordau was busily occupied filling the madhouses with people he disliked, chiefly men of genius). Thus I made the acquaintance of Strindberg on perhaps his least admirable side. I say this despite the praise his theater has won him, for in his short plays he has displayed his pessimism, his hatred of women, and his spleen to the fullest. And this is not the greatest Strindberg. He is something more than a misogynist, something more than a rebel against society. But he stepped out of the bed of life with the left foot foremost.

Interested as I was at that time in the theater to the exclusion of everything else, I did not read the real Strindberg until much later. The one-act dramas of pity and terror quite rounded out my picture of the poet. I wrote of him, naturally, a one-sided study, based on his plays, particularly Fräulein Julie (Miss Julia). I first saw Miss Eysoldt in the rôle, later the incomparable Agnes Sorma. The realism was new to me, not the realism of theatrical photography, but the revelation of certain truths concerning the human soul. It is all very well to call Julia hysterical, half-mad, and erotic, or the valet a crafty scoundrel; they are that and more, if you choose. It is the manner in which their souls are spilled before the audience that sets you wondering at the ghastly power of the dramatic poet. Apart from his contribution to stage technics, Strindberg had the knack of telling a story, building up a scene, creating character and atmosphere, in shorter order than any one I can recall. He is a classicist of the severest type, inasmuch as he rigidly observes the unities, and one would not go far astray in calling him Greek in his manipulation of the idea of fate, destiny; he, August Strindberg, the most modern among the "moderns." Ideas, like extremes, sometimes meet.

Of course I sent him my "Iconoclasts," containing a study of his work, and of course he didn't acknowledge it. Why should he have done so? I could tell him nothing that he did not already know concerning himself; besides, I was an Ibsen admirer in those days, and he a hater of Ibsen. I asked Herr Emil Schering, of Berlin, if there was a fighting chance for me in case I went to Stockholm. Schering, it need hardly be added, is the devoted German translator of Strindberg and has done much to help him to fame. He shook his head. But I was stubborn. I had made up my mind to see Strindberg or die. Ibsen I saw once in the Café Luitpold, at Munich, and I confess to a slight disappointment (I was a hero-worshiper in those far-away times). He looked as if he had just come from the Land of the Midnight Whiskers. With Strindberg the case was different. He was in the prime of life, expansive—if you caught him in the humor—whereas Ibsen was ever reticent, usually morose. I left Berlin for Stockholm. Here and now is neither the place nor time to expatiate upon the attractiveness of that strange city built at the confluence of Lake Mälar and the Baltic Sea. Excepting at Constantinople, there is no such natural situation, none so picturesque as this. The noble environs, the striking alternations of cliff and water, the lofty eminences mantled with the densest vegetation, severed by strips of bright water from each other, covered with villas or needle-wood or churches, a brilliant focus of culture and civilization midway between the Baltic and the Mälar Lake. On these thickly populated islands is crowded all Sweden in miniature; Swedish palaces, Swedish refinement, Swedish architecture, peculiarities, habits, are here grouped in combinations sometimes grotesque. Up to Upsala winds a pretty river bordered by ancient châteaux. Down to Göthaborg meanders that wonderful system of interior lakes and canals known as the Göthaborg Canal. Out to the Baltic run lines of water communication to receive the flotillas of queer craft from St. Petersburg and the Russian shores. The center of all this activity sits Stockholm with half a hundred towers, spacious in gardens, interesting in museums and libraries, with the splendid palace of her kings and a cathedral full of lofty and venerable associations. A point of light in the dismal north, a garden of beauty in June, the meeting-ground of a powerful aristocracy, the Swedes find there all that they need in literature, sentiment, and life.

And when it is remembered that there were parts of Sweden which were pagan, even as far down as the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; when it is remembered with what ardor of idolatry they clung to Freya, and the wide-spread legends of their mythology, the slow intellectual development of the Swedes cannot be a source of surprise. The land was spun over by an infinite web of legends, like a mulberry-tree with the silk of the cocoon. The lakes were full of Nökken, the greensward with fairies dancing in the moonshine; the slopes and heights kindled with the fleeting host of Huldre; the rivers transformed their shoals of fish into shining water-sprites. There were white elves and black, and swan-elves who, touching water, instantly changed to lovely transparent maidens; there were the Little Folk, who came of an evening to help mortals while they slept; there were goblins and dwarfs, who were the crooked vulcans of

August Strindberg

the gods, working in silver and gold, the nibelungs set to iron rhythms by Richard Wagner; there were fairies that dwelt in certain trees, intermarried with the humans and begot a strange race of mythic beings; there were wise women, and white women, and Norna women, who made predictions and filled the land with poetic horrors. Field and flood, lake and shore, were thronged with a population that cast athwart the threshold of every-day life a luminous shadow from the other world.

Then to this busy web of pagan superstitions came the wandering Christs, the fires of St. John, the lovely stories of the Madonna, the Jew, the daughter of Herodias, the legends of the saints, the musical and multitudinous inventions of the so-called dark ages, blending with the pagan, forming a coalition of bright poetic forms, such as the world had never seen. Superstition became spotted with gold like a butterfly's wing. The revels and wanderings of the twelve Scandinavian gods became embalmed in allegory. The dews of the world-tree Yggrdasill became honey. The three fountains at its feet, in which the swans swam, became pools of Bethesda. The eagle that floated in its upper branches became the companion of St. John. The serpents that writhed about its roots and shot forth the blood-red fangs of the Northern Light became harmless as doves. The entire figure became a sublime allegory of the Christian Tree of Life. Upon the heart of the Edda were sprinkled the waters of the new faith, and so over the land there passed another web, woven of many colors, through which the other loomed beautiful and pale. At one point one would sheer; at another still, the other, but the whole had become infinitely fairer. Through these successive stages of history and influence, the Swedish character became imbued with a peculiarity that gives it a great charm. It became essentially poetic. It had always been an ardent believer in its wonderful world of myth. These beliefs left behind them on the sand the footprints of innumerable things. As the delicate feet of the water-fowl leave on the new-washed beach a world of delicate impressions—a rune-world of twinkling feet—so these old beliefs garnered up by the grandmothers of Scandinavia, and continually diffused abroad, produced their harvest of poetic images and scored all over the national mind with their traces.

And the poetic mind of the youthful Strindberg became national in this sense, saturated with the old and new beliefs. His mind became a book of runes—a sculptured and curious piece of antique furniture, a fragment of an elephant's tusk twisted and chiseled into an ivory drama. There were shed down from the north the strange dews of Finland—their odd mountain life, their fantastic idol-worship, their wealth of ballads. Over the Baltic drifted the magnificent visions of Russian winter. From the west, through the storm-cloven mountains, strips of exquisite valley, gleams of sunny winding fjords crept into the mind and memory of Strindberg, making part and parcel of them. From the south rippled the laughter of Denmark. Sweden became the core of a group of sweet influences, the honeycomb filled with the spoils of surrounding fields. And all this beauty, sunshine, and laughter resting on this bed of legends, with one hand on the Edda and the other on the Evangelist's, with their long winter, their sudden spring, 'mid their brilliant summer—how could the Swedes help being skalds and seers, mystics and enthusiasts? How could Strindberg, whose genius resumed all these qualities, help being what he was, masterful poet and dramatist with a heart too tender for our workaday world? It is his composite genius that so puzzles. And the three mystical sisters of De Quincey, the Mater Lachrymarum, the Mater Susperiorum, and the Mater Tenebrarum, had been the Norns who presided at his birth and enriched him with their fatal gifts. To these was added the Mater Malorum, the Mother of Evil, who made of him a sinister Israfel of the sweet lute. He sought for the unattainable, his thirst was for the infinite, his pleasures were to be sharper than ice or iron. At the last he reminded one of that king in the Arabian Nights who was changed to marble from the waist down, while his shoulders still bled under the torture of the enemy. Strindberg's enemy was life—in reality his own unhappy temperament. His capacity for suffering was enormous.

I couldn't help thinking of some of these things in Stockholm. I found the address of my poet at the theater. I believe at the time of his death he lived at No. 85 Drottninggatan, but whether it was there he lived at the time I speak I can't say. His third wife, Harriet Bosse-Strindberg, was playing in a piece written for her by her husband; "Easter" its title. They called her then the Scandinavian Duse, which was hardly fair either to the Italian or to the Swedish actress. But she is undoubtedly an artiste of great talent, though not possessing the dramatic power or range of Fru Betty Henning. However, I didn't go to Stockholm to see the wife, but to see and hear her poet husband. I tried this way without luck. Fru Strindberg was not looking for further trouble. She had played Ibsen, much to the dislike of Strindberg. Then I met, after the performance, and at a café, an actress and a manager, both of whom shall be nameless. Hearing my rather doleful story of the vain trip from Berlin—I said New York, which was only the naked truth—they volunteered, and without taking a carriage I was led down a side street, then across a square, and finally in front of a tall, gloomy-looking house. It was a rainy night in early June, but not warm; rather chilly, in fact. A volley of small stones rattled on the windows of the first floor above, windows that opened out upon a balcony. No answer. "Hello, August!" was trumpeted in unison by my companions. (Fancy calling him out like a boon companion!) Still no response. More gravel, more cries. And then a burst of light and a tremendous head on a tremendous pair of shoulders came into view. It was Strindberg. Truly an august apparition, a giant in height, a veritable viking! I was scared. But not my good friends. A volley of words, a verbal broadside, was poured out at the balcony and came from it. My name was asked. There was a fatal silence. Then my mission was explained. The names of friends were showered upon the colossus on the balcony. Another ominous silence, punctuated by the falling of the soft upright rain. I could see the stubby nose, a world too small for the face, with its Norseman's high cheek-bones; I could see in the illuminated background that the hair of the dramatist was gray, that he wore a bathrobe, also that he was not in the best of humor. Suddenly a roar as if from the throat of a sea-lion. And—bang! The man disappeared, the windows were closed. I still stared, expecting a miracle. But no door was opened below; presently I was nudged, and soon we were back in the café. After the laughter had died away I innocently asked what he had said as he retired. My friends again laughed; finally the theatrical man said without a particle of embarrassment, indeed, as a matter of course, "He told you to go to hell and never bother him again." It was the first and last time that I saw August Strindberg, and his invitation was quite in the key of his own "Inferno." It served me right, this reception. Why should I bore this shy student with my reportorial questions!

What he called his "grand climacteric," the occasion of his sixty-third birthday, was celebrated in Stockholm last January, and the day was an occasion for national rejoicing. Strindberg had come into his own. There were public and private demonstrations made to the glory of this many-sided man, poet, playwright, chemist, biologist, botanist, philologist, and novelist. In what field had he not worked from alchemy to acting! After the fever and fret of a

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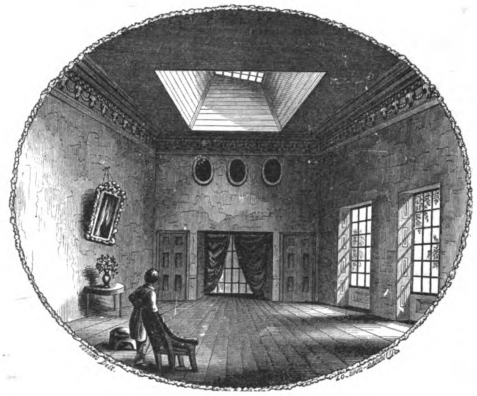
wretched youth, a misunderstood middle-age, his fellow-countrymen at the last officially recognized his extraordinary genius—seeing to it that recognition came first to him, as it did to Ibsen, from the rest of Europe. His old age, which never came, would have been made comfortable by a large sum from French publishers, but his hour had struck and he was taken away before his Lucifer-like spirit had mellowed, though there were not wanting signs that his perturbed nature was beginning to seek repose. Holger Drachmann truthfully saluted him as "Thou turbulent one!" Zola admired "The Father," and Mr. Gosse speaks of him as if he were a creation of Nietzsche. Long before he had read Nietzsche that philosopher had read Strindberg. Of this I have been assured by the sister, Frau Foerster-Nietzsche. However, there is some Nietzscheism in his tale "On the Fringe of the Lake," with its superman. And in some of the plays the superman idea figures.

In his translations of several of the plays and stories Mr. Björkman shows us another Strindberg. He calls him "one of life's scapegoats," which is true. For biographic details I recommend you to Mr. Björkman, who is a critic peculiarly competent to judge the genius of his fellow-countryman. In my early study I had evolved a Strindberg half monster, half genius. Too much stress was laid upon his morbid side; upon the fact that he just escaped illegitimacy; that his mother was a barmaid, his father a bankrupt; that misery provoked rancor in his youth and poisoned his middle years; that at times he strayed over the borderland of insanity; that his misogyny was produced by his unhappy marriages; that his intellectual instability kept him in a continual state of emotional oscillation—he was a believer, an atheist, almost a Roman Catholic, a mystic, a Swedenborgian, an anarch, a nationalist, an individualist, an aristocrat, in the Nietzschian sense—all these things he was, for versatility was his curse and also his chief claim to our consideration. It is a mistake to call him the Shakespeare of Sweden, he the least objective and most subjective of poets. But in the vast garden of his culture he was many things, played many rôles. That he shifted from an advocate of the political rights of women to a bitter enemy of their cause need not set us asking the whys and wherefores. There are many man-hating women who are otherwise admirable human beings. Strindberg was most human; Nietzsche would have said, "Human, all too human." His paternal passion recalls Balzac's Père Goriot. By some maladjustment maternal affection became transposed to a masculine breast. He adored his children and grandchildren, and, unhappily for him, he did not marry the maternal kind of woman; he, the despiser of sex equality, of the "strong-minded" woman, selected three times the precise sort of wife that was bound to make him miserable. He loved his home, his student life, his lonely commerce with nature. He married Siri Van Essen in 1876; she was of Finnish blood and the divorced wife of a baron; she loved society and cherished literary ambitions. They had by this union one son and two daughters. A divorce ensued. Siri died years ago. In 1893 Strindberg married Frida Uhl, the daughter of a Viennese journalist; by her he had one daughter. After their divorce the subsequent career of the lady, as reported in Parisian and Viennese newspapers, does not surprise us. Finally, in 1901, he married Harriet Bosse, and by her, too, he had one daughter. The union lasted three years. The parting was amicable; it seems that he was a hindrance to the young woman's "free development." And then there was the disparity in years. He was born in 1849; she in—well, let us say, 1920 or sooner. In such cases man is always to blame and he is always too old! What Strindberg most needed was a commonplace wife with the feather-bed temperament. He didn't so much need a soul-mate as a good housewife, above all, a fond, motherly woman. They still exist and are expressly fashioned by the Herrgott for the use of poets, and other southwinds. But if Strindberg had married happily I shouldn't have gone to Stockholm and I would have missed that brief, inglorious interview. Later he relented, for he sent me his signed photograph. Strindberg didn't live always in a thundergust. He also enjoyed the sunshine, and the tonic of protracted intellectual labor was his. The gods possibly became jealous and the aura of misfortune which had been his from birth did not vanish. He died of cancer on the threshold of a possibly happy old age.

Who Shall Have Monticello?

THE PRESENT CONTROVERSY OVER THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

ILLUSTRATED WITH WOOD-CUTS FROM "HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE" FOR JULY, 1853



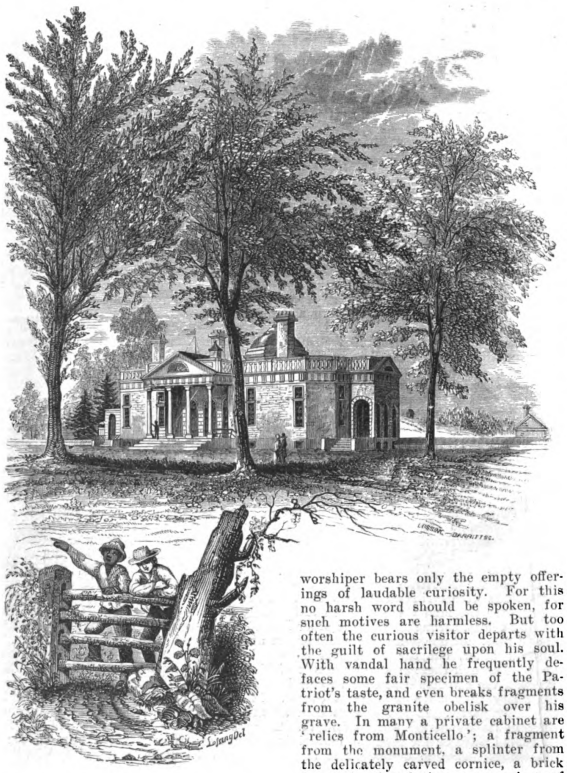
Jefferson's bedroom, in which he died

AFTER nearly a century of neglect the American people seem ready to pay proper honor to the memory of Thomas Jefferson by acquiring Monticello, the home he planned and built and occupied during the latter part of his life, and preserving it as a national shrine of patriotism, as Mount Vernon is preserved. Thanks to the unselfish efforts of Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, both Houses of Congress have taken up the project and appear likely to carry it to success.

In view of the deep interest the plan has aroused throughout the country, it is interesting to read the article on Monticello written by Benson J. Lossing, the eminent historian, and published in HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July, 1853.

"While the AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE yet lingered in his glorious retreat from the turmoils of public life, in the quiet bosom of Central Virginia," writes Lossing, "the saloon and the table at Monticello almost daily received guests from far and near, who came to make the obeisance of reverent admiration and affectionate regard to the Patriot and Sage. . . .

"Now the scene is changed. For almost thirty years the mortality of Thomas Jefferson has reposed under the mould, in the margin of the grand old forest which wraps the northwestern slopes of Monticello in its solemn shadows. Of all those who once listened to the music of his voice, and followed with delighted vision the sweep of his finger as he pointed to the magnificent mountains, the rolling plains garnished by the tiller's hands, the winding river, and the vast expanse of woods and fields which spread out in panoramic beauty and grandeur around Monticello, few now remain to charm the generation of to-day with reminiscential narratives. Like the Great Patriot, their bodies are earthed, their spirits are enskied, and their experiences have become traditional or historic. The idol is removed, and the tooth of time has marred the beauty of the shrine. Yet pilgrimages thither have not entirely ceased. The motives which prompt the journey are unlike those of former years; now the worshiper bears only the empty offerings of laudable curiosity. For this no harsh word should be spoken, for such motives are harmless. But too often the curious visitor departs with the guilt of sacrilege upon his soul. With vandal hand he frequently defaces some fair specimen of the Patriot's taste, and even breaks fragments from the granite obelisk over his grave. In many a private cabinet are 'relics from Monticello'; a fragment from the monument, a splinter from the delicately carved cornice, a brick from the foundation, or a piece of putty from a window-pane, broken, perhaps, during the absence of the owner, to procure it! The sight of these should make the possessors blush for shame, for of all petty thieving, this seems the meanest, and without excuse. Such depredators should be regarded with a contempt akin to hatred.



Monticello as it was fifty years ago

"Prompted by the laudable curiosity alluded to, I turned aside at Richmond, while journeying southward, and visited Monticello in blustery March, when the buds were just bursting and the bluebirds were singing their first carols in the hedges. . . .

"I arrived at Charlottesville, in time for dinner, after which, in company with the courteous editor of one of the village papers (Mr. Cochran), I visited Monticello. The road is very sinuous, especially after fording Moore's Creek. For some distance it courses along the margin of a deep, wooded ravine scooped out from the gap between Monticello and Carter's Mountain. The latter is a portion of the same range of hills with Monticello (called the Southwest mountain), which dwindle into knolls near the James River, and is memorable in history as the place to which Jefferson fled when Tarleton attempted to capture him, in 1781. At the summit of the gap we passed through a rustic gate and up a winding, stony road, by the graveyard on the skirt of the wood, where rest the mortal remains of the Author of the Declaration of Independence. It is surrounded by a high brick wall, with an iron gate near the road. Just within the gate is the Patriot's grave, over which is a granite monument, eight feet in height, shamefully mutilated by thieving visitors. In the southern face of the pedestal was a marble tablet, with the following inscription, written by the Statesman himself, and found among his papers after his death:

HERE LIES BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

"This tablet has been taken from the monument and placed in the mansion, out of the reach of depredators. Upon each of the sides of the monument is a grave, covered with a marble slab. One (on the right) is that of his wife, *Martha*, who died in 1782, ten years after their marriage."

Monticello was sold after Jefferson's death to pay his debts. It was owned at the time of Lossing's visit by Commodore U. P. Levy, of the United States navy, and it is now owned and occupied by his descendant, Jefferson M. Levy, who is unwilling to sell the estate. Mrs. Littleton maintains that the American people are entitled to take the property for the sake of stimulating patriotism and by the right of eminent domain.

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Science's Challenge to Business

THE WORK OF THE DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURG

By Henry M. Hyde

THE "highbrow" has challenged the Pittsburg millionaire. The higher education is proving its utility as a purely business proposition. In the most crassly commercial city on the continent a little band of scientists, headed by Robert Kennedy Duncan, is fast demonstrating that even as a dividend-payer the test-tube may be mightier than the blast-furnace. From the standpoint of its influence on the future of industry and commerce, as a factor in lowering the cost of living, and, finally, as a step toward bridging the gulf of mutual contempt between the University and the Bourse, the experiment is vastly important. If, in the process, pure Science gets a little Pittsburg soot on her nose, the admirers of that austere lady may find, after all, that she is simply a little less self-complacent, a little broader and more democratic in her sympathies, without in the least lessening her devotion to Truth for Truth's sake.

You burrow into the breeding-place of multi-millionaires from the East and descend into the narrow streets along which the feudal lords of iron and coal and money flaunt their rival banners from towers that climb twenty and thirty stories into the sooty sky. You ride along the edge of the river-gorge, at the bottom of which a thousand shameless chimneys belch smoke into the air. You hurry through the murky slums and come out presently into more open country, where great hills, struggling to be green, hem in the sprawling city. Here, on the left, climbing up toward the crest, stand the big buildings of the new-old University of Pittsburg. Down at the foot of the hill, obscure in location and in appearance, lies a little two-storied frame building. By the side of the surrounding halls and marble memorials, it sinks into squalid insignificance. On the door is a small sign, half obscured by smoke: Department of Industrial Research. In the office at the right of the entrance the challenge of the higher education to the self-satisfied world of business slaps one full in the face. Against those white walls are displayed the banners of the proudest universities in the country: Yale, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Wisconsin, Chicago, Kansas, Brown. More than twenty great institutions of learning are represented. The boldest of self-made millionaires may well shudder as he looks around him.

At the desk sits Robert Kennedy Duncan, who looks like a poet, and who unites in himself the qualities of the diplomat, the shrewd business man, and the expert scientist. You go through the narrow halls up-stairs into a little suite of rooms crowded with retorts, electric furnaces, beakers, and all the apparatus of a chemical laboratory. Here are five young men, bespectacled, enthusiastic, Doctors of Philosophy, Masters of Arts, all scholars and trained investigators. Nine months ago a great Western company which produces crude petroleum put up to Professor Duncan its most perplexing business problem. "How can we get more and better salable products from our raw materials? We will provide a fund of $10,000 a year for two years to cover the cost of the investigation. If processes are discovered which prove commercially profitable, we will pay ten per cent. of the net profits to the men who are responsible."

All over the country Dr. Duncan looked for men who had been trained in similar investigations. They had to be young men of character as well as scholars, men who would do their work on a scientific basis, for the love of it, not overly influenced by the hope of a financial reward. From various laboratories he picked five graduate students and furnished them with quarters, apparatus, and the raw materials of their research. In the result of their labors he, personally, retained no slightest financial interest, contenting himself with merely the direction of their work. Already they have accomplished more than enough to justify the whole expense of the fellowships.

In the current practice of the oil company all the kerosene and gasolene are first extracted from the crude oil as it is pumped from the wells. There remains a waste product which sells on the market at seventy cents the barrel. From this waste, which has been entirely drained of its supply of more valuable compounds, the investigators have succeeded, by a chemical process and at a cost of a few cents a barrel, in extracting a further quantity of both gasolene and kerosene to the extent of eighty per cent. of its volume. From a commercial standpoint they are able to turn a seventy-cent barrel of waste

Robert Kennedy Duncan, head of the Industrial Research Department of Pittsburg University

oil into $2.40 worth of marketable fuel, less only a few cents, the cost of manufacture.

The oil company donating the fellowships is almost ready to adopt the process on a commercial basis. To them it will mean greatly increased profits for at least three years, at the end of which time, it is provided in all Professor Duncan's Fellowship contracts, the results of the research shall be published for the benefit of the public. To the business world it means a new source of gasolene, a fuel for which automobiles and internal-combustion engines of all kinds have created an enormous demand which becomes increasingly hard to fill. To the five Fellows jointly responsible for the discovery it should mean a substantial income and a reputation as chemical investigators which will insure their standing in the business world.

But the Fellows in the crude-oil investigation have not stopped with a single discovery—important as that seems. They have solved half a dozen other perplexing, if minor, problems. They have produced an oil which, while retaining all the desired qualities, is colorless, odorless, and tasteless; they are perfecting processes for making, on a commercial scale, alcohol and lampblack from kerosene, and they are already making a kerosene soap which promises unusual cleansing qualities.

In this modest little building over which Professor Duncan presides it is only a step from the gaunt oil-fields of Texas and Oklahoma to the fragrant citrus orchards of the South. From an open door comes the scent of fresh fruit, and behind a great basket of oranges stands an earnest young man in spectacles, who blushes with modest pride as he tells of the work he has been doing.

Every season a certain association of fruit-growers culls and throws away because of various imperfections no less than six hundred car-loads of oranges. Most of these imperfections are minor bruises which would not interfere with the immediate consumption of the fruit, but make it impossible to ship and store it. At present practically all of the six hundred car-loads are thrown away as waste—a complete loss to the orange-growers. It has been impossible to extract and bottle the orange juice, because under the best conditions it turns sour and bitter after a few days.

"Find us a way to utilize this great waste," said the Fruit-Growers' Association. "Tell us how we may successfully bottle our orange juice, so that it will retain its sweetness and flavor. Then we shall be able to build up a great new industry. We will endow a Fellowship for $1,000 a year for two years, and will be glad to pay $10,000 out of the profits for a successful process."

The problem appears to be solved. By a method so simple that to describe it would be to reveal the secret, even to the layman, orange juice has been bottled and kept for months under favorable conditions without perceptible change in taste or appearance. By another process the juice is crystallized, and, by the addition of water and a little sugar, can be returned to its original form. When it is considered that six hundred car-loads is only a fraction of the present annual waste of oranges in this country, the importance of these processes to the citrus-fruit growers may be imagined—to say nothing of the breakfast-tables of the people, which will be presently enriched by a new and delicious appetizer.

A company which bakes and markets bread on an enormous scale puts $4,750 a year for two years into the hands of Professor Duncan, with the injunction: "Show us how to improve our product. If processes are devised which we adopt we will pay $10,000 to the men who do the work." Machinery for mixing dough, electric ovens, all the apparatus of a combined bakery and chemical laboratory were installed, and three young scientists in overalls and aprons tackled the task. Day after day they weighed and tested flour, mixed dough, baked bread, tested and compared the product. Finally they sent for the president of the company which had endowed the investigation. On a table lay half a dozen loaves of bread, including some of his own prize product. He was asked, as an expert, to pick out the best loaf. When his choice fell on the last loaf turned out from the experimental ovens, the Head Fellow explained the situation. The loaf selected as crispest, whitest, best-flavored, and in every way highest in quality, contained only half the amount of yeast ordinarily used. By cutting down the yeast and adding a tiny pinch of powder which is called an accelerator, science had not only reduced the cost of manufacture, but had actually produced a better and more palatable loaf. This new process is already in use commercially.

Out of the stale bread which at present represents a considerable loss to the bakery a palatable pancake flour has been prepared, which will soon be put on the market. One of the Fellows in Baking has also succeeded in solving scientifically the secret of "salt-rising" bread, which in the country and particularly in the South, has long been a favorite. Heretofore it has always been a matter of chance to get a batch

The little two-storied frame building in which the investigators work

Dr. Bacon, Associate Director, examining the result of an experiment

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of "salt-risin'" to rise readily. When the charm worked, the sponge was light and the resulting bread delicious. But almost as often the most skilful efforts were futile. The dough simply wouldn't rise, and nobody knew why. Now the bacillus which is responsible for "salt-risin'" is to be put on the market in a dried form as a substitute for yeast, and anybody who likes that kind of bread can always be sure of getting it.

In other rooms in this crowded little building men trained in other great university laboratories are at work on the problem of getting valuable by-products out of natural gas. Already they have found how to get more than $2 worth of lampblack out of two cents' worth of gas. The perfecting of a waterproof coating for cement seems to be practically solved. Improvements are being made in the bleaching and purification of fats, oils, glue, and soap, and in a whole series of vexed questions relating to the manufacture of food products.

Perhaps the most important work of all those under way is a great investigation into the cause and cure of the smoke nuisance, the great black plague which is the curse of Pittsburg and a thousand other cities. So important and so difficult is this problem considered, that a dozen men will work on it, the most of them for four consecutive years. An endowment of $40,000 covering that period has been secured and many promising results have already been obtained. If any devices which have a commercial value are produced, the Fellows will be given an interest of forty-nine per cent.

All together there are more than twenty scientists at work in the building, each of them pouring himself full-souled into his task and giving practically all his time to it, with the exception of a few hours a week spent in teaching in the university. In the general supervision and direction of the laboratories, Professor Duncan is aided by an associate director, Dr. Raymond F. Bacon. It is not thought possible that any man can visit these laboratories and talk to the men who spend their days there without falling under the spell of their enthusiasm and getting at least a faint vision of the great dream which Professor Duncan is attempting to realize.

Until the day before yesterday, the relations between Ezra G. Jobson, the self-made American millionaire, and Professor T. Erastus Updike, Ph.D., the famous scientist, have been exceedingly distant. Mr. Jobson has looked on Professor Updike's absorption in test-tubes with a certain good-natured contempt. The millionaire's unending extraction of gold dollars from his environment has aroused the coldly intellectual scorn of the professor.

"This is a commercial age," says Mr. Jobson, impressively. "My motto is, 'Make money or git out.' I have no use for highbrows in my business."

"I have just discovered traces of sodium in the spectrum of the star Alpha," answers Professor Updike, with fine scientific detachment. "The best of it is that my discovery is of no earthly value to any human being."

This attitude of mutual intolerance has been responsible for many ills not only in commercial, but even in social and political life. With a whole continent of raw material to ravish, with a horde of immigrants to swell the labor supply, the American manufacturer has done well for himself. He has been prosperous, but never efficient. American manufacturing methods are still terribly wasteful.

But the supply of free raw materials is about exhausted. The country is getting filled up with as many people as — under existing conditions and methods—it can easily support. Most of the cream has been skimmed off the national milk-pan. Industry is beginning to realize that it is facing a crisis.

In Germany that crisis was successfuly faced forty years ago. Judged by our standards, Germany is a very small and very crowded country, woefully lacking in natural resources. Put all the present inhabitants of the United States inside the boundaries of Texas, take away about half the natural resources of the Lone Star State, and one may get a fair idea of the condition of the German Empire.

To-day, Germany stands third among the great commercial countries of the world. "Made in Germany," stenciled on casks and packing-cases, is a greater threat to England's supremacy in commerce than all the Kaiser's battle-ships. And Germany chiefly owes her present position to the close and friendly co-operation between scientist and business man.

To take a single familiar example: Coal tar used to be thrown away to fill up and befoul rivers. Scientists learned how to split up this waste into a myriad of precious dyes, drugs, and foodstuffs, and German business men adapted these discoveries to industry and so built up—out of less than nothing—an industry worth many millions a year to the thrifty Fatherland.

It is against this scientific co-operation in Germany, against his own inefficiency and wastefulness, that the American manufacturer has really demanded and received the protection of a high tariff.

In this country, the industrial crisis has been met by much talk of the new science of efficiency—the science of getting more useful work out of men in a given time. That is, of course, an important and noteworthy step in advance. But vastly more important is the work of teaching American manufacturers how to cut down the waste of their raw materials, to utilize and make valuable what is now thrown away.

The successful champion of industrial scientific research as a branch of the higher education in the United States has been Professor Duncan. He knew, of course, that chemists and investigators have not been unknown in great American factories, where, as a rule, they have occupied a coop next to the head janitor's office and ranked immediately above that official in the organization of the company. He knew, also, that to get good results the scientist should have all the resources of a university laboratory at his command, that this work should be done under the direction of a scientist and removed from the controlling influence of the commercial spirit. Being himself both a good business man and a scientific expert, he has been able to convince many great manufacturers that, if science and industry are to co-operate successfully, they must do so on a footing of equality. The readiness with which the American business man, when properly approached, has seen the justice of this position—and has backed his faith with his money—is proof that he is, after all, open-minded and ready to do his share in the new partnership. And to aid in conserving the materials of manufacture and commerce, to help in the cheaper production and the better distribution of the good things of life among the people, is not an ambition of which any scientist need feel ashamed.

A University on Show

HOW WISCONSIN WENT ON EXHIBITION IN THE INTERESTS OF EDUCATION

By Carl Beck

"WHY, it is out of the question," said a professor of Hebrew at Wisconsin four months ago. "We haven't any show at a University Exposition. We haven't anything tangible to exhibit." But when the first University Exposition ever held in this country was recently in full swing at the University of Wisconsin, among the most interesting of the sixty-five exhibits arrayed in the big Armory were the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin exhibits. There dead languages were made living. Chinese, Hindu, and Armenian students in the Hebrew booth were kept busy explaining the characters of their respective languages, their relation to Sanskrit, and their evolution through Hebrew and Greek to our present-day Roman letters. At the Latin exhibit twelve of the prettiest "co-eds." of the classical department, beautifully gowned in Roman costumes, held the attention of crowds with their unique presentation of Roman life in tableau.

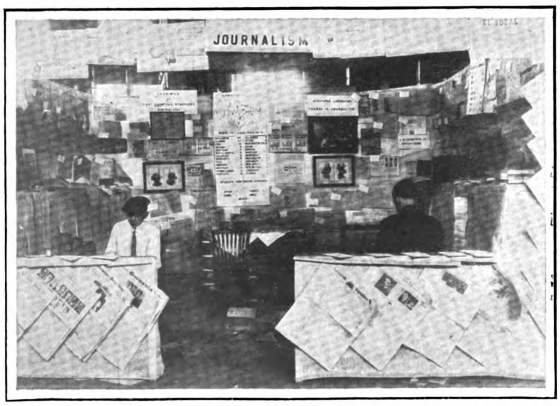
The exposition came quite as a surprise to every one. It proved a great educational feat. It was the most wonderful exhibition of the scope and usefulness of a big, modern, educational plant that has ever been seen. It demonstrated the potentiality, practicality, and productiveness of an institution of higher learning. It was truly a university put under a microscope. For the first time in the history of American colleges a large, diversified university concentrated a picture of itself within four walls.

The idea originated with and was executed and financed entirely by students; and, without a doubt, it was the largest undertaking ever put through by any student body anywhere. The Wisconsin Student Union began the unprecedented task of a University Exhibition with Frederick J. N. Skiff, former Director of Exhibits of the St. Louis Exposition, as friend, counselor, and adviser. Three hundred seniors, with the co-operation of the professors, made up the working organization. In plan, programme, and originality the sixty-five exhibits had the effect of professional work. The white-walled booths, covering a floor-space of 15,000 square feet, with neat overhead decorations and a huge electric "Wisconsin," together with a spirited band concert every evening, made the University Exposition vie with some of the biggest held. The newspaper kiosk, with a pretty French maiden in the window, was the special feature of the Romance Language exhibit. From its sides hung copies of French, Spanish, and Italian newspapers. In the German booth were girl students, dressed as maids, who served coffee and cakes. Chinese students gave an exhibition of a shuttlecock dance at the drama exhibit. A Shakespearian tableau was given in the English booth. The geology exhibit showed glacial formations in Alaska and the northland.

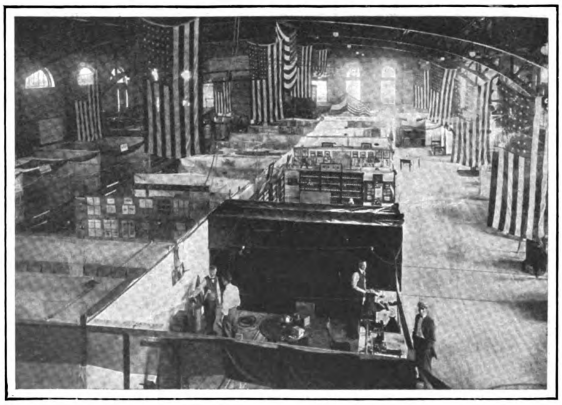
Of course not all the work of a department could be shown in a University Exposition. In trying to particularize the exhibits, others deserving of more detailed description had to be passed over because of the limited space. Interesting were the exhibits of mathematics, meteorology, and history. At the philosophy booth people were fascinated by charts of optical delusions; and the delicate apparatus used in experimental psychology showed the engineer that the science of gray matter is almost as accurate and as important a science as that of hydraulics. The Montessori equipment in the booth of education attracted much attention. In the booth of bacteriology there was not standing-room left at any time. Several days before the exposition opened a Wisconsin girl was known to have implanted a kiss on a sterile plate, which was later incubated and then placed under a microscope so that the public could see the germs. This explained the preponderance of male visitors in that booth.

The journalism exhibit displayed a typical newspaper office, with paper strewn all over the floor. A reporter of the *Daily Cardinal* at a typewriter was diligently "pounding out" copy for the next issue.

The sum and substance and spirit of the university was found in the exhibit of the extension division. The blue-ribbon feature of the whole exposition was the electric sign of a map of Wisconsin, entitled "Our Campus." After the fashion of the automatic electric baseball score-board, the map showed the full activities of the extension division in one week over the State. A big red light represented the university at Madison; big white lights represented the district headquarters at LaCrosse, Oshkosh, Superior, and Milwaukee. Little green lights flashed up all over the State, showing where the correspondence-study classes, with their 5,000 students, were being held; next blue ones showed the lectures and concerts; later, white ones displayed the distribution of package libraries; red ones then showed the reports to municipalities; again, yellow ones showed the numerous social center meetings; and, lastly, all of them shone out *en masse*, illuminating the State. It was the most wonderful dramatization of democratic education that has ever been seen.



The exhibit of journalism



The main body of exhibits in the Armory

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE NEW PREFERRED INDUSTRIAL SHARES

WHEN you glance at the financial page of your newspaper to-morrow morning the chances are that your eye will rest upon the advertisements of one or more big banking-houses offering preferred shares in manufacturing corporations. The So-and-so Company, you will find, if you take the trouble to read, has issued and sold a block of stock to its bankers, who take this method of offering the shares to the public at large.

There is nothing new about preferred shares—the corporations began to issue them a good many years ago. In the flotation of big industrial combinations just before the close of the last century, preferred-share financing played a vitally important part. But that was different from at present. Preferred shares at that time, with but few exceptions, were issued by big companies, and the motive underlying their issue was different from what it is now. The preferred share of the "trust" organized ten or twelve years ago is in most cases a very different sort of a security from the preferred share of the manufacturing corporation issued to-day.

The new preferred shares which are being so widely sold are the corporations' response to the trend of investment sentiment. The small investor is willing now, where he was not willing ten years ago, to put his money into more or less private manufacturing and selling enterprises. But the character of his demands has changed. He used to be willing, as long as a security was perfectly safe, to put his money into it and leave it there, even though the income was small and the chance of price appreciation negligible. But the great progress in the science of investment has changed all that and brought it about that there isn't much of that kind of security-buying these days. The investor has come to understand that he can get a good deal more than four per cent. and safety. He has come to realize that these manufacturing and selling enterprises have good use for his money and are willing to pay him well for letting them have it. Six or seven per cent., he figures, is nearer to what he ought to be getting than four, a good chance of growth of principal being thrown in. Nor does he propose to concede anything in the way of safety. If these concerns want his money, they can have it, but only on such terms as will give him a full rate of interest and the assurance that his investment is perfectly secure.

They do want his money on those terms. The issue and sale of modern preferred stocks is the visible result.

The income feature of the new class of security need not be dwelt upon. Most of these new preferred shares are seven per cent. cumulative—that is to say, they are entitled to seven per cent. in dividends before the common gets anything. If at any time it becomes necessary to pass this dividend or reduce it, the amount not paid piles up to the credit of the preferred shareholders and must be paid before anything can be paid on the common.

With regard to the chance of price appreciation, practically all these new issues are made under a provision that a certain amount is each year set aside out of earnings and used to buy in and retire an equivalent amount of preferred stock. In the case of different issues the redemption price varies, but seldom is it fixed at below 110, and in many cases it is as high as 125. What it means to have the company continuously in the market for its own stock is easily to be seen, particularly when it is considered that the sinking-fund put aside to do the buying with is, like the dividend itself, cumulative. Many a four-per-cent. bond sells ten points higher than it otherwise would simply because a sinking-fund is operative and the company is compelled to buy so-and-so-many bonds every year. With these new preferred stocks it is the same thing. The fact that the company is bound to be a large buyer of the shares is in itself a strong price-stimulus.

A market—that naturally brings up the question as to the ready salability of the security in question. Can these new preferred stocks be bought and sold at a "close" market? In some cases, yes, but in the majority of cases it must be admitted, no. Of the good issues put out by the good houses it is always possible to dispose, but there is no getting away from the fact that even in these issues the market is not always close—that there may be a matter of several points between the bid and the offered price.

For the investor to whom it is important that his securities be quickly convertible into cash and at a close market, these new preferred stocks are not the thing. But before the investor makes up his mind that the securities he is thinking of buying must possess a high degree of marketability, he should consider carefully his needs. If, upon reflection, he concludes that his business and personal affairs are such that it may be necessary for him to sell out his securities on short notice, he wants to buy securities that have a ready market, regardless of how little income they may yield. But if quick salability is not a prime requisite, he is foolish to pay for it.

As to the safety of these new preferred shares, it may be said that where they are being sold by bankers of high standing and under proper provisions for the investor's protection, they constitute a form of investment better than many bonds. For their own protection and that of their clients, the banking-houses engaged in bringing out these new issues have very generally insisted on a number of safeguards never before even thought of. Conditions attending these new security issues vary to a certain extent, but there are certain things which practically all of them have in common. In nearly every case, for example, is there a provision that no mortgage indebtedness can be put ahead of the preferred stock without the consent of the preferred stockholders. Another provision often to be found, and designed to prevent the depletion of the company's resources, is to the effect that dividends on the common have to come out of the current earnings of each year; and that no dividends can be paid which will reduce the surplus below a certain point. A third provision calls for the creation of a sinking-fund to retire the preferred stock gradually, while a fourth often vests full control of the company with the holders of the preferred shares in case of default of the dividend or sinking-fund.

Of these various provisions for safeguarding the investor, carried by modern preferred stocks, the most important, perhaps, is that making the preferred shareholders' consent necessary for the issue of bonds. In the olden days, when bonds could be issued by a general vote of all the stockholders at meetings where the common stock was likely greatly to outnumber the preferred, it was possible to put all kinds of obligations ahead of the preferred in spite of the united opposition of the preferred stockholders. That, in the case of most of the new issues, is impossible. At the time an investor buys preferred stock he can find out just what the bonded indebtedness ahead of him is, and can rest assured that it will not be increased without his having something to say about it.

Almost equally important is the provision preventing the depletion of the company's resources through the payment of excessive dividends on the common. Time was when the common shareholders had everything their own way—when, for instance, they could meet and vote to divide up the company's whole surplus as an extra cash dividend. Taken in connection with the previous provision giving to the preferred shareholder the veto power on new bond issues, this provision puts him in a strong position. Nothing can be put ahead of him without his consent. Only a reasonable amount can be taken out behind him.

The sinking-fund provision, too, is an important one. Sometimes it is provided that a flat amount in each year be taken out of earnings and put aside to redeem that much preferred stock. Sometimes it is a certain proportion of the profits which must be set aside. But in any case it is generally provided that payments into the sinking-fund be cumulative—that is to say, that if this year's profits, for example, don't allow of the payment into the fund being made, next year's payment has got to be twice as large. What this means to the preferred stock is obvious. As time goes on, it comes about that for every dollar in preferred stock outstanding there is a dollar banked away in the company's treasury.

The fourth provision, also—the vesting of control with the preferred shareholders as soon as anything goes wrong—is a comparatively new thing. In the case of some of these issues, provision is made that if the preferred dividend is not promptly paid, or even if the appropriation for the sinking-fund is not set aside, the preferred shareholders are entitled to elect a majority of the board of directors and run the company themselves until the default is made good.

The foregoing are merely some of the provisions attending the issue of the new preferred stocks—a number of others, all calculated to protect the investor, might be mentioned. But from what has been set down it ought to be plain that in the case of most of these issues the investor is pretty well protected. He isn't buying any first-mortgage railroad bonds with a market that goes by eighths, and he ought to realize it at the time, but where these new preferred shares are being sold by bankers of standing and have been thoroughly investigated they do form an attractive opportunity for the investment of money at a comparatively high rate of interest.

The whale-headed stork in the London Zoological Gardens

The pygmy hippopotami in the New York Zoological Park

BY-PRODUCTS FROM NATURE'S LABORATORY

LONDON AND NEW YORK HAVE EACH ACQUIRED A REMARKABLE AND ALMOST UNKNOWN SPECIES FROM AFRICA. THE WHALE-HEADED STORK SHOWN ABOVE WAS CAPTURED IN THE SUDAN, AND IS BELIEVED TO BE THE ONLY SPECIMEN THAT HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM AFRICA IN THE PAST FIFTY YEARS. THE FULL-GROWN PYGMY HIPPOPOTAMI ARE FROM LIBERIA. THE EXISTENCE OF THESE CURIOUS BEASTS WAS ONLY MADE KNOWN TO THE WORLD A FEW YEARS AGO

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TAKING THE WATERS

DRAWN BY G. WATSON BARRATT

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Akin to Nature

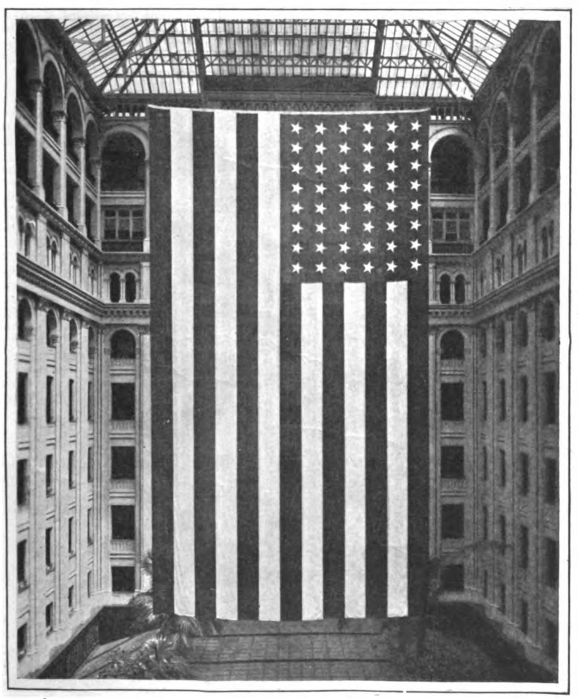
It is interesting to hear that in human beings alone it is customary for the female offspring to remain with the parents after maturity, making no effort to start off on her own account. We are the only species that has circumvented Nature in this matter. In all the rest, as soon as the female offspring is fit to do so, she sets forth to forage for herself and to pass on the life she has received. The animals do these things so simply. They have no problem of the generations, nor is half their population attempting to redefine their appellation. The cry of "back to Nature" is a restful obliteration of all our worries, but it is seldom meant, or, if meant, it is meant vaguely. It is very wearing to be civilized, and the more civilized we become the more worn we are. That is one reason why so many deny the existence of the problem of the women. It is so upsetting to admit it. If the women constitute a problem, then so many contingent problems surround the central one. If they are a simple proposition, and what the world requires of them is clear and best for the world, then life is again that delicious, lulling drone we all like.

The thing that makes the animal world enviable is that it has no ideals. We have a way of packing things in ideal values which impedes us greatly. When the thing packed is in a condition where change is imperative we are in a painful predicament, as change threatens a displacement of the ideals. Half the people see only the ideals, and this half deny that the thing around which the ideals are grouped is anything but as ideal as the ideals themselves. They also cry out in consternation and hot dismay at the sacrilege of a change that involves so much that is beautiful. They have so much right on their side that the complexities of the situation increase as one gazes on them. If they had a little less right on their side they would be much easier, more open people to talk to. The possession of it has gone to their heads and finished them.

The other half are so incensed by the blindness of the first half that their irritation gives them the angry oblivion necessary to smash the ideals. They present a rather unlovely picture as they shatter real good to fragments, and they have the hardness of all reformers, which makes them as unpopular as reformers always are. In calmer moments they would have been unable to attain such hardness. Nothing but the smugness of their opponents could have egged them on to that precise point where they were able to deny good to the ideals, or the thing the ideals held in a vise. But Providence, knowing how difficult it is to get people to be muscular iconoclasts, sent into print and conversation the people who talk about "the hand that rocks the cradle" and "woman's influence," and these people possessed that magic amount of boresome, hypocritical blindness which rouses the most gentle, lenient, and philosophical of minds, and gives it strength to deny that cradles ever should be rocked (as a matter of fact it is a most unscientific thing to do, completely discarded by the young, cruel generation) or that woman's influence can ever be anything but immoral. If it is the influence of a dull woman it is stultifying, if of a clever woman it is indecently insidious, and no unprotected man should ever be exposed to it.

The precise degree of ire is reached where one smashes right and left, a little frightened and half hoping that one is hitting nothing more important than one's antagonists. One's flaming belief in their wrongheadedness keeps one at the smashing almost longer than one had intended, so that when a halt is finally called it is necessary to take account of the damage done, and one's precise position in the wreckage. The result is an overwhelming surprise. The ideals which are lying around in fragments have by some happy trick become better, different, more difficult and dazzling ideals than they ever were before, and they still group themselves, though less heavily and more comfortably, about the identical thing which before the upheaval they came near to crushing. One's relief makes one smile so hugely as even to include one's antagonists. One's delight is a little humbled by the newest ideal being so closely allied to the ways of those sane if simple beings, the other species. Yet if one's goes off on a tangent the simple, straight road always looks a little foolishly obvious when one returns to it. Civilization has had her tangent; she must not mind feeling foolish when she sees how obvious Nature always is.

We are all accustomed to preparing a judgment during the first act of a play or the first half of a novel, so that the end may find us with a pat remark ready to stick on the final word, like the bang of a carriage-door as it drives off. It may be away, but it was we who caused the final noise. So rooted is this tendency to sum a thing up and finish it that Bernard Shaw was driven to building his entire play of "Fanny's First Play" in order to escape those glib summations. We adore reducing a big accomplishment to dimensions that will fit into our opinions. And yet when we find it out of the question to do this the sensation is so novel that we veer about and like it hugely. To see something like the Irish Players in "The Well of the Saints" is to have the most refreshing sense of being slightly intoxicated. You are only genteelly intoxicated and it is in the best society, but it is sufficient to prevent your knowing precisely where you are. You do not know what you think of the play or the players, you have not a single reaction, and the blankness of your mind is heady, very heady. You think you will know presently, but that is what a slightly intoxicated old gentleman thinks. He smiles and feels that he will remember presently where he lives. In the end you find that what you feel is enthusiastic admiration, but for quite a long time you are as free of opinions as a savage of clothes, and you like the nudity of your condition immensely.



OUR LARGEST FLAG

THE NEW FLAG IN THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON, SHOWING THE 48 STARS INSTEAD OF 46. IT MEASURES 62½ BY 36 FEET.

Mahomet's Codex

The Prophet of Allah gave much medical counsel to his disciples, largely ludicrous from the modern point of view, yet in some ways remarkable for its practical common sense. When the prophet Mahomet issued his hygienic rules antique civilization had perished, and the world was wrapped in intellectual darkness. Mahomet's "Book of Medicine" is a confused mass of interesting thoughts and absurdities, but as a whole interesting, because it is the first development of Arabian medicine which was destined to produce one of the world's most celebrated schools. Among these prescriptions are the following:

The bath, taken frequently, is most necessary and most useful.

To shave the head is to take a step on the road of health. Care of the teeth, the mouth, and the gums is necessary. The toothpick is a utensil required by all who respect their future. It should be wood of arak, soaked in rose-water. Thus prepared, it perfumes the mouth, hardens the gums, dispels scurvy, excites the appetite, attracts the favor of the Lord, excites to works agreeable to all men and for the good of all, and rejoices the guardian angels.

Select thy nourishment with judicious reference to the instincts of the palate as well as to the capacities and working powers of the stomach. Meat shredded by the fingers and rolled and molded by the hand is easy of digestion; to lick thy platter thrice after each repast cleanly is both neat and salutary.

The believer does not permit to his body dalliance with repose; rest is detrimental to both mind and body if prolonged unduly. To bend the knees and the body forward and backward—as when in prayer—has a limbering effect upon the muscles, and, added to that benefit, it promotes digestion and respiration.

There is one thing to be desired above all others in this world—*perfume*. Aïcha showers the Prophet of Allah with musk when the prophet goes forth upon his pilgrimages.

Stain thy beard, O believer, with the shining dye of leaves of henna.

Bathe in cold water for fevers; and when pains come, cup thy flesh with the suction that draws poisons from the skin. Form thy suction cup of a ram's horn well cleansed, hollowed, and pierced at the end, so that the functioner, drawing with his might, shall draw flesh into the horn and from it extract the poison.

If the bones break, pass thy hand or the hand of thy favored practitioner over them, to and fro, to work the fragments of the bones into their former place.

The crest of the kingbird when hung on a string around the neck of the forgetful one brings back remembrance; and the man of law who in like fashion wears the same feathered crest fails not to win his suit.

An Oak Mine

Mines of wood are found in the south of Russia, where they were discovered very recently when the bed of a river was dragged. Not very deep in the earth, but covering an extent of two hundred square kilometers, a forest of oaks was found where it had been buried by some unknown cataclysm centuries ago. The wood is in perfect preservation. The man who found the entombed forest has drawn from his mine many trunks of trees measuring from forty to sixty meters high and at least eighteen inches in diameter. The mine is worth a fortune, for the wood is of the first quality, and as a result of its long rest underground it has taken the most varied colors, ranging from dark brown to pale rose and running through all the shades of blue and yellow. One hundred and fifty thousand of the ancient oaks have been turned over to the cabinet-makers.

Catching Red-hot Rivets

This would not seem to be a pleasing occupation even if the rivet is caught in an old nail-bag, yet the feat is constantly performed by workmen.

Ordinarily they catch rivets in a rivet-keg or something of that sort, but there are men who catch rivets with a pair of tongs—just reach out for them and nip a red-hot rivet out of the air with the nipper part of the tongs in much the same way that a bird nips a flying feather out of the air with its beak. The feat is commonly seen by persons who watch workmen on high buildings.

A WINNING START

A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force for the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says:

"Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast, and egg gave me great distress.

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet, but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet.

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts.

"Grape-Nuts holds first rank at our table."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

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The Pennsylvania Railroad stands for Progress.

The "Pennsylvania Special" is the train for all progressives.

The traveler on the "Special" wastes no time.

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The "Special" leads in speed, comfort, and convenience, as the Pennsylvania Railroad has ever led in all that pertains to railway transportation.

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Ar. Chicago - - -	8.55 A. M.

RETURNING

Lv. Chicago - - -	2.45 P. M.
Ar. New York - - -	9.40 A. M.

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Cortez CIGARS
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ORIENT CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 71 days, $400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

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Maligning MacPherson

By William Hemmingway

"WHAT kind o' man is MacPherson?"

"Weel, I was in his hoose ae day, an' he was poorin' me oot a drram, an' I said stop, an' he stoppit—that's the kind o' mon is MacPherson!"—*Legends of Knockdrummle, 1016 B.C.*

There is the dear old story in its pristine charm and simplicity, already mossgrown when Shem told it one wet afternoon as the ark drifted slowly past the Orkneys, a gem whose beauty the most hardened Hun or Vandal would respect. Yet here is the form in which I heard it told a few days ago in London by a man who seemed intelligent and sane and fit to be at large without a keeper. He and his fiancée sat opposite me at Timpson's in the Strand. They were distinctly middle-class; he on the wrong and she on the right side of forty.

They were celebrating his return from a trip to the Continent with a modest little dinner, at which they had a heavy pea soup, fried sole, roast saddle of mutton from the flaming carving-table trundled up alongside; pease, baked potatoes, English cabbage that looked like a wad of greenbacks rescued from the sea, biscuits, some chunks of Cheshire cheese, ice-cream, little cakes, champagne, and coffee.

Being thus warmed and lightened in spirit, they sat and gazed at each other in amiable silence for a long time, quite placidly happy. Then he, feeling that his duties as host had not been altogether fulfilled, decided to add a little wit and humor to the repast. Thereupon the following conversation occurred, namely:

HE *(with a cunning smile)*. Did you—uh—ever heah the story of the Scotchman?

SHE *(ruminating and dreamily)*. The Scotchman? No-o-o—at least, I don't think so.

HE *(chuckling and twinkling, his cheeks purpling with humor)*. It's awf'ly good.

SHE. Will you tell it me?

HE *(chuckling more loudly)*. Yes. It's awf'ly funny, reahlly; was in the papers the other day—*Punch*, I think. Y' see, there was a chep ahsked another chep what sort of chep still another chep was—d'ye know what I mean? And the other chep said: "Well, I cahn't describe him to you exactly." "Oh, but you know him, don't you?" ahsked the first chep. "Yes; I've known him for yuhs," said the other chep, "and yet somehow I cahn't describe him, d'ye see? He's such a difficult sort of chep to describe—if y' know what I mean."

"Yes; but you've known him for yuhs," says the first chep, "and I cahn't f'r the life o' me see why you cahn't describe him to me."

"That's just it, d'ye see?" says the first chep. "He's such a doosed hard chep to describe. I cahn't describe him, I'm shaw. And yet I'll tell you a story—perf'c'ly true story, d'ye see?—that 'll give you an ide-yuh of the sort of chep he is."

"Right-o!" says the first chep. Tell me your story."

"Well, then," says the other chep, "I know this chep very well, as I was saying—known him for yuhs, y' know—and I dropped in at his house the other day—rawther a longish bit ago, I think. Why, yes; it must have been March—possibly February. But the date's no great matter, ahfter all. At all events, 'twas a rainy, sharpish sort of day—if y' know what I mean—and I was a bit chilled when I dropped in on him, and he ahsked me whether I wouldn't like a bit of a drink—d'ye see? 'Oh,' I said, 'it's awf'ly good of you, old chap, now reahlly, but'—'Oh, not at all, d'yuh boy,' he said, and with that he had out a bottle of whiskey and two glahsses. He began to pour out, and at the same time said, 'This is for you, old chep.' So when he had poured out perhaps a fairish bit of liquor I called out. 'Oh, I say,' I said, 'oh, I say, old chep; now reahlly that's quite enough for me. Oh, I say—stop! stop!' And—d'ye see what I mean?—the chep didn't pour out nearly as much whiskey as one would ordinarily pour out for a chep who'd been out in the cold on a rainy, sharpish sort of day. And that's the sort of a chep he is, d'ye see?"

SHE *(placidly, still ruminant, but with beaming eyes and an approving half-smile)*. That's a *very*—funny—story.

African Baobab Cisterns

ONE of the most curious of trees is the gigantic baobab which flourishes in Central Africa, the trunk of which sometimes attains a diameter of forty feet. This trunk serves as a natural cistern, retaining rain-water in large quantities in a cavity formed at the top. The Arabs artificially hollow out the trunks of large baobabs and fill them with water during the prevalence of rains as a provision against the dry season. These cisterns are in many cases twenty feet in height and eight or ten feet in diameter.

"Do ye want a fresh piece o' gum, Bossy?"

A GOOD JUDGE

of fine whiskey will pronounce

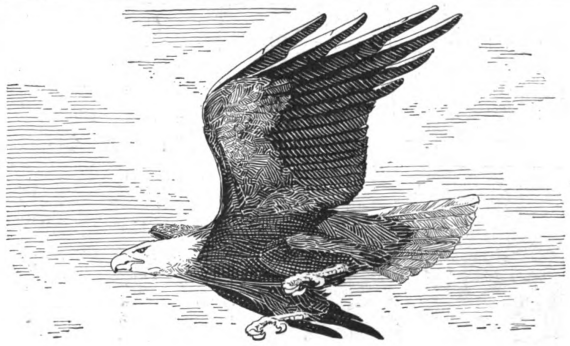
HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

a perfect product of the still, because whiskey cannot be more carefully made, aged and perfected

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



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QUALITY and PURITY

173,184,600 Bottles sold in 1911.

Bottled with crowns or corks only at the Home Plant in St. Louis

Anheuser-Busch Brewery

St. Louis, Mo.

The Crack Shot of the Mutiny

DURING the siege of Lucknow, in the Indian Mutiny, there was afforded what is probably the most notable instance of the record in war of a crack shot.

The rebels were endeavoring to mount two eighteen-pounders which they had hauled up to the flat roof of one of the palaces surrounding the Residency, and it was necessary to prevent this being done or they would have been able to pour down a heavy fire on the defenders. Sergeant Halliwell was chosen for this duty. He was a crack shot of the Thirty-second Foot.

Being given the best rifle that could be found, his orders were to prevent the guns being mounted. He took up his position behind some battered-down masonry behind which there was only cover for him to lie at full length. He remained in that position, it is said, for several days, not being able to stand, inasmuch as that would have resulted in instant death. His only change was to roll over from his back to his stomach. His eyes were ever kept on the dismounted guns, and whenever the Sepoys attempted to mount them his unerring rifle played havoc among them and prevented their object being accomplished. Food was brought to him at night by men who crawled to his position. After some time a sortie was made and the Sepoys were defeated. For this work Sergeant Halliwell received the Victoria Cross.

The Virtuous Wasp

WASPS appear to be well-nigh as industrious as ants or bees. One authority has declared that the cardinal doctrine of the wasps is: "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat."

Division of labor is clearly seen in the wasp's nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers, others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as paper-makers and masons.

Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey. Toward the end of summer, as all beekeepers know, they will force their way into beehives and carry off by force as much as they can gorge of their winged neighbors' honey.

The drones of the wasp world, instead of being idle and luxurious, are sober, industrious, and well-behaved members of the community. They clean the streets of their town with exemplary diligence, acting as public scavengers or sanitary officers. And they have their reward, for, unlike the bee drones, they live their allotted life in peace and quietness until winter involves both them and their maiden sisters in one common cataclysm of death and destruction.

Costumes of Seaweed

THE time is not far distant when our tailors will offer for sale suits of seaweed. Seaweed is already put to various uses. The man of Labrador uses it for fertilizing, for a form of food in times of famine, and even for summer clothes. The seaweed which is now being considered for the manufacture of cloth, however, is of a different kind and comes from Australia. It has rather different fibers from seaweed properly so called. It is taken from the bottom of the sea and has doubtless been subjected for possible ages to certain chemical action in submerged depths, being in some sort the refuse of geological forests sunk below the sea before the solid land of continents was formed. This material has been used experimentally in English factories as a substitute for manufactured cloth, and although the goods do not show up yet as especially "fine," it is hoped that some way may be found to subject the material to bleaching and refining. Nothing is yet known of its chemical possibilities except that it takes certain colors in dye. It is expected that, under any circumstances, it will make an economical innovation in the dry-goods line.

Fossil Horse Remains

THE opinion has been expressed that horses became extinct in the glaciated regions of North America, and probably in the whole continent, about the middle of the glacial epoch. It has been pointed out that all the apparently authentic discoveries of fossil horses in the United States east of the great plains fall into two sets of localities, one along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and the other extended from New Jersey to South Dakota, the localities in the last set lying, with few exceptions, close to the southern border of the drift-covered area. The earliest discovery of fossil horse remains was made near the Neversink Highlands.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

August 3 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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My Tires Get Rim-Cut

Mine Are Overloaded

Mine Don't Seem to Wear

Men—Here Is the Remedy and 200,000 Have Proved It

The Day of No-Rim-Cut Tires

In these days it's folly to buy tires which rim-cut.

Rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of the old-type, hooked-base tires. That is shown by statistics, covering thousands of ruined clincher tires.

Those tires may rim-cut when only partly deflated. When a tire is punctured and run flat, rim-cutting may instantly wreck it. And rim-cut tires can't be repaired.

Our patent tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—wipe out this loss entirely. In all our experience, not one has ever rim-cut.

10 Per Cent Oversize Saves 25 Per Cent

This is also the day of the oversize tire. Men are learning that added size means a vast economy.

So No-Rim-Cut tires are made 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity.

It takes care of the extras you add to a car. It saves the blowouts due to overloading.

That 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Maximum Mileage

For tires that wear out too quickly, the remedy is this:

Accept nobody's claims for maximum mileage, based on mere assumption. The guesses of experts are usually wrong.

Years ago, to get actual comparisons, we built a tire testing machine. There we wear out four tires at a time, under actual road conditions. And we meter the mileage on each.

Thus we have compared some 240 formulas and fabrics. There we have proved out every method of wrapping and vulcanizing. There we have compared rival tires with our own.

No-Rim-Cut tires, as made today, are the final result of those years of comparison. They represent the best men know about wear-resisting tires.

They have proved themselves by metered mileage the best tires ever built.

We Control Them

Now other makers offer hookless tires, to meet this competition. But we control by patents the only way to make a satisfactory tire of this type.

Our Tire Book makes this fact so clear that no man can doubt it.

Nine-tenths of all the new-type tires are Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. And the demand for these tires is twelve times larger than three years ago.

Made at a Profit of 8½ Per Cent

Last year our profits on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

We mention this fact because of present discussion about the high profits on tires.

We are the largest tire makers, with the most modern equipment. So none can make good tires cheaper.

We put into these tires—into special features, materials and oversize—all that we get, save 8½ per cent.

Soon or late, you are bound to join the hosts of motorists who use these tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

The final proof is this: No-Rim-Cut tires, after 13 years, outsell all other tires.

After some 200,000 separate users have tested out these tires.

Today's demand compels an output of 100,000 tires monthly. That's twelve times larger than three years ago.

That tells the verdict of the highest tribunal—the men who buy these tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
10% Oversize

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

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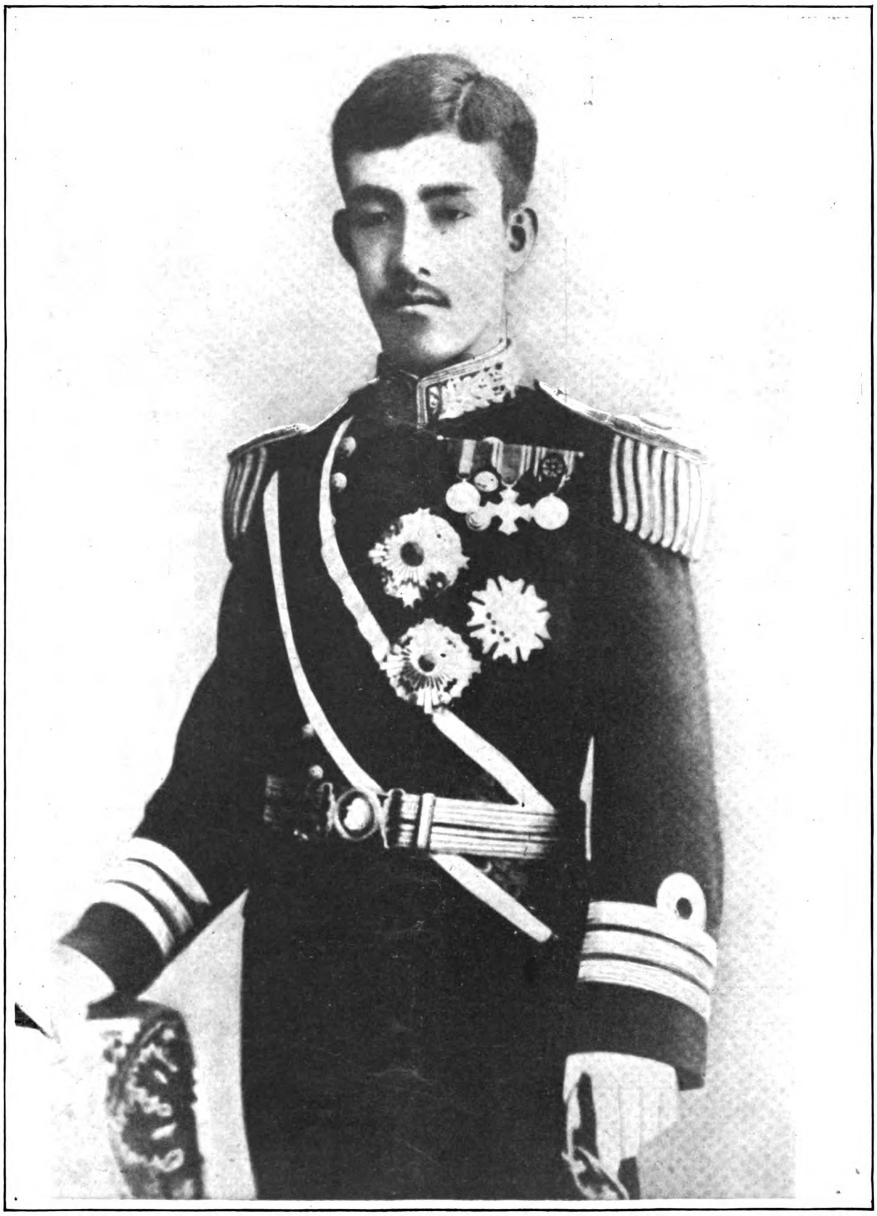

JAPAN'S NEW RULER

Yoshihito Harunomiya, son of Mutsuhito, the late Mikado, is the one hundred and twenty-second Emperor of Japan. He is thirty-two years old, is believed to be progressive, and speaks several languages. His name means "Enlightened Peace"

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Comment

All—Meaning One—Aboard!

WE shall know what's what when the Colonel gets to Chicago next week. Oyster Bay reports that he has already done twenty thousand words of his speech, and is still waking up three or four times a night and thinking of something else to put in. He doesn't propose to miss a thing that anybody wants for himself or doesn't want anybody else to have. His chief difficulty lies in preventing one hand from suspecting what the other hand is writing. He has no trouble with his feet. They are planted firmly upon the undying principle that LINCOLN would have done what ROOSEVELT is doing if LINCOLN had been ROOSEVELT.

The question is, Will his boot-straps hold? It is by them he is elevating the Progressive party to a position of power and opulence—if at all. We said Progressive, but we meant Personal. Never in the history of political uprisings has there been one quite so exclusive as this. Just think of it! Suppose ABRAHAM should become lonesome and take THEODORE to his bosom. What, then, would happen to the mighty movement? Peter out? Not at all. It wouldn't have time. One puff and all would be over.

The truth is that, barring the master, there are not enough left on the ship now to sink a cockle-shell. All of the heavyweights—LA FOLLETTE, CUMMINS, BRISTOW, WORKS, BORAH, DENEEN, HADLEY, and the rest—have forsaken it. Even BOURNE is shivering on the edge, and the vacillating OSBORN is looking all ways for Sunday. MUNSEY remains—in Carlsbad—and PERKINS, in seclusion; but MCCORMICK swears he will never love another country, and the Chicago *Tribune* "sees with regret." BEVERIDGE will be found standing alone on the deck when ROOSEVELT begins to burn it up.

But it will be an Open Convention—wide open. We haven't heard of anybody having been elected a delegate or anything of that sort. All are to be self-appointed. Even the band, it is said, will be a volunteer. There is no programme, of course. Everything is to be done on the spur of the moment. There are no candidates. There will be but one Voice. That of—no, sir; the Voice of the People.

But hold! Suppose, just suppose, now, that THEODORE ROOSEVELT should not be nominated! Suppose—but, no. A local quake we might contemplate with fortitude, but Heaven forbid that, even in wildest imaginings, we should conceive a jolt of the universe that would shiver into bits the entire solar system.

On your way, then, Colonel; on your way!

Better Blow Soap-bubbles

The papers say the Colonel is taking a lot of pains with his announcement of the intentions of the party of the bull moose. No doubt the announcement will be a serious product. But how many readers will take it seriously? That is a question of importance to the bull-moose progressives. A good many of them are very good and earnest men; such men as any party would be thankful to enlist. They are serious in their desire for changes that look good for mankind; and whether the measures they advocate are wisely conceived or not, they themselves are valuable, and their characters and purposes entitled to respect. But they have tied themselves to the political best-seller, whose words, to be sure, will be widely read, but will carry with them no assurance of conduct forthcoming to match. No public document, put forth by the eminent citizen who declared eight years ago that under no circumstances would he be again a candidate for President, will ever be respected by persons who remember and appreciate that announcement.

His announcement, now impending, will be generally received with smiling interest. A lot of us will read it and probably like a good deal that it says. His closer adherents will feel that it is a gospel, but its importance will be limited strictly by what it represents, and that is the personality of ROOSEVELT and nothing else.

About that he can tell us nothing new. He may better get a pipe and blow soap-bubbles. They would be prettier than these new verbal declarations, and are easier made, and would almost equal them in substance and duration.

Roosevelt and the South

From Birmingham, Alabama, by Associated Press:

Twenty-four delegates, each with a half vote, were elected to the Chicago Progressive Convention at the State convention of National Progressives here. The convention was constituted by one hundred and fifty white men, who after a spirited debate ignored the seventeen negroes who had entered the hall. The negro Progressives met and elected a full contesting delegation to go to the Chicago convention.

From Oklahoma City, Oklahoma:

Oklahoma Progressives formally launched the new party in this State yesterday at a convention which selected twenty delegates to the Chicago convention. . . . A motion seeking to grant negroes representation in the State Committee was tabled.

This is truly reprehensible! Fancy such an out-of-date old bother as the race question thus outrageously bobbing up again in the path of our brand-new party of strictly contemporaneous righteousness! And look at the issue they are raising for *our* temporary chairman—for our Mr. DIXON! Can't they see that they are forcing *him* also to rule on that same old question of allowing contested delegations to vote on one another's cases?

And us all ready and willing to break the solid South! Why, that was one of the finest things on the programme! It was in the original announcements. That was one of the main reasons why we decided not to call ourselves Republican any longer. *We* knew how Southerners felt about that name. Why, here's our old friend, JOHN M. PARKER, of New Orleans, who has stood out against it all these years, and came right over the minute we dropped it. And now here we are up against the same old snag. It's CRUM and BOOKER T. and Indianola all over again. Why can't these people see that progress and righteousness with these old reactionary problems like the tariff and the race question

Consists in triumphantly gittin' away?

Truly, it is disappointing. For was it not proved conclusively, when we ourself was in charge of the Republican party and the Southern question, that there simply wasn't any way for that party, as such, to get by the color line? Didn't we try both ways—first backing the Lily Whites and then, when the North opened that inconsiderate fire in the rear, firmly announcing that the Door of Hope was open to the colored brother—at the same time closing the door of the Indianola post-office and intrenching CRUM behind that of the Charleston custom-house?

Yes, it *is* exasperating. In that sentiment, at least, we can all agree with the Bull-Moosers. For our own part, if anything on earth could persuade this journal to welcome a Bull Moose party it would be the hope that it might indeed do what the Republican party has so long failed to do, and give the South a respectable party of opposition. Since the recent Republican convention nobody, surely, needs to be told what that would mean to the whole country. It is, too, quite conceivable that a new party name might help. But a new name alone will not do the business. There is need of a new policy also, and of new men. Even a new name will not sweeten the old policy of alternately cajoling and bribing and befooling the colored brother, nor will it commend to the Southern electorates such veterans and masters of the old pie-counter methods as, say, "JOE" THOMPSON, of Alabama, and Colonel CECIL LYON, of Texas.

The Forthcoming Progressive Platform

There is Something the matter Somewhere, and Some day when we find out what it is we are going to do Something to Somebody. That will be the Some and Substance of it.

Highly Significant

A sinister rumor is being circulated to the effect that the Rooseveltians in Chicago have quietly engaged an extra hall in anticipation of a possible bolt by the Colonel next Tuesday.

Ay, There's the Rub

At last we know what a real Progressive is—"a free man," defines Brother BRYAN, "whose sympathies are with the people, and who has the intelligence to see what needs to be done and has the courage to do it." That sounds good. But suppose the views of such a one should differ in any respect from Brother BRYAN'S; then what?

A Response in Advance

The Baltimore *Evening News* quotes the following from the Democratic platform:

We believe in the preservation and maintenance in their full strength and integrity of the three coördinate branches of the Federal Government—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial, each keeping within its own bounds and not encroaching upon the just powers of either of the others.

It then inquires:

This plank virtually pledges Governor WILSON, in event of his election, to keep his hands off the legislative branch of government. It cannot mean anything else if it is to mean anything at all.

Now, what is he to do as President? Will he agree to the pledge of his party platform not to interfere with the intents and purposes of Congress, or will he repudiate that plank and use the "big stick"?

On August 20, 1911, Mr. WILSON was quoted in this journal as follows:

When I was running for Governor I frankly said that, if elected, I should take my election as a mandate to lead; a declaration by the people of New Jersey that I was required to be the leader of the State, the single lever for the executive control of its government. My opponent said that, if elected, he intended to be a "constitutional" Governor, that he would make recommendations to the Legislature, and then leave the Legislature alone to decide whether his recommendations should be carried into effect. I said that if that was what was meant by being a "constitutional" Governor I intended, if elected, to be an "unconstitutional" Governor; for I should hold that I had a mandate from the people of the State not only to recommend reforms, but to use every honorable means in my power to have them made into laws. I offered myself as a leader and the people of New Jersey accepted my offer.

That is the answer.

Approaching the Tee

Nobody hears much about President TAFT nowadays. Perhaps it is because he is in Washington attending to his business, settin' and thinkin', as the saying is, and at rare intervals maybe just settin'. Senator ROOT is going to notify him this week that he was fairly and honestly renominated. That ought to cheer him up, considering the many loud and objurgative notifications he has received to the contrary from his former pal. Nobody loves a—no, no, not that—an old hand, anyway. Folks always want something and often somebody new. Still, we don't believe the President is a pick-pocket, even though he does occasionally steal a hole with an absurdly long and tortuous putt. We expect something pretty good from him by way of acceptance. So stand back, gentlemen! It is the President's honor, whether he ever has it again or not. Fore!

Not Listening

Governor WILSON, in reality the party's second choice, took the lead over the man who had made the hardest fight in the campaign, and who, under Republican National Convention rules, had won.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Maybe our neighbor hasn't heard that there is considerable discussion going on over the propriety of winning "under Republican convention rules."

Smiting the Trusts

Mother, may I go in to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb
And don't go near the water.

Similarly now adventure and prudence are in conflict over the taming of the trusts, as appears in the reports of the Congressional smelling committee on steel. There are four of them, we believe, of which that of Chairman STANLEY is the one that has got notice so far. He gives full directions for making the SHERMAN law horse-high and pig-tight, directions that go into elaborate details of what the trusts must not do that remind us of Mr. LA FOLLETTE'S bill of additions to the SHERMAN law. The authorship of that bill was pretty generally attributed to Mr. BRANDEIS, of

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Boston, so that it is no surprise to find him quoted as heartily approving Mr. STANLEY'S suggestions.

No action is likely to be taken on them in the present session of Congress, and if ever action *is* taken we suppose it will be tempered with caution. Everybody wants a better distribution of wealth and commodities, but they want to get it without diminishing the present supply of those desirables. They want to smite the trusts wherever they ought to be smitten, but not to stop anything that is useful in their activities. It may be all right to break the Standard Oil Company into thirty-odd pieces, but keep those tank-wagons on the road! They are a convenience.

Big Politics

Dr. WILSON'S election means—
If Dr. WILSON were elected—
In short, were Dr. WILSON elected—
As with the tariff, if Dr. WILSON were elected—
Dr. WILSON has been at the head—
While Dr. WILSON has been Governor—
—T. R. *in the Outlook.*

WOODROW WILSON has been the head of the New Jersey State government for nearly two years. Most people refer to him as Governor. But not your canny THEODORE. Why? do you suppose. The answer is easy. It is because he thinks the Plain People distrust all high-brows or learned men as being out of touch with themselves, and so he shrewdly utilizes every opportunity to recall to their minds the fact that the Democratic candidate was once a college professor. Ain't he the cute one?

One Good Turn, Etc.

Rev. EDGAR LAURENS HAMILTON, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Hudson, Massachusetts, writes to us:

I *hear* that Professor CHANNING of Harvard said to one section of his history class this spring that WILSON'S *History of the United States* was a compilation—put together by some hack and his name given it to make it sell. I won't say that he used these identical words, but this was the impression he gave to his class.

We doubt very much if Professor CHANNING ever made the statement attributed to him. If he did, he told a whopper. So, we assume, Dr. HAMILTON believes. If not, we beg him to get the name of the hack from the Professor. We know a publishing-house that would like to pay him large sums to write histories.

R. S. V. P.

A number of girls have written to me to know how milk should be taken as a diet for putting flesh on their delicate figures. Should the milk be fresh or boiled? Should it be diluted with lime-water? Would a quart be enough to drink each day?—LILLIAN RUSSELL *in the Globe.*

Referred without debate to the Committee on Resolutions of the P. P. C. (Progressive Personally Conducted) party.

Prophecy

Having made a careful study of the situation and a painstaking investigation of all causes thereof, no less than of the multifarious phases pertaining thereto, we now predict that THEODORE ROOSEVELT will be nominated by the Progressive party by declamation.

No Cause for Alarm

What the *World* asks of Governor WILSON in his speech of acceptance is what most Americans would ask of him if they could. They do not want him to talk about free trade, which is at present impossible.—*The World.*

You needn't worry.

Who's Who in New York?

The trouble with the New York papers is that each one has an obsession that it, not WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, is Mayor of the town. And what they really resent most is that the aforesaid Magistrate's sanity is clearly incurable.

Summer Travel

Steam-cars are no longer acceptable summer vehicles. After the motor and the trolley, steam-cars with their smoke and cinders seem out of date. It won't be long before people, hauled altogether by electricity, will be wondering how their predecessors ever put up so long with locomotives that boiled their own steam.

And car windows ought to be improved so that we can see out of them better. There is a complaint about them in a piece on page 6 of this paper, and a similar complaint by ARNOLD BENNETT in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August. At present the frames of the windows interfere with the view. As the steel cars come into use the frames can be made narrower, and perhaps if we complain enough the windows will be contrived so as to be less obstructive to vision.

As to Express Charges

Perhaps the only perfectly safe observation about the Commerce Commission plan with the express companies is that we shall see what we shall see. But we hasten to add that we shall be very glad indeed to see it, that we want to see it soon, and that we hope it will be something different. So much, at least, in spite of our desire to be circumspect and not to expect too much.

There is no sort of doubt that this country pays too much for transferring and distributing things, or that it does not get nearly so good a service as it pays for. With all our alleged ingenuity, we are in this respect behind various other countries. True, those other countries are both older and smaller; their problem is not quite like our problem. But that is not a sufficient reason why we shouldn't do a little better than we are doing with our problem. We ought to, and we pretty certainly can. Cheaper express service is not all we need. We need the parcels post, too—much more of it than we yet have. The high cost of living will continue to stimulate our efforts for improvement, which it has prompted. If we succeed, we may reduce the cost of living, and at any rate we shall live a good deal better for whatever living may still cost.

To the P. R. R.

Before the Pennsylvania Railroad finally forbids the sale of all alcoholic beverages on its dining-cars, might it not do well to note that "a little light wine only with meals" is still regarded as unobjectionable by the very highest authority?

The Busy B.

WANTED—A Democratic Campaign Fund by Popular Contribution. Circulate a subscription list at once and send the proceeds to the *Commoner* office without delay.—*W. J. B.*

Why to the *Commoner* office?

Is He Ahead on It?

The net result of the superabundant testimony that Colonel ROOSEVELT does not drink much is the conclusion that the Colonel's peculiarities of deportment derive from something else than alcohol.

Golf for Statesmen

Mr. TAFT has one great aid and consolation, unfailing from March to December—golf.

Dr. WILSON, worn with campaigning, or governing, or planning politics, falls back on golf.

FLINN, back from long and strenuous discussion at Oyster Bay, hies him to the golf-field.

How were the wits of our statesmen clarified and our country governed before there was golf?

To Open Discussion

A newly married woman made a pie for dinner. "I am afraid," the bride said, "that I left something out, and that it's not very good." The husband tried it, and said: "There is nothing you could leave out that would make a pie taste like that; it's something you've put in."—*Hoyce's Monthly.*

Governor WILSON may find this story handy to tell Brother BRYAN when they meet to discuss the Democratic platform. *When,* we said.

Authoritative Utterance

We respectfully suggest that Mr. GEORGE PERKINS be assigned to write the plank on the High Cost of Living—with a candidate.

The Massachusetts Senatorship

It is a matter of national concern, not merely of State concern, whom Massachusetts shall name to succeed Senator CRANE. A Senator from Massachusetts is always the guardian of a really great tradition, for no State has had greater Senators. Moreover, it is now generally felt that Senator CRANE himself will be a hard man to replace; though extraordinarily noiseless, he has been extraordinarily effective. Massachusetts is fortunate, therefore, in that she possesses at least one public servant, already a man of national reputation, who is clearly of Senatorial quality.

Congressman MCCALL has been in the House of Representatives twenty years, and he has long been a leader there. In culture, knowledge, and native ability he can bear comparison with any member of either House of Congress; in courage and independence he far outranks the mass of his fellows. But that is not the only reason, perhaps not the chief reason, why the most thoughtful of his Bay State fellow-citizens would at this particular juncture feel peculiar gratification if he were elevated to the Senatorship. That reason lies in Mr. MCCALL'S clear conception of the representative function; and he has expressed this in his address to the voters of the famous Eighth Massachusetts District, the Cambridge district, announcing his retirement from their service. To them he says:

I have always felt that the best recompense I could make for your generous support was to reverence my relation as your representative and treat your commission broadly as a mandate to serve the whole country. Those twenty years have been crowded with events so momentous as to make of them, with the exception of the Civil War era, easily the most important period since the establishment of our government.

In meeting the difficult questions forced upon the attention of government, I have often felt called upon to act independently of my own party, and sometimes of both parties. While I have occasionally found myself in a small minority, I have known no other way than to follow where my own judgment clearly led.

Apparently Mr. MCCALL'S constituents wanted him to use his own best judgment; else they would long since have deprived him of his seat. If he shall now be made Senator, he will undoubtedly continue to use it; if Massachusetts wants him for Senator, she is merely adhering to her wise tradition of preferring to be represented at Washington by a man and not a messenger-boy.

Erroneous

If we are money mad, it should also be borne in mind that many of our wealthy people are just as mad in giving away their money—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Brother SLEICHER seems to have an idea that what the American people want is charity.

A Promised Operatic Recrudescence

It is reported that Mr. DIPPEL has engaged JEAN DE RESZKE for the coming operatic season in Chicago and Philadelphia, and that Mr. DE RESZKE will also make some appearances at the Metropolitan. It is to be hoped that the report is true, and that we shall hear the distinguished tenor again. He sang here last a decade ago, and naturally there are pessimistic persons who have already begun to croak, and to emit doubts as to the wisdom of Mr. DE RESZKE in permitting the exhibition of what they assume to be an outworn voice. But Mr. DE RESZKE is a man of intelligence and artistic self-respect; he would scarcely be so indiscreet as to sing here again if he did not feel tolerably sure of his ability to do so with credit to his great reputation. Let him come, by all means, if he wants to—he will be thrice welcome. There is no tenor on the stage to-day who can be named in the same breath with him: he is in a class by himself. Indisputably he is the ablest living interpreter of the chief operatic tenor rôles; and in the greatest of all tenor parts, those in the WAGNER music-dramas, he has had no equal. For mere voice, he is inferior to CARUSO (to stick to the present for comparisons); but he is a consummate artist, which the gifted Italian is not; and even though he cannot rival CARUSO for tonal splendor, his voice has (or had ten years ago) a singular and unforgettable beauty. Those who heard him sing that most marvelous of all amorous apostrophes, the "Ach, Isolde! Wie schön bist du!" in the third act of "Tristan und Isolde," must remember always its overwhelming emotional poignancy and its exquisite perfection as a piece of vocal art. His entire performance as Tristan, indeed, was superb. His Lohengrin, his elder Siegfried, his Walther were the most eloquent we have ever heard—eloquent both dramatically and vocally. For the younger Siegfried he was temperamentally and physically unfitted—that was his one failure. We have chosen to recall him as a Wagnerian interpreter because it is in WAGNER that a singing-actor meets his severest test. But Mr. DE RESZKE was admirable in other fields. Romeo, Raoul, Faust, Des Grieux are not great parts, to be sure; yet Mr. DE RESZKE was delightful in each. Those who disliked him as an artist were wont to belittle him by characterizing his impersonations as "romantic" and "graceful," which was both foolish and undiscriminating. Mr. DE RESZKE was certainly "romantic" and "graceful" when those qualities were, as the doctors say, "indicated"; but in rôles of larger mold he was equal to every demand. Who that heard his infinitely touching farewell to Elsa, his incomparable delivery of the narrative in "Götterdämmerung," his delineation of the wounded Tristan racked by longing and sorrow,—miraculous for veracity and power,—can ever forget them? May we experience them again!

An Oversight

We also predict that MARSHALL will beat SHERMAN.

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On the Alert Senses

WHAT a mine of beauty might be unearthed upon this rolling planet if men were in the habit of using their eyes! But one has only to travel in an ordinary train, or drive through the country with friends or strangers, to realize how little human creatures rely upon their senses. The senses of the average man are blunted by disuse. As one sits in a train speeding through lovely country (wherever it is not blocked off from view by hideous posters and advertisements) one may observe most of the passengers sitting with their eyes glued to print, rattling newspapers and magazines while the world speeds by outside forgot. That as a nation we are divorced from nature might well be concluded from the very building of the Pullman cars. The windows of these have at the bottom a broad band of wood, three and a half to four inches wide. If the window is open this band comes just at a level with the passengers' eyes; so that if one makes any attempt to look out, it must be managed by crouching low in one's seat, bending the spine in a most unnatural way, and peeping under, or by sitting on one's heels or kneeling in one's seat and peeping over. One writer has noised this grievance abroad in the papers, and one public-spirited citizen of New York went to Chicago and interviewed the Pullman people on the subject. But what can two mortals with eyes do against an apathetic nation who do not want to see? (They are like the drunken man who was told that if he continued to stare fixedly at an electric light he would go blind, and who responded, "I don't care; I've seen most everything, anyhow!")

A beautiful goldfinch that flitted past a train-window and called forth exclamations of delight from an old lady, excited from the three young ladies in her charge only a rather bored, "Goldfinch? Really! Yellow, wasn't it?" While the boldest of them announced: "I just hate knowing the names and habits of flowers and birds and stars; I like them well enough as species, but I don't see any sense in having personal relations with every blooming flower one passes in a train!"

Well, young folk, like BROWNING'S hero, with "a need for a world of men," can hardly realize that to know birds and flowers and stars individually is in the end almost as satisfactory as to know human beings by name and looks and habits and character. Who would be content with knowing their fellow-men as a species? The friendship of the earth is a matter not to be despised. As COLERIDGE says, "O Lady, we receive but what we give." Interest expended is paid with interest. The same young lady who preferred to know the stars as a species, being lost in the country one dark night, was relieved when she was told: "We are bound to come out right, for we are following the trail southward. That bright star over there, in the group of three, is Antares in Scorpio, and on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of July, between nine and ten o'clock, Antares is just about due south."

Indeed, any one with their wits about them can get a great deal of information about directions, weather, climate, and human nature from individual acquaintance with the earth and the things upon it. One remembers Mr. RUSKIN'S exasperation with the American girls who, traveling between Florence and Verona, pulled down the shades to keep out the scenery, the most romantic in the world, while they complained of the heat and sucked lemons through a sticky lump of sugar. RUSKIN saw little outlook for a nation that produced such youth. (Perhaps he would have been nonplussed, too, to know that an entire family spent hours a day on a veranda within five yards of a locust-tree, who yet remained in contented ignorance that it was used habitually by a number of chipping sparrows as a sort of casino for general conversational delight and athletic exercise.)

The great English poets, from CHAUCER down to WATSON, are poets not only by virtue of their love for words musically combined, but by virtue of the alert senses. What a wealth of beauty SHELLEY heard and saw! KEATS not only heard and saw (and sometimes saw and admired extravagantly a red-and-black table-cloth and a diamond jar!), but he had a most exquisitely acute sense of touch and taste. TENNYSON, looking at the sea from a distance, knew at once that it was "wrinkled"; and spoke of watching the "crisping ripples on the beach, and tender curving lines of creamy spray." It was he who noted black hair as "more black than ash buds in the front of May," and of auburn hair as "in hue and gloss the chestnut when the shell divides threefold to show the fruit within." His description of the sunflower, that "rays round with flames her disk of seeds," is as intimate and true as BLAKE'S—

> "O sunflower, weary of time
> That countest the steps of the sun."

The keen and accurate senses not only reward one at the time of actual exercise, but they furnish one with a store of healing memories to draw upon when shut off from actual seeing and hearing. One suffering from a serious fever was said to have materially aided her cure by vivid memories of cool country springs and mountain refuges.

The difference between the active and the sluggish eye is just as noticeable in the field of art as in the realm of nature. To those who have learned to look at architecture, sculpture, painting, the exercise not only relieves from self, lets down the confining barriers of personality, but, quite literally, vision and hearing may be health-giving and life-expanding. According to modern estheticians — LIPPS, GROSSE, and VERNON LEE—the artistic experience of seeing and hearing have a vital effect upon two of the most important of our bodily functions, upon equilibrium and respiration. One often hears people of real artistic sensibility say that to see a picture for which they really care affects them like a glass of wine or a dose of strychnine. It is consoling to be able to tell the skeptical who smiled that esthetic pleasure is now admitted by the highest authorities to have exactly that effect: to quicken the pulse and heart action, to increase respiration, and to cause a shifting of bodily balance and a sense of upward or downward tension. As one writer says: "The movements of the eye are accompanied by a variety, forming an ever-varied unity, of bodily adjustments which, as a rule, have ceased to be apprehended as such, and have merged, even like the alterations in our tissues underlying mere sensations, into vague emotional conditions accompanying the recognition of objective peculiarities outside us." Again the same writer says: "We follow line by muscular adjustments more considerable than those of the eye, and these muscular adjustments result in a sense of direction and velocity in ourselves and a consequent attribution of direction and velocity to the lines thus perceived."

Among the first of those writers who pointed out to us the life-enhancing and vitalizing power of trained perception was Mr. BERENSON, in his volume on the Florentine Painters. He showed us that these painters not only knew how to create tactile values, but that perceiving them we add to our own reality and substance. Those less careful, having tried the experiment unconsciously, have become conscious of the doctrine.

One must often notice how those who have lived the spiritual life or the mental life deeply retain youth late in life. Not only the youth of the spirit and the mind, but the youth of the body. Perhaps we should sooner have perceived the life-heightening and life-enhancing effect of the alert senses. At any rate, they offer us one more deliverance from self. Like virtue, love, and piety, the sharpened senses, the quick perceptions, the free-ranging intellect, let a man quickly out of the dungeon of mere mortality into the open world of the infinite.

Correspondence

"TEDDY" AND HIS FRIEND AND IDEAL "OLIVER."

TOPEKA, KAN., *June 14, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If America escapes the danger and disgrace of a third term for Roosevelt, it will be the result of the zeal and patriotism of your great WEEKLY, which has so ably led a few other journals in the timely warnings against the crazy enthusiasm for the hero of Kettle (not San Juan) Hill.

Several years ago, the writer spent an entire day traveling in the private car of a well-known railroad magnate in company with a Governor, a Congressman or two, a military official, and two or three others—among whom was the "Sage of Sagamore Hill."

T. R. was a candidate for Vice-President, and it was the duty of the writer to introduce his Highness to certain audiences along the way. It was a hot and dusty July day, and the Colonel affected a profound interest in a book he was reading as the special train sped from point to point. Curious to know what separated him from the company of a representative crowd, made him appear a recluse and entirely oblivious to the surroundings and scenery, upon the book falling to the floor during a cat-nap of the reader we noticed that it was *The Life of Cromwell*, and open at a chapter on "Personal Rule," wherein was stated, along with slight criticism, much laudation of "Oliver," as the Colonel affectionately mentioned his hero.

On the page could be read: "Oliver acted as he did conscientiously; he said to the Parliament: 'I am a man standing in the place I am in; which place I undertook, not so much out of hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief, which I did see was imminent.'"

How closely "Teddy" follows "Oliver" in style of egotistical expression in consenting to disregard his solemn promises and the precedents of a century in now becoming the leader of the "Insurgents" and their candidate for President!

In Roosevelt's *Life of Cromwell* you find much about a nation often needing "*the help of a master hand*," and that its "*sole refuge*" may be "a despot." He cites Russia and France and England; and, of course, thinks that America is languishing and calling for his "*master hand*," etc.

His actions show that he regards himself as the Cromwell of his time. In his disregard for Constitution and laws, tried precepts and wise traditions—and especially in his overpowering ambition to rule or ruin his party—he surely takes his friend "Oliver," of two hundred and fifty years ago, as an ideal pattern, whom he seeks to laud and follow, as far as present environments will permit.

I am, sir,
GEO. P. MOREHOUSE.

"SINCERITY *VS.* HYPOCRISY"

BUENOS AYRES, ARGENTINE, *June 14, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Although thousands of miles away from the political battle-field, permit me to express my compliments to you and to the writer on the excellent article "Sincerity *vs.* Hypocrisy" published in your May 4th issue.

The American public needs men to-day who will fearlessly but fairly publish and exercise the courage of their convictions, irrespective of what political or social injury it might cause them. Such men we had when our country was born, and such men we must have to-day and are to be had when once our government is cleansed of the evils which the so-called "modern times" have caused to lessen the respect of our high official offices.

I sincerely hope the American public will appreciate your unbiased views and show deserved compensation next November by voting a ticket to accomplish three essentials:

Down with the Demagogue!
Smash the Third Term!
Save the Republic!

I am, sir,
H. P. BENDER.

AS HERETOFORE

DULUTH, MINN., *June 12, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The following words are from a letter written in 1786. They are quoted in a foot-note to page 305, Vol. I., of McMaster's *History of the People of the United States.*

"'When a measure,' says he, speaking of the General Court of Massachusetts,' has been there agitated that has been disagreeable to individual members they will rise and for lack of argument say, Mr. Speaker, this measure will never do—the *people*, sir, will never bear it. The particular measure is determined against their opinion, these small politicians returned home misrepresent the doings of the Legislature—tell their constituents such and such measures are taking place, although I did my utmost to prevent it. The people must take care of themselves or they are undone. Stir up a county convention, and by trumpeting lies from Town to Town get one collected and consisting of persons of small abilities—of little or no property, embarrassed in their circumstances and of no great integrity, and these geniuses, vainly conceiving they are competent to regulate the affairs of state, make some hasty, incoherent resolves, and these end in sedition, riot, and rebellion."

From which I infer that the same high and noble rules of conduct that sweeten human nature to-day were not absent in the year of our Lord 1786.

I am, sir,
C. C. W.

THE CONTESTS AT CHICAGO

HURON, S. D., *July 3, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am a Republican deeply interested in the success of the party this fall. Moreover, as a candidate for the Legislature of this State, the duty will fall upon me in part to carry the party through to success.

I believe that you can confer upon the party and the country in general no larger benefit than to produce in the columns of the WEEKLY an analysis of contests brought by each candidate before the Chicago convention, and to set forth in each instance the facts upon which the committees based their decision.

The charge of fraud is a serious one. Should the charge be true, the public are entitled to know the facts and will act accordingly. But if the charges are false, this case should be so fully presented in order that the one raising the cry may meet his dues here and now, and that never again will any man dare to raise a false charge for political effect.

The best that is before the public is hearsay evidence and vituperation. The public now holds the position of a judge on the bench without a word of competent evidence before him, endeavoring to render a decision from the arguments of two attorneys, one or the other of whom is entirely unscrupulous.

I am, sir,
ERNEST D. EDE.

We understand that the Republican Campaign Committee will shortly publish such an analysis as our correspondent calls for.—EDITOR.

THE LONG SCHOOL DAY

ALBANY, N. Y., *July 18, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—"That the long school day is not necessary for the end desired has been shown both by accidental circumstances and by experiment," etc.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

All very true, as written, but don't blame it on the teachers or the superintendent. The "required work" which takes up much time, in and out of school, is the law, immutable and inexorable, of the Board of Regents in this State. Would suggest inspection, study, and discussion of some of the syllabuses—or is it syllabi?—which are elaborately fabricated in that highly developed knowledge foundry, the Department of Education of the State of New York. Would recommend for particular inspection the history syllabus, and request expert judgment as to the time necessary for compliance with all its details.

I am, sir,
ARTHUR LUCAS.

THE TREND OF BONDS

CLEVELAND, O., *July 12, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The Finance article on "The Trend of Bonds" in this week's HARPER is good. As to the last lines of the article, all gilt-edged bonds will continue to fall until gold is demonetized and the dollar shall be based on the absolute standard and unit of value.

I am, sir,
C. A. BOWSHER.

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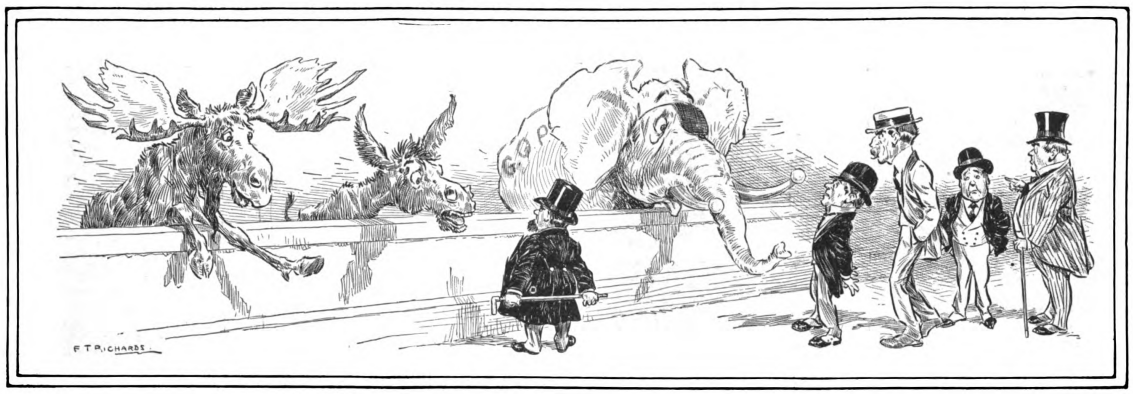


PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

TUESDAY.

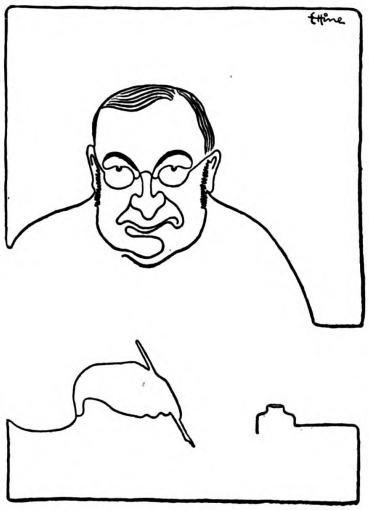
The Colonel had a bad day. He had put it up to the melancholy MEDILL MCCORMICK to crowd Governor DENEEN of Illinois into a corner, and the melancholy one pressed so hard that the Governor said he was for TAFT and there was no use of talking. He added:

It is plain to me that there is but one course I can pursue in this situation. Having sought the support of Republicans and having been chosen as their candidate for Governor in this State, there is no opportunity afforded the Republican electors to change their minds in reference to my nomination as Governor and to nominate another in my stead, and I have no moral right to change my status as their trustee or in any way to alter the terms of the position I hold in trust as their representative.

The declaration seems to have been unexpected by the faithful. Cowsenator DIXON was so dazed that he could only murmur, "The Illinois atmosphere is strange to me." He promptly added, however, that the Progressives would put a candidate for Governor in the field. That ought to fetch the election of some such Democrat as CARTER HARRISON well within the range of possibility. The Colonel himself regarded DENEEN'S defection as a great personal victory for himself, though just how or why he was too busy to make clear. The only thing he resented was the Governor's assumption of a "moral right." This was a gross inpertinence. The idea! by George!

Speaking of GEORGE, Senator SCOTT testified before the Senate Committee that Mr. PERKINS contributed $15,000 to the ROOSEVELT fund in West Virginia in 1904. The Senator felt quite certain that it was a purely personal contribution. Let us see! Wasn't that the year in which Mr. PERKINS got a rebate of $50,000 or thereabouts from the New York Life Insurance Company to reimburse him for political expenditures? Possibly the Senator meant that the payment was for the purely personal account of policyholders.

The Kansas supreme court decided that the names of both TAFT and ROOSEVELT should appear upon the primary election ballots. This will make it necessary for the Grangers to sit up and think who is the real Republican candidate before casting their ballots. So far, Governor STUBBS has broken all previous records by withholding advice and assistance. He seems to be in rather bad, either way.



Progressive leaders in Indiana announced with great show of confidence that ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE would accept a nomination for Governor. They considered the discovery quite wonderful. Meanwhile, BEVERIDGE has taken to the Maine woods to be within easy hearing distance of any stray moose that may happen along.

Governor WILSON agreed with Hungarian editor KENDE that the immigration question is an important one, and added:

I believe in the reasonable restrictions of immigration, but not in any restrictions which will exclude from the country honest, industrious men who are seeking what America has always offered—an asylum for those who seek a free field. The whole question is a very difficult one, but, I think, can be solved with justice and generosity. Any one who has the least knowledge of Hungarian history must feel that stock to have proved itself for liberty and opportunity.

Mr. KENDE said he thought that would satisfy the Huns, but the Governor said he would amplify the declaration in his speech of acceptance, to make sure.

Representative HENRY talked with Governor WILSON in the privacy of his dining-room and came out, according to the *Times*, "with his eyes bulging." Before they quite dropped out he said:

Well, I never! There was I down in Congress making a specialty of certain lines of work. I thought I knew these things better than any competitors. I wanted to tell this man WILSON my conclusions about them. And what do you think happened? Why, he knew all that I knew about everything I know about! I was perfectly astonished at his intimate knowledge of things. He is a fine man in every possible way."

Those who know Mr. HENRY well say that he had good reason for being amazed at Mr. WILSON knowing as much as he knew.

We wish the night city editors wouldn't pass big head-lines such as this from the *Times*:

WILSON VISITS WIFE WHILE OUT OF JAIL

Everybody knows, of course, that the reference is to the convict President of the Wireless concern, but that doesn't obviate a temporary jolt to the nervous system. Why not say "Another" or "The Other" WILSON, or something even more specifically discriminatory?

THURSDAY.

Apropos of the Colonel's silly declaration that Mr. WILSON was "nominated by the bosses," the Governor permitted the Sea Girt correspondents to say:

It is known that Governor WILSON'S policy will be to keep out of controversies of a personal nature and to conduct a campaign in which he will make his views on important public questions known through the medium of set speeches at infrequent intervals. His policy toward ROOSEVELT is said to be the outgrowth of a conviction on his part that there is no need for him to be drawn into any political discussion prior to his speech of acceptance on August 7th.

Besides being quite right and proper, this was good politics. The Colonel has to speak first in Chicago, and it would be fatuous to give him opportunities to distort premature utterances. Governor WILSON will have plenty of real things to think about anyway when he takes pen in hand to construct his personal platform. Brother BRYAN slipped several troublesome jokers into the Baltimore document. Nothing, for example, could be more absurd than the assertion that a protective tariff is unconstitutional. Then there is the definite commitment of the nominee to the single term. The principle involved is pre-eminently sound, of course, but will the Governor feel it incumbent upon himself to pledge immediate observance of the theory if occasion should arise at the end of four years? That is a question of some moment because ROOSEVELT is the only one from whom repudiation of pledges is accepted as a certainty.

The Springfield *Republican* was the first to suggest that Brother BRYAN be put upon the Colonel's speech-making trail. The Sea Girt campaigners intimate their adoption of the plan and let the papers say that Brother BRYAN has either been invited or "has invited himself" to visit Governor WILSON and arrange a line of talk. They would better not cultivate complacency too assiduously. We have known Brother BRYAN now going on twenty years and have become acquainted with some of the workings of his mind. We venture at the outset to suspect that he has not invited himself to discuss with Mr. WILSON or anybody else what he himself should do or say. Also, if he wasn't asked to O.K. the campaigners' names, we shouldn't be surprised to hear of a little miff in due time. That he expects to be consulted about what the candidate is going to say on August 7th may be taken for granted. But the trouble is that "being consulted" means to Brother BRYAN bossing the job. It isn't going to be easy for one who has led the orchestra for so many years to narrow his perspective to the second fiddle.

Brother MUNSEY, who scooted off to Europe, leaving Mr. PERKINS to hold the bag, cables a doleful interview. He thinks the fight is going to be "fierce," that TAFT isn't in it at all, and that if WILSON is beaten, ROOSEVELT will have to do it. "Difficult as this looks at the present time," he adds, "it is nevertheless an easy possibility." Not ever having heard of an easy possibility, we feel unable to gauge with accuracy the depth of Brother MUNSEY'S confidence. But everybody will be pleased to hear that Brother MUNSEY isn't "sick" or in need of a cure from pessimistic liver. He is going to Carlsbad just to keep well and will be back soon.

The Jersey Progressives went the whole hog—direct elections, government ownership, initiative, referendum, and recall, "social and industrial justice," etc.,

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etc. Mr. GEORGE L. RECORD conducted the proceedings in a highly progressive fashion, winding up with this proposal:

Let us try to win in the Republican party at the primaries if we can, but if we don't win, then let us put up our own ticket.

In other words, steal if we can; if we can't, fight the owners.

Most of the cheering, according to the papers, was for WILSON.

SATURDAY.

It was inevitable that Congress should take a hand in the political game. Senators and Representatives have to look after their own bacon as well as other folks. This week they have been playing with the tariff. Senator PENROSE came pretty near getting a wool-revision bill through making very modest reductions, but the attentive LA FOLLETTE was attending strictly to business and persuaded the Democrats to substitute his more drastic measure. This bill and the House bill now go to a conference committee representing both branches of Congress. The essential points of difference between the two are as follows:

Raw wool—LA FOLLETTE bill, 10 to 35 per cent.; House bill, 20 per cent.

Wool wastes and rags—LA FOLLETTE bill, 25 to 30 per cent.; House bill, 20 per cent.

Combed wool or tops—LA FOLLETTE bill, 40 per cent.; House bill, 25 per cent.

Yarns—LA FOLLETTE bill, 45 per cent.; House bill, 30 per cent.

Cloths, ready-made clothing, knit fabrics, women's dress goods, etc.—LA FOLLETTE bill, 55 per cent.; House bill, 35 to 50 per cent.

Carpets—LA FOLLETTE bill, 35 per cent.; House bill, 25 to 50 per cent.

The regular Republicans will have a majority of the Senate conferees and, it is thought, will propose to accept the House bill. That, of course, would suit Mr. UNDERWOOD, but not the Senate Insurgents, who are looking for the credit of origination. So there is a good deal of plotting and sparring in prospect, with a strong probability that a bill similar to that which he vetoed last year will be sent up to the President. Mr. TAFT will then have to decide whether to back water on the pretext that his Tariff Board has recommended reductions or to stand pat on the ground that the new bill does not square with the principle of protection. It is difficult to see how he could gain anything either way; consequently, in our view, the Democrats will have to look sharp to avoid an entanglement contrived by the regular Republicans to prevent the passage of any bill. Mr. UNDERWOOD seems to have the whip hand if he can hold the co-operation of the Senate Democrats.

Meanwhile, the House Democrats are in a muddle over battle-ships. By a small majority in caucus they decided to vote no appropriation, but a considerable number of members are indisposed to abide by the decision. The papers generally uphold the recalcitrants in their demand for two battle-ships, and the point is not overlooked that the Baltimore platform promises "an adequate navy." Just what constitutes an adequate navy is, of course, dependent upon what one thinks a navy is for. In view of Mr. UNDERWOOD'S gracious proposal to consult the candidate upon pending legislation, both sides are likely to seek a definition from Governor WILSON. His recommendation would have great weight under the circumstances, and there is no reason of propriety why he should not make one. Nevertheless there may be a question of the wisdom of assuming personal responsibility for House legislation just yet. Other matters, possibly more perplexing, are likely to crop up to the embarrassment of the controlling influence, and, while it would greatly relieve candidates for re-election to Congress to crawl under the Presidential nominee's cloak, we are not at all sure that he would profit by the operation.

So far as the battle-ships are concerned, probably in the end one will be authorized—which we guess is about right.

Clearly the *Outlook* is going to convince folks that the Colonel doesn't drink, or die in the attempt. This week it submits the testimony of his family physician, Dr. ALEXANDER LAMBERT, who has been "so angered by the many slanders," that he writes a letter "unrequested by Mr. ROOSEVELT or anybody else." As we have already suggested, this constant protestation seems hardly necessary; and yet the reading no less than the drinking public will continue to welcome all corroborative evidence bearing upon this phase of the campaign.

The doctor of medicine goes further into details than the doctor of divinity whose stern words we quoted last week. "While not a total abstainer," writes Dr. LAMBERT, "Mr. ROOSEVELT is a very temperate man." That bears out what Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT declared to be the fact derived from his personal observation and confirmed by the written report of a member of his own staff who kept an eye on the Colonel in Chicago. Dr. LAMBERT is also quite as positive as Dr. ABBOTT that the patient "does not drink cocktails, nor beer, nor ale," nor "stronger beverages such as whiskey, gin, etc." In fact, so far as we can make out, the only beverage aside from the purest buttermilk that he ever permits to pass his lips is the light, frothy concoction well known in Indiana as the Albert-J.

True, when in Africa, according to the Doctor, "he took seven ounces of brandy in eleven months as a medicine, equivalent to a little over a tablespoonful a month," which certainly seems reasonable enough, considering the climate. As for whiskey, repugnance is the only word. There have been times when the Doctor thought a little would do him good, but he has "never been able to get him to take any whiskey in any form, save when once as a medicine I forced him to take two teaspoonfuls." We learn from other sources that it took four strong men to hold the patient while the Doctor was administering the nauseous dose; also that he made such an awful face that the attempt was never repeated. Occasionally and "only with his meals" he takes "a little light wine, and even this is not his regular habit."

This, we submit, fully establishes the Doctor's contention that the Colonel is, indeed, "a very temperate man," and that "any man who hereafter accuses THEODORE ROOSEVELT of overindulgence in alcoholic stimulants knowingly utters what is false." Consequently we shall pay no more attention to the matter until the *Outlook* produces further evidence, to the contrary notwithstanding, as the lawyers say.

Word comes from Sea Girt that Mr. HERMAN RIDDER is to be reappointed custodian of the Democratic campaign funds. Mr. RIDDER is an able editor, a fine musician, and, usually, very busy. It is believed, however, that he will find time to perform his duties with conscientious circumspection. Treasurers are not likely to be greatly overworked this year.

MONDAY.

Chairman HILLES presented to the public a 144-page pamphlet containing the TAFT side of the Chicago contests. The job was done so thoroughly that it will take some time to digest the evidence, but the papers seem to think a good *prima facie* case has been established. There were 252 contests, of which 238 were brought in ROOSEVELT'S interest and 14 in TAFT'S. One hundred and thirty-eight of ROOSEVELT'S were plain fakes. Mr. HILLES quotes with effect the following confession of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S friend WELLIVER in Brother MUNSEY'S papers:

For psychological effect as a move in practical politics, it was necessary for the ROOSEVELT people to start contests on these early TAFT selections in order that a tabulation of delegate strength could be put out that would show ROOSEVELT holding a good hand. In the game a table showing TAFT 150, ROOSEVELT 19, contested none, would not be very much calculated to inspire confidence, whereas one showing TAFT 23, ROOSEVELT 19, contested 127, looked very different. That is the whole story of the larger number of Southern contests that were started early in the game. It was never expected that they would be taken very seriously.

This shameless performance was nearly enough to discredit the whole business—but not quite. We are still in doubt about Washington and shall await further enlightenment from Mr. LA FOLLETTE, who also has an investigator on the job.

Judge DILLON, the regular Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, declined to run because the ROOSEVELTIANS told him they should put a third candidate in the race if he didn't declare for the Colonel. A good sport would hardly have yielded to such a threat. There are times when it is a duty to get licked.

Governor WILSON went to sea to write his first message, but was commendably careful to keep within sight of the lighthouses on land.

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IN JAIL WITH THE SUFFRAGETTES

BY MARY MORTIMER MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

She went and broke one of the finest bits of plate-glass in the most fashionable shopping district

THESE are the days of prison privileges for the Suffragettes, and those of us who have friends behind the bars feel once a week as though we had young sisters away at boarding-school; because once a week comes Parcel Day, when we send them "goodies" to eat, or what the English schoolboy calls "tuck."

I have just been making up such a parcel for my friend Henrietta, who is "doing" four months. I love Henrietta, though I don't approve of all the things she does. The fact is, I said to her, "Don't go window-breaking, Henrietta; we'll get the vote without that!" and then she straightway went and broke one of the finest bits of plate-glass in the most fashionable shopping district of London.

Into Henrietta's parcel I have put a roast chicken with some sprigs of water-cress and some radishes; an expensive *pâté de foie gras* with truffles; a whole angel cake, which I made myself and chose because it weighs so lightly—for I must tell you that prison parcels must not weigh more than eleven pounds. I also put in Henrietta's parcel a large packet of a predigested American cereal food; a box of raisins which I had previously cooked and then dried; a bit of grated nutmeg; half a pound of sugar; and then a recipe for making a pudding of all these ingredients by the mere pouring on of some of the hot milk which is given daily to each prisoner who chooses the prison vegetarian diet. Henrietta is not a vegetarian, but before she went to prison she told me she should take the vegetarian diet as the lesser of two evils. I have put oranges and American candies into Henrietta's parcel, too, because, knowing of her fondness for what she calls "sweets," I had some sent to me from New York for the very purpose. There is whole-strawberry jam in the parcel, and I have prepared a large jar of chocolate for drinking. I mixed the chocolate with sugar and condensed milk, then boiled it to a thick paste, so she can make herself a cup of delicious cocoa by taking a tablespoonful of the mixture and mixing it with hot milk. One hears that in prison the cocoa and the tea are made in the same pot, which gives each of these beverages a peculiar flavor, and is the reason I have remembered to provide this chocolate.

And now, having got the parcel off, I have just rung up Henrietta's husband on the telephone, telling him of all the dainties I have sent her. He groans over the wires and says,

"Don't you think we'll be able to get her out before her term expires in July?"

"Doubtful," I answer, "unless there's something the matter with her heart, and that didn't transpire even when she was on the 'hunger-strike.'"

"There's something the matter with my heart, anyway," he wails back; and so there is, poor man! He loves Henrietta, and he'd give her the vote just as he'd give her the moon or anything else she wanted, if he could. He doesn't believe in breaking windows, but Henrietta does, and there you have it.

It was about the first of March that Henrietta and about three hundred other women from every grade of society got "sent up." They got two, three, four, and six months' imprisonment, according to the expensiveness of their breakings and according to whether they were first or old offenders. Some were given "hard labor." Now, some of the old offenders had been in prison last November when Mr. Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, had extended to them the "privileges" of political prisoners. They wore their own clothes, had their own books, had one letter in and one out every fortnight, also a visitor (they might have three visitors at the same time, if they desired, a wardress being present, of course). They were allowed to receive parcels of food whenever they desired, or, if they preferred, they could have their meals sent in from a restaurant.

The breaking of windows does not end when a Suffragette is sent to prison

But between the November raid and the March raid, the Home Office secretaryship changed hands, and when Mr. Reginald McKenna took Mr. Churchill's place, he made up his mind that he would solve the Suffragette question once and for all by putting the women back where they were when they first began raiding six years ago—that is, to the status of ordinary criminals. To make it more difficult for them to strike he decided that they should not all be sent to Holloway, but be divided into three groups, one for Holloway, one for Aylesbury, and one for Birmingham. When the Suffragettes had all been sentenced, he sent a message to Holloway, "Put them in prison clothes," and back went a pertinent message from the matron, "Impossible!" Nothing more was done about taking away the clothes of the Suffragettes at any of the prisons, but, with that exception, all privileges were denied them, though rumor has it that the authorities were allowed to be rather lax about applying all the rules. The Suffragettes, however, had no food except prison food, they could have no books, could only be allowed to receive and send out a letter after they had been there two months, and were to be allowed no visitors till that time had expired. They had exercise but once a day.

Those who had been condemned to "hard labor" had none given them to do. All that was asked of them was a little light sewing, and I believe there was no disposition on the part of the matron or wardresses to "count the stitches" which the Suffragette prisoner put into her sewing. She was allowed to turn out a small or a large number of stitches according as the whim seized her, and what is known as "associated labor" was allowed. This means that each Suffragette condemned to "hard labor" was allowed to sit outside her cell-door sewing, and while she sewed she was able to speak to her nearest companions. When the Suffragettes felt like it, they shouted the one to the other and the wardresses calmly hushed them, whereupon the Suffragettes would shout again. They made it known that they had no intention of keeping prison rules.

But this state of things continued only a few weeks. The Suffragettes were under the rules governing common criminals, though they did not keep the rules, and there was no apparent intention to deal too harshly with them; but they objected to being obliged to put themselves in a continual state of rebellion. They did not ask for remission or shortening of their sentences, but they demanded their rights as political offenders. They sent their petitions to the governors of the prisons, who in turn sent the petitions to the Home Secretary, yet no answers came; and then throughout their ranks at Holloway and Aylesbury went the word "Hunger-Strike!" That meant to refuse all food until they were accorded the "privileges." For three days in one prison and five days in another the women went without food, refusing even so much as a glass of milk. Out into the prison yards they threw the food that was brought to their cells, calling the birds to their hands to feed from the crumbs, and the pigeons of Holloway had a glorious feast of hard-boiled eggs. This was before they let the authorities know they were striking. Resolutely they held out for a time, going to chapel, doing their bit of sewing, as though they had full instead of empty stomachs. Their eyes grew big, their heads ached, their limbs weakened.

Then they decided to let it be known that they were striking, so they left all food upon the trays; and then came the governor, then the doctors, then the rubber tubes, then forcible feeding through the mouth and the nose. Still the women resisted food, some of them fortifying themselves behind the little cell tables and beds, and refusing to come out for the feeding. And in less than a week the result was that some of them were suddenly released as being victims of "heart trouble," and then as suddenly spread the news, both inside and outside the prison, that Mr. McKenna had granted the "privileges." Then came peace and quiet in Holloway and Aylesbury.

Now, once a fortnight, we who have friends imprisoned hear from or of them. The prisoner chooses the one person to whom she will write—her husband, mother, sister, brother, sweetheart, friend. She also chooses whose letter (if numbers write to her) she will receive. Of course, all outgoing and incoming letters are read by the prison authorities. The governor or matron will say to a prisoner, "Letters have come to you from your husband, your mother, your brother, your friend, Miss Almira Jones, and your cook. Which one will you choose to have? The others must be returned to the senders." So the prisoner chooses, without knowing the contents of any of the letters. Then in answering the one letter she may send messages to any of her friends.

In her replies a prisoner must not tell any prison news of an unpleasant nature. Should she say: "I was put in a punishment cell last Sunday," "My cell is very cold, and the hot-water pipes have no heat," "The prison bread is atrocious," or "The little young chaplain censored the book you sent me on *Thoughts for Married Women*, he being of opinion that it is improper reading for me—who really might almost be his grandmother—so he has refused to let me have it!" her letter will be returned to her as being unfit for sending out, and she must needs write another one couched in more innocent-sounding phrases. So, too, the prisoners' friends outside must not, in their communications, tell them any news of passing events, and they are not allowed, even with the privileges, to receive newspapers.

With the granting of the "privileges" the Suffragettes now have exercise twice a day. Some time ago the hint leaked out from Holloway that they wanted to play football, yet, naturally enough, the prison authorities did not see their way to supplying them with a ball. But one day a ball made its appearance on the prison ground. Nobody asked how it got there. It was simply there! And since there was no rule that a ball found in the grounds must be taken away from them, they were allowed to play with it till one day, in an excess of athletic energy, a lady of a family to which belong numerous titles kicked it over the very walls of the prison grounds. In a day or two another ball was made in the somewhat original fashion of winding tightly many strips of muslin about a particularly hard apple. The Suffragettes, never at a loss for finding means to an end, grow peculiarly acute and inventive in prison. Some of them have already manufactured an artistic and useful tennis set with rackets from umbrellas and parasols.

It is in the recreation ground that the prisoners find the greatest amount of freedom which can be allowed in prison, for there they can act in concert. There it is that strikes are decided upon and "conspiracies" hatched. These, however, belonged to the days before they got their "privileges." It was in the recreation ground that, while they were on "remand" in March, they noticed that Mrs. Pankhurst, who had already been sentenced, did not join them. To the wardress in charge of them they called out, "Where is Mrs. Pankhurst?" At first there was no answer, but later they learned that Mrs. Pankhurst, being sentenced, was not to be allowed to exercise with them; for, though they had not denied window-breaking, the law considered them innocent till they were found guilty, and there was a rule at the prison that condemned prisoners should not associate with those on remand.

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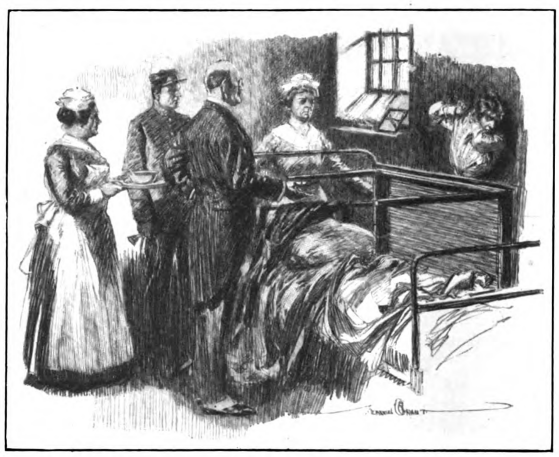
The insinuation that their beloved leader could contaminate them enraged them. At first they refused to return to their cells, and many wardresses were required to drive them back into the prison. Suddenly, after they were all locked in, and supposed to be safe for the night, there went forth a mighty cry from cell to cell as scores of Suffragettes smashed their cell-windows. A few days later, with windows repaired, each one of the smashers was condemned to solitary confinement for seven days.

It will be seen that the breaking of windows does not end when a Suffragette is sent to prison. To break a window is her method of protesting against various injustices, or what she deems a wrong. When the Suffragettes first began to go to prison a few years ago they found all the cell-windows hermetically sealed. Ventilation there was, to be sure, but it was only by means of ventilators let into the prison walls, and the air that came in through them was neither fresh nor clean—it was smoky, dusty, and soot-laden. Now the Suffragettes belong to that type of Englishwoman that demands to "live in the open," and even in prison they had no intention of stopping behind sealed windows. When they complained, they were informed that cell-windows made to open and shut were "without precedent," whereupon they at once established another precedent by breaking their windows. Now, a new kind of window has appeared in Holloway and in the other prisons. Not only the Suffragette prisoners but the ordinary prisoners have windows that open.



The women resisted food, some of them fortifying themselves behind the little cell tables and beds

This is only one of the improvements the Suffragettes have introduced into English prisons. At one time there was "hard labor," such as picking oakum, which meant nothing except to keep the prisoners busy. Now there is no labor except that which is useful. Formerly all labor was solitary, for it was considered good, according to the Du Cane theory, to keep the prisoners apart from one another in order that the more hardened criminals might not contaminate the others. But now there is a large, airy workroom for the ordinary women prisoners. It was through the complaints of the Suffragettes, too, that finally all the women prisoners of England obtained a comfortable shoe. The Suffragettes, who at first wore prison clothing, endured for a time the horrible nail-piercèd, clumsy boots, though many of them had, of course, been accustomed to boots and shoes of the finest sort. They remembered this when they complained about the boots. They did not say, "These shoes are not fit for us to wear!" They said, "They are not fit for any human being!" And now one finds fairly decent shoes in Holloway.

As I have said, the women prisoners continued to wear the prison clothes for a time. Skins accustomed only to the finest of silk and lisle chafed against the coarse-grained, unbleached muslins provided for undergarments. Women whose corsets and gowns had been made by the smartest tailors and corsetières of Bond Street wore strange-setting "prison waists" and brown, shapeless basques and skirts, some too long, some too short, all either too large or too small for their figures. Stockings that marked and chafed their legs and feet were worn garterless, so that as they walked, with no means of holding them up, their stockings hung over their boot-tops and sometimes to the ground, tripping them. Indeed, one of the items of dress-reform that the Suffragettes have not yet been able to introduce for the ordinary prisoners is the garter.

There came a day when the Suffragettes declared in concert, "No more prison dress for us! We will wear our own clothes!" On that day dozens of them are reported to have lain abed in their cells, and, when summoned by the wardresses, they demanded that their own clothes, stowed away in parcels to await their release, be given to them. Being refused their clothes, they stopped abed till there was an attempt made to dress each Suffragette by the concerted action of four wardresses. One against four was indeed uneven, so that each Suffragette was again dressed in prison garments, but each one, left in her cell, tore off her clothes and later sat upon the edge of her bed wrapped in a bed-blanket. Lest the hateful things should again be put upon them, many a brown dress and many an unbleached "combination" was torn to strips. Punishment came in the form of solitary confinement, sometimes in the punishment-cell, which by some is said to be infested with red-eyed rats and other abominations; but in the end the ordinary clothes of the Suffragettes were given to them.

With such a history of rebellion against prison fashions, is it any wonder that, when in March the Home Secretary's command went forth to robe the Suffragettes in prison clothes again, the answer went back, "Impossible"?

The Fall of the Traffic King

HOW PARISIAN CHAUFFEURS MERRILY FLOUTED THE SOLITARY REGULATOR OF STREET TIDES

By Wallace Thompson

NOTHING could be more quaintly and completely French than the most recent Parisian effort to solve that capital's traffic difficulties. Only a French mind could dream out the millennium of orderliness which was its basic idea. For this invention sought to regulate the congested traffic of the busiest street-crossing in Paris by means of red and white disks operated from within a glass cage by a single policeman. It took a Frenchman to conceive this bizarre adaptation of the signal system of perfect railway routine to the bedlam of city streets. But despite the fact that the cabmen and chauffeurs of Paris are notoriously the most averse of all their kind to respecting any control—even of a police club waved under their very noses—the scheme received an expensive and spectacular trial.

The French sense of symmetry demanded that no half-way experiment be made. Instead of erecting a serviceable if undecorative wooden post on an improvised "island" at the spot where the streams of traffic crossed, they set up a handsome bronze-and-glass signal kiosk fifteen feet high and three feet in diameter, surmounted by a decorative bell and massive white and red disks illumined at night with electricity. All this was built before the scheme had undergone even the suggestion of a preliminary test. It was beautifully and efficiently French, and, although the structure was paid for by the inventor, M. Goupil—a typical "boulevardier," who dreamed it out over his coffee—it could not have been made more elaborate had it been a publicly built addition to the ornate Hôtel de Ville.

For twenty-two days the new kiosk was tested, and during that period the four policemen who usually regulated traffic with their daintily poised little white batons stood grimly to one side and only intervened when the tangle verged on anarchy. The Paris cabmen and chauffeurs, although they could hear the bell and see the disks two hundred yards away, consistently and hilariously refused to obey either. The French sense of individual rights may have resented such an unseen influence as that within the signal kiosk; but it is more likely that the drivers of the various vehicles welcomed the presence of the unseen and the absence of the visible policeman in the light of a pleasantly unexpected opportunity to violate all the rules of the road. Indeed, the part they played in the fatal test might have been predicted by any careful observer not French. The undying hope and keenest joy of every driver of a vehicle in Paris is to get ahead of the traffic regulations, if agility, finesse, or debate with the crossing-policeman can accomplish it.

The curious and happy Parisians crowded near the kiosk, at the Rue Montmartre and the Grand Boulevard, and stood for hours each day impartially encouraging cabmen and policemen, and enjoying with an appreciation truly French the sallies of national wit and the periodical tangles which grew out of the application of the new invention. Then, after those lively twenty-two days of test, the kiosk was declared a failure, because, as the police department concisely expressed it in a report to the authorities above, it took "five men instead of four" to handle traffic at that corner. Ten days more the kiosk was allowed to stand, with the streams of vehicles which it had failed to rule surging around it. Then, a month after it had been built, it was torn down, between dawn and sunset. The spot where it had grown, like the mushroom it resembled, was covered with the soft wooden blocks of the Paris pavement, and the rumbling juggernaut of the autobus again bumped over the site on its triumphant way.

Legend has it that the present faithful if inefficient efforts of the Paris police force to regulate traffic came as the result of vigorous protests on the part of an American millionaire, who, at his own expense, provided the Paris forces of law and order with all the facts and figures available in London and New York regarding the regulation of ambulatory vehicles on crowded city highways.

Fortunately some rudiments of the science were adopted before the autobus came, but Paris to-day is attempting to regulate automobile traffic on the same principles as were used ten years ago to handle horse-drawn vehicles. The result is the anarchic control of the streets of the capital, not by the police, but by the speeding motor-cars, which usurp every privilege, while police, press, and public stand sadly by wondering just what ought to be done.

Paris has discovered recently that a motor-cycle policeman or two and perhaps even a police automobile might be valuable in coping with such criminals as the recent terrifying "automobile bandits." She has yet to learn, however, that mounted traffic policeman can inspire the awe and demand the respect denied the insignificant if urbane gentlemen in uniform on foot.

Crowds watched the regulator at work

After a month they tore the kiosk down.

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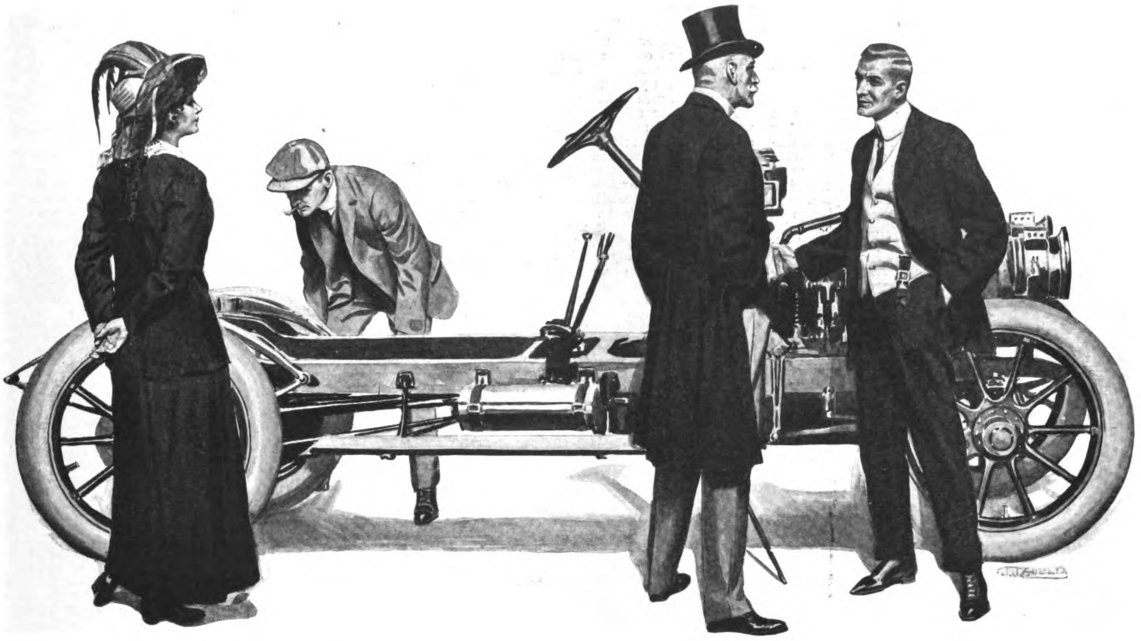

The Man Who Sells the Car

CARS WERE FREQUENTLY SOLD BY "BLUFF" IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES, BUT THIS METHOD DOES NOT OFTEN WORK NOWADAYS

By Harold Whiting Slauson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IT is not much more than a decade since one of the largest circuses of this country used a "horseless carriage" as a leading feature of its "grand street parade." The blasé city folk and their more impressionable rural neighbors flocked to the streets through which the parade passed and watched this marvelous self-propelled vehicle with more awe and wonder than ever the caged lions and tigers had been wont to inspire in them as children, and, toot as it might, even the fascinating steam calliope received but a passing glance that served to emphasize the fact that it was already a back number. "The only 'horseless carriage' in captivity"—which, of course, it wasn't—was advertised broadcast by the sagacious press agent, and for a season this one automobile, which could not climb a six-per-cent. grade, probably paid greater returns on its investment than any motor-car that has since been built.

That one lonely car now has 499,999 cousins scurrying over the country, if the statistician's estimate of one-half million automobiles now in use is correct, and those same country gentlemen who once jogged into town from miles around for a peep at the only tame horseless carriage now ride comfortably to the circus in their own touring-cars or runabouts and talk learnedly of "magnetos," "ignition," "differentials," and "transmissions."

The average business man may wonder how so young an industry could develop sales organizations that would induce the inhabitants of this country to absorb such a large number of relatively high-priced "luxuries." The truth is that perfected sales organizations were not necessary, and while many of the manufacturers of to-day are well equipped in this direction, the automobile is still, to a greater or less extent, its own salesman. After the first few road races and demonstrations proved that the "horseless carriage" would really "go," and that it was destined to be a practical vehicle, the public went "automobile mad." To see one was to want one, but to want was not to own, for even the simplest was a high-priced affair in those days; but as a result of mortgaged homes the automobile rapidly became the plaything of the members of several strata of our social clay. The owner of a modern, high-powered, seven-passenger touring-car or limousine that rolls smoothly and silently along at fifty miles an hour may think with derision of any sane person going mad over the one-lunged, chugging vehicle of ten years ago, which could scarcely use the "high" except when running down hill; but he must remember that such machines were, at that time, the best obtainable, that they would really go, and that the bicycle, which was then at the height of its popularity, had created a demand for some sort of vehicle in which long distances could be covered without the rider doing all the work.

Such machines were, at that time, the best obtainable

Yes, the automobile has indeed been an automatic salesman, and although those of the early days were certainly not silent salesmen, the sound of the explosions and the whirr of the gears only served to aid the machine to toot its own horn to the better advantage. Buyers were not then interested in gear ratios, valve arrangement, compression, or displacement, and although the men who sold the cars were generally from the factory, their technical experience was wasted in a desert of hot air. The gasoline engine was a new source of power, and, as only a chosen few were initiated into the secrets of its workings, the innocent purchaser created a demand for "hot air" salesmanship by virtue of his very ignorance of the machine in which he was planning to invest a couple of thousand dollars or more. If the statement on the salesman's part that, "Our valves are lifted by hardened cams," was met with the questions from the "prospect," "What are cams, anyway?" and, "Is your machine faster than the Blank car?" the obvious conclusion is that if the agent wanted to make the sale he had to change his tactics and give the would-be purchaser all the "hot air" for which he seemed to be waiting. Consequently you can hardly blame the factories for having replaced their technical men, eight or ten years ago, by others having a persuasive personality and who were born salesmen. They had but few technical questions to answer, and some popular cars sold themselves so easily that the agent had merely to rake in his commission.

Just imagine the automobile as its own salesman. In the first place, the prospective customer had generally made up his mind beforehand that he wanted a car—for he had probably caught the fever after several rides that he had taken in his friend's machine. He hunted up the agent and asked questions. The agent poured forth any kind of talk that at the moment seemed the most suitable; then he offered a demonstration. The demonstration in itself furnished an "entertainment" far more effective than any expensive dinner followed by a visit to the theater. If the prospect appeared to be a bit "sporty," a joy ride, which would combine both demonstration and entertainment in their most alluring forms, was almost sure to clinch the bargain; and thus the automobile salesman was not surpassed by even the wine agent in his ability to make his product speak for itself without calling in outside aid. In fact, the former had slightly the better of it, for the wine agent, in order to be especially convincing, had to buy or rent an automobile for his joy ride, while the motor-car dealer had the principal ingredient right at hand.

But this was all years ago, and, while some automobiles may be sold by the same methods nowadays, the majority of manufacturers are awaking to the fact that the public has learned a good deal about motor-cars lately and that a large number of intending purchasers are liable to ask many a question that the technical man of a decade ago would find it diffi-

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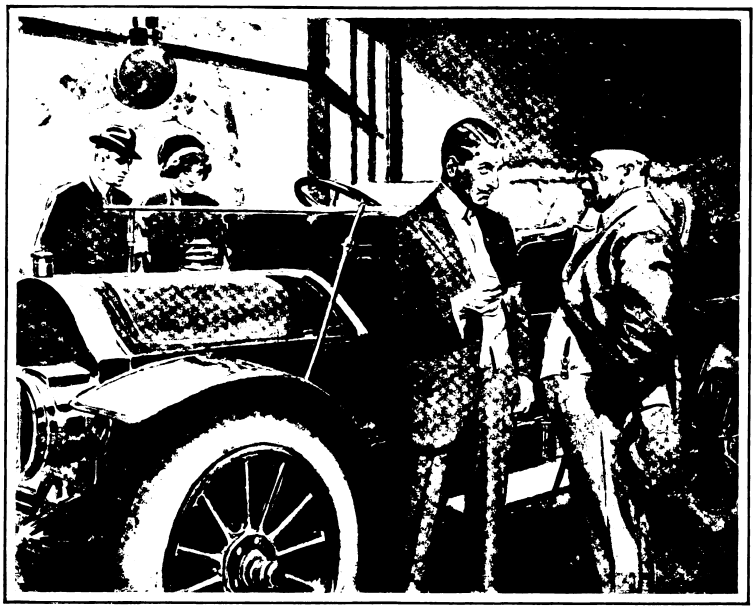
cult to answer. The former positions are reversed, and it is now the customer who asks, "Do you use hardened steel for your cams?" while it is the salesman who may try to evade the question and say something about "her" being "the fastest car for her power that's made." This change began several years ago, after the factories had accepted the seeming inevitable and had provided their agencies with men of pleasing appearance who could "pound" the strong "talking points" by the hour into a prospective customer—these "talking points," by the way, having more to do with the color of the body or the shape of the tonneau than they did with the actual mechanism and design of the power plant and running gear.

But gradually these salesmen noticed a change in the tenor of the questions, and, although they did their best to keep pace with the increasing intelligence of the public, there were not enough of these well-informed agents to go around. And as the automobile owners became more highly educated along structural and technical lines, the number of those interested in motor-cars in general constantly increased, until there was a greater demand for salesmen of almost any kind than could be supplied.

The result of these conditions is not difficult to imagine, and during "show time," when many of the manufacturers found it necessary to increase their sales force, the interested inquirer would be able to obtain some interesting—and astonishing—information. He would be told that "pink is the fashionable shade and will be all the rage this year"—if the particular car about which he inquired happened to be of that color, and if he asked about a cylinder dimension or showed interest in the construction of the clutch, he might receive in reply the statement that, "the price includes top, wind shield, four headlights, and all equipment—and you won't find this on another car at the show."



"Pink is the fashionable shade and will be all the rage this year"

But if the salesman of a few years ago was not a technical man, he was at least clever in endeavoring to conceal the fact, and his replies were oftentimes a wonderful example of bluff that frequently served its purpose with the timid questioner who was not always sure of his ground. It was not many years ago that a certain railroad man attended his first automobile show. He was much interested in a self-propelled vehicle that would travel without tracks to guide it, but he naturally thought only in terms of railroading. Consequently he stopped before one of the largest cars and asked the salesman, "What is the drawbar pull of this machine?" The salesman, expecting an inquiry as to the horse-power, was prepared to say, "Forty," and did not realize that the "drawbar" pull was merely the number of pounds of pull that could be exerted by the car in towing another, for instance, and depended only upon the horse-power of the motor and the ability of the driving-wheels to stick to the road surface.

But would the salesman admit he didn't know? Not he. He looked puzzled only for a moment, and then excused himself for a second, saying, "You see that is a new model and I haven't all of the specifications at my fingers' ends as yet; but I'll look it up"; and he retired to hold a few words with the sales manager. Then he returned with the enlightening reply, "We're not making a drawbar pull on this year's models any more, as we find the cars give better service without them. Is there any other information I can give you?"

There wasn't. In fact, the railroad man had received enough information—or misinformation, rather—in regard to that car, and, amusing as the salesman's bluff had been, it was obvious that it had been made in the vain endeavor to conceal the lack of even elementary knowledge of automobile construction. Such tactics might deceive the ordinary layman who had asked the question in regard to the drawbar pull merely to appear well-informed concerning motor-cars, but the engineer or expert would be inclined to lose all faith, not only in the sales organization, but in the manufacturers of such a machine as well. And yet for several years the manufacturers insisted upon placing such men in their sales departments.

But if those salesmen had no trace of mechanical understanding, some of them were at least diplomats, and the instance related above can be supplemented by another which occurred at one of the annual motor-car shows two or three years later. It was when six-cylinder cars first began to make their appearance, and there was much interest manifested in the new types of power plants. The dress-suited salesmen of the six-cylinder models were primed with talk about the greater "flexibility," "smoother running," "more frequent power impulses," and the like, but it is doubtful if even one of them knew the number of main bearings in which the crank shaft turned. A man interested in six-cylinder machines stopped before one of the attractive models on exhibition.

"That's a fine-looking car," said he.

"It certainly is," replied the salesman, "and with her six cylinders she runs like a top; you'd hardly know she had a motor in her. Do you drive a car?"

"Not at present," replied the inquirer, "but I'm rather interested in the 'sixes' that have come out this year. How do the cylinders in this model fire?"

"Wh-what?" stammered the salesman. "Oh, why, with the spark, of course—double ignition from battery and magneto." And then, feeling that he was on familiar ground, "You see, the current runs along these wires to the plug in each cylinder and then jumps across the gap and makes a spark that exp—."

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," said our friend, "but what I want to know is the order of firing. In what cylinders does one explosion follow another—is it 1, 2, 3, 6, 5, 4—or how?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, I see," prevaricated the salesman; and then he looked at the motor closely, as though he expected it to open a valve and peep forth its secret. Finally he said in an impressively confidential manner:

"I'll tell you, my friend. That is a little inside information which I am not allowed to give out. The designers, you know, have to keep some of their professional secrets; but you seem to be interested, and if you'll leave your name and address, I'll talk it over with our general manager and see if he won't allow me to send you this information by mail. But you would, of course, treat it as strictly confidential."

The colossal bluff that the salesman was "chucking" thoroughly aroused our friend, and he replied:

"Young man, you may keep your 'secret' and 'inside information'; but I notice that the spark plugs are all removed, and if you will allow me to turn the starting crank a few times, I believe I can determine for myself in about five seconds the exact order of firing, without causing you to trouble your general manager. As I turn the crank, I can feel the air that is forced out of the various cylinders by the upstroke of each piston—and that, of course, will determine the order in which the cylinders will fire." And he turned away, muttering, "It's lucky that young gasbag can count or he wouldn't even know it was a six-cylinder car he is trying to sell."

This was a case in which "diplomacy" was ill-timed, but in nine cases out of ten in those days such a reply would have satisfied the inquirer and he would have felt gratified at the possibility of being let into a "trade secret."

And with the fair sex our handsome "diplomatic" salesman was in his element. What if a woman hadn't the vote? It was she who decided on the car, and consequently it was she to whom the salesman catered—from choice as well as from business reasons. Of course you can't get a man to admit that it was his wife or his daughter who selected his car for him, but the salesmen of a few years ago who have the inside history of such purchases will tell you that such was the case in many instances. The salesman who would allow himself to be overheard as he remarked confidentially to his associate, "Did you notice how stunning that dame looked as she sat in Model 23? The color of the body and upholstery is a perfect match for her hair and eyes," could be almost certain of a sale, notwithstanding his familiar reference to the lady in question. She could immediately see points in this car that were not to be found on other makes, and even though her husband or father, as the case might be, should say, "Why, Jones has a car like that and he's had all kinds of trouble with the transmission; the Blank machine will last three times as long and is an all-around better car," she would remark something about this being more "stunning" or "stylish" looking, and would ask the salesman if the "translation or transmission or whatever you call it isn't all right in this machine?" Of course it was, and the salesman would have a strong ally in his arguments as to the merits of this particular car. And that was the way many a car was bought a few years ago.

Even now, the woman may cast the deciding vote for or against a certain car, but the increase in her knowledge of things mechanical and technical has been astonishing. This is probably due to the fact that so many women now drive their own cars, but even those who are not thus far advanced often ask technical questions which the salesman finds it difficult to answer. Instead of being influenced by the color of the car, which is of "just the right shade to match my new gown," as was often the case formerly, we find the members of the fair sex more interested in the type of clutch or the location of the transmission, and it may be that the lack of a certain ignition attachment will cause some of them to refuse to consider a car otherwise satisfactory in every respect. "What are your brakes?" one of them may ask of the unsuspecting salesman, without intending to be facetious. "This right-hand pedal and the side lever work the brakes," he will reply. "Stupid! Anybody knows that. What I want to know is whether the service brake acts on the propeller shaft or whether it is of the external contracting type constricting the brake drum on the rear wheel." And, after floundering about the best he may, the poor salesman, who should of course be able to answer such a simple question, will add another item to the list in his mental note-book of the things he will try to learn about the car he is supposed to be selling. Of course he can't be expected to know as much about the car as does the "factory man"—but to be floored by a woman!

Thus it would seem that a large majority of the half million motor-cars now in use have been sold in spite of, rather than because of, any extraordinary efforts or display of intelligence on the part of the salesmen. This is not intended as an arraignment of motor-car salesmen as a class, for many there be who are thoroughly familiar with the construction and manufacture of every part of the machine and who are as ready to talk with an intending purchaser seeking practical information as with one who is more amenable to conviction through oratorical efforts. It has been stated that the automobile manufacturing plants to-day are equipped with perfected sales organizations, and, so far as certain features are concerned, this is true to an extent little imagined by the public in general. Many of the manufacturers have supplemented their sales organizations with technical departments which strive to deal with any troubles in regard to their cars that may arise after purchase. In this manner the company assumes a sort of fatherly care over all of its products, and the owners are aided in obtaining the highest efficiency from their machines. One company has gone so far as to keep a complete list of all past and present owners of its cars, and if a machine has been sold and resold half a dozen times, each separate possessor will be listed, together with any repairs that have been necessary during its existence. Many factories also maintain garages and repair-shops in the larger cities where the local agents may see that the machines of their patrons are properly cared for and kept in good condition.

The men in charge of these various departments are the very best obtainable, and a large number receive high salaries; but notwithstanding the completeness of such systems, the fact remains that many of the present-day salesmen who may be turned loose on the unsuspecting prospect either make such absurd statements or display such a woeful lack of knowledge of the practical and vital points of automobiling that they furnish a striking proof of the self-selling abilities of the modern motor-car. Nowadays, nearly every one who attends the annual automobile shows is either a motor-car owner, a prospective purchaser, or is in some other way directly or indirectly interested in the trade or industry. The automobile in itself is no longer a novelty, and more can be seen on the streets in ten minutes than were ever assembled at a single exhibition; and it is, consequently, but natural that a large majority of those who attend the shows, while possibly not experts, are at least familiar with the general construction of the motor-car.

The automobile factories, in some instances, are "up against it," and it is not to be thought that these conditions in the sales end are now of their own choosing. They are doing their best to instill into their salesmen a sufficient mechanical knowledge, and some manufacturers even go so far as to require each member of the staff to complete an exhaustive technical course at the factory before he becomes an active part of the selling organization. Thus, under these conditions, no one will be found in authority on the salesroom or exhibition floor who has not had a shop experience and technical and laboratory work in the factory itself, and it is probable that a salesman with such a training would be amply able to take care of himself and would seldom find it necessary to call the "factory man" to answer questions of construction and design.

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The Leak in the Public Money-Bag

WHAT THE BUREAU OF EFFICIENCY HAS DONE FOR NEW YORK CITY

By Raymond B. Fosdick

Commissioner of Accounts of the City of New York

IN the bygone heyday of expedient politics "graft" was the thorn in the side of the long-suffering public. It was seemingly a chronic condition which the direct taxpayer bewailed and the general public deplored, but accepted as an incurable evil. The problem of conserving the public moneys has shifted. To-day not "graft," but waste, confronts us. Waste due to inadequate standards of work, antiquated methods, and inefficient organization is the thing that drains our treasuries, raises our tax rates, and retards needed works of public improvement. The amount of public money actually stolen or criminally misappropriated in our American municipalities is comparatively small. "Graft" in this sense is becoming increasingly difficult and correspondingly unpopular. The old days of Philadelphia and New York and San Francisco, with their brutal looting of public treasuries, are gone, and, save in sporadic instances, they will never return. Our problem to-day in public business is not dishonesty; it is inefficiency. We have fought the graft-dragon with comparative success, but we are face to face with another monster which in subtlety and sinuousness might aptly be likened to a cuttlefish.

Waste in public business is not confined to any one sphere of government. It is not an exclusive feature of the municipalities. It is to be found in Washington and the State capitals in exactly the same degree as it exists in Chicago or Boston or New York. The recent investigations of the President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency show how insidiously it has fastened itself to the Federal arm of the service, while any one who has had the opportunity to observe the various subdivisions of the executive branches of our State governments can testify to its presence there. It is in its relation to city government, however, that its manifestations become especially apparent. The functions of a municipality are directly related to the comfort and health of its people, and waste which expresses itself in dirty streets or obstructed sewers is soon a matter of public notice.

Waste in public business takes shape in a hundred forms. Offices are overmanned because the work is unsystematized; streets are poorly paved and sewers inadequately built because lax methods are in force or the administrative machinery is weak; commodities are purchased at excessive prices, and in excessive quantities, because proper standards have not been established; valuable privileges and franchises are awarded disadvantageously to the public because the responsible officials are not equipped to grapple with complex financial problems; work is duplicated unnecessarily, or neglected altogether, because of confusion of laws or the absence of uniform regulations; consistent plans and policies are arbitrarily interrupted by the successive change of administrations, with a resulting loss in time and momentum. In brief, our public money is leaking through channels made possible by our failure and inability to enforce business standards in the conduct of our public work.

To one who has had an opportunity of studying the machinery of government, this element of waste is a striking feature. One of the important departments of a city not far from New York expends over $210,000 annually for salaries. The head of this department told the writer recently that if he could be relieved of the red-tape of civil-service regulations and budgetary requirements, and appoint and dismiss his men at will, paying such salaries as their work merited, he would be willing to contract with the city for $125,000 per annum to perform all the work which his department now carries on, this figure to include a substantial profit to himself. "And I will guarantee," he added, "that the work will be performed more thoroughly than it is now." If this gentleman's standard is correct—and there is no reason to doubt it—$85,000, or forty per cent. of his annual appropriation, is the measure of waste in his department. I do not believe that there is a department chief in any of our great cities who, if he spoke honestly, would not give similar testimony.

In 1909 the labor force of the bureau of sewers, Borough of the Bronx, City of New York, under the régime of President Haffen, was examined by the office with which the writer is connected. We found an efficiency waste of forty-one per cent., due to such factors as loafing, non-productive labor, improper methods, and poor organization. In the labor forces of the bureau of highways of the same borough, under the same administration, an efficiency waste of fifty per cent. was discovered.

At the invitation of the Merriam Commission in Chicago, in 1910, the writer sent an expert to that city to study the maintenance division of their department of sewers. He reported an efficiency waste of sixty-five per cent., due largely, as in the cases above cited, to loafing and improper organization. These investigations contemplated only a relative determination of efficiency. We were not interested in a utopian standard. The procedure was extremely simple. First a series of secret observations of the labor forces was conducted. Later a duplicate series of observations, covering the same forces, was made openly. Careful records were kept in both cases. Performance under the first series obviously represented normal efficiency, whereas the critical inspection of the second series developed that degree of efficiency easily possible of attainment. The difference between the two standards represented the loss. While these investigations covered only a comparatively small portion of the total labor employed in all departments of either city, it may be said with the utmost assurance that the average efficiency of manual labor in any large municipality will not at the present time exceed fifty per cent. The significance of this statement is apparent when this percentage is applied to the total expenditures for manual labor. For instance, the labor pay-roll of New York City approximates $17,000,000. Chicago expends for this item, roughly, $15,000,000. The loss in efficiency of fifty per cent., therefore, means a yearly waste in this one item alone of from $7,500,000 to $8,500,000 in each city.

Examples of this kind could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Similar studies would inevitably furnish the same results in any American city. Yet inefficiency and waste of this kind are hardly less excusable in municipal governments than in private concerns. Here is where the really serious leak in public treasuries is to be found. At the present time our cities are paying for work without any definite knowledge of what it ought to cost. For the most part appropriations to a given department, like a public-works department, are based simply upon the amount of its expenditures during the previous year. In making up our budgets we look to the organization rather than to the work to be accomplished, to the machinery rather than to the output. If a bureau is organized to employ 150 men and spends $100,000 in performing a certain function in 1911, it is ordinarily considered that 150 men and $100,000 are necessary for 1912. Indeed, in the absence of definite units of cost and operation there is no other standard to apply.

Raymond B. Fosdick

A remarkable illustration of what efficiency standards can accomplish in an actual saving of public money was brought forcibly to the attention of my office in the year 1910. In that year we undertook, at the invitation of President McAneny, an examination of the maintenance force of the bureau of sewers, Borough of Manhattan. In this examination we utilized, in addition to our own employees, some twenty students from Columbia University. We found the bureau of sewers organized with a force of twelve gangs, sewer-cleaners to the number of twenty-four, with thirty-eight horses and carts. A study of the methods by which this work was done proved that the force was improperly organized, the work poorly conducted, and the apparatus inadequate. The cost of cleaning sewer-basins approximated $4 a cubic yard. Our analysis showed that at least $1.50 of this cost was chargeable solely to time wasted in loafing. Poor organization and improper methods were accountable for at least one dollar more. Thus at the present time the average cost of this work is less than $1.50 per cubic yard. The possibilities are not even yet exhausted, inasmuch as at times, under favorable conditions, the cost has been as low as 76 cents per cubic yard. We reduced the gangs from 12 to 4, the sewer-cleaners from 24 to 16, and the horses and carts from 38 to 14. The increase in output with this smaller force has been approximately 100 per cent. The wages of the men employed were increased 15 per cent., and a saving in annual expenditure in this bureau was effected amounting to $35,000, or 43 per cent. The net result was an increase in efficiency of 275 per cent.

A similar analysis by my office of the work of hostlers and stablemen in the street-cleaning department effected a saving of 19 per cent. of the appropriation for that purpose, or an amount of approximately $78,000 per year.

The results of these two investigations stirred our somewhat intangible plans to definite action. In the fall of 1911, with the approval of Mayor Gaynor, we organized as a subdivision of the office of the Commissioner of Accounts a bureau of efficiency, with the idea of grappling with this problem of waste. The fundamental function of the bureau is to check inefficiency, particularly by adopting standards for the work of city departments. It is just as possible, if not as easy, to establish an efficiency standard for a policeman, a fireman, or a clerk, as it is for a sewer-cleaner or a stableman. The bureau, while in a sense a new departure, can scarcely be called an experiment. The experiments were made before it came into existence. In fact, their success paved the way to its establishment. Although its beginning is necessarily modest, I believe that the bureau marks a new step in municipal work. At the present time it has assumed active control of several departments of the Borough of Queens, City of New York, where its various experts are engaged not only in studies similar to those just outlined, but in standardizing purchases, reconciling accounts, harmonizing functions, introducing modern business systems such as cost records, controlling devices, etc.

Waste in public work is sometimes due to the lack of ordinary business principles. Much of the work of the office with which the writer is connected has to do with the installation of simple business systems and practices. Two years ago a clerk in the office of the Manhattan branch of the bureau of dependent children, a bureau which is connected with the department of public charities, was detected in a theft approximating $2,000. It was only by the merest chance that he was discovered. He may have been stealing for years. There was no way to know. There was no adequate check upon his accounts. As a result of this disclosure we installed a system of accounts which will make defalcations of this kind practically impossible in the future. We also undertook, at the request of the commissioner of charities, an investigation of the children's bureau of the Borough of Brooklyn. A curious condition of affairs was disclosed by which, through an inadequate system, the city was losing thousands of dollars a year.

The City of New York annually provides for the care of approximately 150,000 children. Some of these are orphans, some have been abandoned, some have lost fathers or mothers. The city pays to the institutions which shelter them $2.25 per week for each of these young charges. In all cases where the parents or relatives are able to do so, they share in this expense. It was shown by our examination that the manner of admitting children to these institutions was exceedingly lax. Fully sixty per cent. of the applications were granted forthwith, without adequate investigation to determine whether the applicants were fit charges upon the public. Many unworthy parents were in the habit of shifting responsibility when they were entirely able to furnish support. There were instances in which several children in one family were scattered throughout various institutions, although it took an exhaustive investigation to disclose this fact. There were no available records for checking up such parents when they applied with children. Indeed, one thrifty Italian laborer had three children in institutions, having brought them to this country one at a time. He had "put them on the city," as he expressed it, so that he might be able to bring the other children over. Many parents regarded the payments for their children's maintenance as entirely optional. The trouble lay in the lack of a system of records by which these payments could be checked and enforced.

Since the installation of adequate business methods, this condition has greatly improved. Each application for relief is thoroughly investigated, with the result that about fifty per cent. only are granted, as compared with the former sixty-seven per cent. In addition, the records now show those who can pay and fail to do so. Altogether a total saving of $134,000 a year has been effected by the initiation of this single system. At the same time, an evil that was attaining alarming proportions has been checked.

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WHEN THE SUNDAY-MOR

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ING SERVICE WAS MISSED

LIAM L. JACOBS

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Thumbs Down

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MR. HEINRICH BRUNN absently napkined his chin against the chance of lingering *spaetzle*, nodded absently to the waiter who had brought him his dinner in the back-room at Eisenbaum's precisely at seven o'clock every evening for years out of number, waddled solemnly through the crowd about the bar, and betook him to his place of business, still buried in meditation.

Mr. Heinrich Brunn was very short and very stout and very untidy. His cheek-bones were so pronounced and bulbous and high that they crowded the pouches beneath his blue eyes into a multitude of fat wrinkles. His mustache descended from mid-face like a dun-colored fountain, its placid surface now and again disturbed by a large and restless lower lip of the prehensile type. Added to all this, Heinrich was bald, and the baldness was pink.

In the privacy of his own untidy room, fourth floor back, No. —— Grand Street, Heinrich Brunn played the violoncello and read the German romanticists. In the publicity of Major's Burlesque Theater, under the eaves of the stage-box, lower right, he manipulated the drums. Accordingly, it was in the direction of the latter institution that his path now lay.

The first tentative spatter of winter was sifting through the skeleton of the "L" when Heinrich turned into the Bowery. He waddled along without molestation of any kind: even the "newsies," whose predecessors generations before had given over their mercantile attempts upon the little brown bundle of a man, reserved their ammunition for more problematical wayfarers. Heinrich had no need of purchasing a paper to know the great news. He had read it and read it again and again in the German sheet to which he subscribed, in the privacy of the untidy fourth-floor back. And now every newsstand he passed bawled it at him with all the stentorian type at its disposal.

Fay Golden was home again. The papers shouted that she was home again—stated in stunning upper-case that she had landed that morning—announced interviews with Fay Golden on the deck and on the dock. There were cuts of Fay Golden wearing the gown in which she was presented to the King of Spain—diagrams of the sunburst given her by the crown prince of something-or-other — news stories of what she had taken for lunch—old stories of how the great manager had discovered her on the East Side, years before.

Heinrich's nose had quivered with a ponderous snort when he read that last in the privacy of the fourth-floor back. Who was it hushed the raucous clangor of the drums and listened with all his knowing ears when the little Jewish girl, Fanny Goldstein, shuffled before the curtain at Major's on that memorable Amateur Night, twelve years ago? Who was it wrote the note to the Great Manager, begging him to come down to Major's the next Friday evening, and who was it told the friend of Fanny Goldstein to have her there again the next Friday evening? Who indeed? Was there not, at this moment, in a drawer of the bureau in the fourth-floor back, a rickety little note of thanks to the "Drums" under the hand of Fanny Goldstein? Hein?

Sometimes, when the maker of shoes, Hans Fogel, nd the man of letters, Johann Snuck, sat with him the back-room at Eisenbaum's, Heinrich would eak the long and pregnant silence with the words:

"Vat am I—I—Heinrich Brunn? Noddings. But do I giff you—vat? I giff you Looie Farnoe. ? I giff you Fay Golden. Is dat nod somedings? ?"

Louis Farnoe had been dead five years now—but was altogether another story. Following this rek, tradition prescribed a solemn taking of beer all parties; then, having wrung the fountainous mustache with the prehensile lip, Heinrich would make a further statement:

"Vun day—vait—I vill find anodder."

Fay Golden was home again. After ten years of triumphant wandering America claimed her once more. To-morrow evening that portion of America which had prospered would hear the voice that had swept five capitals to her feet. Far away up-town thousands of colored lights pricked out her name over the entrance of the favored palace of vaudeville, and the ticket-speculators, having hitched their wagons to a star of the first magnitude, transacted business in an ideal manner.

Heinrich Brunn waddled on his way till he approached the entrance of the theater. He turned into the mouth of a dark alley, hesitated, withdrew, and shuffled on through the crowd of idlers about the blazing front. He passed into the lobby and looked up at the wall. Yes, Major's never overlooked a chance of advertising Major's.

It was a job lot of pictures in a job lot of frames. Fay Golden was there, and Louis Farnoe in the yellow sweater that had made him famous, and a brace of prize-fighters, a second-rate opera tenor, and one of the leading character-actors of the day. Major's found them all.

"I giff you Fay Golden. Is dat nod somedings?"

To-night Fay Golden's picture was draped with a wreath of colored paper. Every one was talking about Fay Golden, especially in the East Side—their Fanny Goldstein.

On his way out Heinrich's eye fell upon a tattered sign hanging over one corner of a flaming poster of the Continental Belles—now playing—and his dejection deepened. Amateur Night to-night. Heinrich's soul loved peace more than it loved anything else but romance. He hated "scenes," and he was filled with the distressing certainty that a "scene" awaited him in the musicians' room, as on every Friday evening for the past two months. His vast little person heaved and quivered with the trouble of a sigh as he retraced his steps to the alley and sought the stage-door.

In the musicians' room a man with a red neck was performing calisthenics with a trombone, a new score pasted on the wall serving as a target for his leads and parries. None of the others had come in yet. Heinrich retired to a bench in one corner of the room and lowered himself upon it, somewhat after the manner of a collapsible drinking-cup. His attitude was one of profound meditation, but between two of the veiling fingers an apprehensive blue eye watched the door.

The stage-manager at Major's was a man of generous build with a pronounced aquiline nose, a narrow crimson tie, and a modest business suit of gray. He opened the door with the air of a man who has much to attend to.

"Heinie here? Oh, there you are."

He stepped across the floor briskly and confronted the man of drums.

"I got to pull off the same old wheeze, Heinie, and I guess this 'll make the last time. You're an old fixture—people are used to seeing you down in that corner and I'd like to keep you on—but—you got to limber up. Why you're the guy ought to be throwing the gaff into these amachures for fair, and what do you do—shift it all onto the brass. You don't seem to get wise. That gang out there wants the rough stuff when the amachures come on. They don't give a damn for their voices or their acts—they're looking for the rag—the bounce—the hook—"

"Ve—ve used to giff dem somedimes a chance. Might 'll be ve should vind a zinger vunst—"

"Oh, times is changed. They ain't any more geniuses these days. Now, Heinie, see if you can't wake up to-night. If the house gets restless, why cut loose with everything you got, no matter who's up or what they're doing. We're running a burlesque house—not a nursery. I'll see you after the show."

The Continental Belles had come and gone—the curtain had descended on the final tableau, in which, as usual, the constitutions had at length caught up with the flag, and the professional part of the evening's entertainment was departing in the direction of chop suey, spaghetti, noodles, or frogs' legs, as its several gastronomic tendencies beckoned

[illegible] and everywhere by abrupt sparks, as a new battery of tobacco was unlimbered in honor of the Friday evening specialty — the amateurs.

From his point of vantage Heinrich could see them huddled in the left wings in the custody of three grotesque youths who would later torture the aspiring ones with every device known to science. Heinrich examined them with a jealous eye, as he had examined them week after week for more years than he should have cared to remember had he been an ambitious man. They seemed a paltry lot to-night. But—one never could tell.

He shifted in his seat and looked up at the "house." He had seen that "house" change nationality three times, and he alone had not changed. He was the only one of the old guard left—the only one, as he so often pointed out to the maker of shoes, Hans Fogel, and the man of letters, Johann Snuck—the only one who had seen Fanny Goldstein come out that night in the old red frock with the silver braid on it. They were upstarts, all of them—no more than boys. How long would it be before an upstart should sit under the stage-box, lower right, and manipulate the drums? There was a thought, indeed, for a bald, pink head to turn over.

The stage-manager sauntered to the front and delivered the time-hallowed speech which begins, "In behalf of the management—" A small lad with the wisdom of the ages on his sallow face, and familiarity with gods and men in the part of his pale hair, wandered about the stage, patronizing the occupants of the boxes. He carried a tumbler, in which he would presently garner such coins as the "house" should throw upon the stage.

Still others prowled forth from the wings, the grotesque tormentors, wearing their coats wrong-side-out or one trouser-leg turned up, bearing tremendous clubs and bladders and slap-sticks—altogether sinister and terrifying. They came and stared fixedly at the audience, which is one of the funniest things a grotesque youth can do. Then they retired amid howls and catcalls, and the stage-manager backed out, thank-

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ing one and all in advance, and eying the little man among the drums with meaning. Only the lad with the tumbler remained.

The first entry was a florid boy, announced as a vocalist. He was such an instant and overwhelming failure that the sport was mild, owing to his ducking out before ever an avenger could lay finger upon him.

Followed him a nice-looking girl in a plain frock, very much embarrassed, but plaintively determined to grow old and interpolate gray hairs among the gold, however much the "house" might moan and snore, or the grotesque youths prowl about her with speculative weapons, or the professor torture discords out of his instrument under her nose. She held on to the end, and walked off-stage with half the house applauding indifferently and the other half as indifferently howling. The sallow lad led her back and emptied his tumbler into her hands. There were a few nickels and more pennies.

Heinrich Brunn was all unaware of the manager's face in the wings or the professor's profane whisperings—he was thinking that this girl, with a better chance, might possibly do something real. She looked frail, however—probably not.

The next act was frankly good, but there was nothing about it to "get the house." A fat girl contortionist did things with her neck and elbows and knees that were more difficult than they appeared. Heinrich saw two or three men putting on their coats in the back of the opposite box.

Then there was a thin young man in a soft shirt who sang a popular song hit, and a thin young man in musty flannels with a monologue, and both were just good enough to be total failures from the spectacular viewpoint. Even grotesque tormentors need public backing in their lightsome trade. Stragglers began to move toward the doors.

Heinrich Brunn, cowering down among his instruments, knew very well what the manager was saying to the professor, who stood up and leaned over the footlights to hear. He saw the professor nod, whisper to the man with the red neck, and approach the drums.

"Tear loose with the whole shop on the break," he advised. "Don't give whoever it is a chance—they might be good. The boss is sore. He says to tell you this is the last bum amachure night they's going to be at this theayter. He says you'll know what that means. Are you wise, Heinie?"

So it had come at last. The bald, pink head sank down upon the dusty shirt-front that never could boast a shirt.

"Nod a chance—don'd giff 'em," he groaned. "Und—und dis vun might 'll be anodder Fanny Goldstein. Bud vy do ve gare—vat makes id to uss? Heinrich Brunn—you vass un old dodder."

He knew the victim had appeared, from the hostile rattle that circled the gallery, and the manager's studiously genial words told him it was not a man.

"Here's a filly that's proud of her name—she's so [illegible] she won't tell it. She claims she's a real one [illegible] though. She [illegible] vocalist."

[illegible] clan cry from [illegible]

"O you *chuckers*—[illegible]dy!"

The little brown man knew what was expected of him. He reached out a puffy hand and squeezed the bellows of an overgrown auto-horn, heard its ghastly squawk echoed about the hall in a rumble of mirth, and sank the pink head still lower upon his chest.

"Pipe up, girlie!—push the button!—a sing-*air!*"

Heinrich could hear the woman voice to the professor.

"Please play 'Two Little Girls in Blue' in G," she was saying.

Himmel! Would the gods not take a little pity on the brown bundle among the drums? "Two Little Girls in Blue" was the famous song—the song Fanny Goldstein had sung on that never-to-be-forgotten night. The man with the red neck tootled a travesty of the old melody on his deep-throated instrument. His sally was greeted by moans, and a humorous gentleman in the front row threw back his head and snored loudly. Things were looking up, decidedly.

The professor tipped back in his chair.

"Start singing, and I'll follow you," he grinned.

Heinrich had to look up a little. Then he looked up a great deal. Then he mopped a puffy hand over the pink head, suddenly grown very damp. What—what were they doing to him this night?

Some one was leaning over the footlights with an appealing hand out to the professor, and that some one was wearing an old red frock with silver braid on it, and asking for "Two Little Girls in Blue." However that some one had come by it, Heinrich could not know—he only knew the dress, and he would have known that anywhere. If he could only see the face. No, he didn't want to see the face. He slouched down into himself once more.

"Vot do I gare—go on—gum on—hid me." He thumped the big drum a very bitter thump.

"Fire away and I'll follow you," the professor repeated, and from his expression Heinrich knew that the woman was about to sing.

"Geniuses ve haff no more. Dis iss a burlezque teater," he sputtered, poising his stick over the biggest of all his drums.

Suddenly, above the tumult of all the people, rang the first note of the old melody, sweet and sure and strong. The big drum crashed, the professor's bow swept down, a studied half-note flat, and the ghastly, rending discord fled shrieking to the rafters, whence it was plucked by the delighted mob and hurled back upon the unfortunate "amachure."

But all that Heinrich Brunn had heard was that fraction of a moment's clear tone. Then he had dropped the stick from one nerveless, fat hand and sat staring dully at the singer. He watched her face go red and then white, saw her foot tapping the boards, saw the grotesque youths emerge from the wings and approach her with portentous zigzags and chins thrown forward in an utterly comical style. The pink head was very damp now.

The woman's hands went out to the joyful crowd in another appeal.

"Please, won't you let me sing?"

"Don't ask *us*—ask yer Maker."

The "amachure" looked down at the professor, and he grinned back triumphantly. She bit her lower lip till the livid circles sprang out, and turned her pleading face toward the "drums."

"Please!"

She needed to say no more. Heinrich was freed. He jumped to his feet with a terrific boom and clatter of scattered paraphernalia, held his stumpy arms over his head to their utmost capacity, and bellowed toward the galleries.

"Stob!—stob!—vait!—listen! You vas dogs!—you vas hounds!—make quiet! Vy—vy, dot's Fay Golden! *Dot's Fay Golden!*"

Pandemonium broke loose in Major's Burlesque Theater. Wonder of wonders, the little bald-headed drummer had at last pulled off a wheeze—and a beauty. It caught like fire before a high wind.

"Hello, Fay! O you Fay!—how's the king, Fay?"

The grotesque youths, catching the cue, circled around her, bowing profoundly at every step; in the wings the stage-manager held his modest gray sides. Heinrich could not understand.

"Make quiet!" he thundered. "She vishess to zing!"

"Sure—pipe up, Faysie! Here's something to go on," and a youngster in an upper box tossed a copper on the stage. Heinrich struggled for articulation. The prehensile lip lashed the fountainous mustache in rage; he dragged at an inside pocket, his savings-bank, and hauled out a thin roll of dollar bills. The clean print handkerchief which reposed there against the day when Heinrich should require one in public came with the paper, and he threw the whole on the boards with one of his inimitable gestures.

"A *benny*—vor Fay Golden? Hein! Richess iss too liddle."

The bald-headed drummer was really too killing. Even the sophisticated boy with the tumbler could scarcely control his face as he gathered up the magnificent donation and handed it to the lady with courtly dignity. The man with the red neck exploded violently into his trombone, the bass viol gave a crazy squeak, and the house shook with the concussion of a vast popular joy.

Heinrich yelled, too, but it was to the singer, and with gestures.

"Ged back!—vatch oudt!—quick!" She only gazed at him with bewildered eyes, not understanding.

The next instant they came down and blotted her out—hats and hats and hats—a wagon-load of wrecked hats, emptied out of the flies at the manager's signal, the motion of the hand which Heinrich had caught. A giant shepherd's crook snooped out from under the drop and hovered over the disaster. Heinrich's face was in his hands, but in his ears boomed the voice of the people.

"Himmel! Himmel! Gott in Himmel, dot iss zagrildege!" he moaned.

When he was able, he tumbled down beneath the stage and sought the manager.

"Heinie, Heinie, put 'er there, Heinie," crowed that individual. "I knowed all along you'd deliver the goods, Heinie. That was a la-la, a peacherino—a—"

"Vair iss she, I dell you?" the little man broke in huskily.

"Who?—oh, her. She's beat it, and beat it fast after that elegant gaff you threw into her. That was a—oh, say, I forgot. Here's the real money you put across. I got it off her before she made her get-away. She said she wanted to keep the handkerchief. God knows why, and I let it go at that. Was it a good one?"

"Vy—vy—vy, Mister Manidger—dot vas— Ach, vat iss it de use!"

The hopelessness of words came down like a pall over the little brown man of drums; he sank down on an empty property-trunk and buried his face once again.

Late that night he sat in the privacy of the fourth-floor back, the neck of the violoncello against his shoulder for comfort, and the bald, pink head revolving and revolving and revolving.

"Bud dot *vas* her. Shouldn't id be dot *I* should know—Heinrich Brunn? Dongeys und hounds! Hein! Und—und she gept id!"

In a café far up-town three people were sitting.

"Too bad!—too bad!" mused the manager. "It would have made a wonder of a story. The press would have—have—"

"Eaten it alive," supplied the press-agent. "Why couldn't the luck have broken our way this one time?"

The lady of the party unfolded an old print handkerchief. "I knew you men would never understand why I went down there to-night," she said.

"That gang wants the rough stuff when the amachures come on"

"Stob!—stob!—make quiet! Dot's Fay Golden!"

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Interludes

LETTERS THAT NOBODY WRITES

(From a King of England to A. Nobody, Esq.)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON, *June 15, 19—*

"MY DEAR MR. NOBODY,—I have just learned in the course of a luncheon chat with my very good friend the American ambassador, that, although you are very fond of traveling, your means are not such as will permit you to gratify your ambition. Now, my dear sir, although I am a total stranger to you I venture to write you to say that the Queen and I have at Buckingham Palace one or two extra rooms which are seldom occupied, and which we shall be delighted to place at your disposal for as long a time as you care to stay with us. It will not inconvenience us in the least. We have a cook who has promised to stay through the summer, and the waste at our royal tables is daily sufficient to feed at least ten families. Can't you and Mrs. Nobody give us the pleasure of your company throughout August, anyhow? We will place the royal automobiles at your disposal, and in the event of your deciding to come will at once despatch one of our Imperial Dreadnoughts to New York to fetch you.

"Not knowing me personally you may hesitate to accept this invitation, but if you want references as to my position I can refer you to my brother-in-law the King of Spain, and the cashier of the Bank of England can give you a line on my general credit.

"Cable your answer collect, and do say 'yes.'

"Very respectfully yours,

"GEORGIUS REX."

"P.S.—My Cousin Bill at Potsdam, Germany, has just telephoned that when you are through with us he will be delighted to have you and the kids, not forgetting the Missus, join him and Mrs. Kaiser at Berlin for a month. What say you?"

(From an Eminent Billionaire to an Autograph Collector)

EASY STREET, NEW YORK, *June 18, 19—*

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I have been deeply touched by the statement in your request for my autograph that you 'would rather have it than ten thousand dollars.' I assure you I appreciate the compliment, and in order to test its sincerity I enclose herewith a certified check signed by myself for $9,999.99. If it remains uncashed I shall know that you really meant what you said, and if on the other hand it does not so remain I shall take comfort in the thought that owing to the size of the check I have saved a cent anyhow.

"Very truly yours,

"ANDREW REDDYMUN.

(From a Rich Uncle to an Impecunious Nephew)

NEW YORK, *June 19, 19—*

"DEAR PETE,—I am afraid you have got your correspondence somewhat mixed. Your letter of Thursday in which you say that you enclose a photograph of your new baby-boy, so happily named after myself, does not contain the picture at all, but an unpaid grocer's bill for $317.84. On going over the latter carefully I find sixty items of prunes and only one of bottled cocktails, from which I judge you are really living a frugal life, and I have therefore paid the bill in full. Have you any others?

"I enclose a blank check, signed, for the baby!

"Your affectionate

"UNCLE JIM."

(To a Bashful Young Man from His Heart's Desire)

THE TOWERS,

HUCKLEBERRY CORNERS, *June 13, 19—*

"DEAR TOMMY,—Do you believe in mind reading? I do! As I sat before the fire last evening watching your face in the flickering flare of the fitful flames I could read just as plain as day what you wanted to say, but 'didn't dast.' It would, of course, have been most unmaidenly in me to urge you to speak while we sat there alone together, but now, in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, it seems only right and proper for me to tell you that I am only waiting half a chance to say 'yes' to what you intended to suggest. Shall I expect you this evening?

"Yours sincerely,

"MARIE."

MILITARY TERM: A SMART BRUSH AT THE REAR WITH THE OPPOSING FORCES

THE RETURN

"WELL, Uncle Silas," said the visitor, "I see that your boy Bill has come back from college."

"Yep," said the old man. "He come in on the two-thutty trolley last Thursday."

"Good," said the visitor. "And I hope you feel that the necessary sacrifices you have made to give him an education were worth while?"

"Ye can bet onto it, Colonel," said Uncle Silas. "It's been wuth every cent me an' Maria has had to go without. Gosh, but he's larnt a lot! We been havin' a lot o' trouble with old Mike, the bull, lately, an' neither me nor none or the hired help dast go near him, but Bill, he's been playin' on the football team daown to his old Almy Matey's, an' when we told him nobody dast tackle old Mike he went up to his room in the ackitt an' put on his football duds and started in. Gee-whizz, but it was a sight! Old Mike come for him, head daown an' tail up, an' Bill jest stood thar ontil he was two foot off, an' then he makes a low dive in between old Mike's fore-legs, tackles his hind-legs, and throws him down ez easy ez though he warn't no more'n a bundle o' hay. I tell ye that old critter got the supprize o' his life, and his temper ain't come to yit."

"That's fine," said the visitor.

"Ner it ain't all, neither," said Uncle Silas, proudly. "Bill was onto the crew, too, and he's got a pull onto him like ten elephants. Him and Jim Peavey, the hired man, got out the buck-saw to do some hard sawin' I been waitin' done all spring, and, by gorry, at the fust pull over his way Bill jerked Jim and the saw, and abaout everythin' else that was movable across the top o' that log ez easy ez though he was pullin' wild carrots. When it come to doin' any sawin' it took six men to hold him, and even then he tired 'em all out afore they got half-way threw."

"WHAT A DARN FOOL PLACE TO PUT A RIVER!"

"Well, old man," said the visitor, "I'm awfully glad for your sake that it has turned out so well. I suppose he'll go back in the fall?"

"Wa-al, no," said the old man, scratching his chin-whisker reflectively. "They seems to hev been some trouble about Latin and Greek and matthymatics, and a few other things of that sort, between Bill and some o' the perfessers. I hain't quite got the rights of it threw my head yit, but they all seem to think Bill's too vallyble a man to waste on things that ain't of much importance, so I guess he'll stay raound here next winter and devote his attention to keepin' skule. We got a lot o' boys in this here taown that needs a teacher of his special kind o' trainin'."

A FEW HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES

HOW TO DRESS A CHICKEN

USE soft materials such as batiste or mull, and arrange simply. If a spring chicken, white is the most suitable color.

HOW TO STRING BEANS

USE a strong thread and sufficiently large needle. Do not fail to knot the thread before beginning the task.

HOW TO PRESERVE PEACHES

TREAT the same after marriage as before. This simple recipe has never been known to fail.

IN A HURRY

"Now, Judge," said Bildad, "I wish you would expedite this case as much as you can. I am in a great hurry—"

"Sure," said the justice. "Lemme see—I gotta do some hayin' this afternoon; and thar's a taown-meetin' tomorrer that I cal'late'll last all day; an' Thursday I gotta go over to Blabbs Corners to an auction sale—I guess we'll git araound to you abaout Tuesday of next week, onless ye'll save time by pleadin' guilty."

"Oh well—all right," retorted Bildad. "I'm guilty. What's the penalty?"

"Waal, raound here we're makin' an example o' speeders, Mister," said the Judge. "Ten days in the county jail."

THE POACHER

EVIDENT

"THIS car," said the demonstrator, "is almost human. Perhaps you have noticed—"

"Yes, I have," said Binks, dryly. "It reminds me of several men I know—been smoking ever since we left the garage, and the last hill we climbed it puffed like a porpoise. Haven't you something that is less human and more generally satisfactory?"

A BAD SEASON

"WELL," said Hinkley, affably, to the old countryman to whom he was giving a lift over the highway, "how's farming around here?"

"Bad," said the countryman. "Powerful bad. What with the farmhands turnin' shuffers, and the farmers turnin' garragers, farmin's sort o' went out o' fashin."

A HINT TO JULIA

"When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes."—HERRICK.

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
Adorned with costly furbelows,
The which add to her stately air
And make her fairest of the fair,
My heart beats high, and I confess
To deep and passionate distress.
But all the same I turn aside—
I can't afford so "rich" a bride.

For pressing economic laws
Conspire to give my passion pause.
The cost of living is so great
I can't afford the wedded state,
When, plus the rent, the bread, the milk,
I'd have to pay for all that silk—
But I'd propose if Julia'd go
For just a while in calico!

Not "liquefaction," kindly note,
But "liquidation" gets my goat!

CARLYLE SMITH.

WILLIE: SAY, PA, IS "WHEEL-BARROW" ONE WORD OR TWO?

PA: AW, COUNT 'EM!

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Where Will It Come From?

SPECULATIONS AS TO THE FINANCING OF THE THIRD-TERM CAMPAIGN

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IF it required an expenditure of almost two millions on the part of the Republican National Committee to elect Mr. Roosevelt in 1904, how much money will it take this year to bring the third-termer within sight of the White House? Mr. Cortelyou, who was Chairman of the National Committee, recently testified before Senator Clapp's committee, which is trying to find out what the campaigns of 1904 and 1908 cost, that he disbursed as chairman in the former year $1,900,000. That, of course, was only in his capacity as national chairman, and takes no count of the vast sums spent by State chairmen to carry their respective States for the national ticket; nor does it include the money in the hands of the county chairmen; nor that which passed through the hands of the Congressional committee. It has been said that the total expense of the Republican campaign of 1904 was $11,000,000, which is probably an exaggeration, but it has not been denied by those persons in a position to know that the sum was not below $7,000,000, manifestly an amount entirely too large to have been legitimately spent; or, if it was spent legitimately, then the management was shockingly wasteful. In the nature of things, a great deal of money must be wasted, for in the course of a few weeks an organization is to be created that would take a business man months and sometimes years to build. Haste means waste, and where the business man can haggle and bide his time until he finds a favorable market, the political manager has no time to lose in striking a bargain. Whatever he wants, whether it is a million copies of a speech or a spellbinder to appeal to a particular audience, or an agent to report upon what the other side is doing in a certain locality, or a community is saying or thinking, he must buy his men or his materials at the instant. Campaign headquarters are run at high pressure, and the ordinary economies cannot be observed. Yet, making all due allowance, it must be obvious to the average person that several of these millions were used in a way that a candidate making a campaign to vindicate a great moral principle could not sanction.

Chairmen and political treasuries keep as few records as possible. It has long been the custom for the books to be destroyed with the close of the campaign. Mr. Taggart, who was the Democratic chairman, like Mr. Cortelyou, saw no necessity for keeping the books after the votes had been counted and the work of the committee was finished. Naturally men's memories are vague. Mr. Taggart could no more recall the names of subscribers to his fund than Mr. Cortelyou could remember who had put a couple of millions in his cash-box. In fact, a great deal went on in that memorable campaign of 1904 of which Mr. Cortelyou was ignorant. He knew nothing about the Harriman transaction until long afterward, yet the $260,000 that Mr. Harriman raised at a critical moment did, in Mr. Harriman's opinion, save New York for the Republican party and made possible Mr. Roosevelt's election, for Mr. Harriman wrote to Sidney Webster:

"This amount enabled the New York State Committee to continue its work, with the result that at least 50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone, making a difference of 100,000 votes in the general result. There are between 2,200 and 2,300 districts in Greater New York, and in a campaign such as that the expenditure of, say, $50 in each district for campaign purposes, not including the watchers on Election Day, would take more than $100,000."

That is to say, to secure 50,000 votes for Mr. Roosevelt's election, $260,000 had to be spent, and even the junior class in morality or arithmetic can see that this figures out at a little more than five dollars a vote. Thanks to Mr. Harriman, we know what votes in New York cost when Mr. Roosevelt was elected President in 1904. In that year five dollars and a fraction was the price paid for the "uplift," the purification of politics and the great awakening of the public conscience. If there had been a few more moral issues in that campaign there is no knowing what the market price of votes would have been.

Mr. Cortelyou also testified that he did not know, until long afterward, that the life-insurance companies had been held up to the tune of $50,000 each. It is curious how the persons most interested were kept in the dark. Mr. Roosevelt, who had a vital concern in these contributions, was also in ignorance. During the campaign Judge Parker charged that the corporations were being levied on for Mr. Roosevelt's benefit, but Mr. Roosevelt was naturally virtuously indignant and knew that the statements were untrue, because, had such things been done, he would have been the first person told; but as no one mentioned the generosity of the life-insurance companies in using the money of widows and orphans to promote morality, Mr. Roosevelt felt justified in calling Judge Parker a liar. Which, of course, he did, promptly and vigorously, and with all the scorn an honest man feels who has been maligned, and thousands of persons believed that he was telling the truth and Judge Parker had lied. It is remarkable how many people used to believe in Mr. Roosevelt's veracity, and were sure that when he denounced any one as a liar nothing more need be said. Now there are fewer persons to believe that Mr. Roosevelt always strictly adheres to the truth. There are some persons so skeptical—thus it is to have a reputation—that when Mr. Roosevelt says he drinks nothing but milk, and brings the whole staff of the *Outlook*, from editor-in-chief to devil, to bear witness to his lacteal love, they are so peculiarly infamous as to want to know the name of Mr. Roosevelt's dairy. Incidentally it may be added that when a man of honor and courage finds that he has brought false accusation against another he tenders an apology. Mr. Roosevelt prides himself both on his honor and his courage, but he has neither been honorable enough nor courageous enough to offer the *amende honorable* to Judge Parker. On the contrary, he has given another exhibition of his curious ideas of morality by quite recently repeating the slander he brought against his former opponent in 1904.

In that year money was plentiful and could be had practically for the asking. Trusts, the great protected "interests," the railroads, those powers of darkness whose lair is Wall Street, which Mr. Roosevelt is always harrying between campaigns and coddling at election times, and who are again found on his side this year—everybody, in fact, who has something to gain by the election of Mr. Roosevelt and the perpetuation of the Republican régime, opened his heart and his check-book and kept Mr. Cortelyou's pot boiling merrily. Every day was payday, and the ghost walked with commendable regularity. Mr. Cortelyou told Senator Clapp's committee that between six and seven hundred thousand dollars were sent by the National Committee to the doubtful States. How that money was used was not stated, but one may guess. New York was not only a doubtful State but a pivotal State, and we know how $260,000 was spent a few days before election, when it became necessary for the President himself to supersede his campaign manager, take personal control of affairs, and adopt practical methods—very practical methods indeed. Under Mr. Roosevelt's practical direction votes brought $5 apiece in New York City; in other cities and States that were classified as doubtful on Mr. Roosevelt's list no doubt the same practical methods were applied, and the poor but honest voter who was clamoring for Mr. Roosevelt's election, so that the glorious work of reform might go on and the trusts might not lose their great and good friend, had the gospel of morality preached to him through the corruption fund.

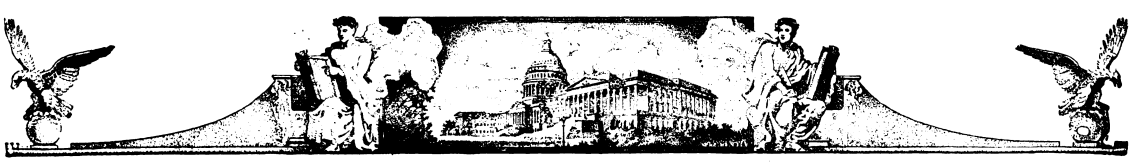
It was easy then to raise money because true generosity is always modest and shrinks from publicity, and the good trusts and the insurance companies who were putting up were not compelled to proclaim to an unfeeling world what Roosevelt reform and Roosevelt morality were costing. Mr. Roosevelt could tell audiences in Kansas what he proposed to do with the trusts while his treasurer in New York was indorsing trust checks, so that the good but misguided people of Kansas might be led in the path of true virtue. Now, however, things are different. Morality—not Mr. Roosevelt's adulterated brand, but pure morality—has taken such a long stride forward that when a candidate or a party accepts a contribution, whether it be from a trust or from an individual, whether it be a practical man's couple of hundred thousands or an idealist's lone dollar, it is recognized that the people at large have a right to know where the money is coming from; whether the money is moral or tainted; whether a contribution is made to further a cause or an investment made in the hope that it will yield large returns. Mr. Harriman, after having heroically raised a huge fund so that "50,000 votes were turned in the city of New York alone," and then found the heel of the only moral man in the world on his neck, plaintively and somewhat pathetically asked, "Where do I stand?" a cry almost as moving as that regret of the dying cardinal who moaned that "had I served my God as faithfully as I served my king he would not forsake me in this old age." Mr. Harriman put his trust in the practical man and paid for his faith.

Publicity is the handmaiden of morality. The old days have gone when the trust or corporation was able to gumshoe up to the chairman or treasurer of a National Committee and drop in a fat check without any one being the wiser until after the election; when legislation, appointments, or favors showed who had been prudent enough to secure a mortgage on the President and his party. The names of contributors must now be made public, and there is a strong feeling against candidates accepting help from corporations which seek legislation from Congress or may be embarrassed by administrative acts, such as prosecutions for violation of the law. Mr. Roosevelt is the favored darling of the trusts, who know they can always rely on him for protection, but dare Mr. Roosevelt publish a list of his campaign contributions showing that the trusts and their officials furnished the money on which he made his campaign? Even the thick-and-thin Rooseveltians, who can be made to believe that anything is holy so long as it has the blessing of the perpetual candidate, will surely draw the line when it comes to their candidate riding into the White House on the golden stream of trust dollars. And it is not by any means certain that the trusts can be induced to waste their money on what, it is plain enough to every one except the deluded followers of a lost cause, can result only in failure. The trusts can be liberal enough with their money when there is something to be gained, but they have never been known to be generous simply for the pleasure of throwing money away. They were willing to finance the preconvention campaign, for that was a gamble with the odds in their favor. Primaries might be carried with the lavish use of money if there was not too great scruple in the way in which it was used; and the only friend the friendless trusts had was the professional preacher of morality of Oyster Bay. Mr. Taft was under the ban, for Mr. Taft had been entirely too vigorous in his trust prosecutions; from the Democratic party there was nothing to be expected. Purely as a matter of business the trusts were willing to finance Mr. Roosevelt.

Why should they continue to act as his bankers now that there is no longer profit? If there is anything certain it is that under no possible combination of circumstances can Mr. Roosevelt be the next President of the United States—a fact that no one knows better than the trusts, unless it be Mr. Roosevelt himself. He cherishes no delusions. His purpose is not to elect himself President, but to wreck the Republican party and to prevent the election of Mr. Taft. In both he will probably be successful, but it can advantage him nothing. He is the modern Samson who is able to destroy his enemies (and every one is his enemy who does not lend himself to his ambitions), and in their destruction he destroys himself. There are people who think that Mr. Roosevelt is taking a long look ahead to 1916, and that this year he is merely training himself for the real contest four years hence. They need not worry. Mr. Roosevelt has shot his bolt.

It is therefore an interesting question where Mr. Roosevelt will find the sinews of war. He knows that it takes a great deal of money to carry on a campaign, and heretofore there was never any scarcity of money when he was a candidate. He has been successful because he has had money in abundance and the organization behind him. When he was elected Governor he had at his command the resources and the shrewdness of Mr. Platt; when he was elected Vice-President Mr. Hanna provided the money and fought the battle; when he was elected President the well-organized machinery of the party and the money of the trusts carried him through. He is in a very different position now. He must create an organization, but he cannot make drafts on the life-insurance companies and the trusts; there is no Harriman to whom he can appeal as a practical man, although he still has his Perkins, his Munsey, his McCormick, his Harvester Trust. He is not without resources if he cares to make public the fact where his supplies come from. Will he? And if he does not, if he keeps secret the contributors to his campaign fund, it will be a confession of shame. Senator La Follette has already challenged him to make public the names of the persons who financed his campaign for the nomination. Mr. Roosevelt has not seen fit to furnish this information. Is it because Mr. Roosevelt fears publication would be disastrous?

Governor Wilson has set an example Mr. Roosevelt might well imitate. Governor Wilson has announced that he will know the sources whence the contributions to his campaign fund come and that there will be a proper measure of publicity. It is a course that will meet with the approval of the country. Money is needed to conduct a campaign, and there is nothing reprehensible in men interested in party success contributing according to their means; it is as proper for a rich man to give $10,000 or $100,000 as it is for a man in other circumstances to give a dollar, or ten dollars, or a hundred dollars. The impropriety consists when men give not for party success but for personal gain; when they give not their own, but that which they hold as trustees, as the life-insurance companies did in 1904; when trusts give to purchase immunity from prosecution or to be in a position to ask favors from the President. Does Mr. Roosevelt think that the cause of morality will be served by keeping silent, or is he, to put it bluntly, afraid or ashamed to tell the people who is providing the money for his campaign?



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The Motor-Cyclist's Vacation

ONE OF THE BEST WAYS IN WHICH TO ENJOY THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS

By Thaddeus S. Dayton

WHEN summer starts to breathe hotly over the cities the great business army commences to arrange its furloughs. Millions of persons reach for the summer-resort guide-books and begin to plan their vacations. The miracle of change works wonders in our great city populations between June and October. The old myth of the giant who rose refreshed from each contact with the earth has become a modern reality.

A vacation spent in the saddle of a motor-cycle is one of the least expensive. As far as the actual cost of travel is concerned, it may be reckoned at less than a cent a mile. When it comes to food and lodging, one may live like a pioneer or like a prince. A knapsack, a rifle, and a fishing-rod will dissipate the specter of the cost of living. One may sleep under the stars, or, if one is very particular, under the kind of a tent that soldiers carry when campaigning. On the other hand, if one chooses one's route accordingly, it is possible to lodge each night in the most fashionable of summer hotels.

The joy of journeying is not in getting from place to place and viewing what lies along the way. As with horseback-riding or driving an automobile, a part of the pleasure is in the sense of mastery of the means of transportation, the ability to make the means of locomotion go fast or slow at will. It is this that makes a motor-cycle vacation a perpetual delight. Before the first mile has been covered the burdens and perplexities of the workaday world have been lost somewhere along the road. If they ever find their way back home, they return wasted to shadows. The motor-cycle is the one device that makes a man throw off all the restraints that usually keep him from getting the best out of his vacation. It turns the man, for the time being, into a boy again.

The equipment that a motor-cyclist needs will vary with the nature of his vacation trip. If a camping tour through a very sparsely settled country is planned, it is best to take a "dog tent" along and at least two days' rations. The points at which fresh supplies of gasoline and oil can be purchased should be carefully selected in advance. Food and fuel for the machine is quite as essential as for the rider. If it is planned to sleep under a roof every night, the simple camping and cooking outfit may be dispensed with. Clothing is also a matter of individual taste, but a good rain-coat is necessary. There are many different kinds of baggage-carriers on the market, but if the motor-cyclist cannot find anything that does not exactly meet his needs it requires but little ingenuity to construct something that will or to have a blacksmith or a wire-worker do so. In touring one cannot go wrong if one will remember that the equipment, whatever it is, should be cut to the minimum. Generally speaking, it should consist of such spare parts of the machine as are necessary, one change of clothing, and a good small camera. Taking pictures of the scenes along the road is one of the ways of getting the most enjoyment out of motor-cycling. A complete set of the best maps of the country to be traversed obtainable should be included in the kit; also a good compass. Under ordinary circumstances from fifty to seventy-five miles a day is a long enough journey. More than that makes hard work of the play, and it is well to break the run at frequent intervals whenever a good excuse offers. There is nothing like a half-hour's fishing, or a swim in a stream in the hot midday, or a nap in the shade to add to the perfect pleasure of a day in the saddle. The motor-cyclist is able to get so far from the beaten track that he will find himself, if he chooses, for days at a time in places where they tell the hours by the sun and have to look in the almanac to fix the days of the week.

The motor-cycle is the first aid to the angler. When an enthusiast goes a-fishing he counts as wasted that part of the time spent in getting to the stream. With the "single tracker" tedious trips become pleasure jaunts. Motor-cycling and fishing are a combination of joys. If the motor-cyclist wishes to take a guide or a friend along, it is a simple matter to put on a tandem attachment or to strap a good thick pillow on the luggage-carrier and let him bestride that.

If an extended vacation in the saddle of a motor-cycle is planned, an investigation of the laws of the States through which the tour runs will save much annoyance. Some States require special registration of motor-cycles and charge fees of from two to three dollars for a license. In others there are no State laws, the motor-cyclist being governed by local ordinances.

The States in which registration and fees are necessary are: Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, and Wisconsin.

In the following States there are no State laws regulating the use of motor-cycles, and a special license is not necessary: Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Texas, Utah, West Virginia, and Wyoming. The local ordinances, however, should be complied with carefully. As a rule, these relate to speed and to an observance of certain rules of the road with which any courteous motor-cyclist will find it easy to comply.

If a trip abroad on a motor-cycle is planned, and it is desired to carry one's own machine along instead of hiring one on the other side, the cost is not excessive. The motor-cycle can go as excess baggage. If it is shipped ahead and the owner follows on another boat, it will go as freight. The rates in either case are practically the same. In the former, however, the machine and the owner will arrive at the same time; in the latter the machine will go only to the freight port of the steamship line, where it will have to be

A halt at a Virginia cabin

claimed like any other consignment of goods. On one line the rate for transporting a motor-cycle to Liverpool or Plymouth is $10.25. Another charges $5.13 to Liverpool. Other lines vary between these two. All rates are for a crated motor-cycle not exceeding forty cubic feet in volume when ready to sling aboard. Insurance, which can be had at the rate of one-fourth of one per cent. on the declared value of the machine, should be taken out. In London there is an auto-cycle union which for a small fee will furnish all information and procure the necessary licenses for traveling in England and on the Continent.

In America the whole continent lies at the motor-cyclist's feet. In New England there is no lack of variety. The map is thickly dotted with cities. Along the road one may see a mammoth factory and a few minutes away come upon a historic cottage nestling in a hollow of the hills, while on the next upland may be a broad estate and a mansion that suggests Old World magnificence. New Hampshire is less crowded with cities than Massachusetts, but the rugged beauty of its scenery is more marked. The roads through Vermont are also beautiful, but the real wilderness ways are to be found in Maine. The famous lake region of that State can be pretty well covered on a motor-cycle. As many of the routes are hilly, a two-speed machine will add to the rider's enjoyment. In all there are twenty-five interesting New England tours that have been carefully mapped out and measured.

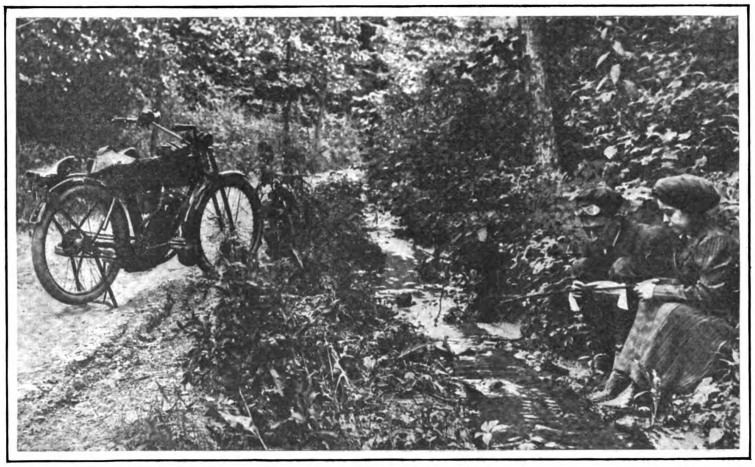
Lying, as it does, in the path of practically all the main Eastern touring routes, New York State offers the motor-cyclist extraordinary conveniences in the way of road-posting, hotel accommodations, and garage facilities. These, combined with its myriad resorts, its lake frontage on the west, and its scenic beauty throughout the Catskill and Adirondack Mountain regions bring it well to the fore as a vacation-ground for the tourist. In the Catskills and the Adirondacks, where much of the region is still what the city man would call an unbroken wilderness, the main roads are well traveled by automobiles, and the by-paths into the forest are entirely practicable for motor-cycles. One good vacation tour among many is from New York City to Montreal. There are twenty-five other tours in the Empire State that are equally interesting.

New Jersey and Pennsylvania offer the tourist a remarkable range of scenery and points of interest. It is only a day's ride on the motor-cycle from where the league-long rollers thunder on the Jersey beaches to the wild mountains of Pennsylvania. The rapidity with which the change from the sea to the mountains can be made is one of the charms of this region. There are plenty of hills, but every climb has its compensations. The vacation tours in these States take in many points of interest, places that were famous in the Revolutionary and the Civil wars, and other spots that are among the historical milestones of the nation's progress.

Touring south from Philadelphia, it is well to tarry for a time in Baltimore and Washington. The national capital, with its miles of asphalted streets, and Baltimore, the wonder city of the Middle Atlantic coast, are places that thousands of persons cross the continent to visit. Farther south, in Virginia, there is no end of historic landmarks and fine scenery. Nearly every quaint little town has its war-time story, and in some districts the villages have changed but little since the days when George III. was king. Then it is not far to North Carolina. There are many places all along the road that tempt one to rest for a day at a time.

In the Middle West the road conditions vary widely, but as a rule the motor-cycle tourist can reach all points of interest there if the weather is passable. Some of the highways lead through rocky, hilly country; others are characterized by clay and the dreaded gumbo. Outside the cities the roads are likely to be heavily rutted, and these are rather rough going even in dry weather.

After the Great Plains are crossed and one gets into the Far West, he is in a region that abounds in scenic attractions and is traversed by touring routes on which the roads afford no end of variety. Since the motor-cycle has become such a dependable machine touring in the mountains of Colorado is on the increase. The gateway to the Far West is Denver. Starting from there one may strike north or south or west. Many run southward along the mountain wall into New Mexico and Arizona. The great passes through the Rockies to the westward, however, are not impossible for a sturdy machine, and if one can stand roughing it in the high altitudes it is a splendid trip to Salt Lake City.



The motor-cycle is the first aid to the angler

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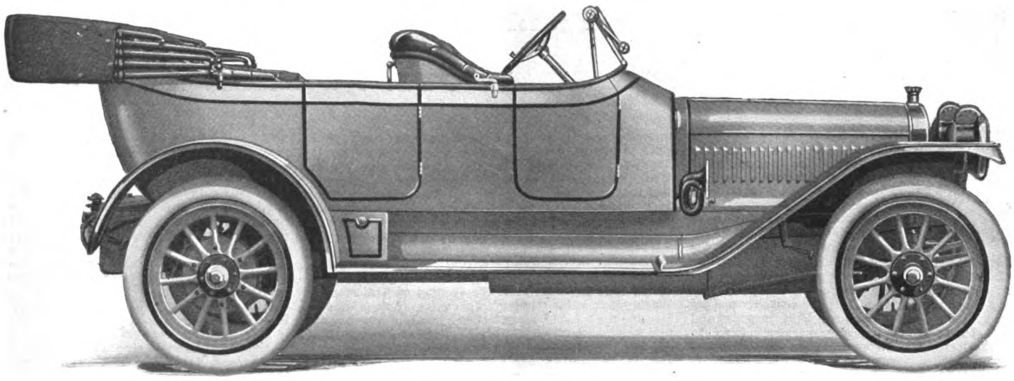
1913 WINTON SIX 1913



GIVE PRICE THE ACID TEST

DO you remember the schoolbook story of the blind men who described an elephant? One felt its side and said the elephant is like a wall. Another touched a leg and said the elephant is like a tree. A third grasped the tail and declared the elephant is like a rope.

When an automobile salesman tells you that the high price of his car represents high quality, just remember that the elephant is like a rope, and ask him *what else* his high price also *represents* and *includes*.

The Winton Co. guarantees every statement made in **WINTON SIX** advertising to be true without qualification

These are bona fide figures, based on authentic commercial reports compiled for us by Haskins & Sells, whose reputation as certified public accountants is above question.

Car quality and car price are totally different things, made in different places, by different people. Cars are made in factories: prices are made in offices. Car making is mechanics: price making is bookkeeping.

THINGS NOT IN THE CAR

And when bookkeeping sets the car's price, the bookkeeper adds into his charges a lot of items *never heard of* by the car designer, the practical man who builds the machine and puts into it all the quality it will ever have.

Price is a blanket that the bookkeeper makes. It is a blanket that must be broad enough to cover *all* and *every one* of the expenses the car manufacturer has to meet.

Let no salesman swell with pride over his high price: put his price to the acid test. Ask him how much his bookkeeper has charged for items that never contribute the fraction of an ounce to car quality.

Find out how much *you* are asked to pay for stock dividends, bond, mortgage, and gold note interest and sinking fund charges, plant depreciation, and dealer's discount.

The average price *per car* for these items, on six well-known makes of six-cylinder cars, is $602.38 *more* than we are forced to charge you on the Winton Six.

YOU CAN GET THE FACTS

If $602.38 of your money is worth keeping, if you prefer not to toss away that amount for something you don't get and for something that doesn't make the car look finer, run better, or last longer, let us send you these rock bottom facts and figures in detail. Ask for our "Price Information."

With it we will send a catalog of the famous 48 H.P. Winton Six, the car that changed high-grade buying demand and manufacture from fours to Sixes.

The Winton Six is now in its sixth triumphant year without having required a single radical change. It set 48 H.P. as the six-cylinder standard. It has now, as it has always had, a *self-cranking* motor; and that doesn't mean a mere priming device. This car holds the world's lowest sworn repair expense record—22.8 cents per 1000 miles. Its makers were the first in the world to make Sixes *exclusively*, and it is in every sense a proved car, not an experiment.

The Winton Six lacks only one thing—*super*-price. It costs only $3000. And you'll find it up-to-the-minute, sweet running, powerful, and the most restful riding car of them all.

We call it the All-There Car with the Overtime Bookkeeping Left Out.

Please send me literature advertised in Harper's Weekly.

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To the WINTON Co.,
118 Berea Road, Cleveland, O.

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR CO.

The World's First Maker of Sixes Exclusively — **CLEVELAND, OHIO**

Winton Branch Houses—NEW YORK: Broadway at 70th St.; CHICAGO: Michigan Avenue at 13th St.; BOSTON: 674 Commonwealth Ave.; PHILADELPHIA: 246-248 N. Broad St.; BALTIMORE: Mt. Royal at North Ave.; PITTSBURGH: Baum at Beatty St.; CLEVELAND: 1228 Huron Road; DETROIT: 998 Woodward Ave.; MILWAUKEE: 82-86 Farwell Ave.; MINNEAPOLIS: 16-22 Eighth St., N.; KANSAS CITY, 3324-3326 Main St.; SAN FRANCISCO: 300 Van Ness Ave.; SEATTLE: 1000-1006 Pike St.

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

HIGH-WATER MARK IN OUR FOREIGN TRADE

A STRING of figures ten places long doesn't, as a rule, convey a very definite idea. The average mind can't grasp a comparison which has to be made in terms of billions. To most people the statement that our foreign trade for the fiscal year just ended amounted to $3,857,000,000 as against $3,576,546,304 the year before means that there was a gain, but nothing very definite as to whether the gain was relatively small or large. Make the statement, however, that last year's foreign trade ran eight per cent. above that of the year before (the previous high record) and there will be no doubt in any one's mind as to what took place. To convey the idea that the tremendous forward movement in our foreign trade is still in full swing, it isn't necessary to set down a series of mind-wracking figures. It can be done just as well by the mere statement that last year saw both imports and exports establish new high records and the total of our foreign trade run twice what it was only a few years ago.

We are commercially and industrially so big and strong and self-reliant that we don't pay half the attention to our trade with the outside world that they do in England and Germany and the other countries which have to find an outlet for their manufactured products. There is a distinct tendency on the part of the American business man, in fact, to belittle the importance of foreign trade, and a really remarkable degree of ignorance concerning its economic effects. Let them go on exporting their cotton and importing their sugar and rubber, he says—*I'm* not in that line; how do these things interest me? All the time forgetting, or rather failing to realize, that these things *do* concern him, and vitally—that the excess in the value of the cotton and other things we export over the coffee and other things we import has the strongest kind of a bearing on the general conditions which determine whether he is to run his factory on half or full time.

There is so much mystery made about the effect of trade balances and so much difference of opinion as to their visible effects, that most people are content to leave the subject to the "economists" for settlement. One thing about the business significance of trade balances, however, is perfectly plain—that is, that if a country in any given year or other period of time sells a great deal more than it buys, the difference is bound to go to its credit. Whether the parties concerned are nations or individuals and whether the amount involved is five dollars or five billion dollars makes not the slightest difference. If the United States, for example, as was the case last year, exports merchandise worth half a billion dollars more than the total of the merchandise it brings in, there is a clear gain of half a billion dollars, and that much is put to its credit. How that credit may be used—what other scores it may be used to settle—has nothing to do with the question. The point is that on the in-and-out movement of merchandise there is a gain, and that this gain, whether it is used to pay debts or whether it is just credited up on the books, is as much a matter of dollars and cents to us as though every penny of it were sent over here in the form of gold.

Bearing that in mind, the fact that we gained $550,000,000 on the merchandise movement during the fiscal year becomes a matter of real importance. We are used to big excesses of exports over imports, but during only three years in our history has the favorable balance been as great. Back in 1898 there was a shrinkage in imports which caused the export excess to rise above the 600-million-dollar mark. In 1901 the same thing happened again, while in 1908, as a result of the panic, imports far below normal and exports just as far above resulted in a balance in our favor of no less than 666 millions. Aside from those three years, in each of which special influences were operative, we have never had a balance in our favor to equal the one for the year just closed.

But before going on to consider what it means to us to have registered this big gain on the merchandise movement, it may be well to glance at the figures and note what it was that resulted in so favorable an outcome of our commerce with the outside world. Let us consider exports first. The total for the year, we find, was $2,204,222,088, which was a gain of 7.5 over the year before, the previous record. Of t' s big total just about one-half was contributed by the four great export staples—cotton, provisions, breadstuffs, and petroleum. Cotton led with a total of 566 millions. Provisions and dairy products came next with 157 millions. Breadstuffs of all kinds contributed 124 millions. Petroleum exports were 112 millions. Add up these four and it will be seen that they account for 959 out of the total of 2,204 millions—exactly 43 per cent.

Not all the other 57 per cent. consisted of manufactured products, but the greater part of it did. And just here there is to be noted what is perhaps the most favorable thing about our foreign trade—the steady increase in the proportion of manufactured products to the whole. Not so many years back manufactured articles constituted but an unimportant part of our exports, agricultural products making up the bulk of the merchandise sent out. Today that is all different, manufactures now making up one-half of the total, and the ratio being steadily on the increase. To show this tendency it may be stated that in 1895, what the Bureau of Statistics at Washington calls "manufactures for further use in manufacturing and manufactures ready for consumption" amounted to 25.84 per cent. of the total of exports. In 1900 the proportion was 35.37 per cent., and in 1905 40.98 per cent. In 1911 it got up to 45.07 per cent., and, when the figures for 1912 are completed, it will without doubt be seen to have run considerably ahead of that figure. For the eleven months of this past year for which detailed figures are available, exports of iron and steel manufactures were $33,000,000 more than in the year before, copper and manufactures $10,000,000, cotton manufactures a like amount, and automobiles $8,000,000. Evidently there is no let-up in the tendency on the part of exports of manufactures to increase.

That this is a tendency thoroughly favorable and making strongly in the direction of stability of exports goes without saying. As long as agricultural products constituted the bulk of what we send out, there was always the danger of sudden curtailment when the crops did not turn out well. With products of the soil constituting a constantly diminishing proportion of the export total, that danger is growing steadily less. It used to be the case that when we had a year of short crops, exports would slump off and the trade balance shrink to small proportions or disappear entirely. But with over half of the total of what we send out made up of the products of mills and factories, that can no longer happen. The greater the proportion of manufactured goods to the whole, the more stable our export trade is bound to be.

But aside from that, it is a question if people in general realize what the opening up of the foreign markets means to American industry. It used to be the case that we ourselves were fully able to consume all the manufactures we could produce, but that has long since ceased to be the case. As a result of the boom times of 1906–7 things were put on a "prosperity basis"—that is to say, manufacturing capacity was increased to a point where the country can use up what the mills can turn out only when times are exceedingly good and everybody is making money. In ordinary times—times like these, for example—capacity is away ahead of consumptive power. What does that mean? Simply that unless there *is* a foreign outlet, plants cannot be run anywhere near capacity and a large amount of labor is bound to remain unemployed.

Great, however, as has been the increase in exports, there has been a gain fully as great in the amount of merchandise brought into the country. Only as far back as 1903, imports had never reached the billion mark. Last year they were $1,653,000,000. For the five years ending with 1905, imports averaged $972,000,000. During the next five years, the average rose to $1,344,000,000. From the returns of 1911 and 1912 it is plain that unless an unexpected falling off takes place, the average for the five-year period we are in now is going to run well above the billion-and-a-half mark.

The fact that prices in this country have gone higher than in any other part of the world (thus making this the best market in which to sell) is largely responsible for the increase in imports. The growth in population, too, and the increased needs it has brought, has been a contributory cause. But neither of these things accounts for the fact that imports have doubled in the past ten years, and are at present increasing at such a rate that it will not be very long before they double again. For that, strange as it may seem, the growth of our exports is primarily responsible. It is the new wealth brought in from the outside by the sale in foreign lands of vast amounts of American merchandise which is making possible our present great purchases of foreign products. And as long as we keep on increasing our exports and drawing new money into the country from the outside there will be a strong tendency on the part of imports also to increase.

So much for the two sides of the account. Let us look now at the balance. What does it mean to us? We gained last year on the merchandise movement $550,000,000. Does that mean that that much was paid us in gold? Hardly. The importation of such a sum by any country would stand every market in the world on end. Then the money representing the difference between our exports and our imports has not been actually brought into the country? What good, then, did it do us to have this big balance in our favor?

Get at it this way. Suppose we *hadn't* had this big balance in our favor. Speaking from the standpoint of international finance, we are a debtor nation. Some four or five billion dollars' worth of foreign money is invested here in our railroads, industrial companies, and mines. On all of that, or at any rate on most of it, we have to pay interest. That is one big item. Another is the freight charges which, as a result of our having no mercantile marine worth speaking about, we have to pay foreign ship-owners for carrying merchandise for us. A further big item is the insurance premiums we pay to the many foreign companies doing business here. And then lastly, and probably most important of all, there are the several hundred million dollars which Americans traveling abroad every year rid themselves of. Take these items all together and it will be found that there is a tidy sum which annually goes to our debit on the international balance-sheet.

Suppose that to offset this entry on the wrong side of the book there were no credit entry resulting from merchandise operations. What then would happen? Simply that we should have to pay up in gold. Which, of course, would be ruinous. Before long loaning rates would rise to such a point as to make our foreign creditors prefer to leave their money here and lend it out, but as soon as rates went down withdrawals would begin again. It would only be by bidding an extravagantly high rate for its use, in other words, that we could keep the money from flowing out of the country. And such a condition would, of course, be ruinous to industry and commerce.

Merely to offset the annually recurring debit entry, it is plain, we need a substantial credit or merchandise account. How large must this merchandise balance be before we break even? To that it is impossible to give a definite answer. The annual debit against us is not a fixed quantity—the different items which make it up vary, particularly the amount spent by American tourists in Europe. It makes all the difference in the world, too, whether during the year we have bought or sold securities on balance. One year a balance of exports over imports of $350,000,000 may be quite sufficient to offset what we owe. Another year, when travel abroad has been particularly heavy and we may have been buying back some of our securities, a merchandise balance of $500,000,000 might be necessary to serve as a complete offset.

But while the exact amount of our indebtedness during any given year cannot be ascertained, from what has happened in past years it is perfectly evident that a favorable balance of half a billion dollars is quite sufficient to offset the heaviest charges which ever accrue, and is much more than enough in ordinary years. Take the times when for two or three years in succession the excess of exports has run above a half-billion dollars and it will be found that they were times when gold in very considerable quantity was imported into the country. That would seem very clearly to show that we don't need half-billion-dollar excesses of exports in order to come out even. It would also seem to show that when we do get two or three balances of that size in successive years we are really running far ahead.

During the 1911 fiscal year exports exceeded imports by 522 millions. For the fiscal year just ended the export excess amounted to 550 millions. Last summer, on account of the Coronation, the amount spent abroad by Americans probably ran considerably larger than usual, but, making the fullest allowances for that, it does not seem probable that our total indebtedness for the two years was unduly large.

The result, thus, of two such export excesses as we have had during the past two years must have been to pile up a big amount to our credit on the foreign market. And that this is the case is the testimony of the international bankers, the amounts standing to their credit abroad being admittedly larger than for a long time past. With money here a drug on the market and funds on the other side in far better demand, we have been content to leave this money where it is; and the unwillingness of our bankers to draw on their foreign balances has at times made it look as though they had no balances to draw on. But such is very far from being the case. Lack of demand for funds here and a desire not to aggravate the already disturbed situation abroad has resulted in our leaving so far almost untouched our credits on the other side. But they are there none the less. Let a period of trade activity set in with its inevitable accompaniment of stiff loaning rates for money, and we shall soon enough see what it has meant to us to have had exports so largely exceed imports for the past couple of years.

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Tattersall's

THE most famous horse-mart in the world is Tattersall's in London. A romantic history attaches to this establishment.

In 1776 a certain Richard Tattersall, a wool-comber of Yorkshire, who had lost his fortune during the Jacobite rebellion, obtained a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of ground in London and thereon built an establishment for the sale of horses and hounds.

Tattersall was on friendly terms with the Prince Regent, Lord Bolingbroke, and others, whose patronage greatly aided the enterprise. Such, indeed, was the friendship between the Prince and Tattersall that the bust of George on top of the fountain in the sale-yard was so placed at the Prince's own request.

In due time a huge slice of luck came Tattersall's way. Lord Bolingbroke ran heavily into debt and by way of settlement passed on to Tattersall his famous racer, High-flyer, which became the father of three Derby winners. The progeny of this horse in eighteen years are said to have won races to the value of no less than £170,000. Tattersall built himself a palatial country residence near Ely, calling it "High-flyer Hall."

Tattersall's came to be the headquarters for the laying of turf wagers. Immense sums were won and lost there. The Marquis of Hastings lost more than £100,000 on one race alone; and, it is said, not infrequently similar amounts changed hands on "settling days" at "Old Tatt's," or "The Corner," as the place was sometimes called.

All classes of society mingled at Tattersall's. Dukes and stable-boys were brothers in the excited crowd, prepared to wager on anything and everything. This state of things led to such a scandal that upon the expiration of the lease the firm was refused a renewal. In its new establishment no betting was permitted.

At the modern Tattersall's some enormous prices for racers are occasionally obtained. Flying Fox is said to have been sold to a French owner for 37,500 guineas and Ormonde to an American for 30,000 guineas. Here also Sceptre as a yearling was sold for 10,000 guineas, La Flèche for 12,600 guineas, and Blair Athol for only one hundred guineas less.

Gold-paved Streets

TRAVELERS assure us that at Axim, on the Gold Coast of Africa, gold may be picked up on the streets. One Briton, naturally, thought of this as a mere figure of speech, but his informant immediately bade a woman servant to go out into the main street, gather a bucketful of road scrapings, and work it for gold dust.

In ten minutes, according to this account, the servant returned with two galvanized iron buckets, one filled with road scrapings and the other with water. She also brought three or four wooden platters varying in size from a large plate to a saucer.

Removing several handfuls of the road scrapings and placing them in the largest platter, the woman picked out and threw aside the large stones, pebbles, and bits of stick and loosened the remainder by sprinkling it with water from the other bucket. This enabled her to remove further refuse.

The residuum was put into the next smaller platter, and the process repeated until there was a quantity of uniform stuff ready for treatment. This she sprinkled freely with water and, by a deft circular movement of the platter, brought the small gravel outward where it could be thrust over the edge.

When this operation had been repeated three or four times the stuff, which now looked more like mud than anything else, was ready for treatment in a smaller platter. Here the same circular movements resulted in the discarding of further undesirable elements.

At last, in the smallest platter, the stuff had resolved itself into a small quantity of black sand. This was carefully washed and sifted by the aid of circular movements, and at last a dexterous twist brought the sand into a crescent on the platter, when there appeared on the outmost edge a thin gold rim. This was unmistakably gold. The whole operation had consumed half an hour, and the result was about a shilling's worth of gold dust.

The Danger of Distilled Water

CONTINUED use of distilled water reduces the strength of the physical organism, because, while distilled water is chemically pure and free from germs, it contains nothing but oxygen and hydrogen. The indispensable mineral salts are left behind during the process of distillation. As long as life persists in the body the elimination of mineral salts goes on and this means the rapid demineralization of the organism. Demineralization predisposes the system to tuberculosis. The numerous cases of tuberculosis among the young sailors of the French navy are attributed to the demineralization of the organism by continual use of distilled drinking-water, the water used aboard ships of war, where every effort is made to protect the men from the bad hygienic conditions of the life belowdecks. The fact is regarded as of very serious interest. The surgeons of the French navy are studying the best means of treating the distilled water used aboard ship with mineral matter.

The Muskrat Industry

IT is not generally known that the muskrat is the most important fur-bearing animal of North America. In one year alone (1910) 5,500,000 muskrat-skins were put upon the market, realizing to the trappers a sum approximately $1,700,000.

A large percentage of the muskrat catch is furnished by the tide-water region of Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey. In Dorchester County, Maryland, the marshes are usually leased to the trapper for half the value of the catch. In that county some 250,000 skins are taken annually.

Not only the fur of the muskrat is used, but the meat also, which finds a local consumption and is shipped to Baltimore, Wilmington, and other cities. It is surprising to learn that the financial return exceeds that of the large oyster industry of the same region. The fur of the black muskrat commands the highest price and in Dorchester County some of the marshes yield fully one-half of this variety.

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USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar. ♣♣

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JERGENS Violet Glycerine Soap

enough for a week. In this crystal clear soap, we have caught the *real* fragrance of fresh violets. Write today for your sample. Address

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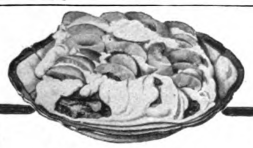

Peach Short Cake

A well made Peach Short Cake is a delightful dessert. Where perfectly ripe and mellow, fresh peaches cannot be had, the canned fruit is about as good. To get a rich, crisp, and fine-flavored crust, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Mix and sift two cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, and a pinch of salt; rub into it one heaping tablespoon butter and mix lightly with four tablespoons Borden's Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup water. This will make a soft dough, which spread on a buttered pie tin. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Split, and fill with sliced peaches that have been sweetened to the taste, and cover with whipped fresh cream.

Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
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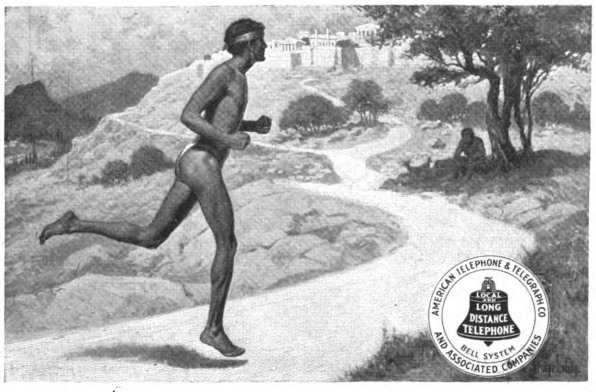

Message Bearers Ancient and Modern

Pheidippides, the most noted runner of ancient Greece, made a record and an everlasting reputation by speeding 140 miles from Athens to Sparta in less than two days.

Runners trained to perfection composed the courier service for the transmission of messages in olden times. But the service was so costly it could be used only in the interest of rulers on occasions of utmost importance.

The Royal messenger of ancient times has given way to the democratic telephone of to-day. Cities, one hundred or even two thousand miles apart, are connected in a few seconds, so that message and answer follow one another as if two persons were talking in the same room.

This instantaneous telephone service not only meets the needs of the State in great emergencies, but it meets the daily needs of millions of the plain people. There can be no quicker service than that which is everywhere at the command of the humblest day laborer.

Inventors have made possible communication by telephone service. The Bell System, by connecting seven million people together, has made telephone service so inexpensive that it is used twenty-five million times a day.

Captains of war and industry might, at great expense, establish their own exclusive telephone lines, but in order that any person having a telephone may talk with any other person having a telephone, there must be One System, One Policy and Universal Service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

For Old Times' Sake

Memory glorifies "old times" because we *look back* on *youth.*

For this toast your glass should be filled with

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Mellow as old recollections — Fragrant as "the rose of yesterday." Distilled and bottled in bond by

A. Overholt & Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Mix the best cocktail you know how — test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *ageing in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

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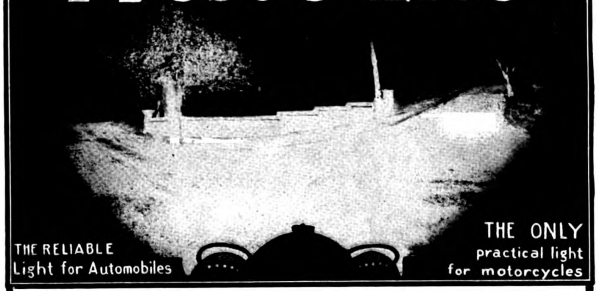


Don't Accept Inferior Lighting Equipment on Your New Car

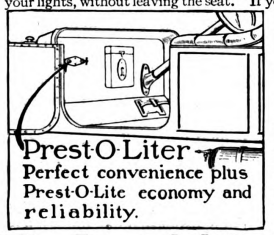
When you buy a car equipped with a gas generator, you are paying good money for lighting equipment that you will soon throw away.

INSIST that the generator be taken off and have a Prest-O-Lite Tank put on instead, before you accept the car.

Any experienced motorist will tell you that Prest-O-Lite re-charges cost no more than the carbide a generator consumes. The difference in RELIABILITY and CONVENIENCE is your clear gain.

The simplicity of Prest-O-Lite makes it the DEPENDABLE lighting system. Has no uncertainties, no complications, no costly repairs, and needs no attention that any dealer cannot give.

Lights from the Seat—By equipping your car with the Prest-O-Liter, you can light, lower, or extinguish your lights, without leaving the seat. If you want the UTMOST CONVENIENCE, the Prest-O-Liter gives it economically.



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¶ The dealer who slips on a counterfeit in exchange for your Prest-O-Lite Tank gets the best of you. Don't let him! Watch it!

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¶ If you have any trouble in realizing the perfect satisfaction which we aim to give, write us.

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in your delivery or transportation department, we suggest a bit of first-hand investigating on your part.

¶ Find out from personal inquiry among truck users what the actual every-day results are from their trucks. Ask any Durable Dayton user his honest opinion of our truck. **We are best known by the expressed satisfaction of Durable Dayton owners.** We submit our product to you upon the testimony of Our Customers.

¶ Durable Dayton Trucks are made in 2, 3 and 5 ton models, all built for heavy duty, hard work and continuous service.

¶ If motor delivery is of interest to you, write today for copy of our Catalog and detailed information. A list of Durable Dayton users supplied upon request. Address Department 3.

THE DAYTON AUTO TRUCK CO.,
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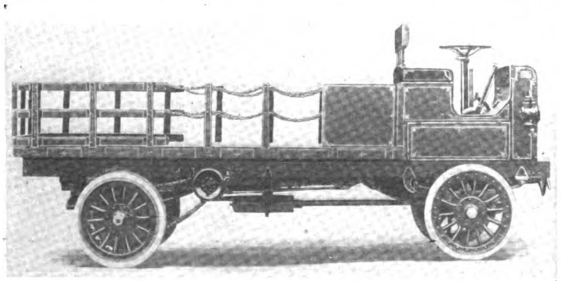
"Durable Dayton means Dependable Delivery"



Model K—3-Ton with Standard Stake Body

Harmless Smoking

THE smoker carries his furnace between his lips and breathes the same kind of gas that the coal-stove produces when its combustion is not perfect. If he does not poison himself with nicotine he works the same kind of damage or he poisons himself with oxide of carbon.

A graduate of the Pasteur Institute of Paris has discovered that the smoker who uses twenty grams of tobacco per day sends into the atmosphere between 400 and 2,000 cubic centimeters of oxide of carbon. The difference in quantity is due to the difference in the cigarettes or pipe-tobacco consumed.

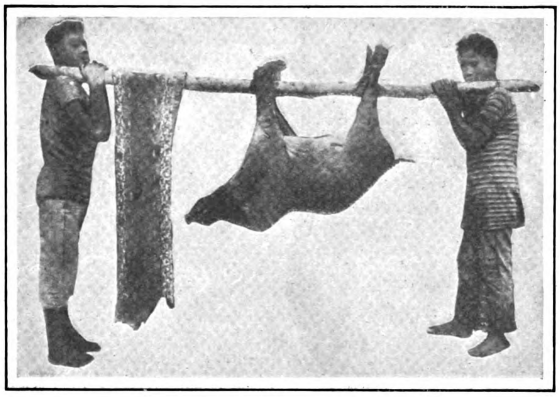
If a man breathes but one-tenth part of that amount of oxide of carbon while swallowing his smoke, he introduces into his respiratory channels from 40 to 200 cubic centimeters of the same poison per day.

The pipe-smoker produces between 1,060 and 2,180 cubic centimeters of the same gas; but the danger is less because the pipe-smoker does not breathe his smoke. That the smoker poisons his neighbors by his apparently innocent habit has been proved by analyses of the atmosphere of cafés and concert smoking-rooms. In a room where one person smokes from morning to night the air is rapidly vitiated, because even so insignificant a quantity of oxide of carbon as one-thousandth part pollutes the air of a closed room. Therefore smokers should smoke in the open air or with windows open. The bad effect of tobacco is due chiefly to nicotine; so, in order to lessen the danger without great deprivation to the smoker, attempts have been made in Germany and elsewhere to produce denicotined cigars and cigarettes. "Hygienic cigars" are sold in Switzerland and manufactured in France.

In France the tobacco is carefully washed in water and dried very slowly. Nicotine is a liquid, oily alkaloid, soluble in water. If tobacco stands in water a few hours it is cleansed of its nicotine, and the water which has washed it is yellow, slightly oily, and so strong that it is used to kill insects on plants. If carefully washed and slowly dried, tobacco loses much of its aroma; but the smoker finds it easy to habituate himself to the loss, and in time he likes his purified tobacco as he liked it with its nicotine. Every man can wash his tobacco; he has simply to place it in a bowl of cold water and let it stand a few hours. When the water is yellow and somewhat oily, he has only to spread the washed tobacco on sheets of paper and let it dry naturally in the air.

The French Society for Hygiene has considered another means of making smoking harmless by the use of a filter. When a cigar or a cigarette is lighted the first puffs contain little nicotine. For a time the tobacco acts as a filter and keeps back part of the poison. But owing to combustion the filter soon shrinks, and the vapors, gathering as they go along all that has been condensed, charge the smoke with noxious gases. The draughts of smoke gain poison with every puff. Knowing this, no smoker can hope to smoke a cigar to the end without producing bad results in his system. The wise smoker puts a long tube between his mouth and his burning tobacco, because he knows that the vapors of the smoke deposit their poisonous elements on the walls of the tube as they pass on to the respiratory channels. But even this hygienic means fails to avert the evil, because, though the direct admission of the poison is prevented, the nicotine enters the mouth in the state of a watery solution. In Germany smokers use a cigar-smoker provided with a filter, which decomposes the nicotine before it reaches the mouth.

A study of chemical reactions shows that tannic acid and gallic acid change nicotine to tannate and gallate of nicotine, in the form of a white powder which cannot be dissolved in water. Knowing this, the wise smoker makes a cavity in his cigar or cigarette holder large enough to permit the insertion of a porous cellulose cartridge impregnated with a solution of tannic acid. But the cartridge must be arranged so that it can be taken out, cleansed, and reprepared after every smoke, or a number of duplicates must be kept on hand. A cigar or cigarette holder with such a filter lets the damp smoke loaded with nicotine vapor pass through the filter, and as it passes through the tanniferous substance the nicotine, reacting upon the tannin, is deposited in the filter in a solid form.



A PYTHON'S MEAL

THE PYTHON WHOSE SKIN IS SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS KILLED IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, AND THE BOAR WAS TAKEN FROM ITS STOMACH

In the Moon

THE visible part of the moon is about equal to the superficies of North America. It is very mountainous, and around the vast, dry plains which form the dark spots seen with the naked eye are volcanoes whose funnel-shaped craters resemble old wells filled in by the deposits of the ages. Maps of the moon show more than 33,000 such craters, some of them two hundred kilometers in diameter. Measured by the length of their shadows some of the lunar mountains are 8,200 meters high. The earth's radius is supposed to be nearly four times that of the moon. Proportionally the moon is much more mountainous than the earth. All the lunar volcanoes are extinct.

The moon was formed after the earth was formed; it has gone to its doom faster than the earth because, as its mass is much feebler than the earth's mass, it cooled faster. The moon's light and shade are seen clearly because it has no appreciable atmosphere. It is not inhabited; that much is known, because there can be no life where there is no atmosphere. It has been called the "pantheon of astronomers" because its volcanoes have been named for astronomers. Riccioli gave his own name to a splendid lunar "circus," and to a very small and insignificant volcano he gave the name of Galileo.

Adrenalin

THE modern surgeon considers adrenalin indispensable to his work. It is the active principle of the suprarenal capsules, a very powerful astringent and one of the most costly of drugs, because a herd of cattle is required to supply enough of the preparation to fill a small vial. The German chemist, Emile Fischer, and others are experimenting with a view to producing a synthetic adrenalin based on the elements of tar. The drug now known is used in a solution of the proportions of one part of adrenalin to two thousand parts of water. No known substance is so powerful in its action. A mixture in the proportions given above so influences the arterial tension that it suspends the circulation instantly and without altering the tissues in any way. Adrenalin is specially useful in controlling hemorrhages.

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Needle-making

BEFORE the needle reaches the state in which we know it, it undergoes many different operations and passes through many hands. The multiplicity of the details of needle-making is so great that the needle factory has always been cited as an example of what can be accomplished by a judicious division of labor.

In the needle factory at Laigle, France, six qualities of steel are used, varying in value from eight cents to twenty-five cents a pound. The steel thread of which the needles are made is imported from Germany; no French steel-spinner having as yet produced a wire possessed of all the qualities required by the needle industry. The rolls of wire are placed on wheels similar to those used in chain-making, and the needle wire, unrolled and carried on by the machine, passes between two fine cutting wires placed vertically upon a table. This machinery, which does the rough work of preparing the steel, and which, when examined, is found to be very complicated, automatically cuts fifty-four blades of steel at once. Each of the pieces is twice the length of the needle to be made. The cutting-machine cuts about nine hundred thin slices or blades of steel per minute. Nearly if not all the blades show more or less of a curve, and they must be made straight before the work can go on.

For that part of the operation the little blades are placed in two iron rings which stand upright, one near the other, held as the ringmaster holds his hoops for the circus-rider to jump through. The packed steels are run through both rings, and the whole is subjected to the heat of a gas furnace. The rings and the steels are then drawn from the furnace and put on an iron table, and a workman runs a two-bladed cutter through the rings and cuts the steel into fine strips; one part of his cutter resting against the outer part of the rings at the end of the cut.

Holding the steels in that position, the workman presses hard on his cutter, giving it a swift to-and-fro movement to roll the steels and make them round. The steel threads, pressed close together, and compressed by the rings, roll, one against another, perfecting their shape at every turn.

They are now seen as delicate, perfectly rounded wires, blunt at the ends. A package of the wires or steels is placed in a rubber-lined receptacle encircled by a rubber band, which revolves to a distance of one-half of its circumference. The space between the outer and inner circumference varies according to the size of the needle to be pointed; and the spaces are so arranged that only one needle can pass between the rubbers at a time. The little bundle of steel blades is laid against the rubber-sheathed wheel, and the machine starts. The wheel draws in the first needle, lightly pressing it between the two rubber surfaces. As the needles roll on, one of their ends rests against an emery moulder; at first very lightly, touching only with the point; then with force, until the end is properly pointed. When the point is perfect the wheel casts off the pointed needle and draws in the next one to be treated. The action is continuous. Owing to the continuity of movement the machine points four hundred and fifty needles per minute. When the whole pack of steel hairs has been pointed and cast off by the wheel, the workman in attendance turns the pack, putting the heads in the place held by the points; and the wheel does the work of shaping the ends which are to hold the eyes. When the heads and points are made, the needles are washed to free them from the oxide of iron which has collected on them. The pointed and headed steels are then put into a little receiver, and the needles, drawn onward by two rubber-sheathed, parallel disks which turn against a rubber-lined half-circumference, are cleaned by a mill which turns between the disks at a speed much greater than the speed of the disks. By this operation the needle is freed from oxide, while its size is but imperceptibly diminished.

The needles are then stamped for their eyes and grooves. Each strip of steel is taken by a distributor, pressed against a fixed matrix, and given a blow from a mallet carrying a matrix exactly like the fixed matrix. The blow drives the needle's head against the depression and stamps an eye and a groove.

As soon as they have been pierced, the needles are threaded on iron threads and packed. Thus hanging, held by threads passed through their eyes, they are taken to the shop, where a workman puts them in a holder and breaks the packages into fine and coarse needles. From his hands they pass into the hands of the filers, who take them in nippers and hold them against grindstones, turning the mill with such rapidity that the sparks fly in showers as the steel comes in contact with the stone. When the operation is finished every head shows a perfect bevel.

The iron thread is then taken from the eyes, and the needles are seen oxidized from head to point. Every needle is examined, and every curve is straightened. The perfected needles are set straight on a leaf of paper, put on an iron plaque, and subjected to the heat of a gas furnace. When at a temperature of 750 degrees Réaumur they are dipped in fish-oil, to give them hardness, but as the first oil bath makes them brittle, they are "recooked" in an oil bath at a temperature of between 180 and 200 degrees Réaumur. Then, as the oil bath gives them a russet tint, they are placed in a box with a corrugated bottom and the box is set on an inclined plane, and rocked in such a way that the needles roll over the undulations and settle in the grooves. When they are all in place, a workman tosses the box, causing the needles to change places. A few tosses collect all the needles in the lower part of the box, where they lie piled like faggots. They are then raised on a sheet-iron blade comparable to a narrow pancake-turner, slid on a band of linen, and rolled up in the linen with a swathing of soap and emery powder. The linen, so rolled and holding the needles close, is bound firmly with a rubber strap. The ends and the middle of the roll are bound with iron hammered into place; and the iron at the ends of the roll is provided with handles. So arranged, the rolls are taken by the handles and turned over to the polishing benches, movable plaques of sheet-iron with deep, transverse undulations. On the polishing bench are placed the linen rolls containing the needles. When the machine starts, the cylinders holding the needles are rolled between the undulated iron and the wooden rollers, and the needles turn against each other until, worn by the emery powder and rubbed by the soap, they lose their look of roughness and take on a fine polish. After twenty-four hours of this last treatment, they are taken from their linen envelope, washed, and put back with the same mixture for another twenty-four hours. This operation is repeated five or six times, according to the hardness and fineness of the steel.

The polishing accomplished, the needles are rubbed with soap and dried in sawdust, and then burnished in a mill covered with chamois leather and covered with emery dust. For this part of the work the needles are drawn on the wheel as for pointing, and cleaned by a rubber-covered roller.

The needles are then finished, but many show traces of their rough handling; some lack heads, some lack points; all must be sorted and numbered according to size and quality. The sorting is done by hand. To sort and number them requires wooden rests a little longer than the needles they represent. A woman stands at either end of the pile of needles and lifts the needles, by heads and points, holding them painfully between thumb and forefinger. Those of equal length and size are folded in papers of twenty-five needles each.

The Cat's Useful Whiskers

WE are apt to think that the cat's ability to see in the dark is due entirely to its eyes, but competent authority assures us that the feline's power in this respect is due almost as much to its "whiskers."

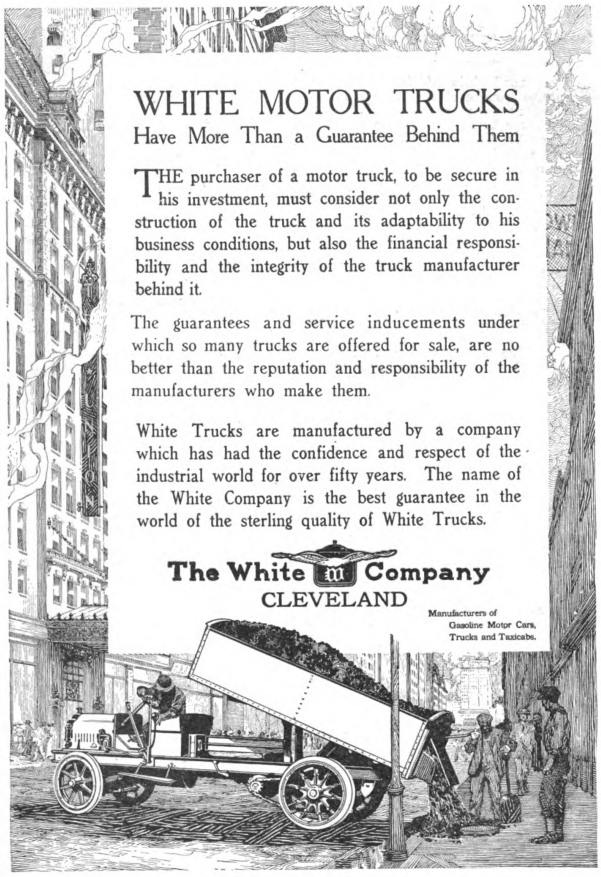
These delicate hairs that project from the muzzle of the cat family are wonderful mechanisms. Each one grows from a follicle, or gland, nerved to the utmost sensibility. Its slightest contact with any obstacle is instantly felt by the animal, though the hair itself may be tough and insensible. The exaggerated whiskers on the muzzle often project to such a distance that from point to point they indicate the exact width of the body of the beast.

Consider the lion stealing through the jungle at night in search of prey, when the least stir of a twig gives alarm. The lion's whiskers indicate, through the nicest nerves, any object that may be in his path. A touch stops him short before pushing through some close thicket where the rustling leaves and boughs would betray his presence. Wherever his head may be thrust without a warning from the *vibrissæ* there his body may pass noiselessly. It is the aid given him by his whiskers, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, that enables him to proceed as silently as the snake.

Subsidence of the Bermudas

IT is contended that the Bermuda Islands are merely the remnant of an island, very much larger than the present entire group, which has sunk into the ocean.

The original island, it is asserted, had an area of three hundred or four hundred square miles, whereas the Bermudas of to-day are only about twenty square miles in area. With a comparatively recent period, according to Verrill, the Bermudas have subsided at least eighty or one hundred feet. Their base is the summit of an ancient volcano, while their surface is composed of shell sand drifted into hills by the wind and consolidated by infiltration.



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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

The Rueful Group

A PRICE so high is paid for fineness that the grave wonder of its being paid has troubled us from the beginning. There have always been the few who preferred the finer discriminations, though they saw clearly that, in the world's exchanges, to discriminate too austerely is to forego, and a little to give the effect of having futilely failed. The gods love the hearty, crass souls. The things the lusty, blunt minds enjoy are scattered freely about, and they gain them, noticeably. The things they can do are necessary, and they do them sententiously, with weightily moral reflexions, and succulent reception of the public rewards received. They are largely lenient to the person who squirms under their pudgy touch, for they see with magnified view how much that person misses. The person also sees. He sees how unreal a figure he cuts in the world. He sees his ruddy associates walk through his subdivisions, emphasis, and exclusions, like a bear waddling busily through a wraith, comfortable because unaware. He knows that the things which mean happiness for him come rarely, and he knows that to stand back so often with a denying handshake is almost to negate oneself into oblivion. That is the oblivion of being ignored by life's warm, varied, hurly-burly. He lives, happily but of necessity, in a world thinly populated, believed in but by its inmates, who have a primary trouble in finding one another, who communicate through books and rare vibrating encounters. He rails his world about with the rigor of cheerful isolation. He sometimes fails seriously in his effort to live in the world on its own terms, and it may be that he fails where his failure will hurt others. That is the part of the mind and heart that is preserving the divine hair-splittings.

He separates himself from the crowd after each attempt at becoming part of it, flattened and depressed. It had looked so enjoyably promiscuous, but he lacked its password; he could cull so little there, and lose so much. He returns to his task of shredding life into delicate wisps, all the veins exquisitely displayed, each drop of water in the rainbow separated and regarded as a single jewel.

It may be that his possession of some of these jewels is what incapacitates him for his work. He sees two sides where he should see one, he has an enthusiasm where he should have a convention. Perhaps he tries to apply an abstract principle and it sounds like incitement to riot, which is his own fault for having such a thing as an abstract principle in his possession. When a coarser person would give ready sympathy, he may see the selfish, petty, rudimentary quality of the sorrow, and while he stops to grieve at the human make-up he perhaps sits unresponsively silent and blank. He gets few of the things he tries for, for one only arrives by having no doubts of any kind. He doubts his right to acquire, his motive, his relish on receiving, and perhaps by the prism of his view-point, which breaks an act into seven questions, he is made vacillating and invertebrate.

Had he had strength added to his other qualities—ah, but then he would have been a genius and made the world grasp his sparkling subdivisions whether it would or no! Geniuses come rarely. There are always existing somewhere the people whose weakness is an integral part of their destiny of keeping the fineness, the unnecessary fineness, going. If they had a jot more vitality the call of contest and success would be too strong for them and they would fling aside the delicacies.

Discipline Among Ants

THERE is an interesting species of ant, looked upon as a pest, in the region of the Amazon. These ants have a distinct social and military organization, and data with reference to the discipline maintained by them have been gathered by Barrington Brown.

Brown reports that he was greatly amused by a singular struggle between a soldier ant and his working fellows at the mouth of their underground nest. Some eight or ten of the workers clung to his legs and antennæ and tried to drag him back as he endeavored to emerge from the hole.

Although the soldier was furnished with huge mandibles, he did not lose his temper nor try to bite his fellows, and it was evident that, although they detained him by force, they never nipped him hard.

During the struggle they allowed two or three other soldiers to saunter out past them and go roaming by themselves. Evidently this particular one had behaved badly, was under arrest, and was now being prevented from breaking barracks.

Four-footed Soldiers

HUNDREDS of regiments or companies had with them in the Civil War dogs, cats, and other animals that followed the soldiers wherever they went and not infrequently went into action with them.

The most famous of the non-human combatants was undoubtedly "Old Abe," the war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, whose history has often been told and whose loud screams were heard in many battles as he circled over the smoke of the guns. But there were other animal combatants as war-like as he, though they failed to win fame.

The story of such an antagonist is told by a Western man, who was a member of an Illinois battery of light artillery during that war. When he enlisted his dog Zip followed him. Zip was a common and unprepossessing yellow dog. The soldier sent him home, but he refused to stay. The captain took a liking to the dog and allowed him to remain in camp, and when the batery went South Zip went too.

Some very active service followed, in all of which the dog took a part. He would take up a position near the field-pieces and bark defiance at the enemy.

At Shiloh a shell exploded within ten feet of Zip, cutting off three inches of his bushy tail. So far from being disabled by this wound, the dog was greatly stimulated by it and advanced on the enemy. The lines were about five hundred yards apart and shot and shell were flying thick.

Zip had gone about three hundred yards toward the Confederate battery, when a knight of his own kind rushed out to meet him. It happened that the Confederate battery, too, had a dog. It was a black canine much larger than Zip.

There was no skirmishing between the dogs before the battle opened. They were instantly engaged. The Confederates ceased their firing to cheer on their dog. The Union artillerymen did the same for Zip.

For fully ten minutes the batteries were silent, while the gunners watched the contest between their representatives, who were like two chosen knights of old. They continued to fight in their own persons the cause of the North and the South. Presently a Confederate sergeant threw a stone at Zip.

"Let that dog alone!" yelled the captain of the Illinois battery, and trained a gun on the Confederate group. That set both batteries going again; and still, beneath the rain of iron, the two dogs fought on.

Zip got the worst of it. He was too small for his antagonist, but when he at last crawled out of the fight the Union battery threw a six-pound shell into the Confederate dog and blew him to pieces. Zip recovered and followed his master throughout the war.

A MODERN METHUSELAH

THE GIANT TURTLE IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK. THIS IS ONE OF THE RACE OF MONSTER TURTLES LIVING ON THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS, AND IS PROBABLY MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND STILL YOUTHFUL

Some New Alloys

IN these days chemistry is enabling man to make over some of the most useful metals very much at his will and greatly to his profit. In England interesting reports have been made on the properties of new alloys of copper, aluminum, and manganese, which show remarkable peculiarities. An alloy of 88 per cent. copper, 9.99 per cent. aluminum, and 2.01 per cent. manganese showed enormous tensile strength, a cold-drawn bar having a yield point of 40.88 tons per square inch and an ultimate stress of 52.08 tons per square inch. Another alloy is so hard that it can take a cutting edge sharp enough to sharpen a lead-pencil. The British Admiralty has been experimenting with these alloys to determine their resistance to corrosion in sea water.

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AUG 12 1912

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

August 10 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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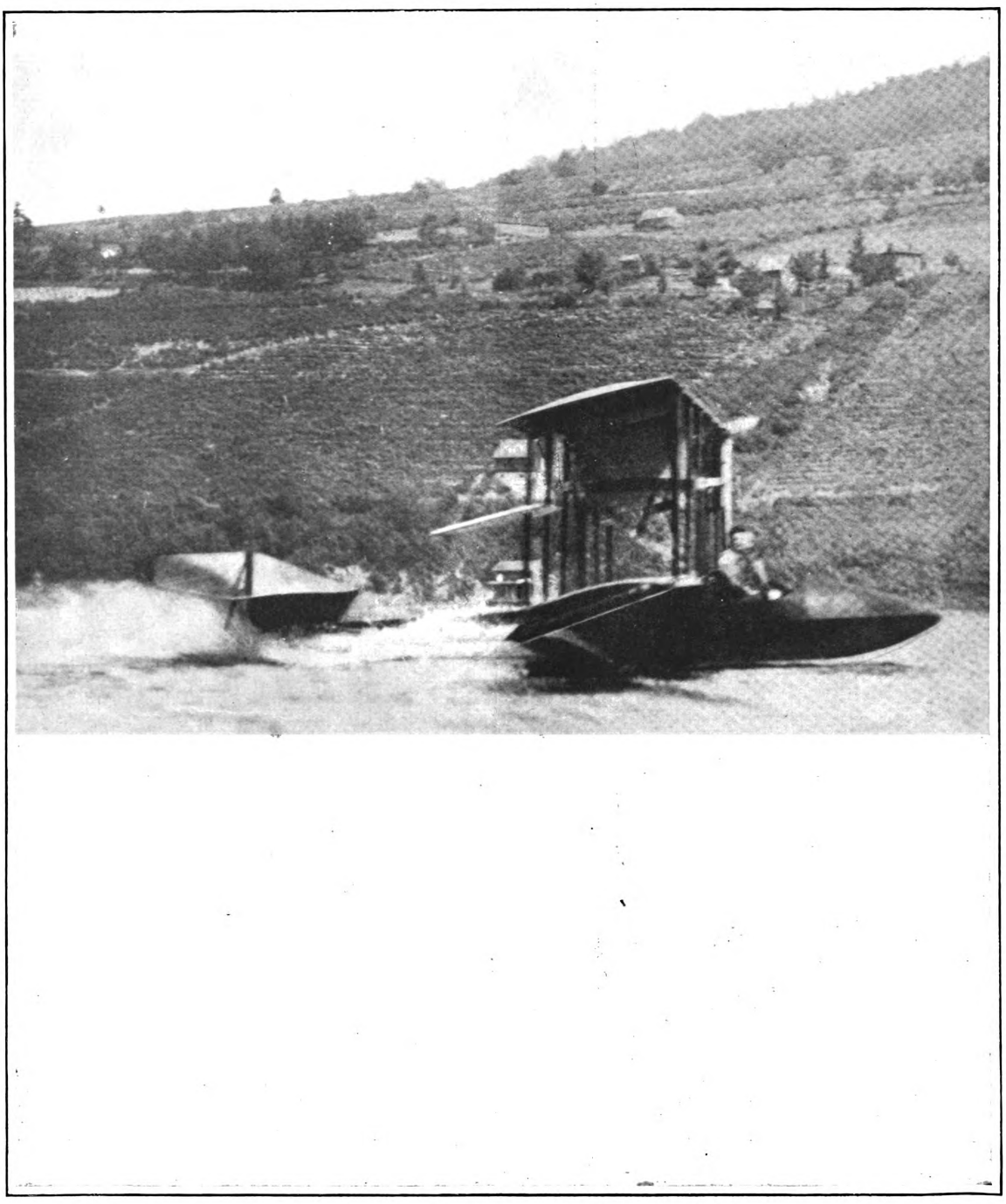

A NEW KIND OF FLYING BOAT

This machine, invented by Glenn H. Curtiss, combines the advantages of a motor-boat and an aeroplane. In recent tests made on Lake Keuka, New York, it developed a water speed of fifty miles an hour and an air speed of sixty, carrying three persons. While other aeroplanes designed to fly over water have been primarily aircraft fitted with pontoons, the new Curtiss machine is both aeroplane and motor-boat. It is driven by an 80-horse-power motor and is 26 feet long by 3 feet wide

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Comment

The Conservative Candidate

WILLIAM H. TAFT takes his stand squarely as the conservative candidate for President of the United States. As such, he seeks the support of thoughtful, prudent citizens of all parties, saying:

> I know that in this wide country there are many who call themselves Democrats who view, with the same aversion that we Republicans do, the radical propositions of change in our form of government that are recklessly advanced to satisfy what is supposed to be popular clamor. They are men who revere the Constitution and the institutions of their government with all the love and respect that we could possibly have—men who deprecate disturbance in business conditions, and are yearning for that quiet from demagogic agitation which is essential to the enjoyment by the whole people of the great prosperity which the good crops and the present conditions ought to bring to us. To them I appeal.

This is honest and bold. Mr. TAFT's idle partisan boasting, his portentous prognostication of "economic revolutions" and "business depression" in the event of Republican defeat, his futile attempts to place WILSON in the same category with ROOSEVELT, his labored tariff expositions—all these may be ignored.

The one overshadowing fact is that Mr. TAFT draws the line between the two traditional political trends as sharply as it is drawn between British Unionist and British Liberal and bravely invites the judgment of the American people.

He seeks no aid from self-called Progressives; he recognizes no great wrongs to be righted; he rejects the plaint that the people require wider political opportunities; he scorns all new panaceas for real or fancied ills; he denounces agitation of whatever kind; he defies both quack and charlatan to label him a reactionary; he stakes everything upon the presumed desire of sober men for calmer politics, stable government, and business tranquillity—all in the hope of resuscitation of common prosperity.

We pay fair tribute to the courage of President TAFT in paving the way for a thorough reorganization of the Republican party upon a sound and enduring basis.

The One Chance of the Republicans

President TAFT's speech of acceptance was a thoroughly characteristic utterance, for in the course of it he was alternately at his strongest and at his weakest. He showed himself, as always, almost comically lacking in mere political smartness. He was lacking in more than that; he displayed, indeed, none of those oratorical and controversial resources which a political leader has a right to employ, and needs to employ, in times of political crises. He had no stirring war-cry to hearten his followers, and he rather amazingly neglected the opportunities for attack and ridicule which were presented to him in the ROOSEVELT candidacy and in certain ill-considered features of the Democratic platform. It may as well be conceded that the President's strength does not consist in any kind of political skill, whether of the higher or the lower order.

Yet none but very thoughtless Americans can fail to perceive very great strength in the President's position and in his straightforward statement of it. The weak places are obvious enough. The President is not a master of the tariff, and no one should be surprised at his again failing to defend convincingly the record and position of his party on that issue, both of which the country has condemned. On that issue his fight was lost from the beginning. He does not strengthen it by revamping the old cry of "wolf," and telling the country it will be frightened into a panic by its own action if it decides to call the Democrats to power. That is no more impressive than the time-honored parade of Republican achievements. But the President *is* impressive, he comes unpleasantly near being convincing, when he argues that an issue has been raised to which the tariff must be held secondary and subordinate. He is entirely convincing in his analysis of the causes of our present extraordinary restlessness and of the violent outcry for unconsidered changes. He rises distinctly into statesmanship when he points out the danger of this course and the break with all the past which it involves. He puts his entire cause and his party's cause into a single thought-compelling sentence when he says:

> The Republican party believes in progress along the lines upon which we have attained progress already.

Is there, indeed, an issue between that kind of progress and some other and untried kind? Is there, in other words, an issue between progress and revolution? Unquestionably, there has been an attempt to raise one. Many of us are now hoping that the attempt will soon prove to have failed. We are hoping that the responsible leaders of the Democracy will effectively discountenance it and that the reckless leadership of the third-party movement will not alone avail to alter thus our entire political life. But we cannot yet be sure that the crisis is averted. If it is not averted, if it again clearly impends, then the President and his party will have a chance which they do not now seem to have. As custodians of what is fundamental in our system, they will, by the fault and folly of their adversaries, become the only refuge of countless patriotic Americans who would otherwise surely vote to take the government away from them. In the contest as we trust it may be joined, they are beaten. In such a contest as the President apprehends, there might conceivably be no other safe course than to sustain them.

The Best Politics for Congress to Play

Congress is making a mistake. It is attempting to cater to an already oversupplied demand. With a Presidential campaign in full swing, and a rather extraordinary one at that, the country has all the politics it wants. There is no occasion for Congress to prolong its session in order to stir up more politics.

There is no occasion for Congress to be sitting in August at all. There was no excuse for its failure to pass the appropriation bills long before the first of July. It was no better than disgraceful that the end of the fiscal year should have found the imperative and immediate needs of the government unprovided for. There was nothing else to show for the months that had been wasted. They saw no beneficent general laws placed on the statute-book. The country did not expect to see that done, in a Presidential year, and neither did Congress. Neither does Congress expect to see it now. Both the country and Congress know perfectly well that this is not a time to get such legislation considered on its merits. It is therefore an excellent time not to consider it at all.

The continued activity of Congress is therefore not legislative but political; and the country perceives, even if Congress doesn't, that such activity doesn't pay. It doesn't pay either side. The Republican Senate has won nothing and fooled nobody by its little game of tacking anti-reciprocity amendments onto the House's tariff bills; the Democratic House is learning that economy at the expense of the navy is not an overwhelming popular kind of virtue.

There is just one way for Congress to serve the country at present, and that is to pass the remaining appropriation bills and other immediately needed legislation—and then go home.

The Race Problem Settled

The papers have completely failed to grasp the statesmanship of Colonel ROOSEVELT's new Southern policy as set forth in his letter to the son of "Uncle Remus." It is astonishing, considering the long practice they have had in fathoming the ways of genius that they should still be making such a mess of it. They perceive only what is superficial in this new and epochal edict concerning the race question. They miss what is profound and controlling. They consider that the magnanimous surrender of the support of the Southern negroes is an offer of something for something. That is a cruel misunderstanding. It is an offer of nothing for something. In practically all the Southern States the negro vote at elections is so small as to be negligible—except as it provokes white people to vote the other way. The only way the negro vote counts in the South is in Republican primaries and conventions. But Colonel ROOSEVELT is no longer running for a Republican nomination. While he was, nobody valued the Southern negro vote more highly. He knew what it was good for. He based many of his contests on it. He is now seeking Southern support for righteousness at an election. The votes of Southern negroes do not carry elections. There are not enough of them, and they repel other votes. They are accordingly dispensed with.

Really, genius is simple. It's merely our blindness that sophisticates it. And here are learned editors all over the country quite unable to see why there must be one rule for the North and another for the South in this matter! Why, it's perfectly plain. There are many negroes in the South, but few of them vote, and their side always loses. There are fewer negroes in the North, but most of them vote, and their side usually wins. How stupid most of us are.

But the Stupid Cavil

But that is the trouble. Against stupidity, we are told, even the gods may fight in vain. It is, we fear, only too possible that uninspired minds will never rise to this magnificently simple disposition of the race problem. The Southern negroes will certainly not rise to it; but they don't count. But suppose the Northern negroes should also keep on thinking of themselves as negroes rather than Northerners and want to know what it will profit them, since they already have full political privileges, to co-operate in turning down the great mass of their race? What if Northern white people, even though they are ready to abandon their old notion of standing up for negro voters in the South, should begin to wonder why the colored brother is good enough to be recognized in *their* bailiwicks if it is right to ignore him down South? What if even the Southern white people—"the men of justice and vision, as well as of strength and leadership," who are invited to take control—what if even they should begin to wonder why they need a new party to carry out precisely the same policy which their old party has always stood for? What if they should get to remembering things? That is one way people are stupid. It is quite conceivable that Southern people will keep on remembering CRUM and Indianola—they have uncommonly obstinate memories down there—and fail to understand why things are suddenly so different, and wonder how long they are going to stay different. They are slow to change, those Southerners, and one can really be too sudden with them. It may disconcert them a bit to see the "door of hope" for the colored brother slammed to with such a bang. They really can't immediately forget the time when it was thrown open quite as violently—in their faces.

So there you are, HENNESSEY. It's settled again, this old race question, but it's more than likely people won't believe it. As if He hadn't settled it two or three times before!

Batchelder Retires

WALLACE BATCHELDER, of Vermont, Rough Rider, ROOSEVELT adherent, Bull Moose delegate to Chicago, and lately a ROOSEVELT leader in Vermont, has published an affecting letter to say that he has come to the parting of the ways and cannot support the Colonel for President. The jolt came when BATCHELDER got word that he must not support the Democratic candidate for Governor in Vermont. He liked the candidate and felt that he stood for what he had been working for all along in Vermont politics. But a telegram came from Oyster Bay that the ROOSEVELT adherents must restrict their support to candidates who would agree to vote the Bull-Moose Presidential ticket. BATCHELDER couldn't believe it, and telegraphed for confirmation of this order, and got it. Then, after due reflection, he sent back a telegram which is really pathetic, telling of his fourteen years of devotion; how he was sent for to Oyster Bay last March and enlisted in the cause, and how, though a poor man with a dependent family, he had done nothing else since then but work for ROOSEVELT and the Progressive cause. But to get notice that the Progressive cause was to be sacrificed to get votes for ROOSEVELT was the striking of the clock for him, and with an audible laceration of deep-seated affections he sent word that he was out of it.

The cost to individual followers of Mr. ROOSEVELT's candidacy will be enormous. Those of them

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are lucky who realize betimes, as Mr. BATCHELDER has done, whither the current they were in was bearing them. All of them will be sadder, some eventually wiser, for their experience.

Doctor Hart's Blind Side

The one fact that the standpatters and regulars and organizers and credentials committees cannot seem to get into their heads is that millions of American voters find THEODORE ROOSEVELT "just the thing they wanted."—*Professor* ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

And the one thing that the third-termers cannot yet appreciate, but will in due time, is that millions of American voters see in THEODORE ROOSEVELT the one man they will not have at any price. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S hypnotic powers will bring him a good many votes, but no other candidate whom the Progressives could have tied up to would drive so many voters, both progressive and conservative, to vote whatever ticket is necessary to defeat him.

The Liberty Cure

In view of recent evidences of business activity in CHARLES W. MORSE, some of the papers think his condition of health was misrepresented to induce the President to pardon him. The *World*, for example, observing that MORSE was pardoned out of Atlanta prison only a few months ago on the certificate of army surgeons that he was dying, says:

MORSE'S steady improvement from the very day he left the penitentiary has been a marvel of healing that would make the reputation of any spa or sanitarium or mind-cure cult that could claim it. What is the elixir of life that has resuscitated the moribund ex-convict banker?

Just liberty. That is elixir of life enough for MORSE. The mental side of him is strong enough to drag his body back out of the grave if it has a chance to work. Since he got out of Atlanta it has had its chance. It does not follow that he shammed iliness or fooled his doctors, because he is better now.

In Fine Form

MARSE HENRY is in fine form again. For the time being he is out of the awful slough of Kentucky politics that no one but a Kentuckian understands, and speaks again on outside topics. Hear him:

WOODROW WILSON could not escape election if he tried. He will sweep the country. We engage to bet the *Sun*, State by State, a dinner on each State that he carries every State in the Union.

That's a bet of upwards of fifty dinners. Think of the fine constitutional stability of a man who would bet fifty dinners on one election; all of them, of course, to be paid for and eaten!

Again he says:

Either the writer of the *World's* tariff articles should be "bored for the simples," or else holes should be dug in the golden dome to let the darkness out.

That is because the *World* has not squared with what the ranking Colonel in all Kentucky conceives to be sound Democratic doctrine on the tariff. The language in which General SHERMAN defined war suffices Colonel WATTERSON to define the protective tariff, and any Democrat who varies much from that definition had better not let MARSE HENRY catch him.

Tell Us All About It

What is it to be "bored for the simples?" Is it such an operation as would aid in bringing Grand-Brother LYMAN ABBOTT back to the *status quo ante* the third cup of coffee?

For Mayor of Springfield

If Mr. ROOSEVELT would run for mayor of New York and devote his great energy and ability to making that city the best governed municipality in the world, he would perform a service incalculable in its benefits to democracy.—Springfield *Republican*.

But he would not devote his great energy to the end you suggest. It would continue to be a constitutional necessity for him to devote the bulk of it to advertisement. We should have a government by headlines, and our city would cease to be a municipal problem and become a political trapeze, on which, between flights, the world's greatest political acrobat would sit to receive the plaudits of mankind.

You don't seem, neighbor, even yet, to have a full appreciation of the Colonel's case. You may have him for mayor of Springfield. It is far too late for him to be of use in our City Hall.

A Happy Event

We congratulate the many readers of the New York *Journal* upon the marriage of the mentally venerable editor of their favorite paper. The world's best accessories of educative journalism are carpet slippers before a good fire in the stove and a comfortable chair gently rocking under the sitting-room lamp, to the soft rhythm of ceaseless knitting on the other side of the table. Mr. BRISBANE has long been our most brilliant bachelor editor, but the time came, as with all of us, when it was well that he should be domesticated. Felicitations to all!

Speak Up

The *Tribune* chortles over the following quotation from a speech delivered by Mr. WILSON three years ago:

You know what the usual stand of the employee is in our day. It is to give as little as he may for his wages. Labor is standardized by the trade-unions, and this is the standard to which it is made to conform. No one is suffered to do more than the average workman can do. In some trades and handicrafts no one is suffered to do more than the least skilful of his fellows can do within the hours allotted to a day's labor, and no one may work off hours at all or volunteer anything beyond the minimum. The labor of America is rapidly becoming unprofitable under its present regulation by those who have determined to reduce it to a minimum.

Well, were truer words ever spoken? We ask the *Tribune*. Come now! No humbug!

Amendments, Etc.

The Constitution continues to be a good-enough platform for the *Sun*.—The *Sun*.

And for every other good citizen. But each is subject to amendment—the Constitution by the people, the platform by the candidate. The crux of the difference between the Colonel and his two law-recognizing opponents—if we may so couple them—lies in his assumption of the right of a candidate, he being It, to amend the one and to draft the other.

Evidence Wanted

When and where, we ask the eloquent Representative HENRY, of Texas, did Mr. ROOSEVELT pronounce American farmers "the basest set in the land"? We don't believe he ever said it and we don't believe that Mr. HENRY believes that he ever said it. If Mr. HENRY has the proof, he should produce it; if not, he should be ashamed of himself

The Old Doctor

Here, then, is the paramount issue: Shall the Constitution be preserved by President TAFT, with such aid as he can secure from ROOT, PENROSE, BARNES, LORIMER, and the other self-appointed custodians of constitutional government? Shall our organic law be given into the hands of these, who favor the election of Senators by the people, an income tax amendment, a single term for the President, and other changes of this character, which have for their object the divorcing of government from the favor-seeking, privilege-hunting classes?—WILLIAM J. BRYAN in the *World*.

Oh, such stuff! ROOT and PENROSE, duly elected Senators from the two greatest States in the Union, "self-appointed"; the everlasting LORIMER linked with the President who did more than anybody else to drive him out of the Senate; TAFT placed in opposition to the income tax and the single term, both of which he advocates! Was ever such humbug?

A Gentle Hint

We mildly suggest to all Trusts and things that want to make a contribution unbeknownst that they sneak up at night and leave it in bills on the *Commoner's* door-step. Brother BILL (says he) is away lecturing, but Brother CHAS. will look after it, all right.

Very Slight, Indeed

After all, it requires the change of but a single consonant to transform tainted into sainted money.

"The Commoner's" Future

Speculation as to happenings to follow November 5th strikes us as somewhat premature, but the following from the observant Savannah *News* is worth passing notice:

There is speculation as to whether or not Mr. BRYAN would be offered a place in the Cabinet if Governor WILSON should be elected President. The fact that he has contributed $1,000 to the Democratic campaign fund will have the effect probably of stimulating this speculation.

Governor WILSON would undoubtedly feel under considerable obligation to Mr. BRYAN, but he isn't the sort of a man to let a personal obligation of any sort interfere with what he believed to be his duty to himself, his party, and the people generally. If he believed that Mr. BRYAN was the best man in the party for Secretary of State or Secretary of the Treasury or for any other Cabinet position he wouldn't hesitate to invite him into his Cabinet, not because of any service he might have rendered him in getting the nomination at Baltimore or in the campaign, but simply because of his ability to contribute to the success of his administration.

As a matter of fact, Governor WILSON owes nothing to Mr. BRYAN thus far. Mr. BRYAN didn't advocate his nomination. He planned to bring about his own nomination at Baltimore, and his plan failed, mainly because the WILSON boom got away from him. In the campaign that is just beginning Mr. BRYAN may render such good service that he may place his party under obligation to him, but if he does, Governor WILSON will not sacrifice any personal or party interest to reward him. In shaping his administration, in the event of his election, he will regard Mr. BRYAN as only so much material available for the positions to be filled.

It is close to the bull's-eye, in our cautious judgment.

Well, Well

Those Chautauqua engagements which will keep BRYAN off the stump so long are suspicious. He must have made them subject to recall if nominated at Baltimore, or since his failure there.—*Waterbury American*.

Think so?

Accidents

Two really startling statements appear in the account published on other pages of the recent Lackawanna Railway disaster, in which forty passengers were killed. One is by an operating officer:

One of the most serious causes of the loss of life on railroads is unquestionably the relaxation of discipline, where the employee believes he is protected by the union, and where, in the event of his discharge, he can obtain re-employment on some other road, in view of the urgent demand for his kind of work."

The other comes from a railway signalman:

For a great many years the influence of the railroad organizations has been constantly exerted, not only to raise wages and to improve conditions, which of course are perfectly proper and justifiable, but also to nullify discipline, to destroy personal management and authority, and to obliterate from all schedules and working agreements any reference to or consideration for the paramount interests of the traveling public....

If these assertions are founded upon fact—and there is ample reason to believe that they are—it is about time for the millions whose lives are jeopardized daily to take serious notice of what is going on under cover of labor protection. And where, if anywhere, do Public Service Commissions come in if not in cases such as this?

The Pope and the Marriers

It was not true, as reported, that the Pope had suspended the decree "*ne temere*," which provides that, in the estimation of the Roman Catholic Church, a marriage between two Roman Catholics or a Roman Catholic and a Protestant without the sanction of a Catholic priest is null. The decree is still in force. In Canada the Dominion Parliament tried to nullify it by legislation, but the courts decided that the bill the legislature passed was beyond its powers, though they also held that a marriage performed by any qualified person was good at law.

If this papal decree about mixed marriages was worth attacking by legislation, the way to go about it would be, we suppose, to provide that no marriage by a Roman Catholic priest should be valid at law. How would that do? The Pope announces that certain marriages, accepted as valid, say, by the State of New York, shall be null to all members of the Roman Catholic Church. Would it be more than a measure of gentle protest if the State of New York should announce that certain marriages accepted as valid by the Pope should be held to be null by the courts of New York? That would seem to be no more than turn about, and something like it has been done in France. But here it would not pay. It would make the Pope and his decrees of too much consequence in the State of New York. The State at present does not know the Pope, and they are best off unacquainted.

But another thing might happen. The *ne temere* decree puts the Roman Catholic Church in the position of a corporation doing business in the United States, and insisting, with manifestoes and threats, upon a monopoly of the profitable industry of marrying Catholics. What is the SHERMAN law going to do when it hears about that? It is quite a fierce law as it is, but when it has been perfected, as proposed, by a lot of stringent new prohibitions, it will have biting facilities that certainly could make sausage meat of *ne temere*.

But probably it won't. The maxim *de minimis lex non curat* will probably govern. For, after all, *ne temere* is more vexatious than important, and a better subject for the mosquito cures than for legislation or court findings. The organization that issues it is still strong in arrogation, but when it comes to biting, its teeth break.

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The Disparagement of the Mind

It was a man who was old enough to know better who said, when the talk was of the narrow reading public for serious books in America: "What's the use of culture? What's the good of learning? One needs to know enough to be good. That's all that matters." As if being good were so simple a matter. As if to grow in virtue did not call for every faculty a man can muster and for continuous strengthening of moral and mental muscle by exercise.

Still, this matter of the mind's share in virtue is rather a cloudy one, and in out-of-the-way places, where new ideas take time to penetrate, there is often a sad bedazzlement of thought on the subject. There are whole communities drenched in the misleading idea that goodness is obedience to a given set of rules. They degrade goodness by asserting that it bears no relation to intelligence or the vigorous use of the intellect. They offer you the stock example of the ignorant person who could not read and who yet died a noble death. There is a favorite story of a "heathen Chinee" who, having heard the Scriptures read, underwent with great stoicism a great deal of suffering and died what is called "a saintly death." Now patience is largely a matter of lethargic nerves and tough pigments. Moreover, there are few cases, as any doctor will testify, of resisting or unwilling death. By the time people reach the stage of death the nerves are worn quiet and physical impatience is stilled. The Chinese are proverbially stolid and phlegmatic, and add to this a new and arresting ideal of the beauty of patient suffering, and one has quite adequate accounting for the "saintly death." Epictetus never heard the Scriptures read, and yet when his master in a temper had his leg sawed off he bore it quite patiently, only remarking when it was accomplished, "Now, master, I shall never serve you so ably again." Here was the clear force of intellect, perceiving the wisdom of patience and the futility of passion at once. Another important answer to the person who tries to prove that there is no relation between goodness and sense is that the stock example of the saint who could not read has nothing to do with the case. Intelligence does not consist in reading. Reading is the merest accident of education and environment, while intelligence is the dropping from above of some infinitesimal fraction of divinity—a thing to watch and pray and work for. To try to belittle a divine endowment and live by a set of dull and dried-up traditions is about as intelligent as it would be to go about the world cutting off everybody's arms and assuring them that they could get through the world just as well with half a body as with a whole one. For half of our spirit is indeed discipline and will, but the other half is insight and intelligence. There is a certain colored cook, not very far from the present writer, who never reads anything but the head-lines in the sensational newspapers, having by nature a cheerful and alert interest in death and disaster wherever it may occur, and yet she is a fine example of unlearned intelligence. No one could accuse her of over-emphasizing the need of intellectual culture from books, but she is an intelligent creature knowing how to find the good in human beings underneath whatever heavy trappings of outer evil. She has exercised herself in the knowledge of human nature, and, like Kipling, she has taken her fun where she found it" through life until to the outside observer her career looks like one of the most successful and best of lives. She is perfectly content in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call her. There are none of the joys of cooking or cleaning that she has not taught herself to enjoy to the utmost. As against this cheerful and alert intelligence there arises the memory of an old man with a great reputation for piety. In his whole life he never drank a glass of wine—would that he had!—he never played cards or went to a theater or indulged in anything that made for what he considered weakness. Every Sunday of his life he arrived at church before the minister so that he might have the joy of looking reproachfully at him if he were late. But it may fairly be said that he made havoc of every life that touched his because he lacked the intelligence to discern wherein lay true goodness.

The poor Pharisees themselves were doubtless people of the best intentions, obeying strenuously the rules and traditions of their time. They had no intention of being hypocrites. Was there ever a hypocrite who thought himself one? The Pharisees were condemned because they lived by rules and traditions and because they denied the spirit and the intelligence and their regenerating power. One can never rest in the goodness that says, "Think as I think and you will be safe." Virtuous conceit is more deadly than intellectual conceit. Never fancy that the stupid folk who have turned religion into a scorning and a derision were bad people; they were just the people who did not want to think, and so believed it unnecessary. Religious wars and Spanish Inquisitions were all led by these people who knew that God's will could be understood without the use of the mind. In a small and hampered way they still oppose the world's progress and institute the best substitutes the modern world will allow them for inquisitions and persecutions.

The only goodness one can love and rest in and depend upon is the goodness of understanding and purpose. Such goodness does not consist in creeds or a set of rules; it does not fail at the crucial moment; it is not easily led astray or lured from the path it has clearly discerned; it is not bounded by precedent and does not regulate other people's ideas. It is, in fact, the only form of goodness that makes for peace and progress. President Thomas, of Bryn Mawr, says of that splendid woman, Carola Woerishoffer, to whom Miss Tarbell gives an article in a recent magazine: "She did what is called good work in college. . . . Definite purpose and creditable scholarship are not unusual. Unfettered judgment, contempt of precedent, fearless expression—these are unusual, and these Carola Woerishoffer had to a degree that startled, horrified, or thrilled those who came in contact with her according to their individual outlook." It was the application of a free and active intelligence to the purpose of serving which made this young girl's life one to make the world mourn when she died.

One measures goodness in these days not by the number of rules obeyed, not by the things one has not done, but by accomplishment and by breadth of sympathy. The task of the little human soul is a task of expansion. It must, little by little, shed its individuality and grow from the partial self toward the whole. This cutting off of a part of life, or a part of the body, or, one might even say, this throwing aside of a vice—is such a puny thing! It is really difficult to be awed by the virtue of the young man who confessed to having wished all his life to gamble, but who would not because it was against the rules of his church. If only he had happened to be taught to use his mind a little, ever, ever so little, gambling would have seemed the stupidest of mental occupations. As compared with the joys of getting hold of a new and a larger idea, of tracing back a clue or taking strenuous intellectual exercise, it would not count at all. The best way to escape the petty vices is to pitch the standard of pleasure high.

Goodness consists in listening to and recognizing the divine promptings which only he may hear who is willing to train himself, body, mind, and soul. But one must have not only the will to listen, but the mind to understand.

And is there any sign by which we may know when we have caught the Still Voice aright? Some one says: "This comes with the sense of peace which accompanies such biddings always—a sort of hush which enfolds us instantaneously with the idea and lets us know at once that the idea is perfectly right and perfectly beautiful—lets us know this before the mind has time to work." Of course what the writer means here is before the mind has time to go back self-consciously and scrutinize step by step the process by which one has reached their sense of peace. But the divine promptings are never petty; they never counsel omissions or exclusions. The divine promptings lead, in however infinitesimal a degree, toward the All-inclusive, the Eternal.

"All nature widens upward; evermore
The simpler essence lower lies;
More complex is more perfect, owning more
Discourse, more widely wise."

Correspondence

THE ROOSEVELT PARTY

Springfield, O., *June 12, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Is it the fair thing to call the Roosevelt party, the so-called Republican party, the Republican party? Is it not a fact that Theodore Roosevelt as soon as he by the death of McKinley was made President began to set in motion the machinery that he has since kept active, to drive out all the leaders of the real Republican party, and set up a party of his own? Did he not as soon as elected President, like James Buchanan and Andrew Johnson, desert the party and denounce the principles and doctrines of the party that always advocated and fought for progress and encouragement of American industries and preached his fanatical dogmas that have kept our country in a continual fermentation that impels one to ask, What next? Has not Theodore Roosevelt dictated and dominated that party ever since? Has he not, as he has said, been the whole party? Did he not name Taft as his successor and force his nomination in 1908? What part did the now-talked-of rank and file have in the choice of a candidate then? Who fired and engineered the road-roller then? Did not Senator Foraker demand a primary then? Did he get it? Who was the prime mover in the tactics of the bulldozers then? I think Mr. Roosevelt is getting a very large-size dose of his own medicine. Then why call the gang the Republican party? I for one entertain a feeling of supreme disgust every time I see or hear the term misapplied, and I think that the landslide of 1910 was convincing evidence that there are many more of the same opinion. In the campaign of 1910 there was a demand that Senator Foraker, the only statesman that never broke his neck tumbling into the Roosevelt bandwagon, be put on the list of speakers; the demand was so great that it had to be complied with. Senator Foraker made three speeches to crowded houses and was called off; he was the only one that could draw a crowd, while the meetings for the so-called Republican party were without exception killing frosts. He was too popular; it wouldn't do. He was pulled off; he was too radical; he talked too much about the Constitution and the flag and not enough about Roosevelt and his heresies. What he had to say about the latter was too much to the point; he put the people next. The landslide in Ohio showed that 250,000 Republicans stayed at home and refused to indorse the fallacies of the Alpha and Omega, and the late primaries all over the country prove that the feeling of 1910 is not warming toward the gang. Let the people rule! is now the slogan of the great apostle of New Nationalism. What people? Are the small percentage of the people that answered the call of the ward heeler the people? What are the others going to do at the election? The result plainly demonstrated that the mass of the voters of the Republican party want neither Roosevelt nor Taft, and to rescue the party from the one-man party of the demagogue who has belittled the nation before all the world will vote the Democratic ticket and elect the nominee in November.

I am, sir,

A. S. W.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE PRIMARY

Upper Sandusky, O., *July 22, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The attached clipping from the editorial columns of the Fort Wayne, Indiana, *Daily News* of July 18, 1912, quoting from your journal on the primary-election system and commenting on same cannot fail to attract the attention of those who feel an interest in the best methods of bringing about truly representative government.

The primary principle is the correct one, but the indifference of the people toward it is most discouraging. The cost of conducting primary elections is too great to justify their continuance if only a small percentage of the voters participate in them, and where the vote is light we have no true index of real public sentiment touching this or that candidate.

The primary can be made to mean something, and the end should be made to justify the means. Make participation compulsory on the part of every qualified voter. Make the primary poll-book the registration list for the election to follow. Refuse a vote to the elector who appears at the regular election if the primary poll-book fails to show that he helped to make the ticket. If the law can tell me that I cannot vote at a regular election if I have not registered, it can just as justly deny me the right to vote at a regular election if I have failed to help make the ticket then to be voted. True, there should be some provision to excuse the voter who can produce a physician's certificate and his own affidavit that he was prevented from participating in the primary because of ill health or affliction at the time, or by affidavit showing that he was unavoidably absent from home at the time, or such legal excuses properly backed by oath as would permit a man to vote for failure to register at the times and places fixed by law.

The primary should be made to mean something, and it can be so made by proper legislation.

The citizen who fails to help make the ticket should be estopped from railing at bossism. Compel him to exercise his right of citizenship or deny him the right for wilful failure to exercise it at the primary. This system would save the great cost of registration.

I am, sir,

E. N. Halbedel.

"THE CONSTITUTION AND ITS MAKERS"

Tacoma, Wash., *July 16, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—We desire to use in full in the *Daily News* "The Constitution and its Makers," by Henry Cabot Lodge, as printed in *The North American Review.*

I feel that this article should be read by every American who has not taken the pains to read history, and the Lord knows they are numbered by the millions just now.

Let me take this occasion to compliment the *Review's* increasing excellence and to add my mite of encouragement to the trenchant quill that makes Harper's Weekly a source of delight and profit. This newspaper uses freely of the advance notices from both, and feels that its balance is considerably stabilitated thereby.

I am, sir,

Herbert Hunt, Editor of the *News.*

FROM AN HABITUAL READER

Superior, Wis., *July 21, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In an editorial in the issue of July 20th of Harper's Weekly you say: "There is a good deal below the surface of these canal questions." It is true. I am inclosing a cartoon cut from the Duluth *News-Tribune* which aptly illustrates that the railroads are below the surface of the Panama Canal question.

I am a reader of Harper's Weekly since 1894, and have all issues preserved since that date. I do not read Harper's Weekly because I agree with all I find in it, but partly I believe because it is antagonistic more often with my ideas. You have a spicy way of presenting the different subjects in editorial that at once gives me anger or pleasure.

I am, sir,

L. W. Beebe.

A BARRIER AGAINST PROGRESS

Corwin Springs, Mon., *July 7, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Mr. A. Maurice Low has propounded a very novel yet timely question: What are Mr. Roosevelt's principles? The law of compensation ever holds the balance true. Roosevelt has no principles; no one ever seemed to expect him to advance any, for the reason, perhaps, that he is gifted with such a tremendous personality. Instead of any deep and substantial thoughts and ideas, he is apparently provided with a superhuman cunning. Roosevelt holds his sensitive finger constantly on the public's pulse; he is a human barometer. With his keen and instinctive perception he keeps perpetually in the most conspicuous place. Time will unquestionably prove that Roosevelt is superfluous and short on ballast. But in my opinion the fact remains that he stands to-day the most effective and insurmountable barrier against progress.

I am, sir,

James Shine.

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A National Chamber of Commerce

By Charles Nagel

Secretary of Commerce and Labor

THE Department of Commerce and Labor was created about nine years ago, undoubtedly in response to the growing demand for the government's assistance in the development and regulation of the people's interests. While many of the bureaus assigned to it have existed for many years in one department or another, it is nevertheless true that all or most of them are immediately or remotely related to commerce and labor and that the title of the department therefore is essentially correct. Perhaps the Bureau of Manufactures, which more especially represents commerce in the department, has had least attention. It was organized at the time when the department was created and it has since then not received the support and the appropriations which a proper development of its functions demands. There is reason to believe, however, that the great opportunity for such a bureau is now recognized. As we read of the activity of the departments of commerce in foreign countries to develop both domestic and foreign trade we must appreciate that in this respect our system is far behind those of other countries. There is reason to believe that if the reorganization of this bureau, which is now contemplated by Congress, goes into effect its development will be very marked.

But whatever may be true with respect to the Bureau of Manufactures itself, our country is lacking in another direction. This is the absence of an organization of the commercial and industrial bodies and forces of this country. Foreign countries have boards of trade which are recognized semi-officially by the government. We have had nothing of this kind, and it must be apparent that intelligent development, legislative or otherwise, must in very large measure depend upon the opportunity and ability on the part of officials of the government in any department to confer with accredited representatives of commerce and industry in general. It may be well to refer to some of the problems which confront commerce and industry and which it is thought may be relieved by means of an organization similar to those which exist in foreign countries.

Broadly speaking, the relation between government and business has undergone a tremendous change. At the inception of our government precaution was taken to guarantee against political oppression. The system of checks and balances which is embodied in our Constitution and which has been our boast is directed chiefly, if not entirely, against the perpetuity and aggrandizement of political power. It was the assumption that the guarantees of political liberty and equality would afford full protection to the individual citizen. Only by degrees did we come to realize that industrial and commercial power may constitute just as important a subject for control or regulation as political power. And only within the last quarter of a century has anything like serious effort been made to deal with this, our modern problem. Since then we have been forced to admit that the industrial problem, embracing the proprietor, the wage-earner, and the consumer, constitutes one of the grave public questions with which we have to deal.

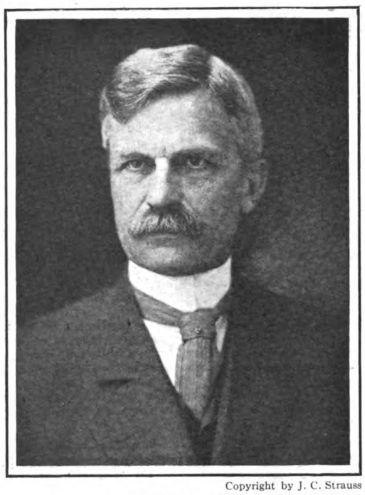
The first recognition of this condition naturally found its expression in restrictive measures. This was inevitably the first response to the consequences of the antiquated *laissez-faire* doctrine. For illustration, the Interstate Commerce Act constituted the first comprehensive measure to protect one branch of the community against another and to bring order and system into a condition which had become chaotic and oppressive in the extreme. That law has been amended and improved upon, and as a regulating measure it is now administered in an orderly and systematic manner. But every new system presents new questions, and we still have to answer to what extent regulation such as we have instituted may serve to restrict the energies upon which we have heretofore relied, and how far our determination to fix rates may ultimately affect the standards of the service, and indeed the position of the employees.

The anti-trust law is a further measure to bring order out of chaos. After many years of doubt and experiment, litigation and reorganization, the country is persuaded that this law must stand in its essential purpose and that it has been vindicated by successful enforcement without immunity or discrimination. But, again, a new system has presented new problems; the negative measure, in the opinion of many, must be supplemented by positive measures. Reorganizations are now effected by a branch of government which should not be charged with administrative business. The courts have not the facilities for inquiry and are not equipped to deal with the economic problems that are now presented to them. The business of this country feels the need for affirmative legislation by which it may be guided in its organization and in the pursuit of its enterprises. Established concerns ought to be advised upon what basis they may organize or reorganize, and prospective concerns should be able to determine in advance upon what conditions they may enter the field of competition.

Industrial questions, such as employers' liability, accident insurance, pension systems, are discussed and experimented with in State and national legislation; and yet the industries and the wage-earners, who are primarily concerned to find a rational answer, have not been able to confer and to present in their united names a feasible answer to this impending problem.

The need of a merchant marine is universally admitted, but we have been unable to agree upon any practical plan which may be calculated to give encouragement to American enterprise. We boast of the early completion of the Panama Canal, but so far we have not been able to fix rules upon which even our own established coastwise service may enjoy the advantages of that tremendous improvement in competition with the merchant marine of foreign countries.

Although the importance of our foreign trade is pressed upon us from day to day, and although the



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Charles Nagel
SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

trend of legislative policy and commercial growth emphasize our dependence upon that trade, the steps which we have taken so far are insignificant in comparison with the preparation of our great competitors abroad. Here as elsewhere we may not be compelled to do precisely what other countries have done, but we must do that which may be calculated to meet the energy and preparedness of foreign countries. We have laid the foundation, but have hesitated to put the power of the government behind measures, to pursue inquiries, to gather and distribute information, and to establish between the government and our commercial development that co-operation which has been crowned with such success in the activities of the government in the agricultural field.

Even with respect to domestic questions the agencies of the government have been permitted to work out their own problems, aided by individual interests, but practically without the assistance and the co-operation of commercial and industrial interests as a whole. This is true of the administration of so important a law as the Pure Food Law. It is true of such important branches as the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of the Census, and many others that might be named.

But the best illustration of the need for close co-operation between the branches of the government and commercial interests as a whole is the tariff. We are told, and most of us believe, that the tariff should be taken out of politics. How is it to be done? Up to this time tariff legislation, as much other legislation, has been specialized; and the creation of the Tariff Board constitutes the first effort to find a legitimate and impartial basis for a system of schedules that will be just to all interests alike. To what extent this effort may prove successful is still a matter of speculation. But ultimately the foundation of intelligent tariff legislation must be the recognition of the idea that in the long run no one can be permitted to prosper at the cost of his neighbor. Industries are bound together as our States and our sections are; not to antagonize one another, but to supplement. Industrial opinion and political decision must be harmonized. Modern problems are largely industrial, and political policy must adjust itself to the solution of these questions if the problem is to be satisfactorily solved.

These are illustrations of the questions which now press for decision. So pressing are they that if governmental agencies do not find the solution, the commercial and industrial forces will compel that solution in one form or another. The conflict is irrepressible. Economic forces will not be stayed; and if the government does not find and establish rules by which the development may be intelligently and normally had, then ultimately the expansion and the progress will be had in defiance of rules that do not fit. That has been the story, and that will be the story of development everywhere.

In my judgment, much of the confusion which now exists to discourage and to embarrass is to be attributed to the circumstance that impartial, comprehensive, thoughtful advice has not been afforded by those who are primarily interested and whose experience is most essential to a correct understanding. Instead of depending upon the advice or the demand of specialized interests, we must have a common judgment of commerce and industry, and to get that common judgment we must have a common representation. This is the meaning of the organization which is now proposed. There is nothing new in the idea. Other countries have had it for years and have developed it to a state of high efficiency. In other countries the relation between the government and the industries and commerce is so close that the board of trade forms an immediate part of the government itself. This we may not be able to accomplish, and may not want to have. But, to my mind, it is true beyond the possibility of refutation that by some means we must establish a common commercial representation which shall sustain a relation to the government for purposes of general advice and intelligent direction with respect to proposed measures and the administration of existing laws.

Even in our country this idea is not a new one. General boards of trade have been established; men who have realized the importance of such organizations have given their time and their thought to bring to the aid of the several branches of government the very influence which we now have in mind. They are entitled to great credit; and it is now hoped that they may enter into the creation of a National Chamber of Commerce at this time with the same enthusiasm and spirit of sacrifice which has characterized their activities up to this time. It must be apparent that one of the chief difficulties with the organizations which have so far existed has been that none of them have been in a position to command the recognition of the government. Under our system public officials dare not discriminate, and the recognition of one to the exclusion of others was out of the question. It is for this reason that the suggestion has been made to call together representatives of the larger organizations of this country, making sure that all branches and all sections participate; and, finally, to have such an organization clothed with a national charter so as to give the right and the means to have the government and representative commerce and industry touch elbows.

At a meeting of some six hundred delegates, representing every phase of commerce and industry in all parts of the United States, held in Washington April 22-23, 1912, the question of such an organization was considered. No attempt was made to discuss any problem which now immediately affects either commerce or industry, but the entire attention was given to the feasibility of organizing a Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The result was most gratifying. The earnestness and thoroughness of the discussion left no doubt that the idea had been sonsidered by representative men throughout the country. The delegates succeeded in effecting an organization headed by Mr. Harry A. Wheeler, of Chicago, who is supported by an executive committee of twenty-five representatives of different sections of the country. The manner in which this organization has proceeded since then gives practical assurance that we shall at last have a representative organization with which officers of the government and members of Congress may confer to the advantage of every one concerned. A bill is now pending to give the authority of law to this organization, and it is trusted that such authority may not be withheld by Congress.

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Mayor Sullivan on the way to his office

The Mayor Behind the Goats

HOW THE 157-ODD INHABITANTS OF IMBODEN, ARKANSAS, RETURNED A HUGE MAJORITY IN FAVOR OF TWENTY-YEAR-OLD JOE SULLIVAN

By Joseph P. Watkins

IT is no unusual thing for obscure men in the full possession of mental and physical power to achieve success. There have been presidents of the United States who were farmers and backwoodsmen before they became politicians. But for men physically incapacitated in childhood, crippled and disabled in early youth, still to be able to mount the ladder and climb it rung by rung—that is something worth while even in this country of vast possibilities to any who may aspire.

Joe F. Sullivan, Mayor of Imboden, Arkansas, although unable to walk a step, has risen to some political eminence and expects to go higher still after he has had a little more experience with governmental problems and practical affairs.

In Mr. Sullivan Imboden has the youngest legally elected and qualified mayor in the world. He is not yet twenty-one years of age. He won the office in a spirited election over two old and experienced political campaigners. A pair of goats and a dozen pretty girls contributed to his election. The defeated candidates were tempted to contest the election on the ground that Sullivan had not attained his majority and was therefore unable to qualify for the office, but the Attorney-General of Arkansas frustrated this design by announcing that he would recognize no "usurpation proceedings" and would decline to issue a writ of "quo warranto" against Sullivan on account of his age.

Sullivan admits that the goats and the girls elected him. He drove to the speaking-places behind his two trained angoras during the campaign, the management of which was turned over to the young women, who forced their fathers and brothers and sweethearts to vote for him whether they wanted to or not. The goats hauled him to school and enabled him to sell papers on the streets for a livelihood. They drew him about over his home community while he was disposing of toilet articles and spices to complete his education. They helped him to gather news for his local paper and continued with him after he had become an editor. The young ladies virtually forced the male portion of the population to lend him their support at the polls.

Now that he has become mayor, Sullivon does not look with scorn upon his faithful little team. The chief executive of Imboden may be seen any day driving to and from his offices in his goat-drawn chariot. His only way of getting about is either by driving the angoras, which have been to him for five years what feet are to those who walk, or using a tricycle, which is worthless in many rough places that the goats will take him over with ease. The pretty little animals follow their master about like dogs. They lie on the porch by his chair until he is ready to move or under the shade of the trees in the square while he is in his office. Bill and Jim are as well known in Imboden as is their master.

Sullivan has had an unusual and interesting career for a lad who has not yet reached his majority. His father died five years ago, leaving him with a widowed and feeble mother. He was stricken with paralysis at the age of four years, which deprived him of the use of his left arm and both lower limbs. In all the intervening years he has not known what it is to stand on his feet or to take a step. His entrance into the political game astounded the people of Imboden, who laughed at him at first, then tolerated him, and in the end voted for him. The record of this boy stands unparalleled in the annals of American politics.

When his father died Sullivan had been out of school for five years. He realized that he must have an education in order to cope with his competitors and overcome the adversities and afflictions that surrounded him. He was unable to walk to the school building, which was more than a mile from his home. He finally hit upon the idea of purchasing and training two goats to draw a miniature wagon. His boy friends broke the animals in for him. That fall Sullivan returned to school.

He found himself, however, owing to his long absence from the class-room, far behind his mates in their studies. With a determination to win out at all hazards he told his teacher that he was more than willing to burn the midnight oil until he could catch up. Five years behind in his studies, unable to walk a step, having the use of only one hand, weighing ninety-five pounds—this was the condition of this intrepid lad on entering school that fall. Leader of his class, winner of the scholarship, winner of a gold medal for making the highest average grades during the entire session, weighing only seventy-five pounds—this was the accomplishment of this ambitious American youth the following spring.

The next year he graduated from the grammar school at the head of his class. A year in the high school, and he no longer tarried in the halls of learning. He now turned his attention to earning a more generous support for himself and his mother. He began reporting for the local paper, the goats being his means of transportation. In the course of time he was appointed correspondent for a number of out-of-town papers. Later still he began writing short stories. Two weeks prior to his election he became editor of his home paper. He is known variously at home and abroad as "the boy mayor," "the boy editor," and "the boy with the billy-goats." His writings on the political situation in Arkansas prompted prominent politicians to advise him to turn his attention to this field of endeavor.

It was not until last fall, however, that Sullivan first felt the sting of the political bee. He intended at that time to enter the Democratic primary and run for a county office, but was prevented from so doing by a severe attack of typhoid fever. Realizing, after his recovery, that his only chance to break into politics this year lay in making the race for mayor in the spring election, Sullivan decided to announce his candidacy for this office. J. W. Regan and R. M. Lane, both prominent men and experienced politicians, were already candidates for the coveted position. Everybody in Imboden laughed at what they took to be a monumental joke that the ambitious cripple was trying to pull off.

The amusement of his opponents neither deterred nor frightened Sullivan. He drove his team of goats into the main business section of the city, where he informed the voters that he was really in earnest. All listened, many smiled, and Sullivan drove on. Friends of the opposing sides sought him out and gave him a fatherly talking to, advising him to withdraw from the race and avoid certain defeat. Sullivan listened to them, but declined to take their advice. He assured them that not only would he remain in the race, but that he was bound to sit in the mayor's chair.

Being an advocate of woman suffrage, Sullivan appointed a dozen of his school-girl friends as his campaign managers. They made a thorough canvass of the city for him, leaving behind them posters and circulars boosting "the boy with the billy-goats." They worked for him earnestly and faithfully. It was something new under the sun in Imboden for women to be engaged in politics. The young ladies, none of them over sixteen years of age, enjoyed themselves immensely. They corralled many a shaky vote by promising their male friends that they "would never speak to them again" if they failed to support

Miss Ottie Bowers, an earnest worker in the Mayor's behalf

Miss Lizzie I. Wilson, aged sixteen, the Mayor's campaign manager

Sullivan for mayor. As a result of this threat there was a large number of backsliders from the lists of the other candidates.

Having failed to persuade Sullivan to withdraw and being now thoroughly frightened at the strength of his candidacy, members of the opposing party undertook to scare him out of the contest. They brought all their political ingenuity to bear to determine the issue. It would be too humiliating to be defeated by a beardless boy whose body was crumpled up with disease. Sullivan's girl campaigners rallied to his assistance. They kept his candidacy at their tongues' ends for forty-eight hours before the election. All day while the votes were being polled Sullivan and his girl helpers were busy. That night everybody in Imboden stayed up to hear the result. When the votes were counted it was found that Sullivan had received a larger support than his two opponents combined. The Sullivan ticket had won in a walk. Every candidate who had opposed the boy even in a casual conversation on the street went down in defeat.

Imboden awakened on the following morning to find itself possessed of the youngest mayor in the civilized world.

Sullivan was inducted into office several days ago. When he took over the reins of government he promised to guide the destinies of Imboden just as skilfully as he has driven his team of trained angoras for the past five years. He began his official duties fifteen minutes after being sworn in. He appointed his committees and inaugurated a clean-up crusade for the town in less than two hours' time. His council is composed entirely of friends. Honesty and economy are to be the principles of his administration. Among the first to wait upon the new mayor was his campaign committee, with Miss Lizzie I. Wilson, sixteen years old, chief manager, at their head.

Sullivan is most ambitious. Now that he has had a taste of political excitement he expects to go a little higher. He wants a college education. After he has taken a turn or two at the political game and public life he expects to enter some university and complete his course in literature. He will take his goats with him. These faithful friends must haul him yet a little further along the pathway of education.

"I'm going to use three essentials to success—faith, prayer, and perseverance," says Sullivan. "They never fail you if you are right, and you are already a failure if you are in the wrong. My afflictions make me what I am and will help to make me what I am to be. I am perfectly reconciled to my condition and never think of being 'blue' or worried over what can't be helped. Really I haven't time to waste in such a manner; there is too much for me to do. No whimpering in mine."

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The Inexcusable Rear-end Collision

AN ACCIDENT THAT SHOULD NEVER OCCUR

WHY DOES IT OCCUR?

By William Inglis

FORTY lives were lost and sixty persons were badly hurt in a rear-end collision on the Lackawanna Railroad near Corning, New York, early in the morning of the Fourth of July. Men familiar with the history of such disasters declare that this was the most deadly rear-end collision that has happened since railroads were known. On the very next day twenty-one lives were taken and thirty persons were injured in a similar accident on the Ligonier Valley Railroad near Latrobe, Pennsylvania, and a few days later the inevitable third accident of the same sort occurred on another road, though with fewer lives lost.

Inasmuch as the Lackawanna road is one of the most intelligently managed and best equipped in the country, especially in the matter of block signals and all other safety devices, a careful scrutiny of all the circumstances of the accident ought to throw light on a most interesting question—is it possible to guard human life any more thoroughly than it is guarded on the best American railroads to-day? Incidentally it may be noted that the rear-end collision has taken a terrible toll of life and suffering during all the history of railroading in America. From the death of Senator Wagner, the inventor of a popular sleeping-car, in a rear-end collision at Spuyten Duyvil some thirty years ago, until the similar death of Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern road, a few years ago, many railroad men of high position have thus lost their lives.

Mr. Spencer was often called the ablest railroad man the South has produced. It is not to be thought that the crew of a train to which his car was attached would overlook any precaution required by safety; yet the fact remains that when his train was held up by some mishap in the early morning the locomotive of the following train plunged into his car and killed Mr. Spencer and several of his companions. Surely if human foresight is effective, nothing has been left undone to prevent rear-end collisions—yet they keep on happening with awful persistence. Is it inscrutable, relentless Fate that decrees these horrors? Can nothing be devised to prevent them? Let us examine the history of the most deadly collision and see what lessons can be drawn from it.

Train No. 9 of the Delaware, Lackawanna, & Western Railroad left Hoboken at nine o'clock in the evening of July 3d, heavily loaded with holiday excursionists bound for Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The train was made up of a locomotive, baggage-car, three Pullman sleeping-cars, and two wooden day coaches. At a quarter to five o'clock next morning this train was held up near a little town called Gibson's Narrows, three miles east of Corning. A big freight train—fifty-five cars—was stalled on the long, heavy grade because one of its locomotives was not steaming well and a drawhead (part of the coupling apparatus) had drawn out. An extra locomotive, which had been put on at Groveland to help train No. 9 up the grade, was detached and sent forward to help push the freight train into a siding out of the way of passenger traffic. Train No. 9 meanwhile stood still on the main track at the point at which it had been halted by the block signal. Ordinarily it was to be expected that a similar block signal nearly a mile to the eastward would stop any train approaching No. 9; but as an extra precaution, customary in such cases, a brakeman was sent back half a mile to flag and hold No. 11, which was due to follow No. 9 after an interval of a few minutes. No. 11 was the United States Express train, made up of a big modern locomotive and ten heavy express cars. A considerable mist was drifting up from the Chemung River, but not enough to obscure any sort of signal. Thus far the situation was commonplace, such as may be found on any railroad in America any day.

The engineer of No. 11 was William Schroeder, fifty-four years old, who had been twenty-three years on this run and had an unblemished record. He had backed his engine down to train No. 11 at Elmira, at half-past three in the morning, and taken it westward at the rate of a mile a minute or faster. He was at the end of a straight stretch of ten miles and running at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour when his locomotive swung round a curve, and Schroeder saw the two red tail-lights of the stalled No. 9 less than three hundred yards away. Instantly the engineer reversed his lever, opened the sand-box, and put on the air-brakes. The mighty engine, suddenly backing with all its power against the momentum of the ten heavy express cars, buck-jumped as if it would leave the rails, but remained on them and drove its great bulk into the standing cars. At the last instant before the collision Schroeder jumped and in some miraculous manner rolled down the bank to a place of safety, with no hurt except a severe shaking. When he recovered his senses he was sitting on a rail fence, staring at the wreck.

The flying locomotive plowed through the two wooden day coaches, shearing them off to right and left as if they were so much pasteboard. Most of the forty killed and sixty injured were in these cars. The engine plunged on into the rearmost sleeping-car and halted in the midst of that steel structure. Only four persons were killed here.

Of the frightful agony suffered by the sixty men and women who were injured and of the sudden passage from sleep to death of the forty who were ground to pieces by that awful plow, it is unnecessary to speak here. The most interesting thing to discover, if possible, is the cause of the accident and how such accidents can be avoided hereafter. According to the testimony at the coroner's inquest the track was in perfect condition and the signals were set in such a manner as to prevent train No. 11 from advancing—if Engineer Schroeder had seen or heeded the signals.

President W. H. Truesdale, of the Lackawanna road, declared that the system was fully equipped with the latest and best block-signal system, with the towers about one mile apart.

"An official on the ground," he said, "has developed the fact that Engineer Schroeder of the express train which ran into train No. 9 passed signal No. 2,773, which stood at 'Caution,' indicating clearly that train No. 9 was in the next block ahead and requiring him to reduce speed and hold the train under control. This he did not do, but not only passed this cautionary signal and ran through the cautionary block at full speed, but ran by the home signal, which stood at 'Danger,' 4,500 feet beyond the first signal, and on into train No. 9, which was standing 250 feet beyond the second or positive stop signal. In addition to this, he ran by the flagman of passenger train No. 9.

"A thorough inspection of the automatic block signals by the chief engineer and signal engineers develops the fact that they were in perfect condition."

George A. Cullen, traffic manager of the road, gave this explanation of the working of the signal system:

"When a train enters a block the semaphore behind it automatically springs to danger. As the train leaves that block, usually a half-mile in length, the yellow bar remains rigid, but the red bar drops. That tells the engineer of the train behind him to proceed with caution. As the train leaves the block ahead the yellow bar drops, but the semaphore of the block behind is set at danger. The preceding train is always two blocks ahead. If it comes to a stop the signal behind is set at full danger, and the block below denotes caution. It is a perfect and simple system."

How, then, did Schroeder fail to obey, as he had obeyed thousands of times before, the silent mandate of the block signal? This question was put to Mr. Cullen.

"His brain for once failed to respond to the signals," was Mr. Cullen's reply. "No matter how perfect the mechanical department of a railroad or how strict the rules and regulations given to the men, we always have to depend upon the brain of one man—the engineer in the cab of the locomotive. Railroad men have studied this problem for years, and we always come to the same question—is there any other means than human agency that will protect perfectly the lives in our care? No, there is none. We must rely upon the human mind—the man.

"In every accident it is some human mechanism that is at fault; some brain that forgot or neglected to work at the proper time. The steel and wire mechanism is never at fault. That was the case in this terrible catastrophe. Our signals worked perfectly, all the men on the road performed their prescribed duty, except one, and he says, in explanation, that he didn't see the signals. He was the engineer of the express which telescoped the Buffalo Limited.

"As railroad men, we find it impossible to accept his explanation. Any one who has ever sat in the cab of an engine knows that there is no fog that is thick enough to hide a signal from the engineer. He could almost touch the semaphores from his window. In this instance he ran past the cautionary signal, which told him there was a train two blocks ahead of him. Then he came into the next block and found the danger signal set full against him, and he, a trained, experienced engineer, ran past and crashed into the train ahead of him, and, when he saw the crash was inevitable, jumped.

"Every precaution, every safeguard, every rule and regulation, constructed and invented by the railroad, all useless, simply because one mind, the mechanism of one brain, failed to work properly. It is a terrible thing to contemplate, but how relentlessly true it is!

"What can we do? Is there anything that can supplant the brain in the engine cab? Is there any mechanical contrivance that has eyes and can see? No, we've got to have a human brain in the cab, and there is nothing that can take its place. Despite all our care, all our preparation and expense, it is up to the man, and neither we nor any railroad man can deny it.

"In this instance, the engineer not only ran past his cautionary and danger signal, but he did not see a burning fuse placed on the track by one of the crew of the stalled train, and did not see the flags two thousand yards in the rear of the stalled Buffalo Limited."

Mr. Cullen was asked if it would not add to safety to have a second man in the engine cab to watch for signals.

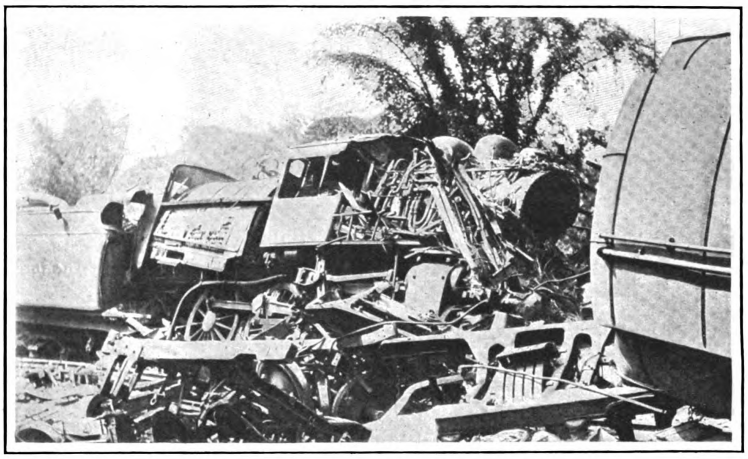
"It would not," he replied. "On the contrary, it would be an added source of danger, because the engineer and the other man would be sure to talk to each other. This plan has been debated by railroad men, but it has always been rejected for this reason."

Edward Lane, a brakeman of train No. 9, testified at the coroner's inquest that he had gone back two thousand yards with a red flag to stop train No. 11. On account of the early morning dimness he had lighted a fusee and put it on the track, hoping thus to attract the attention of Engineer Schroeder without fail. But the train came on and passed him, going faster than a mile a minute, and all he could do was to stand still and pray that Schroeder would be stopped by the next block signal.

"Did you place any torpedoes on the track?" Lane was asked.

"I did not," he replied.

The use of the torpedo as a danger signal is one of



This wreck occurred because the engineer was busy with the injector instead of looking out ahead
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the oldest practices in railroading. The torpedo consists of a couple of ounces of explosive packed in a water-tight metal cover. Strips of soft metal extend from either side, and with these the torpedo is fastened to the top of the rail so securely that the vibration or jarring of the heaviest or fastest train cannot knock it off. There it sits snug until the front wheel of the engine's forward truck crushes it and sets off the detonator, which makes a very loud report. The custom is to place two torpedoes for safety's sake a few hundred feet apart, so that the two explosions will surely stop any engineer. The element of surprise in the explosions, far less familiar to the senses than the everyday red flag, is calculated as an extraordinary safety precaution.

General Manager Cullen was asked why Lane had not placed torpedoes on the rail.

"We are governed," he replied, "by the code of the National Railway Association, which is made up of leading men from all the important railroads in the country. This code provides that while a brakeman is out behind a train with either a flag or a lantern, he places no torpedoes until the whistle signals him back to his train. Then, in order to protect the train until it starts, he is required to place torpedoes on the tracks."

It would be presumptuous in a layman to offer advice to railroad experts, yet the observer cannot help interjecting this question: would it not be safer to have the flagman put down two torpedoes in every case in which he goes back to protect the rear of a stalled

The flying locomotive plowed through the two wooden day coaches as if they were cardboard

(Reproduced by courtesy of the New York *World*)

train? If he is recalled to his train, he may leave them there, as in the present custom, but if he is still on guard when the following train approaches, the torpedoes will make a certainty of its stopping. If the engineer's attention has been called away from the lookout ahead by some imperative duty within the cab, that momentary withdrawal of his gaze may leave his locomotive running unguarded over half a mile of track, and somewhere along that half-mile may be the brakeman waving the red flag upon which depends the safety of hundreds of lives. And if the engineer should be for the moment thus preoccupied, the loud warnings of the torpedoes would surely arouse him to the need of instantly stopping his train.

Or, if we suppose that the engineer is suffering from some sort of brain lesion that incapacitates him from seeing or heeding signals, the crash of the torpedo will bring the fireman into action without delay. The locomotive fireman is not held responsible for signals, because much of his time is spent down below the boiler-head, shoveling coal into the firebox, and even when he is not doing this it is difficult for him to see lights or semaphores on the right side of the track—where they are always displayed. The fireman's place is on the left side of the locomotive, and the high middle part of the engine hides the right side of the track from his view. But, no matter where he is or what he is doing, the fireman would be instantly alarmed by the sound of torpedoes. Then, if the engineer did not stop his locomotive immediately, it would be the fireman's duty to intervene. It certainly seems to the lay mind as if this additional precaution is worth the price of a few torpedoes.

There was a great deal of gossip in Elmira soon after the Corning accident to the effect that Engineer Schroeder was drunk at the time of the accident, but this was set at rest by the investigation. Charles Klapproth testified before the coroner's jury that he saw Schroeder staggering in the street down-town in Elmira at half-past midnight—two hours and a half before he took out his train. This was authoritatively contradicted by the testimony of Schroeder himself, who swore he was sober, although he had taken two drinks of gin for medicinal purposes, and by the testimony of James Falsey, who declared that Schroeder came into his saloon with Charles Sharp about eleven o'clock and remained a few minutes. The bar-keeper told him Schroeder drank nothing but mineral water. Sharp testified that he was with Schroeder in Falsey's as well as Merton Kelley's saloon, and that the engineer drank mineral water only. He walked with Schroeder nearly to his home, leaving him about ten minutes past midnight. Sharp admitted, however, that in his own saloon he had served two or more glasses of gin to Schroeder just before eleven o'clock.

Schroeder made a favorable impression as to sobriety in his appearance before the coroner and jury. His wife was out of town over the Fourth of July, he said, and he strolled around the streets looking on at the fun. He admitted taking two drinks of gin, but no more than that, and declared that he drank it only as medicine. He did not explain why he had to go to Sharp's bar-room for his medicine or why he spent a considerable part of his evening, a few hours before taking out a fast express train, in strolling from bar-room to bar-room with a bar-keeper as his companion. He insisted that he was perfectly sober, and neither that statement nor any other part of his story was shaken by three hours of vigorous cross-examination.

Schroeder testified that he had trouble with the injector (the apparatus for feeding hot water into the locomotive boiler), and that this kept him busy inside his cab while his train was running along faster than a mile a minute. The first injector was out of order, he declared, and when he tried to operate the second one its rod struck the side of the engine cab. He tried to bend the rod so that it would work.

"My fireman came over and spoke to me about the trouble with the water," Schroeder continued. "I could not hear him clearly, and stepped down from my seat. I was talking with him only a moment, but I think that must have been the time when I ran by the 'caution' block signal and the flagman."

Schroeder told the representative of the Public Service Commission that if torpedoes had been placed on the track this accident would not have occurred. He believed that torpedoes should be used by all flagmen.

Mack Huntley, Schroeder's fireman, corroborated his testimony before the coroner, and declared that although he was on the running-board of the locomotive for five minutes before the crash he saw no flag. Yet this testimony was negligible, inasmuch as the fireman's duties prevent him from keeping a constant lookout.

The coroner's jury, on July 24th, brought in a verdict holding Engineer William Schroeder and Brakeman Edward Lane responsible for the wreck. Warrants were immediately issued for these men, charging them with manslaughter in the second degree. The coroner's jury declared Lane guilty of negligence because he failed to use torpedoes to protect his train. The jury also found that the block signals were in good working order and properly set, and that Schroeder was negligent in failing to see them and stop. The jury recommended the employment of two enginemen on the Mother Hubbard type of locomotive, and the use of torpedoes at all times as an additional factor of safety in the flagging of trains.

Two points in Schroeder's testimony strike with peculiar horror the mind of any one who travels by rail.

1. That an engineer who is soon to haul hundreds of passengers along the road at the rate of a mile a minute or faster should spend several hours of an evening drifting from one bar-room to another and drinking strong liquor.

2. That while his engine was flying at its highest speed he should concentrate his attention inside the cab, thereby utterly cutting himself off from the possibility of seeing danger signals or any obstruction on the track.

If repairs to the injector were necessary, why did not Schroeder stop the locomotive and send back a flagman to protect the rear of his train? The answer to this question would be interesting. For years enginemen have declared that in spite of all the rules and regulations in the book there is an unwritten law that they must "make time," and that, no matter how needful delays may be, the engineer who fails to "make time" is punished by being put on an inferior run with less pay and longer hours, and that, therefore, the engineer is forced to take frightful risks—as in this case at Corning.

There is another side to the picture. I quote from the *Wall Street Journal* of July 23, 1912:

"On one of the greatest Eastern roads, six or seven years ago, some thirty-odd drivers were discharged for overrunning signals. The grievance committee of locomotive engineers of that road, which was not then affiliated with any central labor body at Chicago, and acted with a genuine willingness to co-operate with a new vice-president determined to secure safety on one of the principal passenger roads of the country, petitioned for their reinstatement.

"This vice-president, one of the most efficient railway officers in the United States, asked them whether it was their point that a man who had been punished by a suspension of three months for overrunning signals would have learned his lesson and would at least not break that rule again, if he were restored to duty? The grievance committee, all experienced drivers, said that that was their idea. This operating vice-president, in agreeing to reconsider the cases of seven of them, said to them, in effect:

"'You believe that a man who has once disregarded a signal will not do so again if he is punished. My experience is that a man who has done it once will repeat the offense, because he is mentally unable to see the moral responsibility involved. That has been my experience in a life devoted to railroading; but we will consider the cases with extenuating circumstances.'

"Of the four men actually restored to duty, three killed themselves within eighteen months by running past signals, with serious loss of life and damage to property besides, and the fourth was finally discharged for the same offense.

"These are chances which neither the public nor the railroad can afford to take. One of the most serious causes of the loss of life on railroads is unquestionably the relaxation of discipline, where the employee believes he is protected by the union, and where, in the event of his discharge, he can obtain re-employment on some other road, in view of the urgent demand for his kind of work."

The mere layman, or passenger, may well be horrified to learn how common on railroads is the habit of running past signals. In *Confessions of a Railroad Signal Man*, James O. Fagan writes:

"The force or influence to which I call attention is of course the Railroad Labor Organization. But it should be clearly understood that my conclusions in regard to these unions are not to be taken as a reflection on their character and work while acting in legitimate channels. The debt we railroad men owe to our organizations admits no question. The beneficial results are before us in almost every department of the railroad business. They have established a fraternal feeling among us. On all sides they have aroused a spirit of mutual helpfulness. They have also succeeded in advancing wages, and in this way contributed to the comfort and prosperity of almost every man in the service. Furthermore, they have been particularly active in inciting legislation for the protection of life and limb among workers. These facts must not be forgotten or minimized, for they are worthy of all commendation. But in this matter of the personal conduct and efficiency of railroad men in relation to these terrible accidents, we have first of all to consider the paramount interests of society; and while humanity has no quarrel with the unions while they attend to their legitimate business, it certainly can be said to have a grievance against them that calls for prompt attention and remedy. This grievance consists in the fact that, for a great many years, the influence of the railroad organizations has been constantly exerted, not only to raise wages and to improve conditions, which of course are perfectly proper and justifiable, but also to nullify discipline, to destroy personal management and authority, and to obliterate from all schedules and working agreements any reference to or consideration for the paramount interests of the traveling public. . . .

"Although for a number of years the inflexible enforcement of the rules relating to these cautionary signals has been advocated, yet to-day train after train will run past these semaphores and green lights without any reduction in speed, provided the track ahead of them is seen to be clear.

"It should not make a particle of difference to the engineman whether the track ahead is or is not known to be clear of trains; his instructions call for cautious running, and by no possible interpretation or juggling with words can cautious running, or running under control, be taken to mean running at full speed. Yet in the way I have indicated the cancer of a very dangerous habit has been allowed to grow into the American system of managing trains. This wrong interpretation of the word *caution* by enginemen and others has without a shadow of doubt during the past few years cost the corporations thousands upon thousands of dollars and multitudes of human lives."

Mr. Fagan also declares that unions have helped to diminish discipline and thereby added to the dangers of travel. He continues:

"Yet let no one imagine that this interference with the management in the matter of discipline is brought about by design or is directly intentional. On the contrary, in a very natural way, it has grown out of a system whose main object has been to secure justice and equal rights for every individual employee. But unfortunately, in pursuing these personal ends and objects, the rights of the community have been forgotten."

So we see that the officials say that the wrecks are due to carelessness of men who rely upon the union to protect them from punishment; while the men say the wrecks are due to the company's unwritten law that they must "make time," no matter how great the risk. A very pretty quarrel. In the mean time the traveling public are still being killed in the same way, and probably they will continue to be killed until the responsibility is justly placed and the reckless takers of life are fittingly punished.

There is much discussion of a new patented device which is said to automatically shut off steam and apply the brakes of any train that runs past a block signal set at danger. While waiting for this device to be tested before being put into general use, one simple rule would be a powerful aid to safety—discharge every engineer who disregards any caution or danger signal.

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"But I—" began the other; but he was not permitted to finish.

"Send her here this minute," said the special agent, "or I go to Toledo on the 10.32."

From behind the arras came S. Samuelson, whose Christian name was Sadie.

Five minutes later McCoy, having examined the policy of Sadie and found it in order, began the work of the adjustment of the loss. Not without protest loud and deep from Goldblatt—but protest overruled.

"Perhaps there is an attraction in Catesville not possessed by Toledo"

Reluctantly, at Mrs. Samuelson's nodding head, he turned over to McCoy the schedule of burned goods.

McCoy's eye ran carefully along the columns and glanced at the magnificent total. It was obvious at once that he was confronted by the most difficult sort of an adjustment—an exorbitant claim made by a doubtfully honest claimant and inflated with the able assistance of a typically unscrupulous "adjuster for the assured."

"I suppose you saved your books—your cash-book and ledger?" queried McCoy, sardonically. When the books show what their owner wishes, it is a destructive fire indeed which is able to consume them.

"Yes, I got 'em in the safe," replied S. Samuelson.

Now that he was actually in action, McCoy's concern in the game began to dispel his irritation. These things to him were interesting, intricate, human problems, to the solution of which he could address himself with genuine enthusiasm. No man in his field was reputedly more considerate to an honest claimant or more inflexible with a fraudulent one.

"We'll begin at the top of your list," he said, taking up the schedule and still wholly ignoring the ingratiating Goldblatt. "Now, Mrs. Samuelson, I want you to show me exactly where all these goods were at the time of the fire."

"They were all here—right here in the store," began Mrs. Samuelson's moral support; but McCoy cut him short.

"Mrs. Samuelson, if you want your loss adjusted you'd better call off your friend," he said, quietly; and Mr. Goldblatt momentarily was stilled.

Item by item McCoy carefully went down the long list of goods alleged to have been destroyed. A scrutiny of the assured's ledgers showed him that the truth stood small chance of identification there; the only possible method, since this was a partial loss only and no goods were utterly burned out of existence, was to check up the burned articles item by item.

Under Mr. Goldblatt's inspired tutelage, S. Samuelson had evidently determined to run no chances. She had two thousand dollars' insurance and she intended to collect two thousand dollars; the mere fact that her loss could not actually have been more than half that sum struck her as an unimportant and immaterial detail.

"But where were all these shawls?" McCoy would ask. "There must be some sign left of them. You say they were in a box—they couldn't have vanished altogether. What shelf were they on? Surely you can tell me that?"

In desperation Mrs. Samuelson picked out a shelf.

"This one they were on," she said.

"Sure?" queried McCoy. "You said that shelf held—"

"No, that's right; it was this one." Mrs. Samuelson hastily corrected herself. "That is the corner of their box. I recognize it now."

"Let's see," said McCoy, reflectively. "That sure was a roomy shelf of yours, Mrs. Samuelson. It held, by your own statement, these shawls and four bolts of black dress-goods, two cases of men's ties, four gross of collars, and six dozen shirts. That shelf ought to be patented; three or four like that would take care of the whole stock of a city department store. Were all your other shelves equally accommodating?"

"Well, the shawls were there all right," insisted the owner, doggedly, not daring to admit that she had lied, and fortified by a violent nodding of the head from her man Friday in the offing.

It was a full morning's work, and when McCoy had finished it was with the consciousness of a hard task well done.

"I'm afraid you had bad advice when you made out that schedule, Mrs. Samuelson," he said. "Now, I don't believe you want a dollar more than you actually lost. You just thought you lost more than you really have. We've checked up everything on your list and you have seen as well as I that your first claim was just pure nonsense. I've allowed you full value for everything you actually had in this store, and the total comes to . . . $1,244.65. I'll give you $1,250 and call it square, and you can have a draft for your money on the spot."

McCoy's offer was a liberal one, yet it was around McCoy's defenseless ears that the storm now broke in all its fury.

From his long repression arose Solomon Goldblatt in a spasm of righteous rage, gesticulating with both hands, while Mrs. Samuelson, under this incendiary influence, published to the world her anguished opinion that McCoy was a robber, a villain, and a monster who made his living by grinding unfortunate widows into the dust. Drawn by the tumult, suddenly appeared three additional diminutive Samuelsons to reinforce two who had been silently surveying the course of affairs. At the time of this influx Mr. Goldblatt held the floor.

With pudgy fingers raised quiveringly aloft, he was picturing McCoy in the act of "fattening on the tears of the widow and the orphan." McCoy was looking for an opening to point out that saline solutions are not usually considered fattening when there came a new interruption. Upon the startled air broke a paroxysm of anguish and rage. As if moved by a common impulse, all five little Samuelsons burst simultaneously into roars of tearful grief, while riding above this lesser tempest, easily surpassing the wildest wails of her hysterical offspring, came the seismic sobs of S. Samuelson.

Three times the special agent sought to make himself heard above this tumult; three times his voice was swallowed hopelessly up in this bedlam of sound. At length he gave it up as hopeless and turned to gaze bitterly out of the broken window. In the street outside the rain fell; in the store within the wailing chorus mounted and swelled, and with it coincidentally mounted and swelled the impatience and irritation of Mr. McCoy.

Finally he turned abruptly around. On the charred shelf beside him lay the leg of a broken chair. Confronting the lamenting group, McCoy's arm made a sudden motion. A whack like that of a vaudeville artist's slap-stick smote on their stricken senses; there was an instant momentary hush into which McCoy at once insinuated his voice.

"Mrs. Samuelson," he said, "in exactly five minutes I leave this store. It's up to you to decide whether or not you accept my offer. If you don't we'll let the loss go to an appraisal. The appraisers won't pay you for anything you can't prove was burned, and take it from me you aren't much of a success at proving things. Also you'll have to pay half the expenses of the appraisers and the umpire. . . . Five minutes and I go."

He opened his watch and turned back to the window.

But on Mrs. Samuelson his words had made an impression. Her grief hung arrested in her throat—no time for grief now; this was business. Swiftly she considered. Goldblatt had promised her the full $2,000 of her policy; but she would have to give Goldblatt the greater part of what she collected in excess of $1,250. Again, she shrewdly suspected that appraisals were expensive — possibly, too, they might be more meticulous, less generous than McCoy. Possibly she may even have reflected that the goods destroyed were almost unsalable, anyway, on the score of fashion as well as of decrepitude. If the thought also arose that she was collecting more than the goods were really worth, there is no doubt she bravely smothered it. But to McCoy she said:

"I—I guess I take it."

In the corner the anguished grinding of the molars of the despoiled Goldblatt could be heard above the dismal rustle of the rain.

It was at the Bon Ton Café that McCoy lunched, the hotel dining-room being hopeless at this late noon-hour. In bitter and savage solitude he fed upon viands of which the slighter the scrutiny the better for the peace of mind; and ere the conclusion of this repast his quarrel with the world was past mending.

He had been annoyed at having to come to Catesville, in the first place; his whole trip had been one unbroken, cumulative series of irritating and vexing incidents. Nothing had gone right from the start. His patience had almost reached its limit of endurance in the presence of the shrieking Samuelsons—but the sight of the pie which served as the Bon Ton's climax to a meal, the like of which he strove in vain to recollect in all his nine years on the road—the sight of this was too much. In a towering rage which gave no heed to the driving rain or the pavement's villainous puddles he sought once more the agents' office.

And Daniel Slayback chose this inopportune moment to be jocose. To the dripping McCoy he spoke with what he conceived to be the whimsical touch.

"Hello. Have a pleasant time? Finish up all right?"

"Yes," said McCoy, eying him with hostility.

"How much did you give her?" pursued the other.

"I settled with the fool woman and her twenty yelling kids and her old friend Goldblatt for $1,250. Her sobs shook the house when I offered it to her—but she took it. And it was just $1,250 more than the Republic ought to have paid." He turned with animosity upon Slayback. "What do you mean by putting the company on that sort of a risk, anyhow?"

The local agent stumbled on his doom.

"Why, Sadie's all right," he said, easily. "We write all the insurance for her people. I sent the Republic a line this morning on her sister's store in South Catesville."

"You did, did you?" rejoined the other, grimly. "Well, you can cancel it this afternoon. No more of the Samuelson family for mine!"

Had Slayback possessed the smallest fragment of tact he would have desisted from jesting with a man in McCoy's present frame of mind.

"Didn't you and Sadie hit it off?" he inquired, with a tantalizing leer. "You were there long enough. What was the matter? Did Goldblatt beat you to it? That is a funny thing to me. There she is, a handsome young widow, with $1,250 in cash that you gave her yourself—and you a young, handsome—"

"Cut it out," said McCoy in the cold, level tone preceding the evaporation of the last ounce of self-restraint in his anatomy. "Now you cancel that woman's policy and her sister's policy and the policies of any of the rest of her family that we may have, and from this day out you keep my company off your cursed female haberdashers. If you ever put us on another and she burns before we can get our policy back I'll hold your firm personally liable for the loss. Do you understand?"

He stopped, breathing hard. But Slayback's jocularity had vanished.

"What 're you talkin' about?" he growled. "That was as good a risk as you got on your books. Say, you're a cheap sport, you are, to have a fit about a thousand-dollar loss with the record we've made for you in this agency. Now you listen to me: this firm don't need no two-cent piker company like the Republic. If you don't like our business you can appoint another agent. You can take your supplies any time you like."

He would have said more, but McCoy rose suddenly to his feet.

"Wrap 'em up," he said. "You're on. I don't want

"I don't want you or any other agent in this place"

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you or any other agent in this place. Your town is rotten from start to finish, and I hope I never see it again if I live to be a hundred. Wrap up those supplies," he went on, "and be quick about it. You've got till next Thursday to cancel every policy on the Republic's books in Catesville; any loss after that Slayback & Danby will pay. I'll hold you personally liable as sure as I'm a foot high."

He picked up his supplies out of Slayback's astonished fingers and turned on his heel. The office door slammed viciously behind him.

Raging and bitter, he stormed his wet way to the station, where he sat him down to await his train, which, he savagely surmised, would probably be three hours late.

The train was not late at all; it was not even a minute late. Now, at last, when the Catesville Odyssey was all but ended, did the wheel of fortune turn. It was as though the fates were afraid to pour any more trouble into McCoy's overflowing pack—as though they feared an explosion which would engulf the world. The return trip of McCoy was throughout a thing poetic in its mathematical precision. And from behind the disappearing clouds the sun poked his magnificent way and shone wonderfully upon a rejuvenated world.

Long before he reached home, long before his clothes were even dried, there stole in upon McCoy's reluctant spirit the conviction that he had, in the vernacular, made an ass of himself. And not all the persuasive powers of her who could persuade McCoy's soul that night was day availed to rid him of this uneasy consciousness. In some ways she made it worse, for looking at her McCoy was made aware how utterly he desired the necessary six hundred dollars per annum added to his salary, without which he could hardly ask her to cease being a vision to become a fact. And whatever the company might think of his Catesville performance, it was not likely to regard the loss of a two-thousand-dollar agency as reason for liberally rewarding the man responsible for that loss.

Exactly nine days after his departure from Catesville McCoy sat in the raised chair of a bootblack's stand in the station at South Bend. A newsboy with the local evening paper passed along near by crying his wares.

"Here," said McCoy, "let me have one of those."

He unfolded the smooth sheet and instantly his eye was arrested by the flaring head-lines in the upper right-hand corner. They read:

"Catesville Swept by Fire!"

"Hey! What yer doin'?" growled the bootblack in angry remonstrance, standing up and glaring at his patron. The quiver of excitement roused by the print had, among other results, led to an involuntary spasmodic jerk of McCoy's right foot, directly in front of which had been the features of the laboring son of Italy. To put it more briefly, McCoy had kicked the bootblack in the face.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he apologized. He hurriedly drew out of his pocket a coin. "That's all right—keep the change," he said.

The bootblack regarded him in some surprise, but his hand closed briskly over the half-dollar. It was evident that a satisfactory market basis of immunity for a kick in the face had been established. McCoy began to read:

"CATESVILLE, IND.—A fire starting early this morning in Peck & Curran's livery barn has completely wiped out the business center of this town. Among the buildings destroyed were the Post Office, Grand Opera House, Farmers' State Bank, I. O. O. F. Hall, Beehive Department Store, Victoria Hotel, First Methodist Church, and forty other store buildings and residences. A forty-mile gale—"

McCoy sprang from the chair and made for the ticket-window. After a brief colloquy he went across to the telegraph office, where he sent a wire to the home office in New York.

"Catesville to-morrow; wire me, care agents, list all policies in force. McCOY."

It was nine o'clock next morning when the I. & M. local pulled gingerly into what had been the Catesville depot. At present the functions of this vanished structure were being crudely assumed by a single freight-car, which served as ticket office, telegraph headquarters, and baggage-room. Beside this improvised depot McCoy stood for a moment gazing at what had a week ago been Catesville. Now, embers and ruins in mud, it lay desolate beneath the sky; only here and there a brick chimney arose as though to punctuate with exclamation points the grim story of the fire which all who ran might read.

Not for long, however, did McCoy remain in contemplation. From the telegraph operator he had obtained a list of over twenty policies which the Republic had not yet received cancellations, and until he knew the fate of those twenty policies McCoy would not know an easy moment. Of course he had ordered them canceled; he had vowed he would hold the agents personally liable. But this was a conflagration, an unusual thing, for Catesville a cataclysm—no time was there to stand on technicalities. Most fervently did McCoy hope that Slayback's industry in obeying orders had been equal to his irritation.

Twenty policies—probably forty thousand dollars! With anxious heart that beat perilously close to his throat McCoy sought the cement shed where was now the temporary office of Slayback & Danby; and there, working dustily away, he found the gentlemen with whom hardly more than a week ago he had been at swords' points. Slayback turned round, saw him, and spoke first.

"Well," he drawled, "some folks are luckier than others, I will say."

"What do you mean?" demanded McCoy in a tone from which he strove in vain to keep the eagerness and the tremors of his suspense.

Slayback regarded him with a slow grin. If he waited long before replying it was his only revenge—and surely a legitimate one.

"I suppose you want to know whether all your policies are canceled?" asked Slayback, and leaned back comfortably to get the full relish of the thing.

"Yes," said McCoy, tersely. "Here's a list of twenty the company hasn't yet received. I suppose you replaced them all right?" He leaned forward, tense.

Daniel Slayback yawned; he stretched; he looked at Danby, then at McCoy.

Then he said:

"You can set yer mind at rest; they're replaced all right. Billy Henderson, he thought your business would look all right on the East British's books—and Billy is out adjustin' some of them losses now."

It was late that same evening, as McCoy was about to retire to an improvised couch in the second story of a blacksmith shop, when they brought him an answer to the rejoicing telegram he had sent singing over the wires to New York. To its Indiana special agent the Republic said:

"Congratulations. Glad advise your salary increased six hundred yearly beginning at date."

If McCoy slept fitfully that night it was because, instead of the smithy ceiling over him, his eyes beheld through the darkness the sloping rafters of another and a far more wonderful roof.

Who Cares for a Cent?

By Richard M. Winans

WE are to have a ha'penny of our own—maybe. It may be useful; and it may not. At any rate, should we get the half-cent, it will give somewhat of dignity to the one-cent piece. It will not then be the much-disdained smallest coin of the realm, now given such slight consideration in domestic economy, and even business. The penny, then, might really attain to some consequence. At present it is not thought of very seriously. Who cares for a cent?

The centime of France and Belgium and the heller of Austria-Hungary equal but one-fifth of our cent, and the pfennig of Germany one-fourth of an American penny. But the inhabiants of those countries have use for such small coins, being prudent, economical people. Americans have grown reckless of the value of a cent. However, they were not so when America was in the making. The stamp taxes, and the tax on tea which gave birth to the historic "Boston Tea Party," and ended in the divorcing of America from Great Britain, were but petty trifles represented by cents. The present-day American's conception of economy, however, is very pertinently measured by the frequent remark, "Who cares for a cent?"

Strangely enough it is not the masses, nor yet the "middle" classes. It is the people of great wealth and financial power who care for a cent. The financiers who control business through the accumulation and centralization of vast sums of money spend long, trying hours in conference, in directors' and committee meetings, in midnight sessions discussing financial ways and means, and even lie awake nights conniving at schemes to gather up the cents—yes, and the fractions of a cent—with the knowledge born of experience that in the grand round-up they will amount to a very sizable figure. These astute financiers, who deal with problems involving millions and hundreds of millions of dollars, know by experience that they must of a necessity keep keen and constant watch upon the cents—and upon the lesser parts of a cent, even to the mills; aye, to the fractions thereof.

When the heads of the American railroads sought to increase freight rates ten per cent., they very obligingly demonstrated to the people that the additional tax would be so small that it would not effect a noticeable advance in the cost of commodities, and would not, therefore, affect the consumer. They further presented data to show that the increase in cost of any article at retail would be so ridiculously infinitesimal that the consumer wouldn't care about it, even if he knew he had paid it.

It was a good argument. That is, so far as it went. In fact, so small an increase of the freight rate would add but an inappreciable sum to the retail cost, for instance, of a suit of clothes, a hat, a pair of shoes, a baking of bread, a roast of meat or a ham. However, when computed on the railway freight business for recent years, this apparently inconsequent increase of, say, a penny per hundredweight or so of merchandise would cast up a total amounting to nearly $200,000,000. And that is worth thinking about!

And it was the very thing that the railroad financiers were thinking about; the pennies and fractions of pennies, the little mites and farthings that eventuate in millions and hundreds of millions of dollars. And they and other shrewd men of affairs get the millions because of the indifference of the American people to the real value of the cent.

As an instance of the expanding power of the cent: the cattleman receives one cent a pound more for his car-load of steers. If the consumer paid only this advance, he would not begrudge it to the stock-raiser. But there are others to claim a share in the raise—the commission man, the packer, the wholesaler, the jobber, and finally your marketman. Each feels he would be unfair to himself if he did not add anywhere from one-fourth of a cent to two cents per pound as the advance is passed along. Through this process by the time the product reaches the consumer his innocent penny looks like a nickel, or even more. And the one who has added the least, probably the packer, nets the largest profit, because of the greater amount handled, and the one who probably tacks on the greatest advance in price, your meat-marketman, nets the least because he handles less pounds, and his sales depreciate as well.

Testimony was submitted before the Interstate Commerce Commission to show that seventeen cents per hundredweight added to the traffic tariff on shoes would amount to less than a cent a pair. Very few people would object to such a trifling addition to the price of a pair of shoes. The aggregate of this advanced tariff would amount to nearly $3,000,000 a year. But the real increase in the price of a pair of shoes does not end there. The computation of the difference in cost is calculated on a distinctly different basis. Shoes would cost no more per pair. According to the testimony of one shoe manufacturer shoes would be made of the same style and material as before the advance. Nor would the extra penny be added to the selling price. The additional cost of material would be met by reducing the quality of workmanship "just a little bit." But that "little bit" would most certainly amount to more than the sum of one cent—a great deal more. The "little bit" of inferiority in workmanship might easily make the pair of shoes worth less in wear to the consumer by fifty cents to a dollar. So in the always inevitable end the ultimate consumer would pay many times the nominal advance in cost of one cent.

Oddly enough, too, those who exercise the greatest vigilance over the penny in hand are not the poor, but the truly rich. An instance to illustrate this fact is told of Cornelius Vanderbilt, grandson of the Commodore. Mr. Vanderbilt was notably exacting in his personal business relations—of himself as well as of others. At a meeting of a certain railroad's board of directors of which he was a member it was found that several were absent. At a full board meeting each director received ten dollars, and it was the rule that if any were absent those present shared the total fee. That is, if but half the members were present each attending member would receive twenty dollars, and so proportionately. On the day of the meeting referred to the number of absentees made the division of the fee amount to certain odd dollars and twelve and a half cents. At the close of the meeting, as the secretary handed each member his apportioned fee, he accepted the given number of dollars and passed up the twelve and a half cents to avoid the bother of making change. When the secretary came to Mr. Vanderbilt, however, he found him busily counting some small coin from a purse onto the table. "I can change a dollar for you, and will take the twelve cents," said Mr. Vanderbilt; then smiled as he added, "but I cannot manage the half cent." And the man worth more than a hundred million dollars had taken the trouble to change a dollar for the sake of twelve cents, which, together with the extra dollars, had come to him by the default of others. Had the proposed halfpenny then been in circulation he would probably have "managed the half-cent."

The next day Cornelius Vanderbilt gave half a million dollars to establish a charity work in New York. And it was in a measure due to his constantly keeping close tab on the pennies in the handling of his large affairs that he was able to make such a splendid gift in the cause of humanity.

His Lost Love

(Translated from the French)

UPON the balcony my love and I,
In fond embrace,
Regarded each the other lovingly;
So fair, so like a rose that one may see
In sunlight glisten white, thus radiantly
Was seen her face.

Her slender waist I clasped. The pressure sweet
Was heaven foretold.
The fragrance of her breath arose to me,
My willing senses reeled in ecstasy,
Intoxicating was her touch to me,
And I was bold.

Her foolish, fond, impassioned lover, I;
But brief my dream!
She fell, and hard against the cruel ground
Her frail form lifeless sank without a sound.
Ephemeral, alas! this form I found
That I esteem.

"Why are your eyes, my friend," said one close by.
"With tears so ripe?"
"In one short hour behold my agony!
The world is blank, my love no more I'll see;
Alas! my only love is lost to me"—
It was my pipe!

JANE VAN M. SOUSA.

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Roosevelt's Morality-Play

THE SINGULAR SPECTACLE PRESENTED BY THE FRIEND OF THE BOSSES ACCUSING GOVERNOR WILSON OF BEING IN LEAGUE WITH THEM

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IT is not at all surprising that Mr. Roosevelt should have been deeply chagrined over the action of the Baltimore convention in nominating Governor Wilson. What the perpetual candidate hoped for was folly, not wisdom; what he longed for was a bolt, the Democratic party shattered, selfishness and stupidity again in control, the battle lost before a shot was fired. Had the Democrats not nominated their strongest man, the Perpetual One and the Perpetual One's motley army of high financiers and eminent trust magnates, perfectly honest but deluded fanatics, and notoriety-seeking adventurers, crooked bosses and Socialists, that marvelous collection of saints and sinners who find it no difficult task to praise the Lord and worship the devil when the third-termer raises the black flag would to-day be in a much happier frame of mind. Had the Democrats nominated a weak or unsuitable man, there would perhaps be a *raison d'être* for the Bull Moose party. There is at the present time an enormously powerful radical element in this country. It is not necessary here to discuss whether this element is radical because circumstances and conditions have justified it in being radical or whether the teachings and preachings of Mr. Roosevelt and other men of his class have encouraged the people to believe that they are victims. Without attempting to find the causes, the fact remains that the radical element exists, dissatisfied with Mr. Taft and what he represents, hoping for a new deal, so that new remedies may be tried and new men selected to administer them.

Mr. Roosevelt's hope was that the Democrats were blind to this sentiment. Had the Democrats nominated a conservative or a so-called "reactionary," Mr. Roosevelt would have been in a joyful frame of mind. Radicals, and not radicals alone, but men who are not easily thrown off their balance and yet who want the new deal, would naturally have gone to the third-termer. They have little to hope from Mr. Taft, and the Democratic candidate would have offered them nothing better; but Mr. Roosevelt, with his sure cures for all ills, his readiness to champion anything that could attract a vote, his willingness to support free trade or tariff, or rather free trade *and* tariff—for Mr. Roosevelt is like the late Jay Gould, who, as he admitted, was so catholic in his political beliefs that he was a Republican in Republican States and a Democrat where the Democrats were in a majority—would have been a competitor sufficiently dangerous to have disturbed the serenity of both Mr. Taft and the Democratic nominee. Unfortunately for Mr. Roosevelt—and every one will admit that it was a peculiarly infamous thing to do—the Democrats for once did not play his game. They have been playing it for him for a good many years, but this year they played it so that they and not he might carry off the stakes. When the Democrats nominated Governor Wilson it was the signal for the Bull Moose to seek the security of his lair. Eaten up as the third-termer is by conceit, at infrequent intervals he has lucid moments, and on those rare occasions he is able to see things as they really are. What has been revealed to the Perpetual One is that Governor Wilson will poll: first, the full Democratic vote; second, the dissatisfied Republican vote that under ordinary circumstances would be cast for Mr. Taft; third, a very large proportion of the Republican "Progressive" vote that wants things done and knows that Governor Wilson has already done them and will continue to do them if he is elected President; and, fourth, the floating vote, which is neither Republican nor Democrat nor Progressive, but has the same affinity for the victor that steel has for the magnet. This not inconsiderable vote in some mysterious way scents victory in the air in the same way in which the instinct of the bull moose roaming the forest leads him to the stream, or the even superior instinct of the political bull moose leads him to tie up with the practical men of the trusts and the plethoric pocketbook. This floating vote which knows the successful candidate long before the professional politicians or political managers have been able to get a line on things is the "tidal wave" or "public sentiment" that we all feel.

Taking, then, these four elements, it will be seen that there is little left for the third-termer, and he is now attacking Governor Wilson in the same way as that in which for many months past he has been assailing Mr. Taft. That, of course, would be quite legitimate in an ordinary political campaign, for a candidate must exalt himself at the expense of his opponents, but the campaign this year, so Mr. Roosevelt himself has told us, is not on the ordinary plane. It has been lifted out of the sordid ruck of politics and elevated to the high standard of morality. We are fighting this year, you will remember, not the tariff or the trusts, but the battle of the Lord; it is Armageddon and not the paltry offices over which we crack our sinews: we are wrestling with the forces of iniquity and not merely trying to throw out those who have offended us. Morality, what humbug is committed in thy name!

Mr. Roosevelt, appreciating that Governor Wilson's nomination is the *coup de grâce* to third-term ambitions, finds that Governor Wilson was nominated by the bosses, and that, if Governor Wilson should be elected, nothing would be gained because the bosses would still remain in control. This fear of the bosses has always caused the third-termer great anguish. It has been a fear so great that the only way he has been able to overcome it has been to yield to it. When one recalls the close affiliations between the twenty-sixth President of the United States and Boss Platt and Boss Quay and a great many other bosses, big and little—for the said President used to admit that he was an organization man and worked with the organization—and perhaps the even closer affiliation, if that is possible, between the commander-in-chief at Armageddon and the great Boss Flinn and the not quite so great Boss Ward and a few other bosses and bosslets, some of them professionals and some of them still amateurs, but all hoping to be admitted to the major league of professional bosses and moral reformers, it is not to be wondered at that the chief bull moose can scent a boss a mile away even when he doesn't exist and call up bosses from the vasty deep of crooked politics with a scratch of his pen. If Mr. Roosevelt as President ever fought a boss, the historians have been singularly negligent in overlooking that fact.

For Mr. Roosevelt to accuse Governor Wilson of being in league with bosses is the limit of mendacity. As champion, defender, and partner of the bosses, it is natural that the third-termer should try to clear his skirts by throwing mud on those of his opponent. That is one of Mr. Roosevelt's favorite moral tricks, a trick he has learned from the pickpocket, who distracts attention by crying "Stop thief!" In and out of the White House, whenever the pursuit got too hot, Mr. Roosevelt squirmed out of a tight place by bringing an accusation, and nothing was too petty or too preposterous for him to father. One recalls that great five-million-dollar conspiracy which the newspapers exploited when Mr. Roosevelt wanted certain things forgotten. The accusation that Governor Wilson is in league with bosses is of course untrue, but it is also supremely ridiculous. Mr. Roosevelt allowed himself to be bossed by the bosses: he was just as faithful to them as he was to the great protected interests, who kept him silent for seven long years on the tariff. Governor Wilson has fought the bosses, fought them valiantly, consistently.

In the same article in the *Outlook* in which the third-termer attempts to discredit Governor Wilson he indulges in his usual unveracity in his effort to prove that the bosses have always been his sworn foes. "In 1900," he writes, "I was nominated for Vice-President against the wishes of the most powerful politicians who then had control of the Republican party." The Perpetual Candidate has bluffed for so many years that he has come to believe that bluff will always go and that everybody's memory is as short as his. In 1900 Mr. Roosevelt went to Philadelphia in his campaign hat, vowing by Jupiter and all the other pagan gods that nothing, no, nothing at all, could induce him to accept the ignominy of allowing himself to be nominated for the Vice-Presidency. He had written to confidential friends that he would refuse the nomination if it were forced upon him; he had said the same thing to his intimates, just as he had told some of these same friends six months ago that he was not a candidate for the Presidency and would not accept another nomination. Whether Mr. Roosevelt really cherished the ambition to be nominated no one of course knows, but reading 1900 by the light of 1912 one feels that no injustice is done this truly good and moral man when one believes that he hoped very much indeed to be placed on the ticket with Mr. McKinley. At any rate, this enemy of the bosses found himself in the grip of Boss Platt of New York, with the alternative of being nominated Vice-President by the grace of Boss Platt or being denied a renomination for Governor of New York by the fiat of the same all-powerful Boss Platt. What could a practical man do under the circumstances? Fight the boss or surrender? A man of Governor Wilson's caliber placed in the same circumstances would have defied the boss even at the risk of terminating his political career then and there, but Theodore Roosevelt is not a Woodrow Wilson; Theodore Roosevelt has neither Woodrow Wilson's moral courage, nor his sincerity of conviction, nor his devotion to public service, which he rates higher than personal advancement. Mr. Roosevelt ate meekly out of the boss's hand and became Vice-President. That chapter in the career of the third-termer may be inconvenient for him to recall, but it has gone into history.

In the same article Mr. Roosevelt disclaims any knowledge of the use of the steam-roller when Mr. Taft was nominated in 1908. "In 1908, when Mr. Taft was fairly nominated," says this veracious chronicler of his own times, "there were no steam-roller methods as far as I know, and if anything improper or dishonest was done in the effort to nominate him it was without my knowledge." Sweet Innocence, thy name is Bull Moose. Of course nothing was done that could have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of the most ladylike politician. Of course Mr. Roosevelt knew no more what was being done in Chicago than he had known what Mr. Harriman was doing in 1904, or what the life-insurance companies and the trusts had done for him in the same year. No, there was no steam-roller, but it was in 1908 that the steam-roller for the first time appeared in American politics and enriched the picturesque vocabulary of the politician. Of course there was nothing done that was improper or dishonest. Who could for one moment suspect that Mr. Roosevelt, the President of the United States, would so far lower the dignity of his exalted office as to do anything that was either improper or dishonest? But it seems to me that I recall that the howls of the allies as they were being crushed under the Chicago steam-roller were so loud and far-reaching that they carried even to Washington, and they were music to the ears of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Frank Hitchcock, First Assistant Postmaster-General, up to a certain time friend, adviser, and political associate of Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, who many persons felt had the requisite qualifications to make a successful Presidential candidate, transferred his allegiance from Mr. Cortelyou to Mr. Taft. A great many persons thought at the time that Mr. Cortelyou had every reason to feel that sharper than a serpent's tooth was the ingratitude of a friend, for Mr. Hitchcock owed everything to Mr. Cortelyou. Mr. Cortelyou rescued him from the obscurity of the Agricultural Department and made him chief clerk of the newly created Department of Commerce and Labor: when Mr. Cortelyou became chairman of the Republican National Committee he took Mr. Hitchcock with him as his chief assistant; when Mr. Cortelyou went to the Post-office Department he brought Mr. Hitchcock in as his first assistant.

"Hitchcock ought to have stuck to Cortelyou," some one said.

"Yes, but what could Hitchcock do?" was the answer. "He was told that he either had to drop Cortelyou and work for Taft or lose his job. And Hitchcock is a poor man."

No, Mr. Roosevelt countenanced nothing that was either dishonest or improper. He never does.

Mr. Roosevelt has something to say about "Men Who Live Softly." The third-termer isn't as clear these days in his writings as he might be, so it is not easy to find out what he is driving at, but as far as one can ascertain he objects to Governor Wilson because he lives softly. Well, that is an awful charge to bring, and yet perhaps it is true, and so far as the country is concerned it may be thankful that it is true. Seven years of the strenuous third-termer accomplished nothing that I now recall except to permit the Steel Trust in defiance of law to gobble up the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. Less than two years of "soft" living on the part of Governor Wilson has seen a formidable list of achievements, for which New Jersey is a better and more progressive State. Among other things Governor Wilson has put a direct primary law on the statute-books, an adequate public utilities law, an employers' liability law, a corrupt practices act, a law for the regulation of cold storage. He has secured the indeterminate sentence for criminal offenses; he has reorganized the school system; he has abolished contract labor in penal institutions; persons employed in mercantile establishments are brought under legal regulation; a law has been passed to safeguard buildings against fire; railroads are compelled to pay their employees semi-monthly; the civil-service system has been extended to employees of the State, counties, and municipalities. Governor Wilson does not carry the big stick, but in his "soft" way he goes far. If Mr. Roosevelt, with his much longer term of service and his much greater opportunities, had done for the country at large only a fraction of what Governor Wilson has done for the State of New Jersey, the country would be better off and the third-termer's place in history would be more secure. But the bosses and the trusts would have lost their most useful friend and the demagogues their greatest inspiration.

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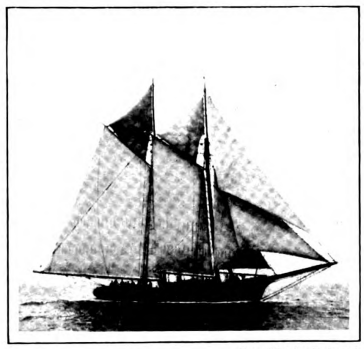
A Republic of Fishermen

By M. C. Krarup



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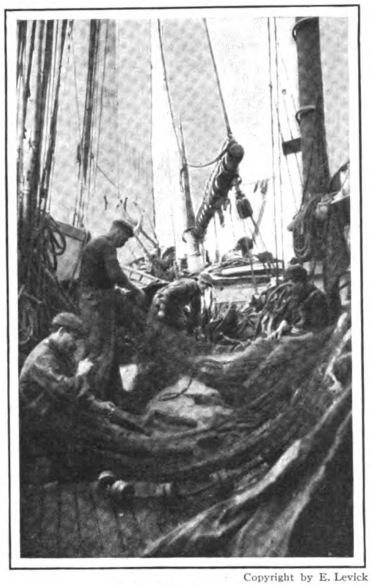
BETWEEN March and November, at any time of day or night, at ebb or high tide and in the roughest kind of weather, a chance observer at Sandy Hook is likely to spy in the offing a trim little schooner-rigged craft bearing down into the lower bay of New York with every stitch of canvas spread to the storm; and were he on board he would hear also the rapid chugging of a large gasoline-engine working with all its might to help the bulging sails. Listing sharply and with the gunwale slishing through the



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Overhauling the seines

choppy waves, she does not wait for pilot. The captain is at the helm and knows just where he is going. There is sport in his sailing, and business, too. He does not bother about customs officers or quarantine, but shoots straight for his aim, which is the wharves at the Fulton Market in the East River, or maybe the little port tributary to the Gansevoort Market in the Hudson.

This is the New Fisherman—one of them—plucking victory out of prophesied extinction and an ample living out of a competition which seemed hopeless a few years ago.

To the present generation the free and independent fisherman who braves dangers daily with his boat and his net has been little more than a poetic myth.

Long ago fisheries were organized and capitalized in the big cities of this and other countries to operate large steam vessels in the open sea, often in conjunction with fleets of smaller sea-going steam-tenders for taking the catch every few days to the nearest wholesale market or shipping-point. In all places where it was worth the while of capital to operate comparatively few of the fishes worth catching were allowed to reach the shallow shore waters, and there was left for the local fisherman little more than the small-fry. And so the independent fisherman in most places bowed to the grind and hired out to the big fishing industry.

Since the New England fisheries became capitalized, cities fifteen hundred miles inland in the United States and a territory comprising sixty millions of inhabitants have learned to eat other sea food than oysters and on other days than Friday, and methods for salting and icing the harvests of the ocean have advanced enough to keep step with the enormously increased demand for quantity and the somewhat sharpened insistence on quality, the latter being only another word for that flavor of freshness which the primitive fisherman, where he still exists, supplies direct to the home in the primitive hamlet of the sea-shore. "Fresh fish" now follows the fast-freight lines far and wide, like "fine fruit," though in the opposite direction—from the city, not to it.

But industrialized fishing, though it first solved the problem of "fish for the millions," is sordid business. The few owners of the big steam-trawlers, who sit at home in cozy New England offices, get most of the profits. The work on board is drudgery, with much hardship added and with little that appeals to the elemental instincts of the freeborn. Much of the product as served in first-class hotels and restaurants, even in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, has been too long in coming and would be rejected as unfit by the Eskimo who gulps down his own catch raw but fresh. The quick-delivery despatch-boats are not so common or so numerous in American waters as the more exacting palates of Europe have made them there. The cod, haddock, and shad marketed by the big fishery interests would be refused by the housewife of Scotland, Norway, or Brittany for being minus both roe and liver, so necessary for eliciting the full flavor of the boiled fish.

Ousted by steam and capital, the independent fisherman has sprung into existence again by virtue of the marine gasolene or kerosene engine first of all, but also by reason of the enormously increased consumption of fish in the big cities of the coasts. Much more perishable than ripe fruit, sea food must be delivered each day at the market in just the quantity needed for the day's consumption. This and other factors are too subtle for the big fisheries operating large ships on factory principles, under a straight-wage system and with helpers of inferior interest and responsibility in their work. The commission men of the New York City fish trade are ship-owners in their own right and control many vessels, but they have found it indispensable that each of the captains, who was once an independent fisherman himself, should own a good share in the boat whose fortunes, for better or worse, he commands; and the captain has found it indispensable as well that his ship's work should be organized on the democratic principle of profit-sharing, high wages, high-pressure work when necessary, both day and night, and constant catering to the inner man through a free and very substantial cuisine.

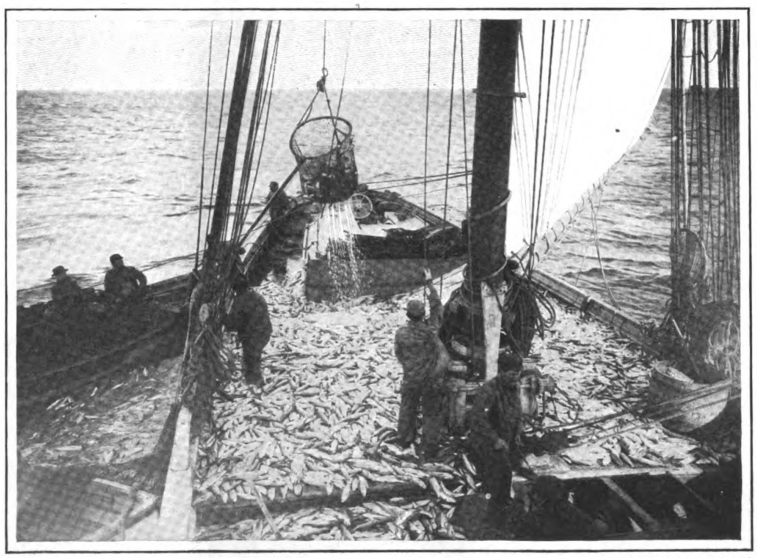
Out of this free development of the New York fisheries there have sprouted, by dint of individual savings, industrial pluck, and intelligence, a number of fishermen skippers or captains who are their own masters, and men among the crews who will be masters of their own craft sooner or later.

The vessels, from thirty to one hundred tons' burden and tending toward the smaller tonnage and trimmer shapes, depend on their engines to hold their noses to the wind when a furious landward storm breaks out. They must weather it and hold their ground or else life, time, and profits are all at stake. And in a calm it is again the engine and the large gasolene-tank which must take the catch to port before its value dwindles. That engine is petted and groomed, as an engine ought to be, and it does not fail. The captain is a good engineer, the mate likewise; there is not a man on board who does not aspire to understand the magneto igniter and interpret variations in the engine's monotonous language as well as he understands the cries, the flight, and the swoop of the gulls that speak of schools of weakfish or of bunkers or bluefish.

From Montauk Point to Cape Hatteras, and as far east as the luck of the sea commands, is the field plowed by the clipper-built fishing-schooners, sloops, and yachts of New York. Only a few boats pull seines for the bunkers, or menhadens, which are utilized only in the production of fish-oil and fertilizers and as bait. Much of their catch is sold at the docks and basins of Brooklyn to those captains who can better afford to buy a ton of bait than to catch it.

These are the aristocracy among the new guild of fishermen. They go far out and troll with baited hooks for big, gamy bluefish and take all the cod, haddock, sea bass, and Spanish mackerel that come their way. They set trawl-lines frequently, but spread no nets unless luck with the line is bad. Taking more chances than most of their colleagues and glorying in the sport almost as much as in the profits, this class is small and composed almost exclusively of skippers whose boats are quite their own and of crews of tested skill and self-reliance. Their catch is contracted for now by one commission merchant and now by another. With a crew of fourteen men, one of these boats has brought to port this season as many as 5,400 big fishes from a week's cruising, and has done almost as well fifteen times since last spring, netting the owner, it is estimated, $15,000 above all expenses. And each of the men gets a penny premium for each fish he pulls in over the railing in addition to wages of fifty to seventy dollars per month and board, a whack-up on trawl-line hauls, and a bonus for a good season. In November the vessel is safely docked for the winter, and skipper and men scatter to the four winds, often going home for Christmas to the various lands of their nativity. But the spring sees them on deck again. The call of the sea is too potent to be resisted.

More closely homebound to New York City, as a rule, are the seine-fishers, who form the large majority and the representative type of the modernized local fishing trade and who are more or less beholden to the outfitters for their equipment. They have the advantage over the hardy seiners and trawlers of Gloucester in that they do not dump their hauls into the general market subject to price fluctuations. Greater New York will pay them good and level prices for all they can possibly catch, provided it is delivered fresh and palatable in the kitchens of a million city homes. A thousand retail dealers take charge of quick city distribution. It pays the New York seiners, while it scarcely pays the Gloucester men, to put all stress on speedy work, powerful engines, and fast boats, in order to secure the one thing wanted—quality.



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Breakfast for New York's thousands

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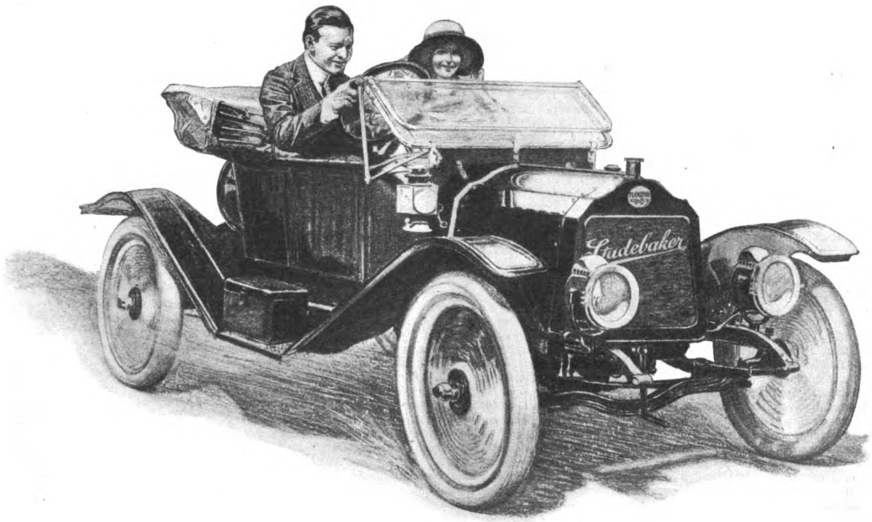

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Bryan, Wilson, and Democracy

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND ITS PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

ONE of the pleasantest results of Mr. Woodrow Wilson's nomination — I am looking at it from a purely British standpoint—is that there is now at last some chance of placing the relations between the Democratic party and the outside world on a basis of mutual understanding. For the past sixteen years the Democrats have been as much alienated from foreign as from American opinion; but to-day, in Great Britain at any rate, through all the innumerable comments evoked by the Chicago and Baltimore conventions, there runs a clear strain of congratulation on the all-round improvement in Democratic prospects and policies.

A few years ago such a Democratic victory as was witnessed in 1910, and the extreme probability existing at this moment that the next President will be a Democrat, would have sent a shiver of apprehension down the British spine and would have shaken every Stock Exchange in Europe. To-day men feel that not only is there nothing to be alarmed at, but, on the contrary, much to be thankful for in the practical certainty—for so it is reckoned over here—that Mr. Woodrow Wilson will sweep the board in November. To Englishmen the change is peculiarly welcome. Friendship with the United States is the main pivot of British foreign policy; and it has more than once in the past twenty years worried Englishmen to think that they were more in sympathy with the Republicans than with the Democrats and that their feelings toward the country as a whole might be misconstrued as a feeling in favor of one particular party. It has so happened that the new era in Anglo-American amity has coincided with Republican administrations and that the Democrats, partly for political and partly for traditional reasons, have more or less stood aside from the birth and growth of the improved relations that now obtain between the two peoples. Englishmen are so convinced that inclination, necessity, and the plainest dictates of self-interest must in the future make Anglo-American friendship, if not Anglo-American co-operation, still more secure, that a Democratic victory in November has no terrors for them. On the contrary, they would rejoice at it. It would give them a chance of showing that English cordiality toward America is not confined to any one party; and at the same time, by bringing the Democrats once more into intimate touch with the realities of international politics, it would satisfy them, as it has already satisfied the Republicans, that for the United States under present conditions to be at once a world power and anti-British is little short of an impossibility.

It has been extremely difficult ever since Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan message for England to get in touch with the Democratic party. That episode did not, indeed, rankle for long in the British mind. It was almost forgotten in the excitement of the Jameson Raid and the spontaneous outburst of Teutophobia that followed soon after. But naturally it made British statesmen somewhat suspicious of Democratic Presidents and Secretaries of State and the policies they inclined to. Then came the Bryanite campaign of 1896. The titanic struggle that raged round the Chicago platform concerned Europe only less than the United States. Every country had a direct financial stake in the issue—no country more so than England—and Lombard Street simply echoed the relief of New York when the conservatism of America repudiated Free Silver. Lord Salisbury, it may be remembered, went out of his way to congratulate the American ambassador "upon the splendid pronouncement which the great people he represents has made on behalf of the principles that lie at the base of all human society." And Mr. John Morley, as he then was, the antithesis of all that Lord Salisbury stood for in politics, hailed Mr. McKinley's success as "a triumphant working-class vote for principles of honesty and law-abidingness and order" and declared that "any other result would have brought untold disasters and would certainly have prejudiced the name and fame of democratic and free government." In fact, with the exception of a few bimetallists who thought that the adoption of Free Silver by the United States might lead to an immediate international agreement on the double standard, there was hardly an Englishman who did not gladly indorse the American verdict. And even those who on scientific grounds would have liked to see the United States try the experiment were properly proud of the emphatic answer which a kindred community had given to questions that involved, or were thought to involve, such grave points of morality and social stability.

Neither England nor America, I imagine, would care to repeat to-day all that they said about the Chicago platform sixteen years ago. It was a time of hysteria and unreason. As one reads it over to-day there is not much smell of gunpowder about the document that for months convulsed the world. Englishmen have not in the least altered their opinion of the crudeness of Mr. Bryan's financial heresies, but they have come to see that in other matters they scarcely did him justice. Mr. Dooley once observed that the Democrats are always right, but never in their lifetime. They lose elections and then see their programme annexed and carried out by their opponents. Englishmen believe that this to some extent is what has happened to Mr. Bryan. It was he, in their judgment, who blazed the trail for Mr. Roosevelt's radicalism. Between 1901 and 1908 they saw the President of the United States advocating one after another, and with the apparent approval of the great mass of his countrymen, almost every plank that was included in the Chicago platform. They even saw him venturing further in certain directions than Mr. Bryan either cared or dared to go. Their belief grew that while Mr. Bryan had done a great deal to make Mr. Roosevelt's policies and achievements possible, Mr. Roosevelt did also a good deal to justify Mr. Bryan and to make him appear in the light, not of an incendiary, but simply of a reformer who was a decade ahead of his time. Among English Liberals especially there has been a definite revulsion of opinion in favor of Bryanism, if not of Mr. Bryan. They suspected from the first that Bryanism at bottom was a social and economic protest, a sort of magnified Chartist movement fighting in 1896 under the banner of currency reform and in 1900 under the banner of anti-Imperialism; that it was in reality the first movement of American Radicalism, the first crude, blind revolt against Privilege. As such it had their sympathies, and when they saw Mr. Roosevelt endeavoring all through his Presidency to carry out an essentially Bryanite programme they worked round to the conclusion that when purged of its currency fallacies there was nothing very harmful in Bryanism and that it was a movement with which English Liberals ought to sympathize.

But in 1896 all this was obscured by the transcendent importance of the Free Silver issue. It was obscured again in 1900 by the question of Imperialism. On both these matters it was the preponderant opinion of England that Mr. Bryan was hopelessly wrong; while his methods of stating his case, his vehemently ignorant attacks upon England in his first campaign, his attempts to run the Boers and the Filipinos in harness during his second, naturally alienated British sentiment. When 1904 arrived the first instinct of most Englishmen was to rejoice over Mr. Bryan's deposition from the party leadership. But the unanswerable argument of the votes proved that Bryanism was not only still a power, but was a greater power than "conservative" Democracy. Englishmen noted that, so far from winning States that Mr. Bryan had lost, Judge Parker lost States that Mr. Bryan had won. They saw him, therefore, without surprise, but without enthusiasm, return in 1908 to the supreme place in the party councils. He still seemed to them the same old Bryan. Englishmen have never been able to regard him as anything more than a rhetorician, and his prominence in the Democratic party has been one of the reasons—the tremendous but now somewhat shaken hold of Mr. Roosevelt upon the English imagination has been another—why Englishmen have felt more in sympathy with the Republicans than with the Democrats. I believe my own estimate of Mr. Bryan is that of most Englishmen who are interested in American politics. It is, roughly, that Mr. Bryan has proved himself an effective voice of protest against social and economic inequalities and injustice, but that he has proved himself nothing more. He can at times diagnose general conditions with a rough-and-ready accuracy that is due to the keenness of his sympathies and not to the keenness of his perceptions. But though I think I must have read thousands of his speeches and articles, I cannot recall that he ever suggested a single practical remedy; and I know that he has suggested scores of remedies that would have aggravated the very disease they professed to cure. It is here that his ineradicable defect as a would-be statesman comes in to vitiate all he says and does—the defect of not being able to think. Recall the prescriptions he has written out for the ailments of the body politic—in the whole range of political quackery I know of nothing even to compare with them. Englishmen have altogether failed to detect in Mr. Bryan the smallest evidence of a gift for administration or of that power of sober, common-sense judgment which is the first of all executive qualities. Flighty, light-headed, and empirical, they have never quite been able to understand his power in American politics. All the Englishmen whom he encountered during his visits abroad were at one in pronouncing him a shallow thinker, incapable of seeing deeply into anything. The Sunday-school air which he carried about with him, and the Sunday-school point of view which seemed to color all his opinions, left his acquaintances in England gasping. They liked him personally; they felt the appeal of his eloquence; but they sized him up as the last kind of man that Englishmen would ever think of electing to public office; and they were not in the least surprised when Americans in 1908 reached for the third time the same conclusion.

Now, however, that Mr. Bryan has been eliminated, now that the Democrats have definitely thrown Free Silver and anti-Imperialism overboard, now that they are putting forward a policy of constructive development, and now especially that a man like Woodrow Wilson has stepped to the front, Englishmen feel that they have as much as, if not more, in common with them than with either wing of the Republican party. As professedly low-tariff men, the Democrats have always, even in their wildest Bryanite days, commanded the sympathies that spring from an obvious self-interest, the general British view being that a reduction of the tariff is as good for Great Britain as for the United States. But what, above all things, has inclined British opinion to hope for a Democratic triumph in November is that the party's candidate is Mr. Woodrow Wilson. As a writer we have known Mr. Wilson over here for many years and have deeply relished him. His emergence as a political force in 1910 was hailed by Englishmen as a clear proof of Democratic resurrection; and his nomination as the party's candidate for the Presidency is regarded throughout England, and I think I may add throughout Europe, as one of the most auspicious developments of latter-day American politics. I had the pleasure some eighteen months ago of spending three or four hours with Governor Wilson in his rooms at Princeton Inn, his week-end retreat from Trenton and politics; and I formed, as I think every one must who has ever come across him, a profound and confident admiration for the man and his mind and personality. He was even better than his writings, and I had long placed them among the most judicial and most incisive contributions of contemporary American historians and publicists to the elucidation of current problems. I have never encountered or read of an American statesman, unless it was Mr. John Hay, who at all resembled Governor Wilson. He seemed to me much more the type of man we are accustomed to in the public life of England than the type I have been brought in contact with in twenty years of mingling in American affairs.

The weakness of many American public men is that they have never been grounded in the fundamentals of political science. They rarely impart the sense of a solid, mellow background of reading, culture, and philosophy. Their politics is usually the politics of personalities and committee-rooms. It seemed to me no small part of Governor Wilson's strength that he had not only as a student got to the bottom of things, had not only as a writer and professor applied his knowledge to the discussion, criticism, and illumination of tangible measures and events, had not only superadded a sustained and all-round experience in the daily work of administering a great university, but also that he was a man whose politics was the politics of ideas and of their embodiment in legislation. If he is elected in November, as I take it for granted he will be, the White House for the first time since the Civil War, and for the second time in American history, will be occupied by one who may fairly be called a political thinker. In talking politics with Governor Wilson one instinctively talks not of men, but of measures; not of "politics," but of the ways and means of statesmanship. His campaign for the Governorship of New Jersey seemed to me of a character unique in American electioneering. There was none of the usual party claptrap and vituperation, no effort to keep alive meaningless party lines and traditions, no dealing in sonorous generalities. From first to last Mr. Wilson appealed to reason and to conscience. He discussed nothing but specific and ponderable issues, and on each one of them he showed just where he stood. In language that the most ignorant could understand and the most fastidious could appreciate and be stirred by, with innumerable happy side flashes of humor and illustration, keeping always to a high elevation of thought and feeling and practicality, and eloquent with the eloquence that is only born of conviction and sincerity, Mr. Wilson laid bare the abuses of New Jersey politics and industrial organization, clearly outlined his programme for their reform, and asked from all who cared for the good name of their State the support that would enable him to carry it out. Republicans and Democrats flocked to the meetings of this university president who saw and spoke so clearly and stated what he proposed to do so frankly and modestly; Republicans and Democrats joined on polling-day in electing him by a triumphant majority. To-day for the first time since I, at any rate, have had the pleasure of knowing it, New Jersey is a self-governing State and its statute-book is beginning to show some approach to justice and humanity and some appreciation of the requirements of a modern community. Even in England we were able to follow the Governor's fight with the machine with intelligence and understanding.

I do not think that since his election Mr. Wilson has done or said anything that did not show the real stuff of statesmanship. For all his years in the lecture-room there is nothing "donnish" about him. His manner is utterly unpretentious, even in its geniality; his rich, clear flow of talk is flecked with a sunny and spontaneous humor; his whole bearing speaks of alertness, zest, and of confident energy guided by patient reflectiveness. I do not know any American with a wider or a sharper vision or one so intolerant of shams, haziness, and the specious forms and aspects of things that pass muster as realities. If any one can knit the heterogeneous units of the Democratic party into a single, effective whole, it is surely he; and, like all other Englishmen, I should like to offer my congratulations to his countrymen on bringing forward such a man at such an hour.

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

"Nothing of the Kind"

It is invariably necessary to elaborate a theory with undue haste in order that you may state it to your own satisfaction before some one says, "Nothing of the kind." Its frequently being oneself who ejaculates "Nothing of the kind" only serves to make the haste more precipitate. If one is ever to have the delight of bolting with an idea to which one afterward finds oneself impossibly intimated, one must bolt before one inspects the idea and without a single glance behind at one's sober, irate self, who is racing to get within earshot in order to shout that tiresome phrase, "Nothing of the kind," which immediately dissolves the union. This is the reason why a determined talker dislikes speaking before his family and never permits his friends to interrupt him.

He likes his ideas as ideas, not as truths, facts, or things applicable or workable. They are pleasanter to play with than golf-balls. If they are perversions or inversions, what is the inside of a golf-ball but a ball of twine fit for jackdaws? It is always easy to burst a bubble; the finesse comes in inflating the poor material lying about until it is of sufficient lightness and roundness to serve as a plaything. People of this way of thinking are frequently forced into writing. Not that there is any particular reason why they should write, except its conveniences for themselves. It permits them to dogmatize about rather underdone and highly flavored theories and get them into the post, and perhaps even into print, before that loud-voiced person, one's sober self, shouts—what he is almost sure to shout on a closer inspection of the theory. It sometimes follows that this haste has the happy result of a half truth having been enunciated, when otherwise it might have been left forever fused with its half untruth. There is always for the writer the fun of temporary ardor for a thing which it was very diverting to feel scampering about in the mind.

There is that amusing idea that marriage is an anodyne which the majority of people are forced to indulge in in order to get through the too poignant business of living. One knows at a glance that that is precisely the kind of idea that would lend itself to an escapade. It does a dozen things to tempt you to an elopement, and if weakness and susceptibility are your cardinal virtues you are off at a run on the instant.

Celibacy is too keen, too rigorous and warlike and unprotected a condition for any but the dauntless to endure. Celibates are alone with themselves and life, two things that ninety-nine individuals out of a hundred have done their utmost to evade since the beginning of time. One has leisure if one is a celibate, and that is always a terrifying and exposing thing. Leisure must be made use of, if possible, conscientiously and with meaning. The burden of leisure to a thoughtful person leads to fundamental beginnings and back again to serious immediate action. Action, if one has had to furnish the need, impetus, and motive, is a Herculean task. Solitude is the most truthful of companions. Naturally celibates do the great creative work of the world. They encountered themselves; they got their relation to life; life itself brought consciousness and consciousness made them creative. But the travail of celibacy is obvious—one need not dwell on it; it is what we all fled from and flung ourselves from, panic-stricken into marriage.

Marriage is so easy, so rudimentary, so much a first aid to the injured, the splints used being the first stiff thing that came to hand. In marriage you lose yourself, which is a tremendous responsibility off your mind. A completely married person dies at the age of eighty with as little connection with anything but a few material expedients as a youth of fifteen. The men are so pressed by the duty of supplying dollars for their families that they are relieved of all other duties. They have none toward themselves, their former friends, the ideas of their age, the awesome questions, the refining side issues of subjectivity. They do not even have to decide whether they shall work for the amount that it is right that they should work. They have got to work and they have got to work as much as they can, and the need whips them into dulled, constant energy. At the end of their days they either did or did not fulfil that one duty successfully. One duty in a lifetime! Nothing but marriage could reduce complex life into such soothing simplicity.

As for the women, they are far worse. A man may at least make money in divers ways, a woman can be married in but one way. The creed for the married woman is so clear that original thought is a hindrance to her and she abandons it at once. She surrounds herself with furniture, children, servants, and the mechanism of daily life until she is as distracted as a nun lost in a boiler-shop. She spends forty or fifty years putting things back into the place from which some one else removed them, and when she has so cluttered herself up that she could not find her way out of the maelstrom if she wanted to, she goes further to sleep by congratulating herself on her full, useful life. One has always had a perfectly good excuse for refusing to face realities. A social evil may be very terrible, but you cannot get excited about it if you haven't a cook. The life hereafter may make you pause, but you cannot get an attitude toward it when it suddenly occurs to you that one of the children cannot find his school-books and your husband's grippe is worse. You cannot have friendships, the most searching and delightful test of one's worth, if you never have yourself. If you can by marriage manage to make life a piece of ground glass and you an awkward blue-bottle buzzing to get through it, of course you marry, which of course every one has done and does and will.

It was at this precise moment that Sober Self shouted, "Nothing of the kind!"

FAMILY RUNT

Kansas Man Says Coffee Made Him That.

"Coffee has been used in our family of eleven—father, mother, five sons and four daughters—for thirty years: I am the eldest of the boys and have always been considered the runt of the family and a coffee toper.

"I continued to drink it for years until I grew to be a man, and then I found I had stomach trouble, nervous headaches, poor circulation, was unable to do a full day's work, took medicine for this, that, and the other thing, without the least benefit. In fact I only weighed 116 when I was 28.

"Then I changed from coffee to Postum, being the first one in our family to do so. I noticed, as did the rest of the family, that I was surely gaining strength and flesh. Shortly after I was visiting my cousin, who said, 'You look so much better—you're getting fat.'

"At breakfast his wife passed me a cup of coffee, as she knew I was always such a coffee drinker, but I said, 'No, thank you.'

"'What!' said my cousin, 'you quit coffee? What do you drink?'

"'Postum,' I said, 'or water, and I am well.' They did not know what Postum was, but my cousin had stomach trouble and could not sleep at night from drinking coffee three times a day. He was glad to learn about Postum, but said he never knew coffee hurt anyone." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the same drug found in coffee.)

"After understanding my condition and how I got well he knew what to do for himself. He discovered that coffee was the cause of his trouble, as he never used tobacco or anything else of the kind. You should see the change in him now. We both believe that if persons who suffer from coffee drinking would stop and use Postum they could build back to health and happiness." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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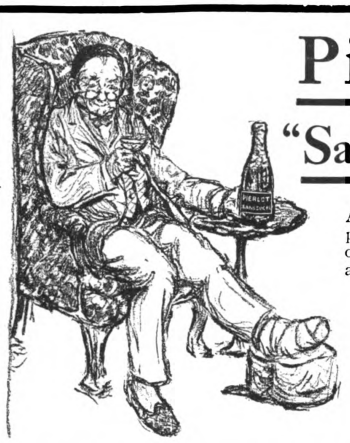
How Dynamite Explodes

It is the popular impression that dynamite seeks the line of greatest resistance. Place a quantity of black powder on a rock and light it with a fuse. It will flash, simply scorching the stone. Place a piece of dynamite on the same rock, and the rock will be shattered. Hence the reasoning that dynamite follows the line of greatest resistance. Nothing could be farther from the truth, however. The black powder takes fire and explodes much more slowly than the dynamite, so that the elastic air that incloses it, as it does everything, gives way gradually and the force is lost in the atmosphere. With dynamite, the explosion has been so sudden, the attack on the air so instantaneous, that for a fraction of a second it actually resists. The force of the dynamite is so tremendous that it cannot wait, and it is turned into the rock, which, for the instant, becomes the line of least resistance. An illustration of this may be seen during a display of lightning. A fork of it strikes across the sky. It packs the air so densely that it can no longer make rapid progress in that direction, and it turns aside, to follow the line of least resistance. It cannot wait for the air to yield. It is the same with dynamite.



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"We have analyzed a bottle of Pierlot Vin Nature Champagne, Sans Sucre, sent to us by you for that purpose, and we find it wholly free from added sugar, and without added alcohol; the actual amount of sugar being 0.36 per cent. Such a wine can be advantageously used in cases of gout and diabetes, where any but the very smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious.
"Caswell-Massey Co., Ltd."

The *Sportsman*:—"It is a wine of good body and extraordinary flavor and bouquet, and wonderfully clean."

The *Irish Times*:—"Pierlot Champagne 'Sans Sucre,' which is now becoming so fashionable, is a drink devoid of evil after-effects."

The *British Medical Journal* says:—"A perfect champagne, absolutely free from sugar, yet light and agreeable in taste."

The *Lancet* states:—"It is a brilliant, sparkling wine, possessing all the agreeable qualities of a high-class champagne, and yet one that may be taken, according to our analytical observations, where strong alcohol and saccharin drinks are prohibited."

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE DEMAND FOR A HIGHER YIELD

THE request most frequently being received by the investment-houses today is for a list of "safe bonds yielding five per cent. or more." Very seldom nowadays does a client write in stating that he has some money to invest and that he just wants to put it where it will be safe and draw interest. That used to be the way investment business was done, but it isn't done that way now. Income these days is the primary consideration, and mighty few letters do the bond-houses get from people having money to invest in which a full return on the investment is not insisted upon. Security-buyers are fully alive to the fact that it is possible these days to get a higher income with just as great a degree of safety, and are not neglectful of the opportunity.

Now bond-dealers are, after all, merchants, and in the business of supplying what their customers want. Eight or ten years ago, when the demand was all for the highest grade of mortgage bonds yielding four per cent. or less, those were the issues which the investment-houses were carrying in stock and offering to their clients. But to-day the average customer won't consider anything which yields him less than five per cent. So we find the bond-houses' lists made up mostly of securities yielding at least that much. Compare the lists of bonds offered by representative firms ten years ago with the lists being offered by these same firms at present and the difference will be quickly seen. Investors at that time wanted bonds only of the best, and so it was that class of security which was offered them. Investors to-day, while still insisting upon quality, want a full yield, and so it is for the bond fulfilling *those* requirements that investment dealers find the readiest sale.

To meet this changed demand on the part of the security-buying public several new classes of securities have been created, and other kinds of securities but rarely issued in past years have been put out on a large scale. There has been developed, for example, an entirely new kind of preferred stock, partaking largely of the nature of a bond. The new bonds based on real estate are another case in point, securities of this sort having been issued for years, but not in any quantity and not in the form in which they are at present being sold. Then again, and perhaps most important of all, there are the many varieties of public-service corporation bonds—bonds of gas and electric concerns, street railways, etc.—which are being issued in such very large amount, and to the marketing of which so large a number of important investment firms have come to give their undivided attention.

That the issue of these large amounts of new securities, all of them bearing what is comparatively a high rate of interest, was bound to have an important effect on existing conditions in the market for investment capital goes almost without saying. Here we had the railroads and other strong corporations borrowing all the money they wanted at from three and a half to four per cent. Then, with the rise in the cost of living, comes this demand for securities bearing a higher rate of interest. Where the investor used to be satisfied with four per cent. he wants considerably more. In competition with the old-line mortgage-bonds which the railroads used to have no trouble in selling at high prices, the market becomes filled with good securities netting the buyer five or even six per cent. This truly is a big change, and one bound to exert important and far-reaching effects.

Let us consider these effects, first upon existing securities and, second, upon those whose business requires the borrowing of money through the sale of securities to the general public.

Take the established dividend-payers—the shares of the great railways and industrial corporations—to what extent have they been affected by the demand for a higher income and the creation of all these new high-interest-bearing securities? To a very great extent, beyond any shadow of doubt. Six or eight years ago, before all these new preferred shares and public-service corporation bonds were in existence, and offered the investor a chance to get six or seven per cent. on his money, there was good reason why stocks like New York Central and Pennsylvania should sell on a four-per-cent. basis. But with the coming into existence of these new opportunities for investing money all that changed. Why, asked the investor, should he buy these railroad stocks for a four-per-cent. income when, by buying gilt-edged first-mortgage public-service corporation bonds, he could get an income of five or five and a half per cent.? For no very great length of time did he continue to ask himself that question. Investment-buying of even the best shares at the high levels began to fall off. And then, naturally, there came about a readjustment, the price of these stocks declining in a way which seemed to many to foreshadow dividend reductions, but which, in reality, represented nothing more than the seeking of an income-level in line with that of the better class of the new securities.

Exactly the same thing happened in the case of the old, solid, first-mortgage issues which had always sold at a price to yield less than four per cent. For some time the more conservative class of investors regarded the new issues with more or less distrust and refused to be tempted, but after "1907" (when the public-service issues came through with colors flying) there was a decided revulsion of feeling. It began to be realized then, even by the most conservative, that among these new bonds netting upward of five per cent. there were many just as good and better than the old-time railroad issues which had always maintained themselves on a four-per-cent. basis. And with the shattering of that idol, of course, there came about a readjustment in price, any number of the old first-mortgage bonds which had not seen the light of day in years being dragged out of strong-boxes and turned over to dealers for exchange into something yielding an income more in keeping with the times. From which sales prices naturally suffered—not as much as in the case of dividend-paying stocks, but substantially nevertheless. Only as far back as the spring of 1909 twenty-five representative bonds of the highest grade sold at an average of 94.30. Since then the price has gone down to 89.87.

Severely as the prices of the old-line, first-mortgage railroad bonds have suffered as a result of the demand on the part of investors for a higher yield, in the case of State and government securities the effect has been even more marked. British government bonds—consols, they are called—furnish the most conspicuous example, the papers at present being full of accounts describing the great fall which has taken place in the price of the erstwhile "premier security." That fear of war with Germany has had something to do with the great decline in these bonds is undoubtedly true. But among those familiar with the conditions there seems to exist a unanimity of opinion that the real cause of the trouble is that investors are no longer satisfied with the yield obtainable from these securities. It is not that investors don't consider consols as safe as they formerly were. It is simply a case of their having awakened to the fact that the market is full of opportunities to buy absolutely gilt-edged bonds at a price to yield very much more income than is yielded by consols. Formerly nobody paid much attention to income, the great thing being to get your savings safely invested "in the Funds" where they would be as safe as Gibraltar and yield *some* income. But the investor doesn't look at it that way any more. When he sees the British government itself issuing securities (other than consols) which net the buyer nearly four per cent., his awe for "the Funds" is apt to give way to a feeling that to put money in them is to make an unnecessary sacrifice of income. Why, he asks himself, should he tie up his money in consols when he can buy any number of other absolutely first-class securities to net him very much more?

So much for the effect on existing securities of this demand for a higher yield. Let us look now at its influence on the corporations which have to raise money by the sale of bonds.

The primary effect on borrowers is naturally to make it more difficult to secure the money they need. To the big, strong corporations whose credit is unquestioned, and who used to be able to borrow money for a long term of years at four per cent., it has meant simply a rise in the cost of the Funds. But to many of the weaker concerns it has meant far more than that—it has meant, in many cases, all the difference between being able to borrow and not being able to borrow. On what a railroad or industrial concern can pay for money there is a limit, and when the weaker concerns see the stronger willing to pay such high rates for money, it means that they—the weaker ones—cannot borrow at all, except at such rates as make the operation absolutely prohibitive. And that, of course, is a bad thing for business from every standpoint. In a growing country like this a constant supply of fresh capital is just as necessary to industry as a constant supply of oil is to a machine. When the corporations can't get the money they need and to which they are entitled, it means the stunting of their natural growth and a heavy blow to the many industries dependent upon this natural expansion of facilities.

Then, in the second place, the effect of this demand on the part of investors for a higher yield is to cause borrowers to issue securities of lower grade. "If the public wants a bond to yield a high rate we'll give it to them," says the corporation finance manager, but no mortgage bonds do we issue on any such terms as that. Whereupon the company proceeds to put out, instead of the old-fashioned issue which was a real lien on something, some "debenture" or other new-fangled issue. Denver & Rio Grande's case is particularly in point. Finding itself badly in need of money not long ago, the Denver cast about for some means of raising funds, but found that the best it could do was to issue a seven-per-cent. "cumulative income bond." No less than $25,000,000 of this kind of security was thereupon authorized, the price to the public being fixed at par and the bankers' commission thus bringing up the actual cost of the money to the railroad to well up over seven per cent. And this is only one instance of "fancy financing." Any number of others might be mentioned.

The forcing of borrowers to issue short-term notes instead of bonds is a third important effect. With long-term securities salable only at such a price as to make the money cost them a ruinously high rate of interest, many of the corporations have refused to clamp the yoke upon their necks for a long term of years. Rather than do that they have had recourse to the issue of short-term notes—a makeshift form of financing. Regular bonds cannot be sold now, they figure, except at such a price as will saddle the borrower with a high-interest charge for forty or fifty years to come. So, instead of issuing regular long-term bonds, they decide to raise the money they need by issuing notes maturing in a few years. This is, of course, merely a postponement of the real financing operation, the idea being that when the notes come due a few years from now conditions will have changed and that it will be possible to replace the maturing notes with long-term bonds issued at a fair price. The short-term notes themselves carry a high rate of interest, but the duration of this charge is only two or three years, whereas, if long-term bonds were issued now, the duration of the high-interest charge would be forty or fifty years.

It may or it may not work out that way—optimism is all very well, but what investment conditions are going to be when these notes come due still remains to be seen. And in the mean time the result of the issue of all these short-term notes is hardly such as to strengthen the investment position. For when a railroad, for example, supplies its needs for new capital by selling short-term notes, it gets its money from an entirely different source than when it sells regular long-term bonds. Investors don't buy short-term notes—at least to any great extent. It is the banks and other institutions which take them. So that when a corporation has sold an issue of short-term notes, it has got its money not from the investment public at all, but from the banks. Which means, in other words, that its *capital* needs—the money it needs for tracks and rolling-stock and terminals and other things properly chargeable to capital account—is simply being advanced by the banks.

That certainly isn't a healthy state of affairs. The banks' business is to lend money, but to lend money on liquid assets and not on property which cannot possibly be converted into cash. Financing the capital needs of railroads and industrial corporations is no part of the banks' business, especially when it has to be done out of the money which ought to be available at low rates for the needs of merchants and manufacturers.

A fourth effect which should not be overlooked is the cutting into net earnings occasioned by all this borrowing through the sale of securities bearing a high rate of interest. A road like the Denver, for instance, cannot operate on money borrowed at a cost of eight per cent. or more and expect to show the same results in the way of net profits as though the money were borrowed at a reasonable figure. On the earnings of all the large users of borrowed capital the effect of the high charges is making itself plainly shown. To some of them it is a very serious matter indeed.

The foregoing are some of the principal effects of the current demand for a higher yield from investments. What of this tendency? Will security-buyers continue to demand a higher and higher yield, or is the manifestation temporary and may we expect again to get back to the conditions prevailing before rates began to rise? The latter contingency, it must be admitted, is not, by conservative people, held probable. But, on the other hand, neither is it expected that the present conditions under which the corporations are being forced to borrow will long continue. We have come through, or perhaps it might better be said nearly through, a period of great political and social unrest, with subversion of the whole scheme of business constantly threatened. That condition, in connection with the higher cost of living, has resulted in effectually drying up the springs whence investment capital flows. But that condition, serious as it is, can hardly last. There is plenty of capital in this country, and with the reassuring of its owners, which is bound eventually to come, capital will again become available and at reasonable rates.

A PEACEFUL OUTLOOK

BY G. B. M.

WHEN the plow has left the furrow,
When there's quiet in the zoo,
When the elephant and burro
And that other thing are through,

Shall we miss the thunders loosing
Harmless bolts with horrid roar?
When the bull has ceased from moosing
Will the oyster bay no more?

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The Relation of Temperature to Life Processes

THE speed at which a chemical change takes place depends directly upon the temperature. That is, the higher the temperature, the more rapidly is a chemical reaction completed. The commonest illustration of this fact is perhaps the relative efficacy of hot and cold water in washing away dirt when soap is used. A chemical change that takes a certain length of time at ordinary temperatures will take only one-half or a third as long if the temperature is raised, say about twenty degrees. The ratio of speed of reaction to the temperature is called the coefficient of temperature of chemical reactions.

The two great physicists, Van't Hoff and Arrhenius, showed that this dependence of the speed of a reaction upon temperature is characteristic of chemical changes; and this often serves to distinguish a chemical change from a physical one.

In plants and animals many of the reactions have been found to vary with the temperature. Thus the rate of the heart's beat, or the speed at which a disturbance is transmitted along a nerve fiber, depends upon the temperature and is thus shown to be due to chemical processes. Hertwig has shown that the time in which frogs' eggs develop varies from six days at sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit to ten days when the temperature is only fifty-nine degrees. When the temperature is reduced still farther the time necessary is longer; at fifty degrees it takes them twenty-one days. Among the eggs of sea-urchins similar conditions have been found to obtain. An increase in the temperature of eighteen degrees Fahrenheit more than doubles the speed of the development. These facts are in complete harmony with Van't Hoff's laws of chemical changes.

BANKING AL FRESCO

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Bats and Batters

PECULIAR is the devotion that some ball-players have for their swatting-sticks. If asked directly whether or not they have a superstition about their bats the answer will either be a flat denial or an evasion of the question. Nevertheless, if any one should attempt to borrow or use their favorite clubs there is sure to a big howl. Some of the great swingers of the willow select their sticks with the greatest care and minutest inspection, and in most cases the sticks have to be scraped down in order to get the weight, the balance, and the grip just right. Confidence is classed as two-thirds of success in any undertaking, and if by accident a .300-mark hitter should break his favorite maul you can just bet he is going back to the .250 class until he gains confidence in another piece of wood.

Ty Cobb, of the "Tigers," is one of the biggest "bugs" about bats that ever played the game. He has more bats than any other player, and he has one named for each of the opposing clubs' pitchers. The manager of the club used to "kick" about hauling Cobb's cordwood around, but after discovering that it was not simply a whim of Ty's, that if he didn't have the right bat at the right time he was liable to strike out, Hughey Jennings told Ty he would have an extra car attached to the train for his bats if necessary. Cobb's idea about having a certain bat for each pitcher is a good one. When he is up against a speed artist like Walter Johnson of the Washington team he uses a big light bat. Ty has shorter and more solid bats for slow-pitched balls and long solid sticks to manipulate against fast curves and breaks. Indeed, it has been said that the Georgia swatter has as many different kinds of bats as a dentist has tools, each to be used for a particular purpose, at a particular time, and against some particular pitcher. No doubt if Ty ever retires from the great game he could make a fortune in the manufacture of special bats.

Napoleon Lajoie, the Cleveland slugger, used to be a crank about the condition of his stack of sticks. The moment his team would arrive at a hotel Lajoie would immediately have his array of bats taken to his room and proceed to scrape, oil, and attend to them most affectionately, winding up by hanging them out of a window for a sun bath. The story is told that he would take his bats to bed with him for fear somebody might steal one.

Speaker, the American League artist of Boston, who figures in the .400 class all by himself, attributes his good hitting to a worm hole in his favorite club. He has several of these and each one has the lucky worm hole in the fat part of the end. His colleagues say that he always searches the stock of bats in every sporting-goods store in the circuit for bats with a single worm hole in them, and whenever he discovers one, which of course is seldom, he buys it with a grin.

"Germany" Schaefer of the "Nationals," the vaudeville artist of the diamond, is not so much of a believer in any one hitting-stick as he is in the idea that he can hoodoo the bat into making hits for him. Every time he selects a club he performs a certain incantation over it. Schaefer, however, has a most peculiar way of selecting new bats. This was discovered not long ago when he complained of having a splinter in his tongue.

"How did you ever get a splinter in your tongue, Germany?" he was asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," said "Dutch." "I was down-town this morning sampling some new sticks—you know I can always tell a good bat by tasting the wood."

One of the most noted bats in the history of modern baseball was the one used by Franklin Baker, of the Philadelphia Athletics, in the world's championship games last season. This famous stick won for its owner the sobriquet of "Home-run Baker" and the pennant for the Philadelphia boys. It was afterward sold to the highest bidder, bringing several hundred dollars, the proceeds being used for some beneficent purpose, otherwise Franklin Baker would never have let it be sold. Baker claims that the best bat he ever had was turned from an old wagon tongue on his farm in Maryland. Whether it is the bat he is now using he refuses to say, but nevertheless he goes right along clouting out homers whenever his team is in a pinch. The proof of this was demonstrated recently in the ninth inning of a game between the "Nationals" and the "Athletics." The score was 1 to 0 in favor of the former team. There was no one on bases and Baker was at the bat with two out, two strikes, and three balls. Long Tom Hughes thought he could chance a good one. He did, but what happened? Franklin drew back his old wagon tongue and lambasted the ball so hard that it almost went through the right-field fence, and he chased around the four pillows, scoring the run that put new life into his team and finally won the game. That's what confidence in a baseball bat means!

The Work of the Heart

OF all the structural wonders revealed by physiology none is more striking than that of the heart. With each stroke it projects about six ounces of blood into the conduits of the system, and as it does so some 70 times every minute and 4,200 times during an hour this implies that it does the same thing 100,800 times in twenty-four hours, 30,000,000 times in a year, and more than 2,500,000,000 times in a life of seventy years.

The force exerted by the heart is sufficient to lift one hundred and twenty tons one foot high every twenty-four hours. Yet the piece of living mechanism that is called upon to accomplish this feat without pause for threescore years and ten, without itself being worn out by the effort, is a small bundle of muscles that rarely weighs more than eleven ounces.

Memory in Fishes

A FISH caught with bait, if put back into the water, seizes the bait again. But if a red disk is fastened above the bait the fish takes note of it and connects it with the sharp hook, so that after a few times he will not touch bait surmounted by a red disk. His memory is not clear enough or developed in so far that he dreads the bait, but he has the faculty of connecting the red disk with the sense of pain.

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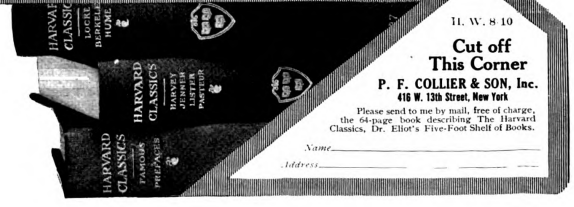

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How Animals Doctor Themselves

It is held that the simple remedies of nature generally suffice to cure beasts of their ailments and that they are guided to them by instinct.

In a communication to the Biological Society of Paris a distinguished naturalist has pointed out that medicine as practised by animals is thoroughly empirical, but that the same may be said of that practised by inferior human races, or, in other words, by the majority of the human species.

Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. It is maintained that the human race also exhibits this instinct, and the French authority referred to blames medical men for giving insufficient attention to the likes and dislikes of their patients in this respect. This instinct, he believes, is a guide that may be relied upon.

A large number of species wash themselves and bathe—elephants, stags, birds, ants, etc. Animals rid themselves of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink much water, and sometimes plunge into it from time to time. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as "dog's grass." Cats also eat grass, catnip, etc., when sick. Sheep and cows in the same circumstances seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism invariably keeps as much as possible in the sun. The warrior ants maintain regularly organized ambulances.

Latreille cut the antennæ of an ant. Other ants covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid from their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the flow of blood by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass.

A terrier had an injured eye. It remained lying under a counter, avoiding heat and light, although it had been its habit to keep close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment—rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of its paw, which it then applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

Cats also when hurt treat themselves by this simple method. Delaunay cites the case of a cat that remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of a cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water.

A Wasp's Strategy

A mud-wasp was seen to alight within an inch or two of a spider's nest on the side opposite the opening. Creeping around toward the entrance to the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it and for a moment remained perfectly quiet. Then reaching out one of his antennæ, he wriggled it before the opening. A moment later he withdrew the "feeler." This overture had the desired effect, inasmuch as the head of the household, a big spider, came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights.

No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which it was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust its sting into the body of its foe, killing it easily and almost instantly.

The experiment was repeated by the wasp, and when there was no response from the inside he evidently became satisfied that he held the fort. At all events, he proceeded to enter the nest and slaughter the young spiders, which were lugged off one at a time.

Evening on the Moorland

The sun goes down behind the hill—
Alone I stand,
And all the earth is hushed and still;
A silent land!
The heather's breath is all around
Upon the air;
The sly fox sliaks along the ground
Back to his lair;
Black bats fly sideways in the dusk
Around my head;
Wee mice are hunting for fresh husk
To form their bed.
The moon comes up behind the trees
Serene and grand,
She seems to tell of strange, weird seas
And a strange strand;
And as her pale rays fall like gold
Upon me here
I feel the touch of a strange cold
And a strange fear.
And so I leave the moorland wild
And homeward go,
But yet I am the moorland's child,
I love it so!

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W. Heath Robinson in "The Sketch."

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Injecting Oxygen Through the Skin

We have become familiar with the administration of oxygen in place of ordinary air in cases where the respiration is inadequate, as in critical stages of pneumonia. The introduction of oxygen directly into the blood instead of through the lungs has been attempted with varying success for the past dozen years. Before 1900 the subcutaneous injection of oxygen had been tried on a small scale for producing local effects, such as antineuralgic, or as antiseptic in cases of gangrene, malignant pustule, and various inflammations.

The Spanish physician Domine was the first to inject oxygen as a means of increasing the quantity of this gas carried by the blood to all parts of the body. More recently a number of French physicians have been using this method with gratifying results. The method is very simple. A fine hypodermic needle is connected with the gas-tank and the gas is allowed to flow in very slowly. From one to seven or eight pints of the gas are used at a time, and from five to thirty minutes are allowed for the entrance of the gas. The operation may be repeated several times a day. There is at first a slight swelling of the tissues, but the reduction of this swelling depends upon the actual need the patient has for the oxygen; the more he needs it, the more quickly does the swelling disappear.

The effects of the injection of oxygen are—first, a deepening and a slowing of the respiration. Then the pulse becomes slower but firmer, and there follows a reduction of fever and other physiological reactions. There is produced a feeling of general comfort, often followed by refreshing sleep; in a number of cases a patient in a state of coma has recovered consciousness as a result of the injection.

The results of these experiments point to a possible application in all cases where there is insufficient aeration of the blood, either through defects of the lungs, or of the circulation, or through some poisoning or infection; the method may also be valuable in cases of asphyxiation by gases, or even in drowning. It is necessary that the oxygen used be absolutely pure, since any other gas present, such as nitrogen, would not be absorbed and would be likely to cause trouble.

Fish-meal as Food for Cattle

For some time dried fish has been used as a fodder for cattle, in the form of a flour or meal, in Great Britain and Norway. Swine eat it with considerable relish, and it is also acceptable to cows and calves. The meal has also been successfully used in fattening carp, in artificial cultivation of this fish.

To prepare the fish flour, the Norwegians use cod and herring, while in England and Scotland use is made of the leavings from all kinds of fish. The codfish are dried in the air and later by means of fires, in special ovens or open fireplaces; and finally the dry mass is ground up. The meal thus prepared contains on an average from fifty to sixty per cent. of albuminous matter, one to two per cent. of fat, and from twenty-four to twenty-eight per cent. of phosphate of lime.

The herring is cooked before being pressed and ground. The meal made from fresh herring contains more protein and more fat than that from the cod, the former ranging from sixty to seventy per cent. and the fat from ten to twelve per cent. The low percentage of phosphate of lime (eight to eighteen per cent.) is due to the fact that the bones of the herring are not so rich in mineral matter.

The English method is to treat the leavings of various fish with steam, and then to dry the mass and finally to pulverize it. The composition of this flour is fifty-five to sixty-five per cent. albuminous matter, three to six per cent. fat, and fourteen to eighteen per cent. phosphate of lime.

Whence Quinine Comes

Thirty years ago the principal supply of quinine came from the western coast of South America, although a small amount was obtained from India and Ceylon. The average quinine contents of the cinchona bark is from two to three per cent. Better methods of handling the bark, however, have resulted in recent years of yields of from 5.5 to 17 per cent.

In Amsterdam monthly sales of quinine are held. Java, which was scarcely in the market at first, now sends from thirty-five to seventy tons of quinine sulphate each month to the Dutch market. These enormous increases in production have lowered the price considerably.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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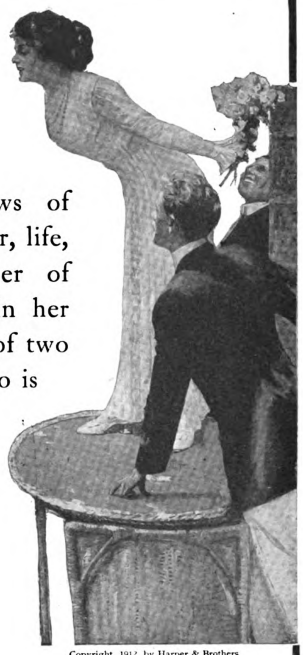

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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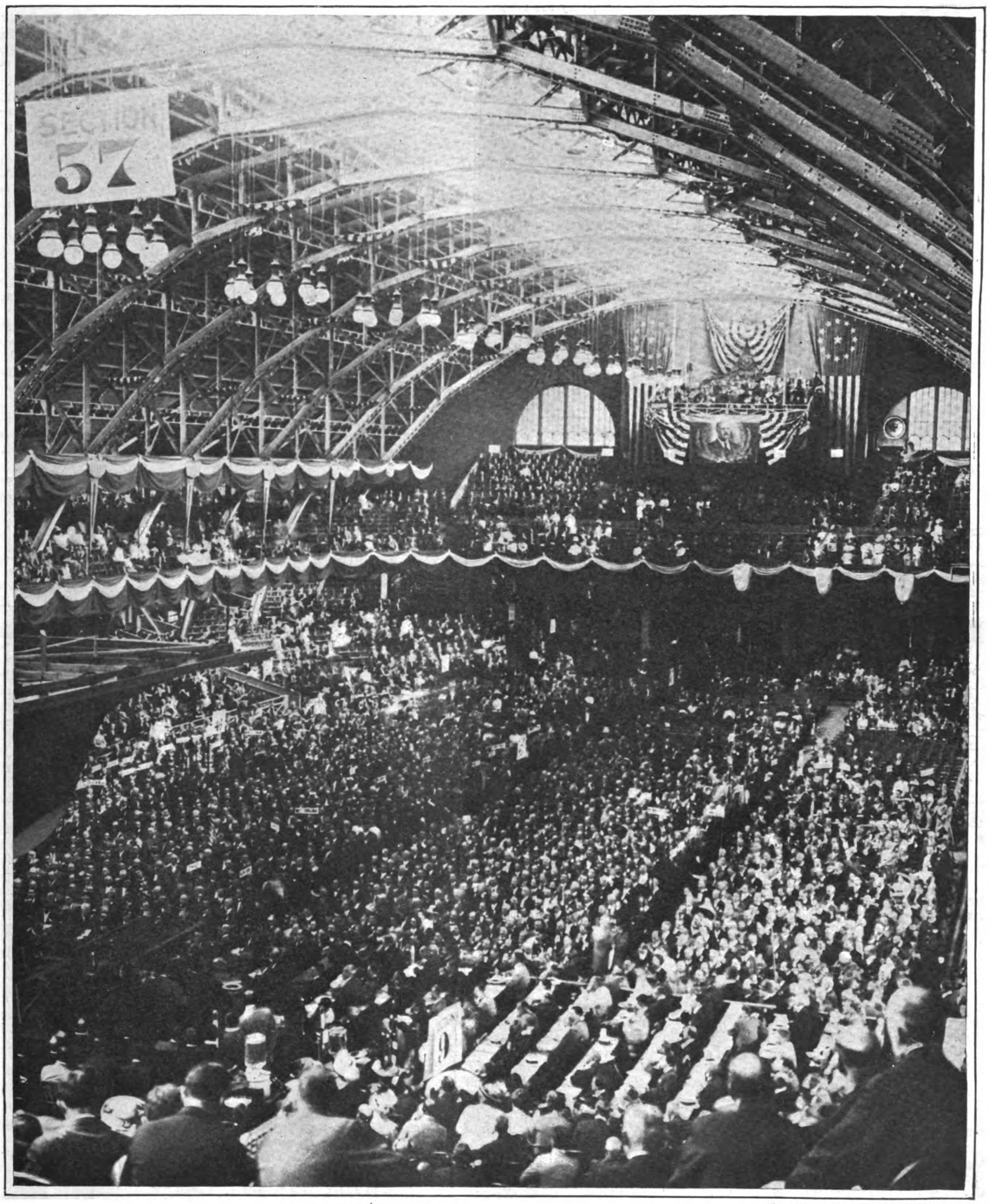

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THE BULL MOOSE GET TOGETHER

The National Progressive Party in convention at the Coliseum, Chicago

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

A Hint, We Hope, in Time

WE respectfully suggest to the directors of the Democratic canvass that WILLIAM H. TAFT is not the man whom WOODROW WILSON has to beat.

If Plutarch Made a Parallel

If there is any PLUTARCH among us, his opportunity is now at hand. His method, if applied with skill, judgment, and fairness, would certainly be helpful to us all. The three candidates for the Presidency are all squarely set before us, and it is now our chief civic occupation to study and compare them, and make a choice among them. The material for a Plutarchian parallel is ample. We have their records. We have the platforms of their several parties. We have their own careful declarations of their beliefs and purposes. Surely there must be some one among us wise enough and just enough to make a comparison which shall set before us what there is of likeness and contrast in these three Americans—what is significant and what is negligible to the enlightening of all our judgments and the right guidance of our consciences. Such an one would render us a pleasure as well as a service. For we tire already of cheap and noisy partisanship, of fulsome advocacies and violent, intemperate malignings. Fairness and restraint and truthfulness would be refreshing.

Many things suggest such a method. Our American life is varied, and we ourselves are of many strains and widely differing antecedents, so that often a common ground for comparisons is hard to find. But these three Americans have much in common. They are all three of sturdy American ancestry. They have come up from much the same beginnings and with much the same traditions and training. In that regard they are of those to whom the Republic has a right to look for leadership and high offices; for they have had the best preparation the Republic could give. They were taught in good schools. They were members of famous universities. They have known the best company. They have been free to learn by travel and choice intercourse. They have had high employments and practice in great affairs. They have had not merely ample preparation, but sufficient exercise and experiment of their characters and parts. They have been not merely trained, but tested. PLUTARCH or no PLUTARCH, each of us for himself should be able to set them side by side and compare them intelligently and fairly.

Suppose We All Try

Of course we should not agree about them. We ourselves differ too much in our standards of character and achievement. We rely upon different sources of information and enlightenment. We have different and even irreconcilable civic ideals. We make different demands of the state and of our public servants, having different notions of what is right and desirable in government. Division would therefore be in any case inevitable. But that is no disaster. On the contrary, it is essential to the safe working of democracy, for none of us is inspired or infallible, and it is better that at all times some of us should be wrong than that at any time we should all be wrong unanimously. But we can at least be honest in our divisions. We can refuse to be unfair or to take sides from mere prejudice and blind partisanship, or in stubborn ignorance; and if we have that much civic integrity we shall not go far wrong in our collective choice and action. That is the faith democracy rests on.

Suppose, then, that this year we in this regard give democracy a chance. We are the people, and our ears are fairly ringing with praises of our wisdom; suppose we apply it, for once, freely and fully. We are praised, also, for disinterestedness, honesty; suppose we exhibit it, without too much modesty. We are assured that all power belongs to us; suppose we exercise it, for ourselves, and quite uncontrolled. Suppose we take these three aspirants for our favor and be, every man of us, his own judge, his own PLUTARCH, his own connoisseur of worthies, his own President-maker. After all, they are men like us. Why are we not competent to choose among them, quite without any dependence on the authority of party or the too officious guidance of over-zealous and warring journalists, which of them is most deserving and fittest for our service? Can we not detect insincerity, and likewise sincerity? Do we not know the ring of true speech and of false—and the relative value of words and actions? Have we not the experience to know a demagogue from a true Democrat and Republican? Can we not distinguish artful self-seeking from genuine public spirit, or conceit from consecration, or lying from truth-telling, or honest changes from dexterous tergiversations, or well-meant blunders from base abandonment, or modesty from time-serving, or patriotism from self-righteousness?

At any rate, suppose we try it. The attempt will be interesting, even absorbing. It is our privilege. Maybe it is also our duty.

The Third Party's Programme

There were sincere and well-meaning people in the third-party convention at Chicago. There are such people to be found in every considerable movement which proclaims a purpose of human betterment. How much more, then, are they to be expected in a movement which takes all things desirable for its province and proclaims not merely its purpose, but its ability to do for all manner of people all that they require?

Of course, by government; by laws and public administration; by legislatures and executives and by chastened courts; by the state, rendered all-powerful and in some way suddenly become all-wise and all-righteous. For that, and nothing less, is the theory of the Progressive platform and of the Progressive candidate's all-inclusive confession of faith. These are therefore notable documents in the history of free government. We venture to say that there has been nothing quite comparable to them since JACK CADE undertook the government of England and enlarged its province, to the end that nobody in the kingdom should ever have to drink small beer again.

Small beer, indeed! That is what we have all been drinking. But the day of small things is ended and the day of big things—of all big things—at hand. And how simply the change is to be wrought! Government is not what it should be; it is not doing enough for us. Very well; it is *our* government. We will forthwith change it, and make it what it ought to be, and make it do everything we want it to do. Why, the thing is so simple that the creatures in *Alice in Wonderland* were quite equal to it. Let government do it! Government shall be our lizard. It shall be our slave of the lamp. It shall do for us all our tasks, work for us all the wonders we desire.

That being the programme, who could have the smallness of spirit to cavil at details? We have not; neither, as it happens, have we the unlimited space it would require. We confess, however, that we have been so prosaic as to look through these documents to see what is to become of one small question we have all been much concerned over. We wanted to know what would happen to the tariff. As nearly as we can make out, the tariff is to remain protective. But government, as reorganized and revivified, is at last going to make the protective tariff do what it said it would and protect wages—raise wages, in fact. Government is going to see to it that the profits of protection get into the pay envelopes of the workmen in protected industries.

And economists had told us that tariff duties could not protect wages! Other reactionaries had even argued that government had no right to guarantee profits to any one class of citizens or set of industries! In other words, we had been taught that the thing proposed could not be done, and that it ought not to be done if it could be.

That will sufficiently indicate what the new party means—what we may expect from it. To secure all the unimagined blessings it offers us, we have only to accept its one fundamental creed—the creed, namely, that government can do anything and ought to do everything. That is to say, we have only to unlearn what we have been stupidly and laboriously learning about government ever since we began to govern ourselves.

An Unusual Speech of Acceptance

The remarks of the newspapers about Governor WILSON'S speech of acceptance, particularly of such as have felt they must find fault with it, are decidedly out of the common. We all remember what was once said of another Democratic candidate: "We love him for the enemies he has made." Similarly, even if one had not read Governor WILSON'S speech, one would be disposed to like it for the kind of criticism it has provoked.

What is said of it by the opposing editors? So far as we have observed, there are substantially two arraignments, and for the life of us we cannot find them very withering. The Governor's address is found to be gentlemanly! It is also found to be modest! It departs egregiously from our present-day usage by avoiding epithets and violence. It also sinks contemptibly below the accepted standard for candidates in that it does not even pretend to solve all our problems and offer remedies for all our ills. Let us concede at once—for, indeed, we must—that both these criticisms are correct. There is no denying them. The speech, inexplicable as it seems, was entirely polite, perfectly well-bred, and dignified. Stranger still, it actually contained such astounding confessions as that there were things the candidate did not know all about, and that he felt the need of counsel and meant to seek it!

With another utterance from another candidate ringing almost simultaneously in its ears, what could the country think of such an attitude? Could it feel otherwise than disappointed? Could it possibly value six thousand quiet words set against twenty thousand loud ones? Could it afford to listen to a man who promised but few things and confessed his limitations when here was another man gifted with omniscience and promising everything?

Well, surprisingly enough, it would—and we think it did. Governor WILSON has successfully employed a method of oratory and of leadership which has many times proved its efficiency. In a time of turmoil and blatancy he has made himself heard by forbearing to shout. In a time of scrambling self-assertion, of unlimited panaceas and programmes, he has made himself impressive by his unpretentiousness, convincing by his self-restraint.

What Wilson Promises

So much for what the Democratic candidate refrains from saying—for that is practically the sole burden of his opponents' criticism. It is almost entirely negative. Rarely, indeed, has so important a public utterance evoked such wide-spread approval of what it did contain.

And it contained much. Moderate as it was in length, and quiet in manner, it succeeded in confessing an ample political faith and in outlining a comprehensive purpose. It interpreted—we believe correctly—the temper of the time, and correctly described the state of the country. Becoming constructive and practical, it then dealt, as it should have done, not with specific measures, but with policies. The sum of its achievement was this: that it gave us all to understand what kind of an administration of our affairs we may expect if Governor WILSON shall be President, and if his party shall follow where he leads.

We may expect readjustment, but not revolution. That is the key-note of the whole—"a new point of view and a new method and spirit of counsel," but no "excited change." Governor WILSON is for meeting the changed conditions of our life candidly, and with new laws—radical laws, if you please—but not with a new and strange form of government.

We may expect the one great reform we have fully discussed and resolved on—tariff revision downward—made, indeed, without vindictiveness or violence; but, nevertheless, "unhesitatingly and steadily downward."

We may expect a policy with the trusts and other great industrial combinations and confederacies equally firm for justice, yet equally free from any impulse of mere destructiveness; laws to prevent and punish unfairness and wrong-doing, but none against mere bigness, none to arrest the natural course of economic development.

We may expect a conservation policy which will

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conserve without mere hoarding; which will prevent waste and robbery of our natural wealth, but permit and encourage the proper use of it.

We may expect a revision of our laws of currency and banking, to make our system more elastic, more modern and scientific, and more responsive to all the needs of business.

We may expect, if we ourselves have the virtue to play our part in the change, the proper working of representative government—the true "rule of the people" through public servants brought again into a right sense of loyalty to the entire public. And in the highest place of all, we may expect a leadership at once resolute and entirely democratic; ready to learn and be advised, but of good faith and courage; a leadership by consent and counsel, but nevertheless an authoritative and fearless spokesmanship of the people.

That is what we understand Governor WILSON to have resolved and promised when he accepted the nomination for the Presidency and the headship of his party.

Wilson and the Single Term

Those who found Governor WILSON'S speech of acceptance too general to suit their taste, or rather their purposes, are particularly cross because he said nothing about the single Presidential term. Is he or is he not in favor of it? Does he or does he not accept the commitment of the Democratic platform? Will he or will he not accept a renomination if one should come his way? Those are the questions that are being plumped at the candidate with resounding insistence. No doubt he will answer them when he gets good and ready. Meanwhile we venture to furnish our avid contemporaries with a little pertinent information.

The declaration of the Democratic National Convention reads as follows:

> We favor a single Presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible to re-election, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

The principle referred to—one of the best—is incorporated in the CLAYTON resolution now pending in the House of Representatives. The report of the committee on judiciary submitting the resolution contains the following:

> Your committee believe that it is wise to (1) limit the tenure of office to one term and that it is also wise (2) to extend the period of the one term from four to six years.
>
> (1) The President should be ineligible to a second term, because, being ineligible, there will be no temptation improperly to use the powers and patronage of that exalted office.
>
> The limitation to a single term will, in the opinion of your committee, tend to improve the administration of the laws generally and to increase the non-partisan and business-like efficiency of the executive department. It will take away from the President any inducement to building up a political machine instead of attending to his duties as Chief Magistrate of the Republic. Such a limitation will prevent the too frequent practice of making appointments for mere partisan or selfish political purposes. It will make the President the Chief Executive of the whole people and not the leader of a mere faction or the chief of a political party. . . .
>
> (2) Again, your committee believe that it would be a wise policy to extend the term of the President to six years, for four years is hardly sufficient time to enable the policies for which the President may stand to come into full effect. The term of six years, coupled with the freedom from anxiety for re-election, would give sufficient opportunity to the President properly to organize his administration and to bring about real accomplishments within the bounds of his duties and powers under the Constitution.

That is the Democratic position beyond a doubt—a single term of six years. But the coming election is for four years only, and the committee definitely rejected a single term for that period for the most excellent reason that it "is hardly sufficient time to enable the policies for which the President may stand to come into full effect."

It is true that Governor WILSON must accept the commitment of the convention to the principle or repudiate the declaration of his party. But such acceptance does not involve refusal to accept a renomination at the end of a term of four years. On the contrary, his taking such a position would be in distinct contravention of the declaration of the Democratic Committee on Judiciary, speaking for a Democratic House of Representatives, to the effect that four years do not comprise an adequate period for the fulfilment of undertakings pledged.

A constitutional amendment providing for a single term of six years would be a great thing, for reasons which have been set forth over and over again in these columns. The country needs it and wants it, but it doesn't want and doesn't ask that Governor WILSON shut himself off at the end of four short years. Neither does it care to have him promise to do one thing and then when the time comes do another, like some folks we might mention. We have had enough of that kind of honeyfugling, as President TAFT mildly designates it.

Miss Addams and the Bull-Moosers

These are Miss JANE ADDAMS'S reasons for supporting the ROOSEVELT party's ticket:

> Because the programme it has outlined contains all of the things I have been fighting for for more than a decade. A minimum wage, old-age pensions, child labor, equal suffrage, protection of women in the industries, and all the other things that I have devoted my life to working for and urging will be in the platform of this new party. Women have been elected to and allowed to participate in this convention and serve on its important committees.

Her last reason is valid as far as it goes, but as for all the others almost every detail of them is the concern of the several States and not of the national government. If the Bull-Moose ticket should be elected Miss ADDAMS would find that so far as concerned the minimum wage, old-age pensions, child labor, equal suffrage, and protection of women in industries her friends in Illinois were just where they were before election, and that the new hands about to come into possession of the machinery of the national government had very little power to change their condition.

To be sure, their platform advocates "bringing under effective national jurisdiction those problems which have expanded beyond the reach of the individual States," declares it "intolerable" that the several States should have unequal laws in matters of common concern, "pledges itself to provide a more easy and expeditious method of amending the Federal Constitution," and provides for "such restriction of the power of the courts as shall leave to the people the ultimate authority to determine fundamental questions of social welfare and public policy." But Miss ADDAMS has nothing to say about those details of the ROOSEVELT programme. She does not say that she has considered this plan of nationalizing industry and depriving States and courts of their present constitutional powers, and, weighing the gain of it against the loss, approves that policy. What she does say is that "the larger reforms this new party promises appeal to me as a social worker." And again she says:

> There will be women like myself whose first thought is social work, and these will, perhaps, align themselves as I have, because the new party offers a complete programme and not a bit here and a bit there, as do the platforms of the other parties. Others will not care to follow Mr. ROOSEVELT, whatever his platform.

It seems to us Miss ADDAMS has been buncoed. She has let her heart go out to the Bull-Moosers because she has liked their talk and taken their prospectuses seriously. We suppose their talk is sincere and their prospectuses are well adapted to entice, but they can only do what they propose by means so revolutionary and so perilous in their possible consequences as doubtless to daunt such people as Miss ADDAMS from the experiment if she understood all that it implied.

No, the working-woman's millennium will not be brought forward much by any party platform, nor by undermining the authority of courts or transferring to Washington the powers of the States. What is bringing it along is such means as Miss ADDAMS herself has used heretofore: devotion and intelligence which educate public opinion, reform local and State government, and secure through existing instrumentalities the enforcement of existing laws, and enactment of such new ones as are needed.

We guess all the good the Bull-Moosers will do Miss ADDAMS will be to warm her heart for a few minutes and give her a good time. That is something, but hardly as much as she has done for them. Happily, they will not do her harm beyond some disappointment. Against too much of that we beg her to fortify herself by reading these words from Candidate WILSON'S address of acceptance:

> The working-people of America—if they must be distinguished from the minority that constitutes the rest of it—are, of course, the backbone of the nation. No law that safeguards their life, that makes their hours of labor rational and tolerable, that gives them freedom to act in their own interest, and that protects them where they cannot protect themselves, can properly be regarded as class legislation or as anything but a measure taken in the interest of the whole people, whose partnership in right action we are trying to establish and make real and practical. It is in this spirit that we shall act if we are genuine spokesmen of the whole country.

What can lawfully be done by Federal interposition for the people and the causes in whose service Miss ADDAMS is enlisted is not likely to be prejudiced even if the Bull-Moosers should fail and Governor WILSON should be elected.

As to Mr. Crane

Information received from various sources, confirmed by a statement from Mr. MARK SULLIVAN, convinces us that we did Mr. CHARLES R. CRANE an injustice in a recent number of this journal. Upon the authority of newspapers, which unfortunately have been destroyed, we declared that Mr. CRANE was a lifelong Republican, had sought the appointment as Minister to China from President TAFT, and had contributed to ROOSEVELT'S primary campaign fund. The money which he thus expended, as well as that which he had contributed on behalf of Mr. LA FOLLETTE and proposed to add to the WILSON fund, we described as spite money. This judgment, which was natural enough, perhaps, under the circumstances, was based upon a misconception of the facts. Mr. CRANE was a CLEVELAND Democrat until he voted for Mr. TAFT, in 1908; he did not contribute to the ROOSEVELT primary fund; and his support of LA FOLLETTE'S ambition was no new thing, as he had extended aid in that direction for many years. Moreover, he did not seek the appointment as Minister to China, but was strongly urged by President TAFT personally to accept it, and acceded with no little reluctance. Whether or not Mr. CRANE would now be supporting Governor WILSON if he had not been recalled from his appointment is beside the mark. The point which we wish to emphasize is that we erred when we characterized Mr. CRANE'S proffer to the Democratic committee as unworthy, and consequently we have no reason to question his sincerity or the quality of his motives. We regret that we were misled and offer our best apologies.

Gross Evasion

It is a new ROOSEVELT who now stands before the people asking their suffrages. If he is elected this will be the first term of the THEODORE ROOSEVELT who will hold up his hand for the Presidential oath next March. Like the country itself, he has had a new birth. Though always open to the popular will, he waked to a new life at Ossawatomie.—*The Evening Mail.*

No, no, neighbor! That won't do! If he is to date from Ossawatomie he is only two years old and not eligible for the Presidential office until along about 1946. You can't work any such game as that on the American people. Better stick to the records and own up to him as the Third Term Candidate.

A Happy Thought

"We do not believe," said the Colonel, "that with the two sexes there is identity of function." Now there's an admission of a singular oversight on somebody's part. There ought to be identity of function, even if there isn't, and we hope that when the Colonel gets in he will so amend the Constitution that hereafter there shall be no sex discrimination. Why not make the men bear children for a while and thus relieve woman of the degradation of motherhood?

The Runner-up

The Colonel's attitude toward the President is that of the Southern darky who, in an excited moment, called out to the rabbit: "Hyar, you, Mistuh Rabbit, git outen de way an' let somebody run as kin run!"

Our Inclination

If Miss JANE ADDAMS had been nominated for Vice-President on the Bull Moose ticket instead of HI JOHNSON we should have been half inclined to support the ticket.

Back to the Bank

"You cannot check this movement," says a friend of the Colonel. We shall have to ask Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS about that.

An Oversight

It must have been an oversight, but just the same we think it peculiar that the Colonel failed to say anything on the subject of swatting the fly. No platform can be considered completely progressive that does not commit itself one way or another on this important entomological question.

Still Hungry

"The old parties are husks," says the Colonel. Well, we recall a certain prodigal son at Chicago who fain would have filled his belly with one of them, like his counterpart of old.

Ominous

We note with interest that the Bull Moose platform is silent on the subject of a sixteenth term.

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Correspondence

THE WOMAN'S "TITANIC" MEMORIAL

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 17, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The Woman's *Titanic* Memorial was organized to erect in Washington a great arch to all the men who died on the *Titanic* to save the women and children. It is to be American women's tribute to the courage of men.

The movement was begun the last week of April. It was born of suggestions from a number of women in various parts of the United States that American women should manifest a fitting recognition of the one great dramatic and comforting feature of the terrible tragedy of the seas that occurred on Sunday night, April 15th.

In response to numerous appeals, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, well known for her philanthropic work in this and other countries, consented to accept the active position of secretary of the memorial; Mrs. John Hay, widow of the late Secretary of State, became its president, and Mrs. Taft, wife of the President of the United States, contributed the first dollar.

In the passing of eight weeks the amount of work done by the association, and the scientific manner of its accomplishment, has proved an imposing example of what American women can accomplish when they work as a unit for a single project. The central organization located in the Union Trust Building in Washington has established branch offices in every State in the Union, in Hawaii, Porto Rico, Alaska, and in every big country of Europe.

At present the movement is now receiving the active co-operation of more than twenty-eight thousand woman's clubs and organizations, including the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, every big Jewish woman's organization, and the important Catholic societies. No religion and no section of the country has failed to respond with enthusiasm to the appeal for help sent out by the Woman's *Titanic* Memorial.

As an instance of the thorough work being done, it may be mentioned that Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of the Chief of Staff of the Army, is writing a personal appeal to every woman in the army posts of the United States; the women of the navy are being reached by sub-organizations headed by the wives of the commanders of American fleets and the wives of the commandants at the big navy-yards; the wives and daughters of American ambassadors and ministers to foreign countries are at the head of the organizations located in England, the Continent, and the Orient to reach American women abroad and women of other countries who are interested in the movement.

This gigantic work is bearing fruit. Contributions are coming into the Washington offices at the rate of three hundred dollars a day and upward. Numerous thousand-dollar contributions have been received and one contribution amounted to five thousand dollars. In the end, however, it is believed that the monument will be a tremendous success as a result of the small contributions received from many thousand American women who are keenly interested in the success of the Woman's *Titanic* Memorial.

Exact plans for the great arch, or monument, have not been passed upon, and will depend upon the amount of money in the treasury when the gigantic campaign is ended. It is certain, however, that a great monument will be erected in the capital of the country, where it will stand as long as the city lasts—the tribute of women to the bravery of men.

I am, sir,

JAMES HAY, JR.

WOMAN AND THE SUFFRAGE

BEEDENBOSTEL, CELLE, GERMANY, *February 26, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Under date of December 2d you publish an editorial entitled "Some Objections to Woman Suffrage," which begins: "Few subjects of conversation in the present day are more productive of heated controversy than the much-mooted matter of woman's inherent incapacity to cast a ballot." When in the next sentence you go on to say that "few subjects of debate are more unintelligently handled," you inadvertently hit the nail more squarely on the head than you imagine.

Having read the above-mentioned article with the greatest attention and marked certain passages in which I consider you to be mistaken in the conclusions you have drawn, will you kindly permit me to give the candid opinion of an illiterate but not entirely ignorant man?

Unlike most people, I found it beyond my power to accept the doctrines of Christianity as laid down to us by the Church, and am now a confirmed disbeliever in all appertaining to the accepted religion. Believing, therefore, in nothing but the laws of old Dame Nature, who refuses absolutely to be governed by the supernatural, because she alone is "monarch of all she surveys," it is a very natural sequence that she should choose one of the race to be her standard-bearer. Unlike herself, man is aggressive and is always striving to conquer even Nature herself, and for this reason, if for no other, he is useless to her who is trying to hold her own, and, being the stronger, is bound to succeed. It is to her own sex that she must look for the enforcement of her immutable laws, and as surely and steadfastly as she has adhered to her law she will continue to do so for all time to come.

You cannot do otherwise than agree with me as far as I've got, but you will want to know "what it has all got to do with the railroad." It has a great deal to do with the railroad! In fact, this is another Jim Hill affair—run by only one head—Nature, who will resist every attempt at interference as long as she is able.

A normal woman (and most women are normal) is psychologically so constructed that it is an utter impossibility for her to come to any purely logical decision as to the man best fitted for a given position. She will invariably (or almost invariably) be influenced by her female instinct.

The reason we men can never comprehend a woman's ways is because we forget that she is obeying her instinct, instead of her reason as we do. And a woman cannot explain her motives, simply because she does not understand herself what the power in her is that is forcing her to believe as she does. She is only keeping the law under which she came into the world, and this law she will continue to keep as long as she remains a woman.

You may train her and educate her as much as you like, but you will never be able to eradicate the woman in her or succeed in effacing her nature, try as you will. After ten thousand years she will be the same as she has been from the beginning—a woman, just as capricious and unstable as she is to-day! Like the leopard, she is incapable of changing her spots and becoming anything different from that for which she was intended by Nature—not the slave of man, but the safeguard of his (and her) children.

Nature, who has always been true to her children and never forsaken them even for a moment, has created women as the perpetuators of the race and has endowed them with special attributes calculated to enforce her laws; and although we, in our ignorance of her good intentions, attempt to thwart her, we are as sure to lose as if our names were Jack Robinson, because we cannot alter the laws of old Dame Nature to modern necessities.

Just as surely as the sun rises to-morrow morning will women obey their instincts in casting the ballot as they will in choosing a husband. Nature has them so firmly in her grasp that no human power, no matter how strong, will ever be able to set her free.

In another part of your editorial I find the passage, "Women, newly endowed with souls, just like men, threw themselves with vim into religious controversy, and even to-day they are the mainstay of established religion." Once more you have struck that nail fairly and squarely on the head. And now, please a self-styled philosopher to propound the question, Why are women the mainstays of established religion? Again, Why is it that no woman has ever formulated a doctrine of her own and successfully espoused it? Both these questions are easily answered. It is simply because a woman's nature is such that she is bound by her instinct to accept the word of a man whom Dame Nature, her mother, has seen fit (for some reason as yet unfathomed by us) to win her confidence. And, once she believes in a creed, it becomes impossible to argue with her until she forms a new alliance, which occurs altogether too often just where it is least expected.

A certain Presbyterian clergyman once brought every argument he possessed to bear in order to convince a lady, and when he asked her *why* she did not believe, her only answer was, because she did not believe. But she could bring nothing forward in the shape of argument. She simply did not accept his creed, and that was all-sufficient for her.

There is only one thing of which we can be absolutely certain regarding what a woman will do under any and all circumstances, and that is the unexpected. But, to make a long story short, I will make the statement that women in general are unfit to "use *rationally*" the power of the ballot, and am ready to give other arguments in support of the stand I have taken.

I am, sir,

O. M. ROFF.

THE EYES OF THE SIMPLE

MONONGAHELA, PA., *July 22, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice in your belaboring of Roosevelt, which I approve of and enjoy hugely, in which you mingle fun, sarcasm, and reasoning, that you occasionally mingle a story.

I remember an incident of my boyhood with which (I think) you might point *the* moral and adorn *the* tale. A farmer, a neighbor of ours and a very economical man, whose name was John Crites, had a youth about fifteen years old, whose name was Sam Pattison, who worked for him. Sam was not exactly an idiot, nor was he very bright. People usually called him a fool. Crites had a piece of woodland in which he kept his hogs. Adjoining it he had a field in corn. Going out one morning, Sam with him, he discovered the hogs had got through holes under the fence into his corn. He and Sam put them back into the woods, and he left Sam to close up the holes. In a short time Sam reported the holes closed. The next morning he revisited his corn-field to find the hogs in it again and making sad havoc of the crop, and the holes showing evidence of having been stopped up with dead leaves. He went back to the house, hunted up Sam and the wagon whip, and proceeded to give Sam a dose of correction. Sam howled and ejaculated between the howls: "Anything to blind the eyes of the simple! I thought anything would blind the eyes of the simple!"

I am, sir,

JOHN L. LANK, M.D.

SOME ROUGH-RIDER SUPPORT FOR THE COLONEL

RAY, ARIZ., *July 18, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am in receipt of your offer of Woodrow Wilson's works. Would say that had it been those of Theodore Roosevelt, would gladly accept. This is very much a Roosevelt and Clark country—here Roosevelt won 3 to 1 at the primaries, and Clark 10 to 1. But it seems the men (?) at Chicago who controlled the convention considered the people of the United States as hopeless imbeciles and did not know what they wanted, so put up the same grand (?) old party, and by "hookery and crookery" (words coined for the occasion) placed him at the head of a clean (?) Republican ticket. I am in a position to find out the general feeling here, and the people are greatly in favor of a third party headed by Theodore Roosevelt. I am deeply interested in "clean" (not jungaled) politics, but it seems that at the present stage the rottener it is the better it is liked by bosses and moneyed corporations. I am sure the Chicago convention was the rottenest thing that we will have to place in history, and I feel sure the men (?) that perpetrated it will never be able to look honest people in the eyes again. When we receive the HARPER'S WEEKLY and find the nasty comments about Roosevelt we immediately consign it to the flames. For it is unjust to a man of his capabilities. He is not only a man of lip, but of deeds. And the men that have known him intimately, as most of his Rough Riders did, have found him a man among men, firm, honest, and reliable, and when you knock you boost. Please remember when further issues of the WEEKLY are published that there are some *fair* clean-minded people in the country that don't like to always read a paper that don't do anything but tear the character of a good man down.

Trusting your reputation for a clean, fair-minded paper will not be lost in the coming campaign.

I am, sir,

MRS. WILLIAM A. DAVIDSON,
Wife of the 1st Sergeant of Roosevelt Rough Riders, Company B.

A FAITHFUL READER

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., *February 29, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I beg to advise that I have read your WEEKLY since 1856 and have never missed a copy, to my knowledge, since that time. During the Civil War I was located at Monroe, Louisiana, and as the Confederates had placed the WEEKLY on the contraband list I had to figure out some way to get it, so I obtained it through a friend in Vicksburg.

I have never been a subscriber until the present time, when I have availed myself of your offer in connection with the Garland books. Heretofore I have bought the WEEKLY at the news-stands.

I am, sir,

T. V. CASHEN, JR.

THE SHORTAGE OF FOODSTUFFS

MEMPHIS, TENN., *July 7, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I read the recent Finance article attributing the "High Cost of Living" to a shortage of foodstuffs. The overproduction of money has stimulated improvements in the cities so that the people have abandoned the farms to work in the cities. So that the inflation of currency has caused the shortage of foodstuffs. *Verbum sat!*

I am, sir,

A. C. LAKE.

INHERITANCE

MILFORD, MASS., *July 29, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Up at the top of the Democratic platform are the words: "The high Republican tariff is the principal cause of the unequal distribution of wealth."—WEEKLY July 20th. "That is sound doctrine."—ED. Please tell us the principal cause of the unequal distribution of wealth in England. What?

I am, sir,

C. B. GODFREY.

The Materia Teddica

COME, ye sufferers, one and all,
Heed old Dr. Teddy's call.
Doesn't matter what you've got,
He has panaceas hot
Waiting for you in his chest,
All of which have stood the test.
If you're fat, or if you're lean,
Try Old Teddy's Tincturine.

Have your chickens got the pip?
Do you suffer from the grip?
Have you trouble with your toes?—
Vote for Teddy and it goes.
Have your children got the mumps?
Has your neighbor got the jumps?
Do you suffer from the chills?—
Try a box of Teddy's Squills.

Are there wrinkles on your spouse?
Have you measles in the house?
Have you lost your sense of smell?—
Vote for Teddy and get well.
Can't you find an easy job?
Is your neighbor's wife a snob?
Can't you liquidate your debts?—
Try one dose of Teddyettes.

Have you water on the brain?
Does your roof leak in the rain?
Don't you dare discharge the cook?—
Vote for Teddy and the Hook!
Do you suffer from the gout?
Are you getting rather stout?
Does your back ache from your toil?—
Try St. Teddy's Nationoil!

Doesn't matter what your case—
Moles or freckles on your face;
Too much taxes; too much wealth;
Too much labor; too much health;
Too slight tendency to think;
Too much tendency to drink;
There's no ill that men endure
Teddy's Quick-Quack Cannot Cure!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

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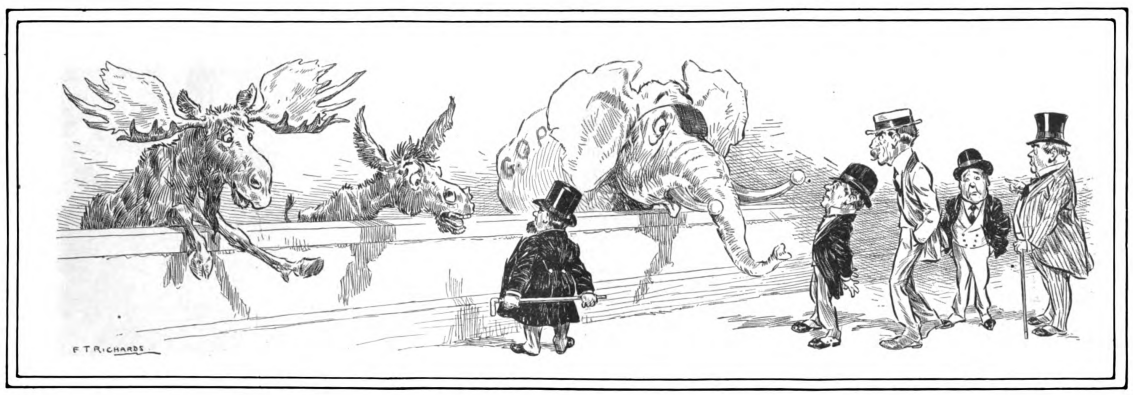


PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

WEEK ENDING *August 12th.*

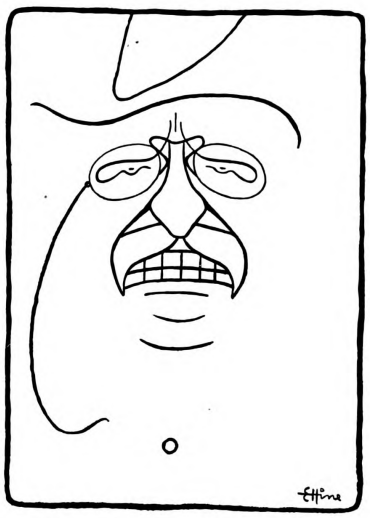
GOVERNOR WILSON had expected to follow President TAFT from the first tee, but the Butter-in forced his way to the front and made the second drive. Disregarding all rules and precedents, in conformity with his custom, he smashed out a full dozen of balls with a single whack of his big stick. They flew in all directions: some into the air, others along the ground, and a few somewhat slyly into the Trust quagmire on the right; but the largest number went into the yappers' pond on the left. Having accomplished his fell purpose, the Butter-in turned truculently on his heel, violently embraced a suffragette, and kicked a colored gentleman from Mississippi in the face. To the great relief of all present, he then withdrew temporarily, to open a camp-meeting at Armageddon.

The Democratic golfer took his stand with characteristic confidence, made a full and noticeably graceful St. Andrews swing, swept the ball cleanly from the tee, followed through with consummate grace, and finished on his right toe, with chin well elevated. There was a fine Scotch mist at the time, so that nobody could see precisely where the ball landed, but the general impression was that it flew considerably farther than President TAFT's ball, although perhaps a trifle off the line. Caddies MCCOMBS and DANIELS cheered vociferously and declared that there was no longer any doubt that their golfer would win every hole.

The first convention of the Personal Progressive party must be pronounced a success. Some friction arose at the outset over admitting Northern negroes and barring Southern darkies; but when the Colonel arrived and put his foot down, there was general acquiescence in the compromise which he had arranged between fundamental principle and political expediency. There was a committee on credentials, but its work was perfunctory. Anybody who wanted to be a delegate went in and took a seat. Strong singers were preferred. Senator BEVERIDGE was unanimously elected temporary chairman by Senator DIXON, and made really the best speech of his life. No surprises were sprung. The Colonel confessed 21,000 words of his faith and accepted the nomination with becoming shyness. The bumptious Governor of California was designated fittingly as his running-mate.

The platform of promises comprised, as was expected, everything that anybody wanted or could suggest. If put into effect, the government, meaning the Colonel, would be empowered and expected to do all things that the Creator left undone when He finished His six days' work. It, or rather he, is to regulate wages, hours of work, and days of rest. It is to provide social insurance for the old, the halt, and the blind. It is to guarantee good crops without regard to the effect of rain or sunshine. It is to stop folks from going to the cities when they had better stay at home and feed the pigs. It is to uplift the farmer, put new life in the churn, and compel the hens to lay only such eggs as will multiply the broods of chickens. It is to build perfect roads and supply automobiles and motor-cycles to all deserving persons. It is to put the courts on the shelf and open the Constitution to easy amendment. It is to relieve all indigent beings of debts, measles, and other ills to which flesh is heir. It is to protect everybody from the consequences of his own indolence and folly, and provide feather beds for all who prefer them to mattresses. In short, it is to revolutionize completely the antiquated method of administration which the Fathers set up to let each individual work out his own destiny. "It is like a LLOYD-GEORGE programme," was the verdict of the admirable JANE ADDAMS; but it was more—it was a LLOYD-GEORGE programme run riot.

Clearly the Colonel had made up his mind that in forming a party of the disaffected he would do well to withhold nothing that the imagination could conceive, and he promised without stint. The accuracy of his insight was promptly demonstrated. There was great enthusiasm throughout the proceedings, much singing of hymns to the waving of bandannas, and generally a manifestation of a crusading spirit such as has not been seen in this country since ALEXANDER DOWIE played so successfully upon the emotions of multitudes. It is idle to anticipate that such a movement inaugurated under the leadership of the most cunning, most unscrupulous, and most resourceful charlatan of his day, will not be a serious factor in the campaign. Make no mistake! ROOSEVELT'S vote will run into the millions.



It was a thoroughly democratic and very polite audience of some thousands that gathered at Sea Girt to listen to Governor WILSON'S soothing speech of acceptance. Senator JAMES, in making the formal notification, took occasion to lambaste the predatories in true Kentucky fashion, but the candidate abused nobody, criticized gently, and generally took a markedly philosophical view of conditions and needs. Indeed, his speech primarily was most noticeable for what he refrained from saying. He hardly mentioned the Republican party and he paid no attention whatever to the BRYAN platform. If he felt that Mr. TAFT had shown poor taste, to put it mildly, in trying to link him with ROOSEVELT, he gave no sign. He made good his initial statement that he should speak "not to catch votes, but to satisfy the thought and conscience of a people deeply stirred by the conviction that they have come to a critical turning-point in their moral and political development." He outlined no programme; he hardly touched upon specific issues; he merely portrayed in clear and beautiful phrase the crux of his own beliefs. And the key of his appealing utterance was the spirit, not of strife and destruction, but of patriotic cooperation.

"The Nation," he declared, "has been unnecessarily, unreasonably at war within itself, when there were common principles of right and of fair dealing which might and should have bound them all together, not as rivals, but as partners. As the servants of all, we are bound to undertake the great duty of accommodation and adjustment."

Instead of urging citizens, as Mr. TAFT urged them, to vote in a certain way to win back prosperity, he pointed the wider way.

"What we are seeking," he said, "is not destruction of any kind, nor the destruction of any sound or honest thing, but merely the rule of right and of common advantage." Again, "It would be a chapter of readjustment, not of pain and rough disturbance." And again, "Our task now is to effect a great adjustment, and get the forces of the whole people once more into play. We need no revolution; we need no excited change; we need only a new point of view and a new method and spirit of counsel."

He paid an ungrudging, though perhaps unconscious, tribute to the chief achievement of the TAFT administration in proving to business men that rigid enforcement of laws is not necessarily incompatible with business good and business success.

"It is a happy omen," he remarked, "that their attitude has changed. They now see that what is right can hurt no man; that a new adjustment of interests is inevitable and desirable in the interest of everybody; that their own honor, their own intelligence, their own practical comprehension of affairs, are involved. They are beginning to adjust their business to the new standards."

He regarded the tariff from the same view-point. After declaring with emphasis that "there should be an immediate revision, and it should be downward, unhesitatingly and steadily downward," he defined the correct method as follows:

It should begin with the schedules which have been most obviously used to kill competition and to raise prices in the United States, arbitrarily and without regard to the prices pertaining elsewhere in the markets of the world; and it should, before it is finished or intermitted, be extended to every item in every schedule which affords any opportunity for monopoly, for special advantage to limited groups of beneficiaries, or for subsidized control of any kind in the markets or the enterprises of the country; until special favors of every sort shall have been absolutely withdrawn and every part of our laws of taxation shall have been transformed from a system of governmental patronage into a system of just and reasonable charges which shall fall where they will create the least burden. When we shall have done that, we can fix questions of revenue and of business adjustment in a new spirit and with clear minds. We shall then be partners with all the business men of the country, and a day of freer, more stable prosperity shall have dawned.

There may be a way to take reasonable exception to this proposal, but if so it is yet to be discovered by

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JOHNSON

the Republican papers which have undertaken to find a basis of criticism.

The most important phase of Governor WILSON'S declaration is that which bears upon his personal attitude. These are his words:

We represent the desire to set up an unentangled government, a government that cannot be used for private purposes, either in the field of business or in the field of politics; a government that will not tolerate the use of the organization of a great party to serve the personal aims and ambitions of any individual, and that will not permit legislation to be employed to further any private interest. It is a great conception, but I am free to serve it, as you also are. I could not have accepted a nomination which left me bound to any man or any group of men. No man can be just who is not free, and no man who has to show favors ought to undertake the solemn responsibility of government in any rank or post whatever, least of all in the supreme post of President of the United States.

They are good words, voicing a conception that is not only great but noble; and their immediate value is enhanced immeasurably by the undeniable truth of the simple declaration, "I am free." Therein lies the heart of the strength of WOODROW WILSON as a candidate before the people.

The Republican papers complain bitterly that Mr. WILSON gave them nothing that they can get hold of. It is true; he didn't. He presented his Constitution for inspection and consideration; his by-laws will be submitted later in segregated form. The method is novel, to be sure—indeed, almost "original" as the slightly dazed and wholly unoriginal BRYAN remarks—but contrasted with the customary, tiresome protestations of this, that, and all other good things under the sun it certainly impresses us, along with the public generally, as being distinctly refreshing.

MRS. IDA HUSTED HARPER undoubtedly expresses the judgment of the real Suffragist leaders when she declares that, although the indifference manifested by the old parties would fully warrant espousal of the Personal Progressive propaganda, they distinctly disapprove of linking their cause with that of any political party. They particularly reprehend the common interpretation put upon JANE ADDAMS'S activities on behalf of ROOSEVELT, and are far from enthusiastic over Mrs. BORDEN HARRIMAN'S organization of Winning Wilson Women. Chairman MCCOMBS, however, heartily welcomed the auxiliary movement, saying:

I may add that the high cost of living is daily a tragedy in many households in this country. That tragedy affects the women, the wives, and mothers of the household, most vitally. It is one of the great issues in this campaign, and I can well understand and appreciate the interest which the women of the land are taking in the effort to fix the responsibility and bring relief to those who are suffering from the evil effects of the oppressive and excessive cost of living.

Managing Director DANIELS also, according to the papers, is thinking of preparing charts to show the women of the six Suffrage States how much the tariff increases the cost of stockings, etc. It is to wonder sometimes whether campaigners quite comprehend the real purpose and real magnitude of the Equal Suffrage crusade.

Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS was duly elected chairman of the executive committee of the Personal Progressive Party, and will direct the canvass with might and main. There was a reason for PERKINS as for Postum. It was presented by Brother VAN VALKENBURG, of Philadelphia, with the hearty concurrence of the Hon. BILL FLINN. "Mr. PERKINS," he said, "is a very wealthy man, interested in many of the gigantic financial institutions of this country, and the fact that this is so will impress the ROOSEVELT voters that ROOSEVELT will not destroy the big interests of the country." It was also firmly believed that Mr. PERKINS'S wide acquaintance with horny-handed sons of toil, obtained through his philanthropic business relations in unloading mowing and other machines upon them at reduced prices, would greatly strengthen the Progressive spirit in the agricultural regions. The snippy references to Mr. PERKINS in the papers as an angel are impertinent and uncalled-for. He is not an angel; he is an agent. As such, up to the present time, he has been able to find money when the Colonel needed it, and has come to be regarded in the bosom of the Personal Progressive family as a perfect treasure.

The financial preparations for the Democratic canvass are now complete. Mr. HENRY M. MORGENTHAU, of New York, has been appointed chairman of the finance committee, Mr. CHARLES R. CRANE, of Chicago, vice-chairman, and Mr. ROLLA WELLS, of St. Louis, treasurer. It will be the job of Messrs. MORGENTHAU and CRANE to collect the money, and of Mr. WELLS to hang on to it as long as he can. It is perhaps not putting it too strong to say that the committee nearly had a fit when the former treasurer, Mr. HERMAN RIDDER, turned over the tidy sum of $28,000 as the net result of the Baltimore exhibition. There is some talk of having Brother BRYAN'S check framed and hung in a conspicuous place in the reception-room to serve as a polite hint to all visitors. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that Brother BRYAN approves of the idea.

Last week's *Outlook* contained no denial of the silly stories about the Colonel's drinking, whereupon Brother LOYLESS, of the Augusta *Chronicle*, suspects that somebody told Grandbrother LYMAN ABBOTT about the sea captain who made the following entry in the log of the ship: "The mate was drunk to-day." The mate protested, but the captain insisted that the log must speak the truth, and so the entry stood. A few days later the captain was sick and the mate being in charge of the log, made the following entry therein: "The captain was sober to-day." When the vessel reached home and her owners inspected the log they discharged the captain and promoted the mate. Can it be possible that the *Outlook* people are anticipating the pleasure of a call from Silent Partner JAMES STILLMAN?

Former Senator BEVERIDGE quite rightly gets the Personal Progressive nomination for Governor of Indiana and will again urge the Hoosiers to safeguard the sanctity of the fireside while Mary stands on the door-step of the vine-clad cottage waiting for the cows to come home. Let us hope that, if the Colonel visits Indiana, there will be no repetition of the controversy over what or who is the true issue, which enlivened a certain memorable trip of the two statesmen from Indianapolis to Richmond in 1910. Everybody should stick to buttermilk this year.

So, after all, Brother BRYAN is not to hit the trail of ROOSEVELT. Announcement is now made from Democratic headquarters that he "will have other and more important work cut out for him," and that "just what it will be Mr. BRYAN will be left to settle to his own liking." That is about what we anticipated. It was a silly notion anyway. Brother BRYAN is no trailer; he is a blazer.

Supplementary Planks

Dealing with Sundry Matters of Importance Overlooked by the Bull Moose Convention

FOR THE RELIEF OF OLD MAIDS

We hereby pledge our Party to a movement truly great
To raise the sad-eyed Spinster from her lone and lorn estate;
To place her on a pinnacle of happiness supreme,
To realize the blissfulness of Love's young Dream.
To which great end the Party calls the people far and near
To vote it into power and thus expedite the year
In which the Nation levies heavy taxes on the head
Of every selfish bachelor who will not wed!

FOR RAISING THE STANDARD OF OYSTER STEW

We've observed with much misgiving in the cafés of the town
A habit 'mongst the caterers to keep expenses down
By serving just the shadow of an oyster in the stew,
And making its aroma low as one to ninety-two.
Wherefore when we're in power, and have firmly ketched aholt,
We promise the consumer that we'll give this graft a jolt,
And pass a Quick-Lunch Bill that makes the caterer provide
Three oysters to the portion, with free ketchup on the side.

FLINN

Him

Do you dwell upon an acre many miles from any pike
Where your days are mighty lonely and your nights are deadly dull?
Where you never see a motor or a hobo on the hike,
And the only sounds about you are the screechings of the gull?
Send for TEDDY,
He'll be ready
For to come and sing and dance—
He or HIRAM,
If you wire 'em,
Quite deelighted with the chance.
They will come and bring you music, they will come and make you grin,
When this cruel fight is over and the old Bull Moose is in!

Do you groan beneath the weight of living and its fearful cost?
Can't you keep up with the market for your daily share of food?
Are you on the seas financial, truly fiercely tempest-tost,
With your children wildly running all about you nearly nude?
Send for TEDDY,
Rough and ready,
For to come and pay your bills.
He or HIRAM,
If you wire 'em,
With their new Progressive Pills.
They will come and bring you lucre, they will furnish all the tin,
When this cruel fight is over and the old Bull Moose is in!

Do you pine for Social Justice—doesn't matter what the wrong,
From a snobbish next-door neighbor to a sassy hired man;
If you're tired of having babies and would pass the job along
To your husband on the basis of some new Progressive Plan—
Send for TEDDY,
Ever ready,
For to come and set things right.
He or HIRAM,
If you wire 'em,
They will change 'em overnight.
They will shoulder all your troubles with their heart, and soul, and chin,
When this cruel fight is over and the old Bull Moose is in!

Their address is Armageddon; they are Agents of the Lord,
Both especially appointed and anointed for the fray.
O'er the business of Creation they are keeping watch and ward,
And you'd better keep in solid with 'em both on Judgment Day.
So be ready,
Send for TEDDY,
If you'd enter Heaven sure.
He or HIRAM,
If you'll wire 'em,
Front-row tickets will secure.
And they'll use their special influence to rid you of your sin,
When this cruel fight is over and the old Bull Moose is in!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

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With the Bull Moose in Convention

AN IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK IN CHICAGO

By Edward G. Lowry

TAKEN by and large, Roosevelt had a fine, joyous, lively convention. He converted two reporters and a cartoonist. There may have been others. This nominating mass-meeting was more like a great revival meeting than a national political convention. It was well worth the pilgrimage to Chicago to see it. No person can claim to have a complete picture of political conditions at the moment in the United States who did not attend and note the essential differences between the Baltimore convention which nominated Woodrow Wilson, the Republican convention which nominated Taft, and the Bull Moose convention which nominated Roosevelt.

The Roosevelt meeting differed entirely, in its essentials and its characteristics, from either of the two other major nominating conventions. The inexperience of the Bull Moose delegates and the circumstance that they were engaged in an undertaking entirely novel to virtually all of them gave the whole adventure an air of freshness and vitality unusual at political conventions. It was unusual to have such a degree of moral fervor exhibited. It was unusual to have delegates at a political convention find relief for their surcharged emotions by singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "America," "The Red, White, and Blue," and other patriotic songs. This was a much more emotional assemblage than any other that has gathered for political reasons in the United States this year. It was the only national nominating convention of the year that did not cause extra bartenders to be employed at the places of refreshment near the centers of activities.

In the face of the cut-and-dried programme that had been arranged in advance, in spite of the fact that the delegates had no choice of candidates, no voice in making the platform they adopted, in choosing the chairman to preside over their daily sessions, or in outlining the routine of each day's work, the enterprise was not lacking in enthusiasm. It got under way slowly because the delegates for the most part had never attended a national political convention. They didn't know what was expected of them or how to play their parts, but they soon learned.

It is not easy to reduce to simple terms or define clearly an assembly calling itself a national political convention having for its chief figure two such diverse personages as Theodore Roosevelt and Jane Addams and expressing its most exalted emotions by singing hymns and patriotic songs.

Roosevelt's nominating assembly never got beyond the mass-meeting stage. Among its participants were hardly more than a baker's dozen of men whose names are familiar to newspaper readers. Its temper and its manifestations of moral fervor lay without the experience of political observers who had not known and remembered the Populist convention, the Farmers' Alliance meetings, and Prohibition conventions in States where feelings had been deeply stirred between "Wets" and "Drys." In its essentials, while wholly unlike the two national conventions preceding it this year, it was not unprecedented. There had been conventions like it before, but they had not been the cynosure of so many eyes nor of so much curiosity. This is a great year for political witch-burners, but conditions have favored them before. Everybody interested in politics knows that this is a year of unrest, that more than the usual quantity of emotionalism suffuses all political discussion and political action. Restlessness is the characteristic of the electorate at the present time. Many people are seeking what is new. Any untried scheme in government, if attractively presented, finds quick and ardent adherents.

On the Saturday preceding the convention the whole enterprise looked like a fizzle. All the usual surface signs and portents were lacking that are usually visible on the eve of a national convention. No advance crowds had come into Chicago. No candidates had opened "headquarters." The lobbies of the political hotels were free of placards. There was no bustle, no excitement, no enthusiasm, no bands, no bunting. It was just like any other Saturday in August in Chicago.

Presently, on Sunday evening there began to drift into the hotel lobbies strangers with serious faces who seemed uneasy in their surroundings. They showed themselves unaccustomed to the environment. They didn't talk to one another or to anybody else, but contented themselves with strolling sedately about. All of them went to bed early. These were the first of the incoming delegates. It was on this evening that the first of the red bandanas made their appearance. One met along Michigan Avenue and the lake-front young men evidently from the country and wearing with a sort of defiant consciousness gay-flowered red neckerchiefs tied around their sleeves above the elbow, or about their hats, or loosely knotted around their necks. These became the accepted Bull Moose insignia. On the following day when the convention opened there was hardly a delegate that did not sport one.

These red bandanas, the hymn-singing, and the moose-calls were the three outstanding characteristics of the meeting. The moose-call, properly speaking, wasn't a moose-call at all. It was a long, desponding "moo-o-o!" and sounded more like a strayed and hungry calf paging its mother than it did like a bull moose calling to its mate, or vice versa, as the classicists say. However, the fancy captured the imagination of the convention, and every long spell of cheering was interspersed with periods of this weird and long-drawn-out "mooing." It was actually the only amusing aspect of the convention, and it was amusing only because the humor was so unconscious. On two occasions the delegates turned to face Mrs. Roosevelt, who sat in a box with a number of women friends, and mooed at her earnestly and conscientiously and sincerely. The band-master on both occasions, anxious to do what was right and to join in the whole-hearted and spontaneous tribute, made his musicians play "Oh, You Great, Big, Beautiful Doll!" You may know how serious was the convention when no one saw anything funny in this. The delegates thought it was fine.

When the convention was opened, instead of the usual temporary roll and list of delegates, the delegates and reporters found at their seats long leaflets, including all the old patriotic favorites.

"The Colonel made them a speech"

Even the most experienced observers were puzzled to know what to make of the first day of the meeting. The delegates had not found themselves; the convention had not "jelled"; it had not defined itself; it had not crystallized. The delegates were orderly, silent, and without life or movement. There was no bustle, no confusion, no buzz of voices, no enthusiasm, repressed or manifest. The hall was as still as a big church just before services begin.

While the meeting was being opened some bold person tried to start something by shouting "Three cheers for Teddy!" and the applause lasted precisely for twenty-five seconds, and was not even general. The managers of the affair were puzzled and concerned. They went about telling the reporters and others: "These are the sort of men who do not express their emotions by cheering. They are too earnest." It was singular behavior for a political convention, beyond doubt, and interesting. Even the arrival of Roosevelt on the morning of the opening day did not create any vast furor. Placards had appeared Sunday evening at points of vantage in the hotel lobbies, urging the faithful to meet their hero at the railway when he arrived and give him a demonstration. A sufficient number responded to make a crowd and give the Colonel a lively welcome, and perhaps a thousand persons were gathered about his automobile when it stopped at the hotel door. The Colonel made them a speech; the arrested traffic moved on, and after this brief interlude all was placid again.

The first day's session disclosed not only this solemn earnestness and great seriousness on the part of the delegates, but that they were drawn from a sound body of citizenship. That large element in all communities known, for want of a better definition, as "the average man" predominated. The bulk of the members on any of the State delegations were unknown to the politicians and to the political reporters from those States. No criticism will lie against the general character of the delegates. To all appearances they were a sound, wholesome lot, and their conduct while away from home was exemplary. They came to Chicago to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for the Presidency and to adopt as their own any confession of faith or contract with the people that he might choose to make. They regarded their task as a high moral mission, and they fulfilled in every thought and action Whistler's definition of a disciple as a man who has the courage of his master's convictions.

Their attitude of mind was most strikingly shown when the Colonel put forward his new negro policy. A leaven of thinking men and women who had attached themselves to the Bull Moose movement deeply resented and opposed the Colonel's plan of barring Southern negroes from his nominating mass-meeting, while admitting black men from such doubtful States as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and New York, where the negro vote is large and effective on Election Day. As a bid for the Southern white Democratic vote they thought it was too naked and unashamed.

Jane Addams, of whom it was commonly said by the most ardent Roosevelt adherents present that she was worth any five hundred men who could have been attracted to the "movement," protested to Colonel Roosevelt and to the credentials committee against barring the negroes, but without avail.

Again, there was an amusing pretense that there was a "contest" for the Vice-Presidency. Following the usual custom, various names were "mentioned." But this whole pretense was exploded when on the evening preceding the nominations a great banner was hung furled in the convention hall to be unfurled after the nominations had been made. On it were the names of Roosevelt and Johnston, showing that the second place on the ticket had been as much a matter of prearrangement as the first place.

While there was absolutely no conscious humor in the meeting, the singing was the best ever heard at any national convention. The musical arrangements included the usual brass-band and had as extra accessories on the platform a choir-leader, a fife and drum corps, and a quartette of trombones.

On the whole it was a convention without surprises. Before it met what it would do was generally known. Its candidate, its platform, and its daily routine were all easily predicted.

Roosevelt's speech packed the Coliseum to its capacity, but on the first and third days of the meeting there were hundreds of empty seats, both on the floor and in the galleries. The price of spectators' seats was reduced from $20 to $3 before the convention met. On the opening day seats could be had from hawkers for $1 each, and later many persons were admitted without tickets.

Whether the movement has got the impetus and vitality to live without Roosevelt is a question that most disinterested persons who attended the meeting answered in the negative.

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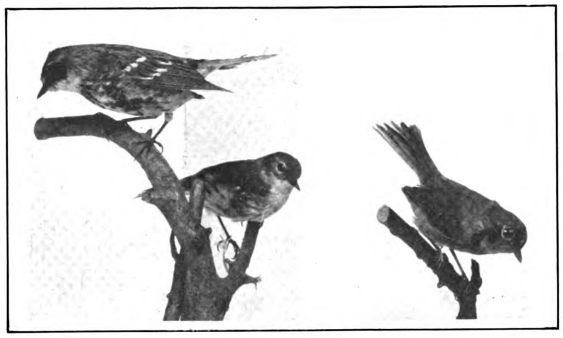
Tropical Birds in City Parks

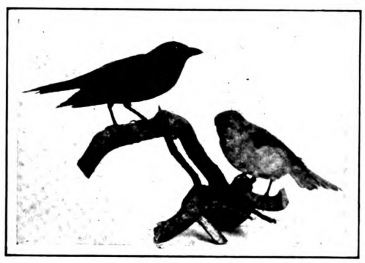
By Charles Johnston

IF a public proclamation were issued, announcing that, on a certain day, the parks of the city would be flooded with tropical birds, visitors from Mexico or Colombia or Venezuela, some of them marvelously brilliant in color, clear scarlet or blue or green or orange, or a mingling of these, some of them deliciously melodious, I can well believe that we should suspend all business and declare a public holiday of the birds, making our parks gay with festivity, as the delicately sensitive Japanese celebrate the bursting of the cherry blossoms or the fair bloom of scented iris.

But this visitation of tropical birds, as I have suggested it, is no dream or fancy, but sober fact, a living miracle performed year after year by the gracious Divinity of Spring; to be repeated again with reversed melodies and falling cadences in the breathless days of August and September. But a truce to generalities. Let me get down to fact. On a day in early summer, happening to be not unduly overburdened with work, or at least such work as could not abide a fair to-morrow, I made my way to one of the parks which, to my joy, is some fifty yards from the door of my abode, and, penetrating a little among the trees, and crossing a rustic bridge, I happened to look up among the fresh greenery of an opening elm, whose branches were draped in beautiful descending curves over the ripples of the lake. As I looked up, a flash of scarlet shot forth from a weeping willow, delicately green with falling veils of new-opened leafage, and, poising for a moment, settled as a brilliant scarlet patch among the leaves of the elm. I had, as is the wont of the wise, on these magical days, a good field-glass, but it was hardly needed, my lovely visitor was so near; but the glass added detail, and showed the downy scarlet of head and body, the velvety black of his wings and tail. He preened his feathers in confident ease, recking nothing of my scrutiny, and one could almost believe that he enjoyed the lovely color contrast of his scarlet back against the fresh green elm-leaves. He seemed very much at home; yet he had come far and voyaged long, more than a month, over strange lands and seas. For this splendid bird had spent the winter in South America, in Colombia or Venezuela, or perhaps even as far south as the great Amazon Valley; then, when the sun crossed the line of the equinox, he packed his fine raiment, bade farewell to the Southern forests, and set out blithely to the North, crossing the Gulf of Mexico and then making his way northeastward through the Southern States until, in the fullness of time, he settled himself on that elm-branch over the sun-glinting lake.



A male and female myrtle-warbler (on the left) and a Canadian warbler



A scarlet tanager and his olive-green mate, who makes the trip from South America alone and rejoins her husband in these latitudes

Every one knows, I hope, the scarlet tanager; not so many, perhaps, would recognize his olive-green spouse, who makes the same journey later, and rejoins her scarlet husband in the North. In August he too will change from scarlet to green, breaking out in the process into absurd mottlings of green and red, which he seeks to hide in the denser thickets, conscious of the incongruity of his looks. But, for the moment, he is an altogether glorious apparition of tropical magnificence, flashing forth in scarlet splendor in our sober North.

I crossed the bridge, and made my way under arching boughs toward an angle of the lake where white lotuses would later unveil their spiritual beauty; and, as I walked, kept a lookout among the branches for the swiftly moving bodies of other visitants, my ear at the same time keenly alert for their chatter or twitter or song. In a thorn-bush which bends low over the lake, and whose buds were already swelling for later scented bloom, I saw a busy colony of warblers, once more so close that the field-glass was a luxury. I could make out every feather, every fine tone and blending of color, with the naked eye. For the warblers are no such lordly conquerors as the tanagers; they are, some of them, among the tiniest of birds, yet marvelously lovely, and of wonderfully varied and brilliant beauty. On this very thorn-tree there were seven or eight, of no less than three kinds. First were two or three myrtle-warblers, with their yellow crowns, brilliantly yellow patches on either side of the breast, and a band of bright yellow just above the tail, the rest of the body being of more sober hue. Beside them was one of the delicious little black-throated blue warblers, with his blue-gray back and brilliantly black velvet mask and waistcoat. He has a charming little threefold song, which bears the very essence of scented spring blossoms. And sang too, gaily enough, in the intervals of his serious work; for these warblers are dutiful little fairies, who have accepted the task of ridding the opening buds of the furtive little worms that would otherwise despoil them. On the thorn beside the little blue-and-black fellow there was another warbler with a brilliant golden-yellow face, an olive-green back, and a black velvet cravat, which has earned for him his name of black-throated green.

A pair of Parula warblers, each smaller than the author's thumb

As I watched him, this time with the field-glass, to lose nothing of the ever-harmonious blending of his lovely colors, I was conscious of a small boy, bristling with curiosity, at my elbow, and presently he mustered up courage enough to say:

"What is it, mister?" with eager anxiety in his voice. I fancy he thought I was watching a kangaroo or an aeroplane. In reality, it was a greater wonder than either, though not for him; for his countenance fell when I answered:

"Only a little bird!" While I was considering the possibility of telling the tale of his travels, he faded away, disconcerted, and was presently astride a bronze lioness whose august back is always polished and bright from the squirming of just such riders as he.

Farther in the park, on a certain headland which juts out into the lake, there is a little-frequented pathway, over which hangs a red-blossomed hawthorn, beside a wild apple-tree. Neither was yet in bloom but the swelling buds were threatened by myriads of little creeping things, and these in turn attracted the assiduous care of a dozen little Parula warblers, such dear and dainty bunches of feathers as might be the pets of child-angels. A little blue bonnet and blue-gray back with a lovely circle of bright green between the shoulders, and a breast wonderfully magnificent in orange and yellow and red; as who should wear an orange-yellow cravat with a darker border, and an orange-red waistcoat to boot, and yet give the impression of inexpressibly harmonious blending, in the most perfect taste. Such is my beloved little friend the Parula warbler, who, with all his varied beauty, is smaller than my thumb. A cheerful little maker of music, too, with his quaint little whizzing song, that always suggests to me the sudden release of a watch-spring. The whole hawthorn-tree buzzed with these quaint little songs, as the brilliant little Parulas improved the shining hour and gobbled the reluctant caterpillars.

Before I introduce my readers to a few more of my small friends, let me say something about their journeyings. In the last fortnight I have seen more than a score of species of warblers in the particular park which I am describing. There are ten more species which one may see in these regions, without very much difficulty: say thirty in all. Practically all of these are tropical birds. They come to us from the West Indies, or from Mexico, or from the Central American republics, or from far-off South America—some from Brazil or beyond. How do they make the journey? From one point of view, the question is easy enough. From another, it is an unsolved mystery. The easy answer is, that they come hither on the wing, flying, first to the coast of the land in which they dwell, then, if they come, as most do, from the far South, they fly across the Gulf of Mexico, and finally, by fairly easy stages, make their way north. And it must be remembered that very many of them are only transients here; they are on their way to the vast Canadian woods to make their summer homes.

A big journey for such little birds. And the mystery is greater when we remember that they travel for the most part at night. The few, like the black-throated blue, which I have already described, and the prairie warbler, which make their home in the West Indies, start, let us say, from Cuba after sunset. They are safe on the Florida coast before midnight; and often they push forward many miles inland without thinking of weariness. But far more wonderful is the flight of the great majority, including those which pass our winter months in Central America, the myrtle, the magnolia, the chestnut-sided, the black-throated green, the Parula, and three or four more, as well as those which "winter" in South America, like the black-and-white warbler, the yellow, the blackpoll, the Canadian, the redstart, and two or three others.

All these far-Southerners, after they have made their way to the coast, cross the Gulf of Mexico in a single night, flying some six or seven hundred miles at a stretch, and being apparently none the worse for it. And it is noteworthy that not one of them all takes the route from Yucatan to Cuba, and thence to Florida, where, traveling by day, they might keep in sight of land all the time, and so find the way. They prefer to strike boldly across the Gulf, and they fly at night, rushing in twittering regiments over the dark waves some ten or twenty feet above the water.

How they find their way is the mystery. Let us, for lack of a better explanation, say that they go by the stars. That is, at least, as plausible as any other story, though I do not for a moment pretend it is the case. The truth is, we do not know in the least how they find their way, any more than we know why they come at all.

As I was watching the Parula warblers buzzing like magnificent little bees in the hawthorn-tree, a much larger bird flew past, of the purest blue, deep as one of the big gentians that gladden the Alpine summer, and settled himself in the grass some twenty feet away from me. He also is a tropical visitant, invariably going south of the Mexican border for our winter months. His name, of course, is indigo bunting, and he deserves his name; is, indeed, like a personified advertisement of "Best Ball Blue," so deep and pure is his color. One may set beside him one of the lovely flame-colored Baltimore orioles which were gurgling in the swinging branches of a New England elm, their black velvet heads turning this way and that as they trimmed up the confiding little grubs that were getting ready to dine on the leaves.

The blackpoll warbler travels from Brazil to this country in a few days

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A City that Never Grows Young

THE WALLS AND CITADEL OF QUEBEC SEEM TO HAVE PRESERVED HER ANCIENT SPIRIT AS WELL AS HER INTEGRITY

By Edward Hungerford

Quebec honoring Champlain on the occasion of the tercentenary celebrations

HE stands, hat in hand, facing the city that honors his memory so greatly. To Samuel de Champlain Quebec has not merely given the glory of one of the handsomest monuments in America, but here and there in her quiet streets she brings back to the stranger within her walls recollections of the doughty Frenchmen who braved an unknown sea to find a site for the city which for more than three hundred years has stood as guardian to the north portal of America. Other adventurous sea spirits of those early days went chiefly in the quest of gold. Champlain had loftier ambitions within his heart. He hoped to be a nation-builder. And not only Quebec but the great nation that stands behind her is his real monument.

Still, the artist's creation of bronze and marble is effective—not alone, as we have already said, because of its own real beauty, but also very largely because of its tremendously impressive setting at the rim of the upper town, facing the tiny open square which as far back as two hundred and fifty years ago was the center of its fashionable life. Champlain in bronze looks at the tidy Place d'Armes—older residents of Quebec delight in still calling it the Ring—with its neat pathways of red brick and its low, splashing fountain, as if he longed to return to flesh and blood and walk through the little square and from it down some of the narrow streets that he may himself have planned in the long agos.

Or perhaps he would have chosen that once imposing main thoroughfare of Upper Town—St. Louis Street, which, beyond the city wall, has the even more distinctive French title of Grande Allée. We have chosen that main street many times ourselves, leading straight past the castellated gateways of the Château, fashioned less than a score of years ago by a master American architect, Mr. Bruce Price, and since grown very much larger, quite like a lovely girl still in her teens. On the other side of the street, close to the curb of the Place d'Armes, is the ever-waiting row of victorias and calèches, whose drivers rise smilingly in their places even at the suggestion of a coming fare. Beyond these patient Jehus stands the rather ordinary-looking court-house, somewhat out of harmony with the architectural traditions of the town—and then we are plunged into the heart of as fascinating a street as one may hope to see in North America. It is bordered ever and ever so tightly by a double row of clean-faced stone houses, their single doors letting directly upon the sidewalk, and, also after the fashion of all Quebec, surmounted by steep-pitched tin roofs and wonderfully fat chimneys, covered with tin in their turn. Quebec seems to have a passion for tin. It is her almost universal roofing, and in the bright sunshine, glittering with mirror-like brilliancy of contrast against the age-darkened stone walls, it has a charm that is quite its own.

One of these old houses of St. Louis Street sets well back from the sidewalk in a seeming riotous waste of front lawn, and bears upon its face a tablet denoting it as the one-time home of the Duke of Kent. This distinguished gentleman lived in Quebec many years before he became the father of Queen Victoria. In fact, Quebec remembers him as a rather gay young blade of a fellow who had innumerable mild flirtations with the fascinating French-Canadian girls of the town. The girls of Quebec town seem always to have held keen attractions for young blades from afar. When you turn down Mountain Hill and pass the general post-office, with its quaint Golden Dog set in the façade, you may reflect that, years after the Philiberts and the Repentignys were gone, and when the English were in full enjoyment of their rare American prize, that same old inn, upon whose façade the gnawing dog was so securely set, was run by one Sergeant Miles Prentice, whose pretty niece, Miss Simpson, so captivated Capt. Horatio Nelson, of His Majesty's Ship *Albemarle*, that it became necessary for his friends to spirit away the future hero of Trafalgar to prevent him from marrying her.

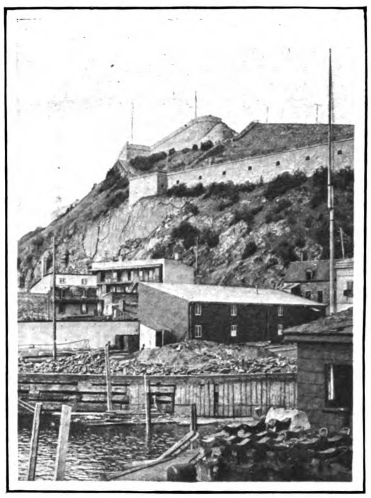
Beyond the old house of the Duke of Kent, St. Louis Street is a narrow path lined by severe little Canadian homes all the way to the city gate. Many of these houses are fairly steeped in tradition. One tiny fellow within which a barber plies his trade is the house wherein Montcalm died. And to another Benedict Arnold was taken in that ill-starred American attack upon Quebec. A third was a gift two centuries ago by the Intendent Bigot to the favored woman of his acquaintance. Romance does creep up and down the little steps of these little houses. They change hardly at all with the changing of the years.

Here among them are the ruins of an old theater, its solid stone façade still holding high above the narrow run of pavement. It has been swept within by fire, the evil enemy that has fallen upon Quebec again and again and far more devastatingly than even the cannon that have bombarded her from unfriendly hands.

"Are they going to rebuild?" you may inquire, as you look at the stolid shell of the old theater.

"Bless you, no," exclaims your guide. "The Music Hall was burned more than a dozen years ago. Quebec does not progress."

But he is wrong; Quebec does progress. Quebec progresses very slowly, but also very surely. To a man who returns after twenty years' absence from her quiet streets, the changes are most apparent. There are fewer calèches upon the street—those quaint two-wheeled vehicles which merge the joys of a Coney Island whirly-coaster and the benefits of Swedish massage—although the drivers of these distinctive carriages still supply the American's keen demand for "local color" by shouting "*marche donc*" to their stout little horses as they go running up and down the steep side-hill streets. Nowadays most tourists eschew the calèche and turn toward trolley-cars. That of itself tells of the almost sinful modernization of Quebec. It is almost a quarter of a century since the electric cars invaded the narrow streets of the Upper Town, and in so doing caused the wanton demolition of the last of the older gates—Porte St. Jean. The destruction of St. Jean's gate was a mistake—to put the matter slightly. It came at a time when the question was being gently raised of the replacement of the older gates that had gone long before—Palace, Hope, and Prescott. Nowadays but two of these portals remain—the St. Louis and the Kent gates—and these are not in architectural harmony with the solid British fortifications.

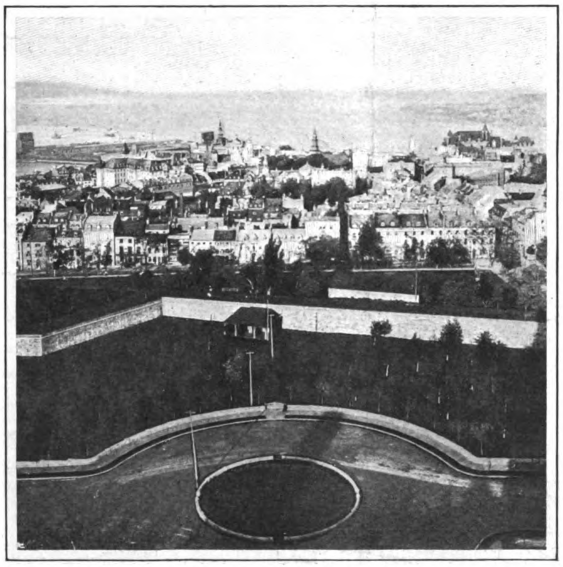


The great Citadel of the "Gibraltar of North America"

Indeed, that is one of the great crimes to be charged against the modernization of Quebec. Other old towns in America have brought their architects to a clever sense of the necessity of making their newer buildings fit in harmoniously with the older. They have clung jealously to their architectural personality. Quebec has missed that point. With the exception of the lovely Château, which fits the traditions of the town as a solitaire fits a ring-setting, the newer buildings represent a strange hodge-podge of ideas.

Quebec herself rather endures being quaint than enjoys it, for in this day of Canadian development she has dreamed of the future after the fashion of those insistent towns further to the west. It has not been pleasant for her to drop from second place in Canadian commercial importance to fourth or fifth. She has had to sit back and see such cities as Winnipeg, for instance, increase from an Indian trading-place to a metropolitan center two or three times her size, while her own wharves rot. It is a matter of keen humiliation to the town every time a big ocean liner goes sailing up the river to Montreal—her river, if you are to give ear to the protests of her citizens whom you meet along the Terrace of a late afternoon—without halting at her wharves, perhaps without even a respectful salute to the town, which has been known these many years as the Gibraltar of North America.

So she has given herself to the development of transcontinental railroad projects. When one Canadian railroad decided to use her as the summer terminal of its largest trans-Atlantic liners without sending those great vessels farther up to Montreal, Quebec saw quickly what that meant to her in prestige and



A view of Quebec and the St. Lawrence, taken from the Parliament Building

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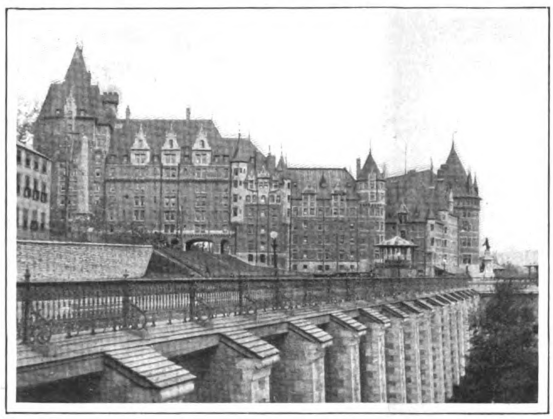
importance. When the railroads told her, as politely as they might, that they could not develop her as a mighty traffic center because of the broad arm of the St. Lawrence, which blocked rail access from the south, she put her wits together and set out to bridge that arm with the greatest cantilever in the world. The fall of the Quebec bridge, five years ago, with its toll of eighty lives, was a great blow to the commercial hopes of the town. But they have begun to arise once more. The wreckage of that great tragedy is already out of the way, and the workmen are trying again, placing fresh foundations for the slender, far-reaching span that is going to mean so much to the portal city of Canada.



The Chateau Frontenac and walk along the Terrace

But progress has not robbed Quebec of her charm. It seems quite unlikely that such a brutal tragedy will ever come. They may come as they did last year and tear down the impressive Champlain market, but they do not change the ways of the habitants from those back-country villages around Quebec. Change does not come to these communities—not even slowly. The women still gather together at some mountain stream on wash-days and cleanse their laundry by placing it over flat rocks by the waterside and pounding it with wooden paddles, and there are more barns roofed with thatch than with shingles, to say nothing of farms where a horse is an unknown luxury and men till the soil much as the soil was tilled in the days of Christ. From those places came the habitants to Champlain market, within my memory some of them in two-wheeled carts drawn by great Newfoundland dogs, and it was a gay place on at least two mornings of the week.

And now that the Champlain market is no more, a few of these folk still gather in the open square that used to face the market-house. There are only a few of them, and their little shows of wares are still individually brave, still individually gay. But even these must see that the folk with money no longer come to them. Perhaps they see and with stolid French-Canadian indifference refuse to accept the fact. Such a thing would be but characteristic of a folk who, forgotten by their home land for a little more than one hundred and fifty years, still cling not merely to their religion, but to traditions and a language that is alien to the land that shelters them. In Montreal the traveler from the States finds French all but universal, the tricolor of France flying from more poles than boast British Union Jacks. In Quebec that feeling is intensified. We hunted through the shops of the town for a British standard, and in vain. But every one of the obliging shop-keepers was quick to offer us the flag of France. And the decorative *motif* of the modern architecture of new Quebec lends itself with astonishing frequency to the use of the lilies of old France.

"It is that very sort of thing that makes Britain the really great nation that she is," an old gentleman told us one afternoon on the Terrace. We had been discussing this very thing with him, and he had informed us how the city records of Quebec were kept in French; how even the legislative proceedings in the great new Parliament Building, out on the Grand Allée beyond the city wall, were in that same tongue. "Yes, sir," he continued, "we may have a king who is English in title and German in blood, but here in Canada we have one who through success and defeat is more than king—Sir Wilfred Laurier, our late premier, sir."

We liked the old gentleman's attitude. He was typical of the old French blood as it pulses within the veins of New France. We liked the old gentleman, too. To us he was as one who had just stepped from one of Honoré Balzac's stories, with his mustaches waxed and dyed into a drooping perfection, his low-set soft hat, his vast envelop of a faded greatcoat, his cane thrust under his arm as Otis Skinner might have carried it. We had first met him one morning coming out of the arched gateway of the very ancient white-washed pile of the Seminary, again as he stepped from his morning devotions out through the doorway of the Basilica into the sunlight of what was once the market square of the Upper Town; after that many more times. Finally we had risked a little smile of recognition, to be answered by the salute courtly. We had conquered. Perhaps our old gentleman was an army man. He must have been able to sit on the long porch of the Garrison Club, that delectable place that looks out upon the trim, grass-carpeted courtyard, and tell stories at least as old as the Crimean War.

"A Frenchman," you begin, as if attacking the very substance of our argument of romance, "fighting the battles of the English Queen?"

Bless your heart, yes. The Frenchmen of Lower Canada have never hesitated at helping England fight her battles. Within sixteen years after their own disastrous defeat before the walls of the citadel city that they loved so dearly they were fighting alongside of their conquerors to hold her safe from the attacks of the tremendously brave and half-fed little American army which ventured north through the fearful rigors of a Canadian winter to essay the impossible.

But our old gentleman was not a soldier. He was a seller of cheeses in St. Roche ward, who had retired in the sunset of his life. He knew the Quebec of the days when the Parliament House stood perched at the ramparts at the Prescott gate, and the old gateways themselves were narrow *impasses* at which the traffic of great carts and little calèches in summer and sleighs in winter was forever fearfully congested; he could tell many of the romances that still linger up this street and down that, within the stout walls of this house or in the sheltered garden of some nunnery or half-hidden home. He could speak English well, which, for a Frenchman in Quebec, is a mark of uncommon education. But, best of all, he did know Quebec. He was in a true sense the old Quebec living in the new.

Even among the cosmopolitan folk of the Terrace in the shady late afternoons you could recognize him as such. He was apart from the throng—a motley of barefooted, brown-cloaked friars, full-skirted priests, white nuns, and gray and black, red-coated soldiers from the Citadel, to give a sharp note of color to the great promenade of Quebec; millionaires real and would-be from New York; tourists of every sort from all the rest of our land; funny-looking English folk from the yellow-funneled *Empress*, which had just pulled in from Liverpool and even now lay resting almost under the walls of old Quebec. To be with him was of itself a matter of distinction.

To walk the staid streets of the fascinating old town with him was a privilege. Always the excursion led to new and unexpected turns; one day up the narrow lane and through the impressive gates of the Citadel, where a petty officer detained our American cameras and assigned us to a mumbling rear private for perfunctory escort around the old place. It is no longer tenanted by British troops. The last of these left forty years ago. These red-coats are counterfeit—raw-boned boys from Canadian farms being put through their military paces by a distant government. The Citadel as a military work is tremendously out of date. Even as it now stands it is almost a century old, and that tells the story. The guns that have so wide a sweep and so exquisite a view from the ramparts may look fear-inspiring in themselves, but the ramparts are of stone and would be quickly vulnerable to modern naval ordnance.

Sometimes our friend of old Quebec led us through the churches of the town, many of them capped with roosters upon their steeples instead of the cross. We paused once at a new church, on the rim of the town, where the very old custom of having a nun in constant adoration of the Host is perpetuated, paused again at the ever-fascinating Notre Dame des Victoires, in Lower Town, with its battlemented altar and its patriotic legends in French, stood again before the Van Dyke which hangs in the clear, cool, white-and-gold Basilica. From the churches we sometimes went to the chapels, the modern structure of the Seminary, or the fascinating holy places of the Ursulines, where the kind-hearted mother superior turned our attention from the imprisoned nuns chanting their prayers behind an altar screen, like the decerous and constant hum of honey-bees, to the skull of Montcalm. Then we must see his burial-place in the very spot in the chapel wall cleft open by a rampant British shell.

There must be real reason why Quebec is such a Mecca for the overgrown boys and girls who walk down the main aisle of the crowded dining-room of the great hotel each night while sophisticated women watch them and secretly wish them all the happiness in the world. You can see the stanch young grooms and the little brides out on the Terrace summer night after summer night. When night comes upon the Terrace one may see it at its very best. He may watch the day die over the Laurentians, the western sky fill with pink afterglow, and the very edge of those ancient peaks sharpen, as if outlined with an engraver's steel. For a moment, as the summer day hesitates there on the threshold of twilight, he may trace the country road that runs its course along the north bank of the St. Lawrence by the tiny homes of the habitants that line it; he may raise his eyes again to the sharp, blue profile of the mountains. He may hear, as we heard, the old gentleman from St. Roche whisper, as he raises his pointing cane:

"I come here every night and look upon the amphitheater of the gods."

The Ballad of Beauregard Brookes

By Clarence Day, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

An immaculate creature was Beauregard Brookes;
He had elegant manners and exquisite looks,
And whenever informed that he'd have to be good,
He swore an immaculate oath that he would.

But Beauregard Brookes had a debonair way
Of loving a different lady each day.
And calling on various others at night;
And Mabel McGibbon thought this wasn't right.

Oh, sprightly and steely was Mabel McG.,
With a helpful expression worth going to see.

So Mabel, she asked the deceiver to dine

Her glasses were polished, her pompadour high,
And she had a good-influence look in her eye.

So Mabel, she asked the deceiver to dine,
And begged of him, tête-à-tête, over the wine,
To be rather less loving and rather more good—
And he took his immaculate oath that he would.

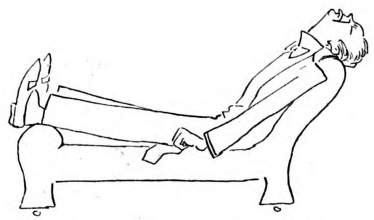
"Far better," she murmured, "if you were to wed."
But, "Somehow I doubt it," he hastily said.
"My own," she explained, "it would make you more steady."
"The fact is," he coughed, "I am married already."

Although when enraged she could seldom digest,
Her feelings at this they could not be suppressed.
"Speak, villain!" she gasped, with a glance at his looks.
"Why, certainly, Mabel," said Beauregard Brookes.

"You see, institutions like marriage appeal
To me as so sacred; they help me to feel
So holy and happy, so gay and so good,
That I always have married as much as I could.

"I have done it in Egypt, Samoa, and Thrace;
In Brooklyn, in Bremen—whatever the race,
Whatever the creed, or the color, I've said
If *they'd* pay the parson, why, *I'd* go ahead.

"Yet one should be moderate, one should be fair;
One shouldn't go looking for more than his share.
And, now that I've spouses wherever I go,
I've taken to telling new applicants 'no.'"



Determinedly died an immaculate death

Deep, deep was her scorn at this volatile tale.
"Revolting and impudent worm of a male."
She shouted, "in vain is your bigamous plea!
I still must insist on your marrying *me!*"

But Beauregard Brookes, with a desperate sigh,
Bowed frigidly to her by way of reply,
Lay down on her sofa and took a long breath,
And determinedly died an immaculate death.

She wept. . . . But there's little that time cannot soothe—
Nor had Mabel expected true love to run smooth.
So she quietly ordered a funeral for one,
And married the minister when he had done.

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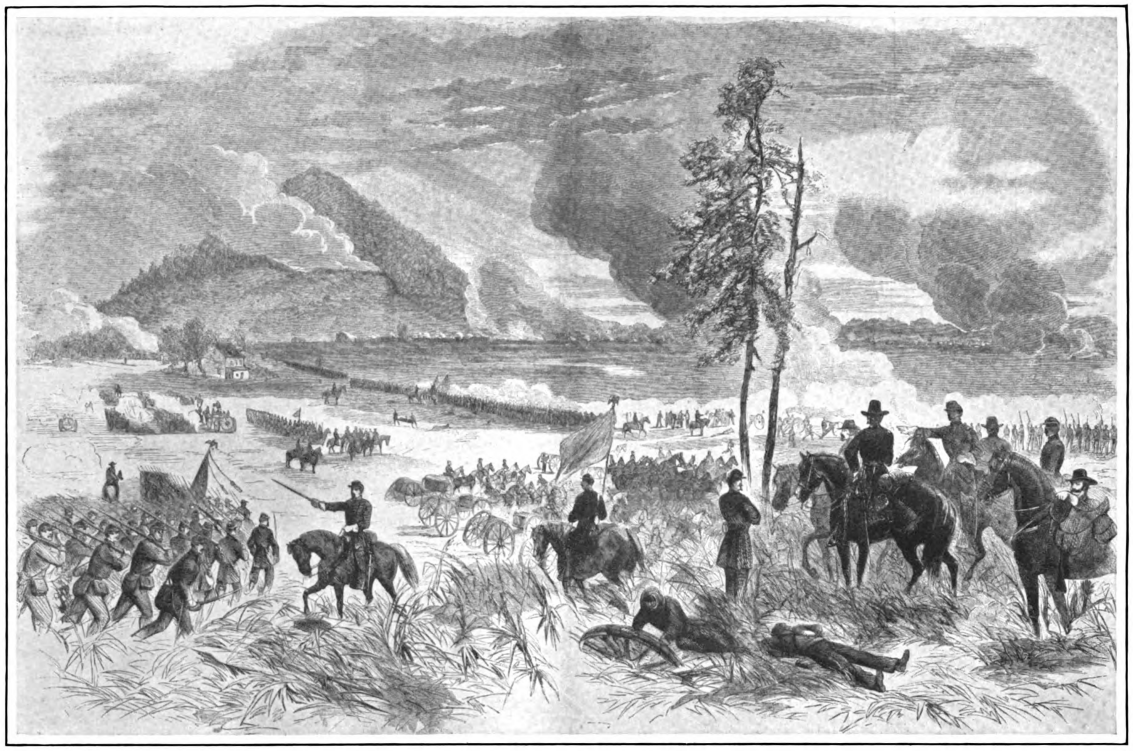
The Battles of August

THE CHIEF EPISODES OF THE CIVIL WAR DURING THIS MONTH RETOLD

By James Barnes



The Battle of Cedar Mountain

From a wood-cut in a contemporary issue of "Harper's Weekly"

IN the latter part of July, 1862, General John Pope, who, by his victory on Island No. 10, had verified the trust that had been reposed in him by President Lincoln, was summoned from the West to take command of the Army of Virginia. It was on the 29th of July that Pope took the field; he was to have very little time to become acquainted with the men under his command before being called upon to assume the responsibility of battle. Continuously during the month of August Pope's troops were fighting, and, for a good part of the time, retreating toward the shelter of the defenses at Washington. Yet Pope began auspiciously, notwithstanding the fact that he had opposed to him no less able a commander than Stonewall Jackson.

The armies were confronting one another in that vast battle-ground in the neighborhood of the Rapidan River, and neither the Federals nor the Confederates were afraid of taking the initiative. Jackson had lately been reinforced and his army was in excellent condition.

In the first week of the month of August the Confederates left Gordonsville. They crossed the Rapidan on the 8th. A small body of Federal cavalry that had been guarding the river was driven back on Culpeper Court-house, where the main body of Pope's army rested. Immediately Crawford's Brigade was sent forward to retard the Confederate advance. There was no commander developed by the War of the Rebellion who as a strategist, aside from the other personal qualities he possessed as a leader, could equal Stonewall Jackson; he believed that as long as his enemy was kept guessing at his intended movements he had him partly whipped, and most certainly he had General Pope guessing most of the time.

When, on the morning of August 9th, General Banks, obeying his superior's instructions, moved forward with about eight thousand men toward Cedar Mountain, but eight miles south of Culpeper Court-house, he expected to join General Crawford, and had been informed that Sigel, who was coming from Sperryville, would support him. To his surprise Banks perceived that the Confederates had already gained the important and commanding heights of the mountain, and that a brigade under General Early, who had been despatched by Jackson with Ewell in the morning, held a strong position across the Culpeper road with artillery well placed, so as to enfilade the open avenues of approach.

It was late in the afternoon when Banks, moving forward the divisions of General Auger and General Williams, attacked simultaneously Jackson's right and left wings; but the Confederate position, although the charge was bravely led by Generals Geary and Crawford, was too strong to be turned, and as the Federal infantry and cavalry fell back they were followed immediately. It was almost dusk when McDowell's corps, headed by Rickett's division, met the slowly retreating troops and checked the pursuit. Through the darkness of the night the artillery of both sides kept firing, while Pope was hurrying up Sigel's corps, and with these reinforcements he prevented Jackson from advancing further.

It was a point with the great Confederate general to keep his communications with Richmond open, and fearing that he would now be outnumbered—for fresh brigades were coming to the aid of General Banks from the Rapidan—he moved back from the river on the night of the 11th of August, and the field of Cedar Mountain was reoccupied by the Federal troops.

Later on in the month, Pope's army, greatly reduced in numbers, had fallen back in the direction of the National capital, and on the 29th and 30th, and on almost the ground where the first disaster to the arms took place—Bull Run—a second battle was fought.

Pope had signally failed in his efforts to prevent the joining of Lee's two grand divisions; he had been expecting for some days that McClellan, then at Alexandria, would send him supplies and reinforcements, of both of which he was in sore need. He and his discouraged troops found themselves occupying a most perilous position on August 30th, when it seemed almost courting disaster either to advance or to retreat; but fight he must, even with the odds against him. Once again Lee completely deceived the Federal general as to his intentions. At all events, Pope got the impression that the Confederates were retreating, and he ordered McDowell and General Porter, with Heintzleman and Reno, to attack immediately. The blunder was soon discovered and in the desperate fighting that followed the whole of Pope's army was imperiled by a flank movement. Only the good behavior of the troops themselves and the steadiness of Porter's corps saved the day from being a repetition of the first Bull Run. The Confederate general, Longstreet, a master in the uses of artillery, had so placed his batteries that line after line of the Federal troops was almost annihilated, and as Jackson now came forward, Longstreet's columns were pushed against the very center of Pope's line. Only the fact that the left of the Federal wing remained unbroken, thus keeping the Warrentown pike open for retreat, prevented the surrender of great numbers. At eight o'clock Pope gave orders to move the full force toward Washington. It was a pitch-dark night and cloudy and the retreat was safely made to the high ground above Centerville. It was a lucky escape for the new commander on whom Lincoln had centered so many hopes. For fifteen days he had fought almost continuously, but he had lost confidence, and at his own request Pope was relieved of the command of the Army of Virginia.

If there was any one occurrence of which the North and the South should both be proud, it was the fight in Mobile Bay in August, 1864, for it was here that Farragut, by repeating the bravery that he had displayed at New Orleans, won once more for himself and his ships everlasting fame. But conditions had altered; the day of the iron-clad had come and Farragut's fleet, which was co-operating with General Gordon Granger in the reduction of Mobile, was composed, besides the wooden ships, of a strong flotilla of monitors, and the Confederates possessed the iron-clad ram *Tennessee*, that steamed out with a little fleet of harbor boats on August 5th, to meet overwhelming odds and at last, defeated but undisgraced, to lower her flag.

The passage of the forts was performed in the same gallant manner as were those on the Mississippi, and the mine field was entered with a disregard of danger that was heroic. The admiral's "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead!" has become a watchword in the service. But among all the daring deeds that the day brought forth, there stands out the gallant bravery of Admiral Franklin Buchanan, C. S. N., who commanded the *Tennessee*. Just before going into action, he made a short speech in the old fashion to his men, in these stirring words: "You shall not have it to say, when you leave this vessel, that you were not near enough to the enemy, for I will meet them, and you can fight them alongside of their own ships; and if I fall, lay me on one side and go on with the fight."

For nearly an hour the gunners back of the *Tennessee's* slanting walls fought in a stifling atmosphere where the thermometer registered over a hundred and twenty degrees. Buchanan was soon wounded and the command fell to Captain Johnson, who continued the desperate attack and stubborn defense for twenty minutes longer. As he lay on the operating-table in the crowded cock-pit, word was brought the brave old Admiral that the *Tennessee's* rudder and steering-gear had been shot away and her engines rendered useless. With her flag still flying she had not been able for some minutes to return a single shot to the many that were poured into her. But it was even then with reluctance that Buchanan gave the order to surrender. In the annals of all desperate fighting during the whole war the palm should be given to the *Tennessee*.

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THE NEW ORI

"ARISE, 'BOSS FLINN,' I DUB THEE LEADER. TIM WOODRUFF, YOU ARE

DRAWN BY

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R OF THINGS

:T. ARE THERE ANY MORE BOSSES WHO WISH TO BE MADE LEADERS?"

KEMBLE

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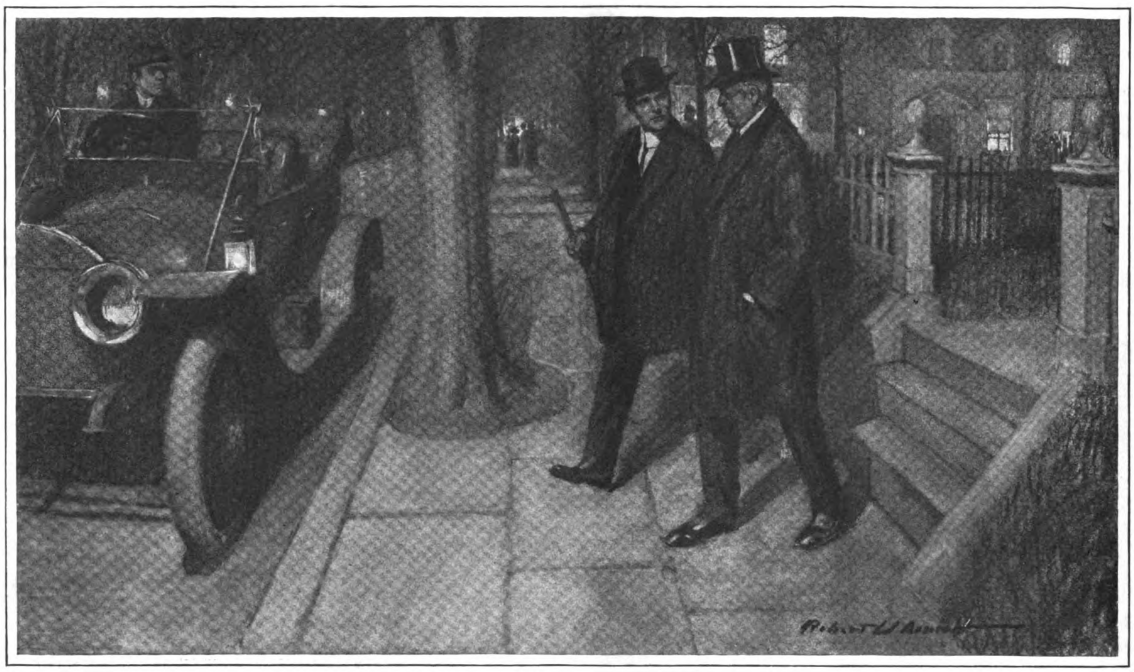
The Spirit of the Law

By Elliott Flower

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. AMICK



Martin Walcott is the kind of man who gets unquestioning obedience

THE nervous rumble and cough of the engine apprised me of the fact that an automobile had stopped in front of my modest home, and, drawing aside a curtain, the light from a street lamp enabled me to recognize Martin Walcott.

I was surprised, not to say startled. Martin Walcott was my employer and one of the big men of the town. Nothing but business would ever bring him to my house, and what business could bring him there late of a Saturday night was beyond my comprehension.

"That you?" he exclaimed, as I opened the door for him. "Glad I found you home! Get your hat and coat!"

"What's the matter?" I gasped.

He ignored the question. "Tell your wife you may not be back to-night!" he advised.

Martin Walcott is the kind of man who gets unquestioning obedience, especially from his employees, and I presently found myself in his big touring-car with no more idea of what was wrong than I had when I first saw him from the window. I merely knew that something was wrong—seriously wrong. His call at my home was proof of that, and his face, although he seldom let it betray what was passing in his mind, now reflected trouble. Furthermore, he explained in an undertone, "Can't talk here. The man in front has ears."

Naturally, I was troubled as well as puzzled. I was Martin Walcott's cashier, and a cashier has reason to be worried when his employer drags him from home at night in this mysterious way. I could think of nothing that would account for his strange conduct, but I found consolation in the reflection that I knew my books were all right, that my cash had balanced to a penny that afternoon, and that his tone and manner, while brusque, were not unfriendly.

Our destination proved to be the office, and as soon as we were there he ordered me to open the vault. More puzzled than ever, I did so. He slipped in, opened an inner compartment with a key, and brought out a japanned-tin box. I knew the box well. It bore his name on the outside and contained such of his private papers as he did not keep in a safe-deposit vault. He put it on a desk now, and then turned abruptly to me.

"What's our balance in the Midland Bank?" he asked.

"I can't say exactly," I replied.

"Look it up," he instructed, "and at the same time find out just what we have in other banks."

So it was a bank trouble, I reflected; and I recalled that, in addition to being a depositor, Walcott was a heavy stockholder in the Midland.

The information that I was able to give him after consulting the books was not of a reassuring nature, if my surmise was correct. Almost all of our immediately available cash was in the Midland, there being only comparatively small balances in the Second National and the Investors' Trust. And Martin Walcott had need of a good deal of ready cash in his business operations. In normal times, of course, he could easily get whatever he might require for any business emergency, but if the Midland had failed there was trouble ahead. It would affect his personal credit, and it would be likely to make troublous times for the other local banks. There would be a general tightening of the money market.

Walcott drummed on the desk, scowling. For a moment there seemed to me something almost haggard in his appearance. Then he pulled himself together, snapped a rubber-band around some of the papers he had taken from the box while I was looking up the balances, put the rest back, locked the box, returned it to its place, and ordered me to close the vault. "Come!" he then said, slipping the rubber-bound package into his pocket.

Again we were in the automobile, unable to talk because the chauffeur had ears, and I still had nothing better than a surmise as to the nature of the trouble, although that surmise became almost a conviction when I learned that we were going to the Midland Bank.

A watchman let us in, and Walcott took me at once to the president's office. It was unoccupied and only dimly lighted, but the directors' room, just beyond, was both occupied and lighted. The light filtered under the door, and I could hear the voices of the men. Motioning me to wait, Walcott went in.

The mumble of voices continued, but it was only when some one became excited that I could catch an occasional word or sentence. I did make out, however, that the bank was in serious trouble, although the reason for this was not disclosed. It was evident, too, that there was not entire harmony as to the course to be pursued. Walcott was defending some plan, apparently previously agreed upon, in which one or two expressed little confidence. "I tell you," I heard him exclaim, "there's no other way! If the news leaks out, you won't be able to raise a lead nickel on government bonds here!" The argument must have carried weight, for the wrangling soon ceased, and a little later I was called in.

Twelve men were seated at the directors' table, President Smedley at the head and Walcott at the foot, and eleven of the twelve seemed intent upon penetrating my very soul with their searching, anxious eyes. The twelfth was Walcott, and in front of him was a small leather satchel, upon which he let one hand rest lightly. He was looking at me too, but with more confidence and less anxiety.

"Edson," he said, impressively, "I'm standing sponsor for you—your honesty and your discretion—in a matter of some delicacy and tremendous importance. You will take securities worth half a million dollars to Chicago and bring back fifty thousand dollars in cash."

He paused a moment, to let this sink in, and then went on.

"This money must be here Monday morning," he explained, "or the bank may not open. It's been looted! It couldn't stand a 'run' of two hours at the present time. We've got to have cash, and we've got to have it before the news leaks out. That may not be for two or three days, but we can't risk it. It may be to-night, to-morrow—"

A knock at the door interrupted him. President Smedley answered it, opening the door a mere crack, and a moment later he turned back to us. "A reporter asking for me," he announced. "The watchman wouldn't let him in, but he's waiting on the steps."

A deeper shade of gloom settled on the face of every man at the table.

"A rumor of trouble already," declared Walcott. "I take it, gentlemen," he added, "that we have nothing to say—nothing whatever upon any subject to this or any other reporter. It's the only safe way."

"Refer them to me," advised Smedley.

"No," objected Walcott. "That's putting it too close to the bank, and it's better to have it appear as something in which the bank is only indirectly interested. Refer them to me. I'm not even a director—merely a stockholder." He smiled ruefully and turned to me again. "You know what that means, Edson," he said. "We may be able to keep the cork in, but it's a long chance. We must be ready for trouble when the bank opens Monday."

"But where can I get so much money Sunday?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, frankly. "Not from any bank, certainly. But you'll have a letter to Peter Morley, and Peter Morley can find money where there isn't any. See him the first thing. We may need more later, and the security is ample to cover that contingency, but you're not concerned with that just now. Your job is to see that there's fifty thousand back of the paying-teller Monday morning." He pushed the satchel, a list of the securities it contained, and the letter to Morley over to me. A glance at the list showed that every man present, with the exception of myself, had contributed from his private fortune to help the bank, but I had time to do no more than glance at it then. It was after one o'clock, and the fast mail passed through at two.

President Smedley took me to the station in his auto, leaving Walcott to talk to the reporter. Again there was a chauffeur with ears, so we could say nothing of the business in hand, and we were too absorbed in that to think of anything else.

Naturally, my mind was busy with Walcott, my employer. Small wonder he was worried. The deeper I went into the situation, with my knowledge of his affairs, the more serious it seemed. Aside from his direct money interest in the bank, he had much else at stake. Even a mere rumor of trouble—anything that would hurt his credit—might be disastrous at this time, for he was engaged in operations that already severely taxed his resources.

At the station I thought I saw some one slink away in the shadows as we drew up. I also thought I recognized him, but I could not be sure, so I said nothing. On the train, however, all doubt was set at rest. The man I had seen was, as I suspected, Oliver Wentworth, cashier of the Midland Bank. He swung on to the train just as we were pulling out and entered

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the car in which I was seated. He did not see me until he had advanced some distance down the aisle. Then, for a moment, he seemed inclined to turn back, but instead he came on with a smile of recognition and took the seat beside me.

There is some justification for suspicion when one finds the cashier of a bank that has just been looted slipping aboard a train at two o'clock in the morning, and I confess to a momentary suspicion. But there was nothing at all convincing upon which to base it. Wentworth was a protégé of Walcott's. I understand that they were distantly related, and I knew that Walcott was deeply interested in him. Furthermore, his name had not been mentioned at the bank, and there are many people who take trains at unseemly hours for entirely proper purposes. Then, too, the idea that he could get away so easily, if he were wanted, seemed absurd.

Yet, convincing as this reasoning was, I had a vague feeling of disquietude and doubt. He seemed to me nervous and ill at ease at first, and I thought him rather too anxious to explain that he was merely running down to the city for the day and would return that evening. He also made certain references to the bank that might be interpreted as an effort to discover whether I had heard anything unusual with regard to it. That, however, was not necessarily significant. He might very properly have some knowledge of the conditions and be curious to know whether the news had leaked out.

Then his thoughts seemed to center on Walcott, and he rambled along in a meditative way, as if arguing with himself. Walcott thought too much of money, he maintained. It was his God.

This came with poor grace from one for whom Walcott had done so much, but I had no wish to start an argument, so I merely suggested that he was a liberal contributor to charity and in civic affairs.

"Yes," agreed Wentworth; "yes, that's true. Like some other captains of industry, he's all right in the giving, but cold and heartless in the taking."

"He's all business in a business matter," I conceded.

"Exactly," he assented. "He considers himself a sort of special agent of Providence to take money from others and attend to the disbursement of it himself. And he isn't very particular how he gets it."

I resented this. Walcott is one of those men whose nod is as good as a secured note, and I said so.

"Quite right," returned Wentworth. "That's a business proposition and has a business value. But beyond the letter of the law and that little matter of personal honor that gives the confidence necessary for successful business, these captains of industry are all ruthless and untrustworthy."

"I have found Walcott a very just man," I asserted, warmly.

"Oh yes," he admitted, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "there is no doubt that he is just, according to his light, but the light's bad. Who gives these men the right to take what they please and distribute where they please?"

"You talk like an anarchist!" I exclaimed. "Walcott plays the game according to the rules, but the anarchist wants to confine others to the rules and play outside of them himself."

"According to the rules!" he reflected. "That's right. He does play according to the rules, and, within the rules, he's just."

"And generous," I added.

He shook his head. "Not in the game," he contended, "but outside of it—yes."

Then, unexpectedly shifting his point of view, he turned from criticism to praise, recalling, in the same meditative way, instances of Walcott's personal generosity and warm-heartedness, and in doing this he dwelt particularly upon what he himself owed to Walcott's interest and favor. "In the game," he concluded, "it's all for money, nothing for principle; all for the letter of the law, nothing for the spirit of it; but, as you say, he plays according to the rules, and he has been good to me—very good to me."

I was sufficiently perturbed, when we parted in Chicago, to wonder whether he would return that evening—or at all. There was much that was disquieting in the situation, but nothing that was convincing. His conversation, in some of its details, had seemed like an effort to justify himself to his conscience for something he had done, but that was a mere impression that might prove altogether wrong. Anyhow, I had business to attend to of sufficient importance and delicacy to demand my exclusive attention.

He turned to me such a forlorn face that I was startled

Peter Morley was at breakfast when I arrived at his home. I had breakfasted, in some discomfort, immediately after leaving the train. The possession and guardianship of half a million in securities does not help one's appetite or peace of mind, especially in a cheap restaurant, and I almost jumped at the waiter's throat when he, quite innocently, moved the chair upon which I had placed the little satchel. However, there was no encounter, and I got some sustenance, if no pleasure, out of my breakfast. But Morley, who was doubtless getting pleasure as well as sustenance, was still at table when I rang his bell, and he so far resented being disturbed that I had to send in the letter from Walcott before he would consent to see me at all. Then I was shown into the library, and a few minutes later he joined me there.

He had the opened letter in his hand, and he was scowling perplexedly. "This is serious business," he commented, "very serious! I suppose you know what it is?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And what this letter calls for?"

"Certainly," I said. "I have the securities here." And I tapped the satchel.

"Yes, of course," he returned. "Got a list of them?"

I handed him the list that I had in my pocket. He ran through it hastily and handed it back. "All right," he assented. "We'll see what we can do. It's something of a trick to pick up fifty thousand dollars in cold cash on a Sunday, with all the time-locks in town set against you."

I thought it quite likely, but I expressed no opinion on the subject.

"But the case is desperate, and we've got to do it!" he added, rather to himself than to me. "We've simply got to do it!"

He paced the room for a few minutes, apparently working the problem out in his own mind, but there was no hesitation or doubt when he finally reached a decision. He became instantly the methodical man of action—unhurried and yet wasting no time. He sat down at the desk, consulted a telephone directory, jotted down several names, and began telephoning. The first man called up was instructed to come to the house; with the others he made appointments at their own homes.

"All right," he announced, at last. "Get out the securities now."

I did so, although somewhat puzzled.

"A fine mess of stuff to do business with on Sunday!" he commented. "A man with nothing else might starve on a bank holiday."

He checked them up with the list and gave me a receipt for them.

"No use to-day," he remarked, as he put them away in a little safe set in the wall, "but I'll need them to-morrow."

I was still puzzled. Why to-morrow rather than to-day, if he could raise the money to-day? And how did he expect to raise it? Even a plutocrat would have no such sum, or any considerable part of it, in his change pocket or in the jewel-safe at home. I hoped for some explanation, but he offered none. On the contrary, he dismissed me in a manner that was rather curt.

"All you've got to do now," he said, "is to come back for the money. Come at one o'clock—no, telephone first and see if I'm here."

Resenting this brusque dismissal, but quite helpless under my instructions, I turned to leave, when he stopped me with a question.

"Who got it?" he asked.

"Got what?" I returned.

"What the bank lost."

"Oh," I said, "I'm not informed as to that."

"Well, they're wise there," he commented. "Keep it dark. Better to let the man go than to stir up a bank scandal—unless the money can be recovered, which isn't likely. Men don't loot banks until they're in the hole, and then there's nothing left."

It flashed upon me then that perhaps Wentworth, if guilty, was being deliberately permitted to escape, and again I wondered whether he would return that evening—or at all.

I spent a restless forenoon, wandering about and speculating futilely upon the various odd phases of the affair, and promptly at one o'clock I called up Morley's house. He had not returned. At two I called up again, with the same result, but at three there was word for me. Mr. Morley had telephoned for me to be at the house at five o'clock.

Five o'clock! I had hoped to take the four o'clock train for home. There was another at eight, of course, but that was the last that night, and Morley was evidently having trouble. He might fail altogether. It seemed more than probable, in view of the circumstances. And Walcott and the directors of the bank were awaiting word from me—word that I could not send. For the moment I was the bank, carrying the whole burden of the trouble, and I knew as little of the situation and the chances as they did.

It is desperately hard to wait idly, knowing nothing, in such circumstances, and I fancy I looked rather haggard when I appeared again at Morley's. Nor was the news that awaited me there encouraging. He had not returned, but he had telephoned that I was to wait for him. I tried to read, but my eyes so constantly sought the little clock on the desk that I found myself quite unable to follow the printed word. I could not even sit still after six o'clock, and I paced back and forth until I rather expected to find a path worn in the rug.

Seven o'clock found me hopeless, for even the eight-o'clock train was then out of the question; but a little before eight Morley arrived, accompanied by a man of middle age carrying a satchel similar to the one in which I had brought the securities.

"We've got it!" announced Morley.

"But too late for the train," I suggested.

He waved that aside as inconsequential. "I'd send you up on a special, if necessary," he declared, "but, fortunately, it isn't necessary. The bank can open, even in the face of a run, if it *knows* the money is coming, and there's an early morning train. Call up the Western Union and wire Walcott that it's all we were after, but we got it."

While I was doing this, Morley rang for the butler and informed him that three hungry men wanted something to eat. Then he dumped the contents of the satchel on the desk. There were many packages

Then, very distinctly, very deliberately, he stated his position

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of bank-notes, some loose bills of large denomination, and some gold.

"I'm rather proud of this job," he remarked, "but you can tell Walcott from me that I wouldn't have done it for any one else, and I wouldn't do it again for him. It's too much like manual labor. Pretty nearly everybody I know who has money and no time-lock on his vault had to stand and deliver what he could. Myers and I— Oh, let me introduce Myers," he interrupted, turning to the man who accompanied him. "He's my confidential man, and a mighty good one."

Myers and I acknowledged the introduction by a perfunctory exchange of nods, and Morley went on. The brusqueness and reticence so noticeable in the morning, before success was assured, were absent now, and he talked freely.

"Myers and I had a right lively time rounding up proprietors, managers, and cashiers," he explained. "No trouble arranging to get what cash could be spared, but lots of trouble getting it. We looted my own safe first, but there wasn't enough there to help much. The retail men, who do a big Saturday afternoon business, are the ones who have the cash at such a time as this. We got our largest sum from a department store, but we had to hunt up the cashier and bring him down to open the vault after we'd arranged for the money. A hotel contributed a very fair amount, too, but I naturally had to stick to the people to whom I am personally known, and most of the contributions were comparatively small. Still, we got the money. It looked pretty hopeless once or twice, when we failed to connect with some of those we were after, but we got it."

I realized that it was a big achievement, possible only for a man of wide influence and credit. In every instance Morley had borrowed the money personally, I learned, and it was his purpose to repay these loans as soon as the banks opened in the morning and he was able to borrow the necessary amount on the securities.

We counted the cash, and found that it came to a total of $52,600, which corresponded with the memorandum of loans that Morley had kept. Then we put it away in the wall-safe and welcomed the butler's summons to the dining-room.

At Morley's suggestion I slept on a couch in the library that night—that is, I tried to sleep there. The fact that the wall just back of where this couch was placed concealed half a million in securities and fifty thousand in cash, in addition to whatever family plate and jewels Morley might have in the safe, had a tendency to make me wakeful, and I was up and waiting when a maid—it was apparently too early for the butler—knocked and informed me that my breakfast was ready.

Morley was certainly a hospitable and thoughtful man, to have breakfast for me at that hour. He himself appeared a little later, in dressing-gown and slippers, to open the safe for me. I gave him a memorandum note covering the transaction, and he sent me to the depot in his automobile.

Except for the anxiety occasioned by the custody of so large an amount of cash, my mind was quite at ease now. Nothing but a train-wreck could do serious harm. I had the money, and I was actually on the way home. The train was due at 10.20. Even if late, I should be in ample time, for, knowing that I was coming, the bank would open, and it would certainly have enough money to meet all demands for an hour or so. I felt that there was no further occasion for worry.

Then, most unexpectedly, I came across Wentworth, huddled up in a car seat, and I was again a prey to idle and futile speculation. He had not gone back that night, as he said he would, but he was going back now. That seemed to dispose of the possibility that I had found so disquieting the previous day. But he would not be at his post when the bank opened, and, especially at such a time as this, that in itself was surprising. Furthermore, he seemed now most anxious to escape notice. His head was lowered, his hat was pulled down over his eyes, and there was something slinking and furtive about his whole attitude.

Could it be possible that he had been shadowing me, under instructions from the bank? Was he now trying to escape attention, lest finding him aboard the train a second time should arouse my suspicions?

It was possible, I decided. I was sure Walcott would have no such doubt as this implied, but some of the directors might. Half a million in negotiable securities was a good deal to give into the keeping of a young man as unknown as I was to most of them.

I determined to discover, if I could, what basis there might be for this suspicion, and I moved to the seat beside him. He turned to me such a forlorn face that I was startled.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'm going back," he answered, wearily.

"Later than you expected?" I suggested.

"No; earlier," he replied.

"But yesterday—"

"I was not going back at all," he interrupted. "I was trying to justify myself, but I couldn't. I knew all the time I couldn't, but I kept trying. So I'm going back," he explained, with a wan smile, "to play the game according to the rules—as Walcott does. I suppose you know—"

"Yes," I nodded, "I know."

"Well, I did it," he confessed. "I wanted to play the game as Walcott does, but I got outside the rules. I presume I was in too big a hurry. Anyhow, I got in deep, tried to win out on a big stake, and—got in deeper. You know the story, I guess."

"They're all pretty much alike," I admitted.

"Yes, I see that—now," he returned. "I didn't believe it then, but I know now. Went in at first on a little money I'd saved up—got caught—pulled out with the aid of a loan shark—tried again—failed—got in deeper with the shark—already into the bank a little then—faced suit and garnishee that would have ended me—made one last desperate plunge, and —that's the finish. Thought I could play the game like Walcott, but got outside the rules. Now I'm going back to—the rules."

I was sorry for him. It was a very commonplace story, with no particularly extenuating circumstances, but I knew something of the temptations. Money seemed to come so very easily to men like Walcott. True, Walcott was a business man rather than a speculator, but he speculated occasionally, and it is of the "easy" money that comes in this way that one hears the most. A man may accumulate a million in business and escape public notice, but a quick profit in speculation is noised abroad, exaggerated, and very often finds a place on the first page of the sensational press. It creates a false impression, gives a false idea of the real basis of success, and lures the weak to destruction. Then, too, the line between permissible business risk and speculative hazard is sometimes very loosely and faintly drawn.

I was glad to be able to give Wentworth some encouragement.

"I don't think," I said, "that they will want to prosecute you—if the news hasn't leaked out."

"It hasn't," he declared. "You can imagine how I've watched the papers, and there hasn't been a line about it. But that's a forlorn hope," he added. "They'll want to make an example of me for the moral effect, if nothing else."

I shook my head, recalling Morley's comment. "Men don't penalize themselves to punish others," I argued, "and the circumstances in this case make silence especially desirable. Publicity just at this time will do more harm than you imagine."

I remembered the very critical position in which Walcott found himself—the value of concealment to him at this time—and Walcott's influence, even if not backed by advantage to the bank, would be very strong. I could not explain this, however, without betraying confidence, and Wentworth could see little hope. "I'll take what's coming to me—according to the rules," he said, and I argued no more.

With the crime and criminal I had nothing to do anyway. The safety of the little satchel was my only concern. And, in spite of the seriousness of the affair, I smiled as I reflected that thief and money were on the same train—in the same seat.

Walcott was waiting at the station with his automobile.

"You made a good job of it," he commended, when he saw me. "Jump in." Then his eyes rested upon Wentworth, and his face was suddenly drawn and white. "What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I've come back to face the music," answered Wentworth.

"You're a fool!" declared Walcott.

Wentworth was surprised. Apparently, he had expected commendation. "Perhaps," he agreed, "but I'm here."

"Don't expect mercy!" barked Walcott. "Banks have none—can afford to have none—in affairs of this kind."

"I have asked for none," returned Wentworth.

Walcott's face softened a little. "Perhaps you're wise, after all," he conceded. "Get in."

Nothing more was said during the trip to the bank, but Walcott spoke again when we got there. "You've made a horrible mess of life, Oliver," he commented regretfully, "and you were a fool to come back, but —I'm glad you did. It shows manhood. I feel that my faith in you was not altogether misplaced."

The directors were assembled, ready to meet any emergency that might arise, but it was evident that they were not expecting to see Wentworth. Their amazement was so great that I was temporarily forgotten. They had eyes only for him.

"Wentworth!" answered President Smedley, as if doubting his own senses.

"Yes," answered Wentworth. "I have come back to give myself up."

"Why did you do it?" asked Smedley, bewildered.

"Come back?" queried Wentworth.

"No—well, yes, why did you come back?"

"I couldn't help it."

"And I presume," remarked Smedley, sarcastically, "you couldn't help robbing the bank, either?"

"Yes, I could have helped that," returned Wentworth.

"Then why did you do it?" demanded Smedley.

For answer Wentworth told the whole story—simply, frankly, straightforwardly, omitting nothing, slighting nothing, excusing nothing. He had sinned, and he was prepared to pay the penalty.

His manliness now in some measure atoned for the evil he had done, and I could see that it was not without its effect on the directors.

At the conclusion of his recital there was a moment of silence. Then Arnold, one of the directors, put in words a thought that was evidently in the minds of all.

"No hint of this deplorable affair has leaked out," said Arnold. "It will mean much to the bank if no hint of it does leak out. The situation is critical. Mr. Wentworth will doubtless make such restitution as lies in his power—"

"There is nothing left," interrupted Wentworth.

"So much the more reason for avoiding publicity," argued Arnold. "I do not believe in condoning crime, but in this case great harm would follow publication of the facts."

Several of the directors nodded approval. Walcott, however, merely looked from one to another and finally let his eyes rest on Wentworth.

"Perhaps," suggested Smedley, "it might be well to let Wentworth resign—and go away."

Again there were nods of approval, and the light of hope suddenly shone in Wentworth's eyes.

"Our first duty," remarked one of the acquiescent ones, "is to the bank." Another was of the opinion that Wentworth had been weak rather than deliberately dishonest, and that his return and frank confession should be counted in his favor.

It seemed to be settled. Where dissent might have been expected there was assent, but I somehow was not impressed by the sincerity of the men. What they said, apparently, was influenced by a desire to justify morally a course that was dictated by the pocket-book alone. They were reasoning in coin.

One man only—Walcott—gave no sign of either approval or disapproval of Smedley's suggestion. He still watched Wentworth, his eyes reflecting the sorrow that I knew was in his heart.

"I presume," remarked Smedley, "we may consider the matter settled."

It seemed to require an effort, but Walcott withdrew his eyes from Wentworth's face. "No!" he said, firmly. Then, very distinctly, very deliberately, but with a note of pain and regret in his voice, he stated his position. "We can conceal this from the public," he admitted, "and there will be no flurry, no panic, no 'run' on the bank, no shaky credit; but what of the effect upon the next man who is tempted? What of the moral hazard? What of the clerks who must know or suspect that we have condoned crime as a matter of expediency—to protect our pocket-books? What of the effect upon other banks—upon the whole banking system—of unpunished defalcation? The flurry following publication will be temporary, but the influence of crime, thus covered, will be lasting."

Wentworth, white of face and hopeless now, was watching Walcott as if fascinated, but Walcott would not look at him.

"Conceal! Hide! Cover up! Mislead! Lie!" he exclaimed. "The rottenness that can be concealed doesn't count! I tell you, it counts double! That's what destroys confidence and makes 'runs' at the least whisper of something wrong—the knowledge that we do conceal the real facts, that we are honest in such matters as this only when we are forced to be honest. The public doesn't trust us, and I don't blame it. We are not square with the public. Your word with regard to this bank, Mr. Smedley, would not have the weight of an ordinary street rumor, and neither would mine or that of any other man here. Why should it? The intent of this law is to discourage crime—primarily to protect just such institutions as this—but we're ready, and you may be sure the public thinks we're always ready, to violate both the letter and the spirit of it as a matter of financial expediency—just for money! I tell you, gentlemen, I'll not agree to it!"

For a moment there was dead silence; then some of the directors moved uneasily in their chairs. Walcott turned slowly to Wentworth, and their eyes met; but Walcott's were cold and steady now, and Wentworth's fell before them.

Smedley touched a bell on the table before him.

"Mr. Cooley," he said to the young man who responded to the summons, "please telephone for a policeman."

Jimmy, the office-boy, went into Walcott's room with some letters, and almost immediately came tiptoeing out.

"What's the matter with Old Frosty?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "What *is* the matter with him?"

"Why, the old iron man that could lose a million an' never turn a hair has got his head down on the desk an' is a-cryin' like a stenographer that's lost her chocolate creams," explained Jimmy. "It beats me!"

LOVE IN THE HILLS

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Out of Loubaix to Charleroy
The way is through the wood,
The wind blows through the yellow corn,
A clean hill-wind and good.

Out of Loubaix to Charleroy
The railroads wind and wind
Between the pine woods and the rocks,
And Barrin bright behind.

The scarlet of the corn-poppies
Splashes the yellow field,
The broad white sunshine of the South
Shines on the glowing weald.

The old stone castles on the hills
Look out with blinded eyes;
They have no more besiegers now
Save the white butterflies.

A green land, a gray land,
A golden land and sweet,
Where Love sits by the wayside pools
Dabbling his naked feet.

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Interfudes

RECENT PSYCHIC MANIFESTATIONS

THE success of the Society for Psychical Research in establishing communication with departed spirits having led our special psycrobe, Professor Wilberforce Jenkins, into the making of experiments on his own account, he has returned the very interesting results of his labors to this office. After lying in a clairvoyant state for a period of six weeks, he at last managed to get into communication with a number of distinguished personages of the past, and it is with pleasure that we herewith reproduce the psychic messages received by him as follows:

FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON

Please announce to my beloved fellow-countrymen on my behalf that I have always found fresh tomatoes less effective in the making of a catchup than those which had reached a period of fermentation, resulting in an intensification of flavor.

FROM NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

The rumor that I ever accused Sir Hudson Lowe of appropriating my pink pajamas for his own use has annoyed me very much, and I wish you would deny that I ever said such a thing. The truth is that I never had any pink pajamas. If I had it might have been different.

FROM FREDERICK THE GREAT

Green peas should not be planted too early in the year, and never, under any circumstances, north of latitude 43°, except in cases hermetically sealed to protect them against frost. The same is true of Lyonnaise potatoes.

FROM DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

A man may be a first-class anthropologist, or even dermatologist, and yet be an unsafe guide in a war against cut-worms. I used to kill mine by sending Boswell out into my garden to read his writings aloud to them. They invariably succumbed.

FROM NOAH

I never read anything by Bernard Shaw, but, judging from what a little bird recently told me, I should say that he was the Tom Lawson of literature.

FROM SOCRATES

Please correct the impression now current that my wife Xanthippe is or was a Suffragette. There was no human experience which we shared together in which she was not a perennial anti.

AN EXPERT

"CAN you do chores?" asked the farmer's wife as Weary Wiggles appeared at the door.

"Can I do chores?" grinned Weary. "Well—that's my middle name. Jest you set a lemon pie and plate o' porterhouse steak before me and I'll give you an exhibition in chawin' that 'll make a bull-dog's jaw look like a jelly-fish."

RATHER DESIRABLE

"I HOPE your father does not object to my staying so late," said Mr. Staypat as the clock struck twelve.

"Oh, dear, no," replied Miss Dabbs, with difficulty suppressing a yawn. "He says you save him the expense of a night-watchman."

HEARD IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL

TEACHER: What can you say of the Medes and Persians?

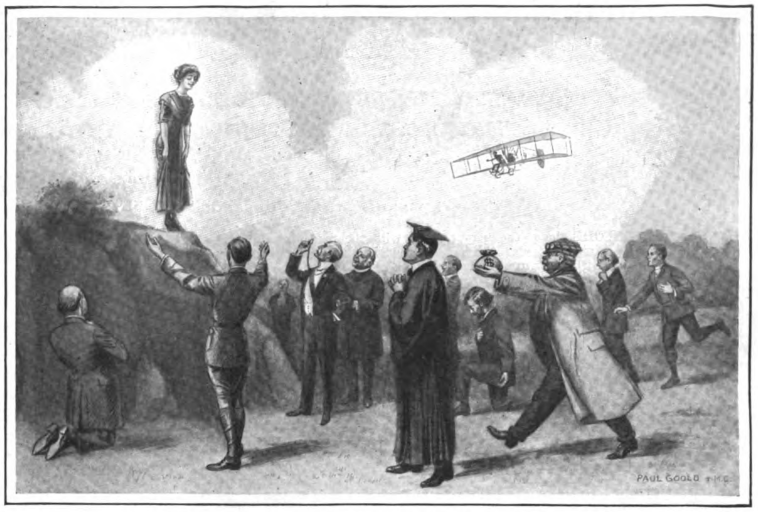
YOUNG AMERICA: I never kept track of those minor league teams.

THE THUMB OF FORTUNE

"I SEE," said Binks the butcher to his son, "that this man Kubelik the fiddler has insured his hands for ten thousand dollars. On'y ten thousand—and two hands at that! W'y, say, I got one thumb that's still good for ten thou' before I die. Whadda yo know about that?"

"Which thumb, Pop?" asked young Binks, respectfully.

"Right thumb—the one I press down on the scale with th' meat," said Binks, proudly. "It never weighs less'n a pound, an' I'll betcha I've sold it twenty thousan' times since I been in th' business. An' I never insured it, at that!"



EVEN IN LEAP-YEAR

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

"HELLO! HELLO! YOUR WIFE HAS PRESENTED YOU WITH TRIPLETS—TWO BOYS AND A GIRL."
"ER-ER-EXCUSE ME—YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER."

WHERE THE ARGUMENT CLOSED

THE discussion on the Darwinian theory had waxed pretty warm, and finally little Binks turned on the genial philosopher.

"Look me squarely in the eye and tell me if you really think we are descended from the ape!" he cried.

"What would be the use?" asked the genial philosopher. "It isn't your eye, but the shape of your head that suggests the idea in your case, Binks."

HER PRIVILEGE

"MABEL dear," said her mother, gravely, "did George—did George kiss you last night?"

"Why—no, mother—what ever made you think such a thing?" replied Mabel.

"Well, I judged from one or two sounds I heard that he did," said her mother, severely.

"Oh, that," laughed the fair young maiden, blushing to the roots of her hair. "No—that, mother dear, was me kissing George. You forget this is leap-year."

A DISTINCTION

"CAN you give my daughter all the little luxuries to which she is accustomed?" asked Mr. Slithers, as Skinflint asked for his daughter's hand.

"I can indeed," replied Skinflint. "I am worth twice as much as you are."

"Then I consent," said Mr. Slithers. "Bless you, my son!"

"Gee!" ejaculated Skinflint as he walked home later. "Suppose he had asked me if I would!"

THE FIRST OPTIMIST

ADAM: CHEER UP, MY DEAR! OF COURSE IT'S A NUISANCE HAVING TO LEAVE THE GARDEN, BUT THE CHANGE IS SURE TO DO US BOTH GOOD.

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The American Cabinet

A POLITE FICTION THAT HAS NO EXISTENCE IN LAW, THAT DOES EVERYTHING, AND YET CAN DO NOTHING

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

BEFORE long the newspapers will begin to discuss the next cabinet. When the future is made so plain that every one who runs may read the signs of the times and see that Governor Woodrow Wilson will be the President of the United States after the fourth of next March, there will be discussion as to whether this distinguished man or that eminent person will be invited by the President-elect to "accept a portfolio," which is one of the stock newspaper expressions; whether a certain State will be "recognized" or will be passed over in favor of another. Every intelligent schoolboy knows what the President's cabinet is, and some of the more intelligent are able to name its members, but it would stump even the most intelligent to be told that there is no such thing. And it is not only schoolboys who display their ignorance. The man in the street is vague as to what the cabinet is, newspaper writers have hazy ideas concerning it, and even members of Congress have been heard to say that the cabinet exists because the Constitution is its warrant. Yet as a matter of fact the word cabinet is not once mentioned in the Constitution, and I do not now recall that the word can be found in any statute. If you were to bring suit against the Secretary of the Treasury, for instance, and your lawyer were to describe him in his bill of complaint as a "Member of the Cabinet" or a "Member of the President's Cabinet" it would have no legal meaning, and the lawyer representing the Secretary of the Treasury would, if he was a shrewd advocate, ask what his adversary meant by the designation; and counsel on the other side would be unable to produce any authority for the use of the term.

The American cabinet, like its British prototype, is an extra-constitutional creation. Great Britain is governed without a written constitution, so that the latest enactment of Parliament is the latest amendment to the constitution, and things that have been done for a hundred years or more, even if there was no express authority for doing them in the first place, acquire legality by usage. In this way the British cabinet came into existence. At first sovereigns governed according to their own idea of what was right and just, with nobody to exercise any check over them, but later the king gathered certain officers of state about him to carry on the business of government, and created a council, which was the beginning of what is now known in England as the Privy Council. These councilors advised the sovereign on all matters, they made the laws and executed them, administered justice, and managed the finances; but as government became more complicated there was a separation of these powers, and the council which had begun with a very few members gradually grew until it became almost unwieldy. The sovereign could consult with a few men, but not with forty or fifty, so about the time of the sixth Edward it became the custom for the sovereign to consult a few of the most important members of his council, and this inner committee gave birth to the cabinet. Sovereigns continued the practice of selecting certain members of their council as their confidential advisers and always attended the deliberations of the cabinet, until the time of George I., the first Hanoverian, who knew no English and was unable to follow the proceedings. Then really began the government of the British Empire, not by the sovereign, but by the cabinet, to which is entrusted the full powers of government. Nominally the British sovereign rules, actually he only reigns, and he reigns without governing. The cabinet, whose members are appointed by the Prime Minister, who in turn is selected by the common consent of his party as the best man to be its leader—exactly as a candidate for the Presidency is selected because of his qualities or fitness—combines the functions of the American President and the American cabinet and the majority in Congress. It not only initiates, as the President does when he sends a message to Congress recommending certain legislation, but it executes the legislation. As the British cabinet always represents the majority in the House of Commons, it can do whatever it pleases so long as the majority in the House sustains it. When that majority is reversed or disapproves of the policy of the cabinet it goes out and a new government comes in. But curiously enough, with all these great powers there was no legal recognition of the cabinet until the earliest years of the present century.

Only by implication does the American Constitution recognize a "cabinet." The Constitution gives the President power to "require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices," and the Constitution, after providing the manner in which certain appointments shall be made, grants this additional authority: "But the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or in the Heads of Departments." To this extent, and to this extent only, does the Constitution take notice of the men who by custom advise with the President twice a week and are properly known as the members of the cabinet.

The custom, of course, has been borrowed from England. The "heads of departments"—that is, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the other men appointed by the President to perform certain executive acts, are, so far as the law is concerned, no different from a postmaster at an insignificant office and, legally, have no higher standing. The President appoints the Secretary of State, but before he can take charge of his office he must be confirmed by the Senate, and the Senate can reject his nomination if it sees fit, just as it can reject the postmaster, who is also nominated by the President, but whose nomination must be confirmed by the Senate. There are certain things that the postmaster may or may not do, which are strictly defined by law. So it is with the Secretary of State and all the other heads of departments. Everything they do is because Congress has previously given them authority. No head of a department can spend a dollar unless it has been appropriated by Congress and the explicit purpose for which that dollar may be expended has been expressed in the form of a law. Congress permits very little discretion to its executive officers.

The men placed by the President at the head of the executive departments are supposed to have been selected by him because of his confidence in their abilities and the reliance he has in their wisdom. He can have no secrets from them. On them largely rests the responsibility whether his administration shall be a success or failure and whether the party shall gain the approval of the country and retain power. It was natural that the President should have to consult freely with these men, the informal consultations soon became a custom, the "cabinet" met at regular times, and for many years Tuesdays and Fridays have been cabinet days, the session beginning at eleven o'clock and ending, as a rule, shortly before one. In this the custom is different from the British, as in England there are no fixed cabinet days, and the cabinet only assembles at the call of the Prime Minister. Sometimes long intervals elapse between cabinet councils, at other times the cabinet may sit for two or three days in succession, but when it does stock exchanges throughout the world are weak, and Fleet Street and Park Row throw out "extras," and the "scare head" artist is in his glory; diplomats look grave and the War Office and the Admiralty get busy; for a continued session of the British cabinet is the storm signal in international affairs.

At the meeting of the cabinet the President presides and sits at the head of a long table with the members to the right and left of him according to seniority. Nothing that the President and his secretaries may discuss and determine to do acquires any force because it was done in the cabinet. Suppose, for illustration, that the President should decide to issue bonds because the Treasury balance is running low. He could only do so by virtue of an act of Congress, which gives the power not to the President, but to the Secretary of the Treasury. But no Secretary would take such an important step without the instructions of the President. The President would want the opinion of the cabinet so that the matter might be considered in all its bearings before reaching a decision, and if it was decided that bonds should be issued formal notice would be given by the Secretary of the Treasury, to comply with the law, and so far as the public knows it is the action of the Secretary and not that of the President advised by his cabinet.

In the cabinet the President is supreme, or, as someone has said, members may propose, but the President disposes. Possibly very grave questions that have come before the cabinet have been submitted to a vote, but I have never heard of that being done. There is a story told of President Grant which turns on a vote of the cabinet, probably an apocryphal story, but good enough as showing the President's power. Grant found himself at issue with his cabinet over an important question, and after the matter had been discussed at considerable length he is alleged to have said, "Well, gentlemen, as there seems to be a difference of opinion suppose we take a vote," and then he called the roll, beginning, "Mr. Secretary of State," and so on down the table. Every member, when his name was called, answered "aye," showing that he was in favor of the proposition. Then Grant called his own name and answered "no." "On this question," said the President, gravely, "there are seven votes in the affirmative and one vote in the negative"—and then after an impressive pause he added, "The negative vote is in the majority." Not only figuratively, but actually, where the President sits is the head of the table, and if there is any serious difference of opinion between a member of the cabinet and his chief there is only one course open to him, and that is to resign. A member of the cabinet holds his office at the pleasure of the President, and of course an intimation from the President that he would be glad to be given an opportunity to fill a vacancy is usually sufficient, although there have been cases of members of the cabinet being singularly obtuse to take a hint. President McKinley found Secretary-of-War Alger too heavy a load to carry, but Mr. McKinley could hurt no man's feelings, so when Mr. Alger was deaf to hints Vice-President Hobart had to make him see that it was better for his own sake to "tender his resignation" than it was to be dismissed by the President. No doubt President Taft would joyfully have accepted Secretary Ballinger's resignation many months before it was offered, but he felt that under the peculiar circumstances existing he could not ask for it, and Mr. Ballinger thought it was more manly to remain and embarrass the President than it was to retire under fire; and it is probable that he would not have resigned when he did had not a prominent Senator, reinforced by a member of the cabinet, made him see that the time had come for him to end an impossible situation. President Grant was more the man of iron than either President McKinley or President Taft, and there is a classic story of how he got rid of a member of his cabinet. One day after a meeting of the cabinet, when the members were about to leave the room, Grant said to Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, his Postmaster-General, that he wished he would remain a few minutes, as there was something he wanted to say to him. It often happens that a President has to discuss departmental matters with one of the Secretaries, so nothing was thought of Grant's request. When the two men were alone Grant told Jewell he wanted his resignation. If Jewell was taken aback he did not show it, for he promptly said:

"Certainly, Mr. President. As soon as I reach my department I will write my resignation and send it to you."

"You will find pen and paper there," Grant grimly responded, pointing to his desk, and without further words Jewell sat down and in two lines tendered his resignation, to take effect immediately.

In the United States the cabinet is a fixed quantity and always consists of the men who are the heads of the executive departments. For years seven men composed the President's council, then the number was increased to eight when the agricultural bureau became a department, now with the creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor nine men sit at the table with the President, and perhaps President Wilson may have the appointment of a tenth, as a bill is now pending to split up the Department of Commerce and Labor so as to make that department have charge solely of commercial matters and place labor under a separate department. In England the cabinet is elastic. Certain men are by virtue of their offices always members of the cabinet—the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, of course, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Home Secretary, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for India, the Lord President of the Council, and a few others. But after that it is purely optional with the Prime Minister whether he shall give a man an office with cabinet rank, which is the great prize in English political life, or make him a member of the government without portfolio. In this country the Postmaster-General is always a member of the cabinet; in England he may or may not be, according to circumstances. This system has its advantage because it enables the Prime Minister to call to his assistance a man of the first rank who could not with dignity accept a minor office if it kept him out of the cabinet, but who does not refuse a place of comparatively little importance if it gives him a seat at the inner circle. Thus the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, which is an office of no importance so far as the government of the Empire is concerned, was given by Mr. Gladstone in his first administration to a man without a seat in the cabinet, but when John Bright became Chancellor the cabinet gained an additional member. It is interesting to note in passing that the first cabinet office held by Mr. Bryce, the present British ambassador to the United States, was the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster in Mr. Gladstone's fourth administration.

I have often thought that a President who had the courage to defy precedent and make his cabinet flexible would be the gainer. There is nothing to prevent the President from inviting any one to be present at a meeting of the cabinet and taking part in the deliberations—that is, nothing except tradition.

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Beating the Middleman

HOW AN ASSOCIATION OF ENERGETIC NEW YORK WOMEN REVERTED TO THE MARKET-BASKET TO COUNTERACT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

By E. Leslie Gilliams

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR

IF not the greatest question before the American public to-day, the high cost of living is at least the one most urgently and constantly projected upon the attention of the masses. For several years it has been gradually growing more acute, uglier, and more ominous. Many wise heads have worked upon the solution, but it has proved a sad puzzle.

An army of prophets has clamored for the public's ear, proclaiming that if this, that, or the other thing is done the cost of living will no longer be a bugaboo. These prophets have had their minute, their hour, or their day in the limelight; but never for an instant has the great bugaboo been ousted from the center of the stage.

That an answer must be found or some perhaps serious social disturbance occur, sooner or later, is quite evident to all those who have given the matter the slightest thought.

How many thousands of families are living, even if only a few cents a day or week, beyond their income in this country at this moment, not because they are heedlessly extravagant, but for the reason that they must live and cannot find a means of reducing their expenses to do so or increasing their means, it would be difficult to determine; but that the number is really great cannot be disputed.

While others have failed, Mrs. Julian Heath, president and organizer of the Housewives' League of New York, believes that she has found a solution in a return to the market-basket of an older generation. She affirms that back to the market is the one means of reducing the high cost of food.

Mrs. Heath is nothing if not practical, and a few weeks ago she determined to put her theory into vogue. So, accompanied by the members of the league, two thousand strong, she invaded Washington Market, New York, and thus instituted a weekly market-day for hundreds of women who never before had been inside a market. It was the gladdest, maddest, noisiest day old Washington Market ever saw.

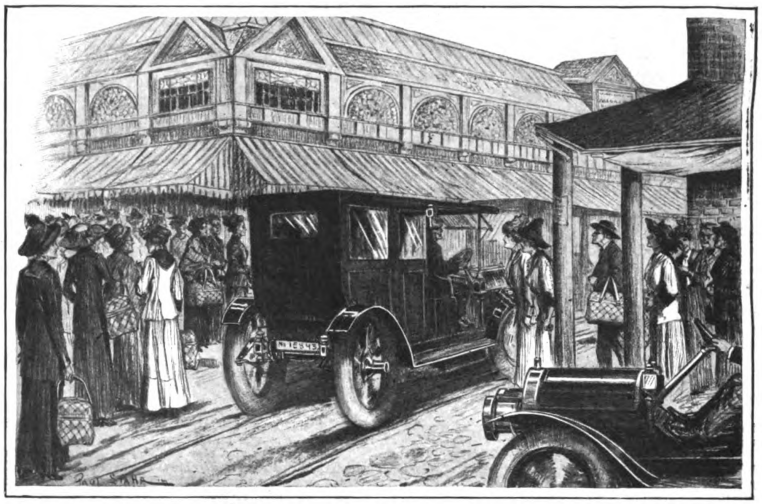
The Mayor of New York, William J. Gaynor, who, by the way, thoroughly believes in Mrs. Heath's solution, was there to greet the members of the league when they arrived, every one basket-ladened.

"I'm glad you are here," the Mayor informed the women. "I wish my wife would come, too. She could save fifty per cent. of what it costs to live. All women ought to come here. Why, if the women-folks would do their buying themselves instead of ordering by telephone and having goods delivered into their cellars the men-folks might be able to put a little money in the bank."

The marketmen fairly overwhelmed little Mrs. Heath with attention. "You have brought us so much business, ma'am," they exclaimed.

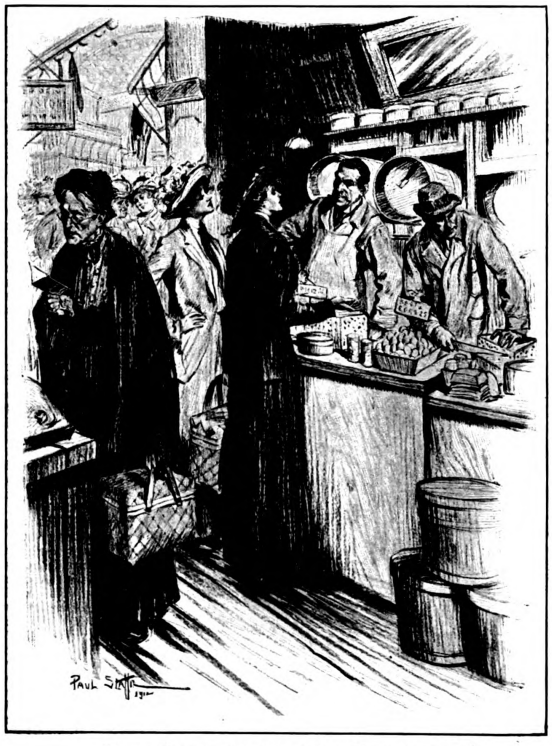
The cheeses were sending forth their most enticing perfumes to mingle with the fragrance of horseradish and dried halibut, and "best butter thirty cents a pound, ma'am," and the subtle pervading odor of sawdust and beefsteak. The little lambs had pink tissue-paper rosebuds around their necks. The lobsters were waving tiny flags, and even the usually stolid Hamburg steaks were gay with criss-cross strips of white fat and stars of gilt paper. Every butcher and baker and candlestick-maker had on his best apron and a pink carnation in his buttonhole.

All day the members of the Housewives' League visited the market by hundreds, and most of them carried away well-filled baskets. The baskets were given away by the marketmen to every woman who could show a blue-and-white Housewives' League button. They talked very learnedly about prices, and ever so many produced neat little note-books from their monogramed hand-bags in which they recorded the prices charged for groceries and fruits.



Coming in limousine cars to bargain for fish

"Oh, come quick! Come quick and see what I've found!" cried one woman, seizing her friend's arm. "Real English sole at nine cents a pound! Why, uptown I have to pay twenty-five!" Another discovered finnan-haddie, for which she had been paying twenty-five cents, at twelve cents, which filled her soul with joy. Eggs at twenty-five and thirty cents were treated with suspicion, they seemed so ridiculously cheap; but when a nice man with a pink in his buttonhole assured the marketers that his wares were perfectly fresh large sales were made.



The marketmen overwhelmed her with attentions

Mrs. Heath was well satisfied with the result of the demonstration.

And for good reason, as this invasion of Washington Market by the Housewives' League marks, in all probability, the practical beginning of a crusade against the high cost of living which should be nation-wide.

That is, if the crusaders keep at it rain or shine and after the enthusiasm has evaporated. There is not the slightest doubt that if they do they can materially reduce the cost of provisions not only for themselves, but for others.

Certainly the spectacle of this body of women coming on foot or in limousine cars to bargain for fish and meat as they might for dress-goods was a symtom of serious as well as novel interest. It was equally suggestive to dealers and to a passive public. It was applying "direct action" to good purpose, and not the least satisfactory thing was the large representation of the so-called "carriage trade" among the crusaders. It is to this class of housekeepers, who constantly order their table supplies without regard to cost, that much of the evil of high retail prices which oppresses the housewife of smaller means is due.

"Do you really believe that even a small percentage of New York's well-to-do women could be induced to go to market?" Mrs. Heath was asked.

"Had you asked that question one year ago I would have answered 'No,'" she replied. "To-day I answer 'Yes' emphatically. In the last few months I have discovered that there are more women than I had thought who are willing to pledge themselves to do it and who are anxious to learn how to market intelligently.

"These women do not belong to the rich or to the very poor classes. Largely they represent a class which feels the high cost of living most. Without the least exaggeration there are at least five thousand such women in Manhattan alone who have recently given up marketing by telephone and personally go to market every day or every second day.

"Since our visit to Washington Market women have been tumbling over one another almost to join the league, and of course they can't be admitted to membership unless they promise to do their marketing in person. Every day I hear of new recruits.

"A feature of Washington Market which impressed the league most was the wonderful freshness of everything. Probably there wasn't a stale vegetable in the place. And any one can see at once that the opportunity to compare qualities and prices in a public market makes it much easier and much more profitable for housekeepers to shop there. Running around from store to store to make such comparisons is hard work and takes too much time.

"This movement is spreading all over the country—the movement to educate housewives to be judges of foods, of values, of sanitary conditions. Every time one of the league groups meets the members take out pencil and paper and jot down all the information they can get about cuts of meat and how to appraise poultry, game, and other things.

"We are planning to start a headquarters in the fall where the latest market reports, including prices, will be always on hand."

When Mrs. Heath began to study the problem of the high cost of living she discovered that it lay mainly in the fact that too many people are required to pass

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Produced neat little note-books from their monogramed hand-bags

the food from the place where it grows to the table where it is eaten.

We speak of the middleman in the singular number. We accuse him of pocketing the difference between what the farmer gets for his produce and what the city dweller pays for it. As a matter of fact, there is a whole series of middlemen, each of whom, naturally enough, imposes his toll before he passes the food along. The remedy for the excessive number of middlemen that now stand between the producer and the consumer is to be found, says Mrs. Heath, in the establishment by the big cities of properly located, properly equipped public markets. No American city has enough of them. In each of these markets an open space should be reserved for the use of producers who want to sell their green stuff direct to the consumer without the help of a single middleman.

"The other day at a pier I saw a car-load of spinach which had just arrived," Mrs. Heath continued. "I asked a man who seemed to be the owner, 'What's that spinach worth.'

"'A half-dollar a barrel,' he replied.

"On my way up-town I stopped at a greengrocer and asked the price of spinach.

"'Twenty-five cents a half-peck,' was the reply.

"There was spinach delivered in New York City; but to get it from a down-town pier to the consumer's kitchen meant the difference between fifty cents a barrel and twenty-five cents a half-peck. And don't forget this very important point: that while all this superfluous handling, jobbing, etc., means that some people pay high prices, it also means that a great many people go without.

"You can put this down as an axiom: High price means underconsumption. Butter is an item that many people are now going without. Eggs are an unknown quality in many kitchens. And I could add other farm products to the list.

"Consider the apple. Under the present system a dollar and a half is added to the cost of every barrel of apples between the time it leaves the farmer's orchard and the time it reaches the consumer.

"Now a farmer cannot pick and pack apples for less than a dollar and a half a barrel. That brings the price to the consumer up to three dollars a barrel. In consequence of this high price only a first-class apple can be retailed in New York. What is the result? Thousands of barrels of apples that are not 'first class,' but are just as good for cooking purposes, are left on the ground to rot or be eaten by the hogs.

"Under a proper system of marketing fifty cents ought to cover the cost of passing a barrel of apples from the producer to the consumer. Of course when I say fifty cents a barrel I am referring only to apples grown in New York State orchards; those that are shipped from a distance would naturally cost more. At two dollars a barrel the apples that are now unsalable and left to rot on the ground would find a ready market. This would mean money to the farmers and apple-pie and apple-sauce to the families that have long since forgotten what those healthful dishes taste like."

In Cleveland, Ohio, the women have taken the matter up in a well-organized manner, and on April 18th last a monster parade, headed by the City Council, descended upon the Central Market with banners displayed calling for cheaper vegetables and produce. In Indianapolis a similar demonstration has been made, and Mayor Shank, who is much interested in the return-to-the-markets movement, sold potatoes to the people direct. In Kansas City the Young Women's Christian Association conducts a class in marketing, and "field trips" by the class are regularly made to the city markets, where the young women are given first-hand demonstrations of the proper way to judge rare cuts and poultry. Their young women are now said to take as much interest in marketing as they do in going shopping in the department-stores.

The city of Madison, Wisconsin, a city of twenty-five thousand people, has recently attacked the problem of the high cost of living by erecting, at an expense of fifty-five thousand dollars, a municipal market to which farmers or their representatives may come and sell their produce directly to retail dealers and consumers. It has put up a two-story concrete structure of attractive appearance containing offices, retiring-rooms, and lunch-tables, besides a large open display floor and stalls for the marketmen, for the use of which small fees are charged. As a result it is said that prices have been lowered all over the city. Speculation in food products is prevented by a rule forbidding any one to sell in the market who is not a producer or who has not bought outside the city.

A Living Page of Ancient History

By Millicent Easter

AMONG the hills of Belmont County, Ohio, there is living a withered little old woman who was born nearly two years before George Washington died. She remembers nothing about him, of course, since her mind is occupied by intimate personal affairs, to the exclusion of most other matters; yet she must have seen, as a child, some of the great black-bordered broadsides and pamphlets in which the nation paid tribute to the lofty virtues of him who died on December 14, 1799. She has lived through most of the lifetime of this republic.

Mrs. Sarah Sweeney Brandon the old woman whimsically calls herself, although the name of her last husband was Sweeney. She lives in a tiny house among the hills, surrounded by forests and the fields in which she performed a man's tasks for nearly a century of laborious years. Her companions are her son, Ivan, who is now in his eighty-third year, and his aged wife. The old mother says Ivan is a "good boy" and that his wife is a kind and dutiful daughter-in-law. With a spark of the sense of humor that has helped her over the rough places in a hard life of one hundred and fourteen years, she smiles as she boasts of the good terms on which the little family live, and rather suggests herself as a type of the new woman—"not a quarreling mother-in-law, like they used to have years ago," she declares. The parents of the aged woman were pioneers who marched into the wilderness of Ohio not long after the close of the War of the Revolution. The settlement which has since become the city of Marietta was then still unplanned. The name of the family was Smith, and to them was born, in April, 1798, a daughter whom they named Sarah. The child was hardy and grew rapidly. She could bake, spin, weave, and sew, like all pioneer girls, and on occasion could mold bullets or use the rifle against Indian marauders as well as any man. Her black hair, dark eyes, and swarthy skin caused gossips years ago to hint that there is Indian blood in her veins; but this she emphatically denies.

"I'm all Yankee," she says—"if there is such a thing as a real Yankee. That's what all my people were, on both sides of the house."

Tall and strong as most frontier girls of eighteen, Sarah Smith was fourteen years old when she was married to John Brandon, just about the time our War of 1812 with Great Britain was begun. Abraham Lincoln was then a tiny boy on the frontier not many miles away. Her first child was born before she had celebrated her fifteenth birthday. Neighbors of hers must have been among the hardy woodsmen who floated down the Ohio and the Mississippi with Andrew Jackson and helped him overwhelm England's Peninsular veterans under Pakenham at the battle of New Orleans; but all of this record has faded from her mind. She had two little children then at her knee, and she was hard driven at the many tasks of the pioneer's wife. Her man did not go to the war, and if she ever had any interest in it, later events have obliterated all traces.

Mrs. Sarah Sweeney Brandon

Sarah Brandon became the mother of twenty-two children, and her husband died in 1853. Sixteen of her sons—great, strapping fellows of six feet or more—enlisted in the Union army in the Civil War. Although many of them were wounded, they all survived to die at home. Only Ivan is left now. He is still a remarkable rifle-shot and a skilled trapper, and earns a little money by selling the furs he captures every winter in the hills near his home. Charley, her youngest son, became involved twelve years ago in a quarrel with Frank Griffin, a neighbor, who killed him.

Mrs. Brandon a few years after her husband's death married a man named Sweeney, but as this marriage turned out unhappily she resumed the name of her first husband without quite discarding that of her second. The habit of hard manual labor in the fields and simple living have undoubtedly helped to preserve the life of the aged woman. She used to boast that up to the age of ninety she could cut as many shocks of corn as the average man. Neighbors in the county, who have often hired her to work in the fields, declare that this boast is true.

But the old woman's powerful frame is shrunken now, and she boasts no more. On fair days she sits before the door of her little home, wearing a slat sunbonnet of ancient pattern and smoking her long-stemmed corn-cob pipe. She is not in actual want, for she draws a small pension, which her neighbors are trying to have increased. She refused to talk about the pension when I spoke to her and adroitly turned the subject. Now and then she mumbled incoherent words through her toothless lips, lips still strangely young and red, though her deeply lined face is withered as a pear that has been blighted by frost.

"My boy—my Charley, they murdered him," said the mother, forgetting her mumble now and speaking sharply. "God gave me twenty and two children, then He took them all back again, one by one, except my Ivan, who is a good boy and who will stay with mother until she dies. But my Charley—his spirit calls to me up out of that hollow every night. He cries that he was murdered." The old woman pointed her toil-knotted finger down to the base of the hill, where Pipe Creek, a picturesque little stream, winds in and out, forever cool from the virgin hills in the distance. "Down there by the willow he died," said the poor old mother, whose eyes grew even dimmer with tears as she recalled the death of this one son. "All the rest died in their beds, with their mother to care for them, but Charley died with his boots on, just as he always said he would."

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Mortimer Jones, Spartan

By Stanley Quinn

If it be true that blessings brighten as they take their flight, it is equally certain that virtues are shorn of their glamour when they insist on coming home to roost. Distance lends more than enchantment; and what it loses in interest it makes up in security. Add to this the fact that paste is largely used because consistency is a jewel and you have your moral ready in advance.

At six o'clock Mortimer Jones rose from his leather chair and stretched his legs. In the course of an arduous afternoon he had dictated four letters, read five newspapers, and intimidated three clerks who had rashly intruded upon his contemplation of the public prints. With the sense of duty sternly done, Mortimer Jones inserted himself in the spring overcoat which the office-boy held for him, closed the door of his office, and departed for his home.

At six o'clock Jennie Smith slammed the last bolt of cloth back on the shelf, covered the counter with its dust-protector, and hurried off to the cloak-room. Jennie had idled away the golden hours in pleasant converse with prospective buyers over the relative merits of silk and satin, the proprieties of color, and other interesting personalities of the dress-goods counter. As she put on her black hat with the imitation plume, and the tan coat with the frayed collar, she had time to reflect that her feet were aching and that the Subway was five blocks away.

"Are you ready, Jen?" called Mamie O'Reilly from the door of the cloak-room.

"Sure," said Jennie. "Call the taxi."

"What shall I call it?" asked Mamie.

Jennie looked at Mamie reproachfully as she plunged a hat-pin through her hat.

"You got that off once before, Mamie," she said.

"Sure I did," said Mamie. "If it's worth telling at all it's worth repeating. When you get a good thing, Jen, push it along."

"Push what?" asked Jennie. "The taxi?"

"You're a regular monologue artist tonight, ain't you?" said Mamie. "When are you going on the stage?"

"I got to be funny," said Jennie as she stepped out on the sidewalk. "These shoes of mine are hurting so that if I don't keep talking fast I'll scream."

"That's what you get for wearing new shoes to work," said Mamie, glancing at Jennie's feet. "You ought to know you can't stand in tight kicks all day and not feel it."

"I know it all right," said Jennie, "but whatcha going to do? I didn't get these till the others wore out, and I can't come to work in my bare feet."

Following the crowd down into the Subway, Jennie and Mamie edged their way to the ticket-seller's window and then to the platform. It was crowded and with foresight born of long experience they worked to the spot where they knew that the car doors would open.

"If there's a seat we get it," said Mamie. "You don't want to stand in those shoes for another hour."

"You're guessing right," said Jennie. "By the time I get to the next station I'll be sitting on the floor if I can't find something better."

The rails began to click and the long express rumbled into the station. As it slowed down Jennie caught sight of a solitary seat which had survived the human floods at the other stations. This providential circumstance was also observed by Mr. Mortimer Jones, standing beside them on the platform, and with the firmness which ever characterized his actions he proceeded to turn it to his own advantage.

As the door rolled back he skilfully shot Jennie into the crowd behind her and in two strides was in the seat. Swept forward by the others, Mamie and Jennie managed to acquire right, title, and interest in two straps which were ingeniously suspended above the head of Mortimer Jones.

Chief among his reasons for desiring a motor-car in which to journey to and from the scene of his labors was Mr. Mortimer Jones's innate repugnance to the rabble in the public conveyances. And to ward off, as far as possible, its contaminating influence Mr. Mortimer Jones was accustomed to barricade himself behind the pages of his newspaper.

He did so now and was perusing the latest bulletins of the tragedy which had crowded politics from the front page when he felt a touch at his elbow.

"Hello, Jones!" said a voice. "What are you doing here?"

Mortimer Jones turned around to find Mr. Henry Jenkins sitting beside him.

"Hello, Jenkins!" said Mortimer Jones.

"This *Titanic* disaster is a terrible tragedy, isn't it?" said Mr. Jenkins.

"Terrible," agreed Mortimer Jones.

"Mighty brave thing those men did to stand aside and let the women and children be saved," said Henry Jenkins.

"It was," said Mortimer Jones.

"I wonder what we'd do if we were put in the same position," said Henry Jenkins.

"I would do the same thing," said Mortimer Jones. "Any man that had the instincts of a man and a gentleman would stand aside for one of the weaker sex."

"That's right," said Henry Jenkins.

"In a disaster like this," said Mortimer Jones, whose voice was pitched so that the entire car might learn what manner of man was speaking. "It's a man's duty to protect the woman. He's the stronger and he ought to be willing to give the woman the better chance for life."

"Just the same," said Henry Jenkins, "it must take a lot of courage to stand still and figure that in about ten minutes there isn't going to be anything left of you."

"I wouldn't let myself think of it," said Mortimer Jones. "My only thought would be that there were women to take care of. If I'd been on that ship I'd have stood at the rail and thrashed any man who tried to climb into a life-boat while there was a woman left on the liner."

Henry Jenkins looked critically at Mortimer Jones.

"I wonder," said Henry Jenkins.

"Not a doubt about it," said Mortimer Jones. "I could take my oath on it. 'Women and children first!' would be the motto of Mortimer Jones."

Jennie Smith shifted from one aching foot to the other and took a fresh grip on her strap. Then she spoke and her voice carried through the paper between her and the conscience of Mortimer Jones.

"Say, Mamie," said Jennie, "ain't it too bad that there aren't any life-boats in the Subway?"

RINGING THE DINNER-BELL

THIS IS A FRENCH HORSE. HE LIVES NEAR PARIS AND RINGS FOR DINNER WHEN HE IS HUNGRY

Limb Fractures in Apes

From time to time a hunter brings in a bird or a mammal that shows distinct evidence of some bone having been broken and then having knit together again. The danger of fracturing parts of the skeleton varies a great deal with different species of animals, depending partly upon the character of the bones and partly upon the habits of the animal.

It is impossible to form an estimate of what this danger is from a mere observation of the habits of a species. But Dr. W. L. H. Duckworth, of the University of Cambridge, has made a special study of the skeletons of many apes and finds from these that the orang-utan is the most liable to have broken bones. He draws this conclusion from the frequency with which repaired fractures are found in the specimens in museums of England, Germany, and France.

After the orang-utan comes the adult male gorilla, which is especially liable to have a cracked skull. The other anthropoid apes seldom have broken bones. The marks of repaired fractures are very rare in the skeletons of savages or of primitive human beings.

The breaks of which evidence is found on the museum skeletons very seldom show signs of complications, although there is frequently evidence that there was a limitation of movements. The part most frequently broken is the forearm, especially the radius bone. Breaks are found only in the adult specimens, although one skeleton looks as though there had been a break of the "green-stick" variety early in the animal's youth. The animals must have suffered from faulty positions in the knitting of the bones and from the impossibility of correcting deformities. It is curious to notice that it is usually the large specimens that show signs of broken limbs. Dr. Duckworth suggests that this fact may be related to the limit of size compatible with arboreal life.

"Bullfinch Day"

In England June 3d is "Bullfinch Day" and as such is celebrated at Merton College, Oxford.

It appears that when Charles II. was king he sent his consort, Katharine, to Oxford, bidding her not to reappear in St. James's for a whole year. It was the warden of Merton who enjoyed the privilege of entertaining the queen during that period. The rooms she occupied in the Fellows' Quadrangle are still shown.

One day, the story runs, as the queen sat working at an open window a bullfinch flew into her apartments. The queen managed to capture it and to hold it until a cage was made of hemp and rushes. Some months later, on June 3d, as she was leaving, the bird escaped through its bars and flew away. On her departure from the college she said to the warden:

"Mr. Warden, in remembrance of my happy visit, I pray you liberate always hereafter a wild bullfinch on this day."

So on June 3d the warden appears in the Fellows' Quadrangle at eleven o'clock, holding a little cage of hemp and rushes containing a bullfinch. The junior bursar, who has been awaiting his arrival, then advances, saying:

"Mr. Warden, is this the Queen Katharine's bird?"

"Ay," replied the warden, according to usage. "This is the Queen Katharine's bird."

The junior bursar then unhooks the door of the cage and claps his hands until the bird flies away.

During the remainder of the year the cage is kept on a pedestal in the Senior Common Room.

A Chemical Fury

Curiously enough, although that fury of the chemical world, fluorin, raises the deuce, generally speaking, it exists peacefully in company with calcium in fluospar and also in a few other compounds.

Although fluorin was known a good many years ago, it long resisted the efforts of chemists to isolate it—that is, to prepare it in a pure state unmixed chemically with other substances—for the instant the compound containing it was torn apart the free fluorin attacked and combined with whatever substance composed the vessel containing it.

Fluorin is a rabid gas that nothing can resist. It combines with all metals, explosively with some, or, if they are already combined with some other nonmetallic element, it mercilessly tears them away from it and takes them to itself.

In uniting with sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, and aluminum the metals become heated, even to redness, by the fervor of fluorin's embrace. Iron filings slightly warm burst into brilliant scintillations when exposed to fluorin. Manganese does the same. Even the noble metals, which at melting-point proudly resist the fascinations of oxygen, succumb to this chemical fury at moderate temperatures. Glass is devoured at once and water ceases to be water by contact with this gas, which, combined with its hydrogen, at the same moment forms the acrid, glass-dissolving hydrofluoric acid and liberates ozone.

The Lion as a Factor in Agriculture

It is somewhat surprising to learn that farmers in East Africa have declared that the lion should be protected as a useful animal, notwithstanding the fact that once in a while he kills a man.

The lion, these farmers maintain, is a great destroyer of noxious herbivorous animals, such as zebras and antelopes, which are a scourge to the fields. In one district, they say, no fewer than three hundred and fifty lions have been killed by hunters, and they estimate that this represents the saving of thirty-five thousand to forty thousand zebras and antelopes, which would otherwise have fallen a prey to the lions that have been destroyed. The hunters, of course, shoot zebras and antelopes also, but this fact, the farmers think, does not counterbalance the destruction of those animals that would have been affected by the slain lions.

HOW MANY OF US

Fail to Select Food Nature Demands to Ward Off Ailments?

A Ky. lady, speaking about food, says: "I was accustomed to eating all kinds of ordinary food until, for some reason, indigestion and nervous prostration set in.

"After I had run down seriously my attention was called to the necessity of some change in my diet, and I discontinued my ordinary breakfast and began using Grape-Nuts with a good quantity of rich cream.

"In a few days my condition changed in a remarkable way, and I began to have a strength that I had never been possessed of before, a vigor of body and a poise of mind that amazed me. It was entirely new in my experience.

"My former attacks of indigestion had been accompanied by heat flashes, and many times my condition was distressing with blind spells of dizziness, rush of blood to the head and neuralgic pains in the chest.

"Since using Grape-Nuts alone for breakfast I have been free from these troubles, except at times when I have indulged in rich, greasy foods in quantity, then I would be warned by a pain under the left shoulder blade, and unless I heeded the warning the old trouble would come back, but when I finally got to know where these troubles originated I returned to my Grape-Nuts and cream and the pain and disturbance left very quickly.

"I am now in prime health as a result of my use of Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS

I.—THE REASONABLE BASIS OF RATES

IF the falling off in the number of anti-railroad bills passed by State Legislatures is any indication, there has been improvement in the relations between the public and the railroads; but that these relations are still anything but satisfactory is almost daily made only too painfully apparent. The public, through its representative, the Interstate Commerce Commission, declares that the shortcomings and abuses of railway management make necessary the strictest and most minute public regulation. The railroads, on their side, reply that while they do not in the least object to a reasonable degree of regulation, they do most emphatically object to being opposed at every turn and "regulated" into a condition of absolute helplessness. A reasonable degree of government control over interstate commerce is, the railroads freely admit, right and necessary; but such control, they point out, must, unless very serious consequences are to result, be exercised with reason and discretion and with full appreciation of attendant conditions.

At the very outset of this discussion of the railways' position this is something which ought to be fixed firmly in mind. The trouble arises not from the fact that there *is* a government commission for the supervision of railway affairs and that the railroads don't want to be regulated, but entirely from the way in which this commission's authority is exercised.

Friction between the transportation interests and the Commerce Commission comes from any number of sources, but far surpassing all the others in importance is the question of freight rates—the price the railroads are to be allowed to charge for the service they sell. From this source comes most of the trouble, and from this source most of the trouble will continue to come until some basis for fixing freight rates is definitely established. In some cases rates have been fixed at what the traffic will reasonably bear; in others at *all* it will bear. There are parts of the country where freight rates have been fixed, roughly, so as to yield a fair return on the amount of money invested. In other sections rates can be found in force which have been established on a basis just enough higher than operating charges to let the railroad out whole. There is little rhyme or reason about it. The structure is one which has been built up on half a dozen different bases.

It is unfortunate that this is so, but such is the condition and it has got to be taken into account in the fixing of rates from now on. Along with the railroads and their present rate-schedules there has grown up a vastly complicated system of industries, many of them absolutely dependent upon freight rates as established. Where changes are to be made, therefore, it is of the greatest importance that local conditions be met. What might be all very well in the way of rate-changes in one part of the country might mean ruination of important industries in another. In determining, therefore, what is and what is not a reasonable rate, it is impossible for the Commerce Commission to apply any arbitrary rule—so-and-so much per mile, for example, on any given commodity. The structure of rates having been built up as it has, each case has got to be decided on its own individual merits, and with due regard to the interests of all the parties concerned.

The only reasonable basis, therefore, on which to judge freight rates would seem to be the value of the service rendered. Two plants, we will say, are located on the same line of road. One manufactures cement and the other automobiles. For the railroad to charge the two plants the same price for hauling out their product would be manifestly ridiculous. Between the cost of hauling a car of automobiles and a car of cement there is only a little difference, but it is plain that the service done the company which is shipping many thousands of dollars' worth of goods is much greater than that done the company whose shipment is worth only a few hundreds. There is every reason in the world why the automobile plant *should* pay more for its car than the cement plant pays. A rate which would be fair for high-class freight like automobiles would be out of all proportion to the value of a commodity like cement. If the railroad were to charge the cement people as much as would be right in the case of the automobile concern, it would simply put the cement plant out of business and cause it to close down. The traffic, to put it another way, couldn't bear the charge.

What the traffic will bear—that is what the railroads, and, indeed, most students of the question declare is the only reasonable measure of whether a rate is fair or not. Not *all* the traffic will bear, of course—that would be extortion—but what the service rendered is worth to the shipper. The freight charges which the shipper of a low-grade commodity like, for instance, cement can afford to pay would never make a railroad a paying proposition. It is the high-grade freight which does that, or, perhaps, it might better be said, the average rate on the whole volume of business established by the rate on high-grade freight. On a commodity like cement freight rates are bound to be far below the average. On high-grade merchandise, as, for instance, automobiles, they are bound to be far above. It is not from the freight rate on this or that particular commodity that the railroad earns its dividends. It is, or at any rate ought to be, from the average of rates as a whole.

This "value of the service rendered" basis for fixing freight rates has been upheld by the courts. Congress derives its power to create an Interstate Commerce Commission to regulate rates from the Constitution, and the Constitution must be interpreted in the light of the common law. The rule of the common law in this case was defined by Justice Brewer in Cotting *versus* Godard to be that the person who engaged in a public service had "a right to charge for each separate service that which was a reasonable compensation therefor." If a shipper considered that he had been charged too high a rate, he might begin an action against the railroad to recover what he considered the excessive portion of the charges. The court then determined whether or not the rate was reasonable, three things entering into its decision. In the first place, the skill with which the service was rendered; in the second place, what it was worth to the shipper; in the third place, what was customarily paid for like services under similar conditions.

The determination of any given rate on this basis is, thus, not as difficult a matter as it might seem to be. There has, indeed, been little trouble about rates where they have been fixed in this way, either by the railroads themselves or by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a matter of fact, the railroads in most instances would be only too glad to have the Commerce Commission go ahead and revise existing schedules to conform to this basis. What would be found in many cases would be rates, originally fixed at an exceedingly low level in order to develop struggling industries, remaining on that low level long after the industries in question had developed sufficiently to make it possible for them to pay full rates. Practically every railroad is up against that. In order to give some industry located along its line a chance to grow, a railroad fixes a freight rate on that particular product far below what it ought to be. The industry thrives and its owners make money. Here, says the railroad, these rates were fixed at a time when you couldn't afford to pay us what the service was worth; you can now, and it's time that rates were advanced. Then what happens? In nine cases out of ten the shippers appeal to the Commerce Commission and an investigation is made. The railroad doesn't mind the investigation. On the contrary, it welcomes it—that is to say, if the question is to be decided on the value of the service rendered to the shippers. But if, after the investigation has been made, the Commerce Commission is to say, Well, these rates *are* low, but you're making so much money in other directions that you can afford to have them low, the railroad certainly does mind. What it wants, and what it considers it has a right to have, is a rate determined not on what it may be earning in some other direction or on the strength of some other extraneous condition or circumstance, but a rate determined on the merits of this particular case. Here we are, and here is this plant. Here are all the facts and figures about earnings and the amount of goods shipped and what we charge and what other roads charge under similar conditions. Now is or is not the rate we propose to put into effect reasonable compensation for the service rendered?

Were that the basis on which the reasonableness or unreasonableness of rates were always determined by the Commission, the amount of friction would be greatly reduced. But, unfortunately, the principle that a railroad has a right to charge for service rendered and in accordance with the value of the service rendered, is by no means established as an absolute standard. In the case of disputed freight rates, the Interstate Commerce Commission's decisions have often been based on that principle, but, on the other hand, have been just as likely to be based on something entirely different—what the service cost the railroad, for example, or what the Commission considered the amount of money invested in the railroad property to be. And that has been the cause of most of the trouble between the railroads and the public—the fact that in its decisions the Commerce Commission hasn't taken the common sense principle that the reasonable price for a thing is what it is worth, and stuck to it.

Were it generally appreciated by the people of this country that the value of the service rendered is the true basis—and the only true basis—on which freight rates can be fixed, the vexed problem of the railways would find speedy settlement. The trouble, however, is that a large part of the public not only doesn't appreciate that the railroads want rates fixed on what is the only reasonable basis, but has become imbued with the idea that the correct basis for freight rates is such a charge as will allow the railroads to earn a "fair return on the actual amount of capital invested." Ask the man who comes at you with this statement just what is his idea of a "fair return," or just why it is that a railroad should be limited to a "fair return" when any other kind of a public-service corporation is allowed to earn all it can, and the chances are that you won't get much of a reply. But the idea once fixed in his mind is hard to get out. He has been told that the railroads are making too much money and that if they were allowed to charge only such a rate as would give them a "fair return on the capital invested," freight rates would come down. And that that, of course, would mean lower prices for things.

In a later article in this series the impossibility of making anything like an accurate physical valuation of the railways, and the unreasonableness of basing freight rates on such a valuation even if it could be made, will be fully discussed. At present only two or three of the most striking objections to this method of determining the rates the railroads ought to be allowed to charge can be taken up. The first is that such a proceeding would be hopelessly unjust to the hundreds of thousands of persons all over the country who have bought their securities in good faith. The second is that with the taking away of the rewards for efficient management, the quality of service offered the public would necessarily suffer serious deterioration. The third is that the denial of the right to make more than a certain fixed profit on money invested in railroads would destroy all incentive on the part of capital to flow into railroad enterprise.

The first of these objections does not fail to make its appeal to the army of investors all over the country who, through their having purchased shares in railroads which may or may not have originally been over-capitalized, have become partners in those enterprises. Take, for instance, the case of a man who has bought Erie common on the strength of what he knows is being done to build up the property and put it on a paying basis. The whole history of early American railroading does not contain a more flagrant instance of original over-capitalization. But is that any reason why the man who buys the stock now, because he sees that the road has fallen into the hands of a capable management and is being rapidly rehabilitated, should suffer for the sins of the past, committed by people long since dead and gone? In many instances control of properties whose capitalization was unduly expanded by the loose practices prevailing twenty or thirty years ago, has changed not only once but several times. In more than one case control has come into the hands of managers honest and efficient and who are doing everything within their power to correct the errors of the past and put the property on its feet. Suppose, now, that a valuation of the property is made, and, it being decided that the road isn't worth the face value of all its outstanding securities, rates are ordered reduced. What would be the effect on the present management's efforts toward betterment and improvement of facilities? What would be the position of the investors who, believing in a future for the property, had put their hard-earned cash into its securities?

Then, in the second place, were this method of fixing rates to be adopted, where would be the incentive on the part of railroad men to run their properties as efficiently as possible and to offer such service as to draw business from competing lines? The amount of business required to produce the "fair return" allowed being in sight, nothing would be done to develop any more. On the contrary, knowing that the doing of any more business would only result in further reduction in rates, the railroads would see to it that the service they gave was not such as to develop additional traffic.

And then, thirdly, with the return obtainable from an investment in railroad securities strictly limited, who would invest his money that way? Granting for the sake of the argument that a "fair return" were construed to be six or seven per cent., with the property allowed to earn enough more than that to provide a surplus for lean years, what capitalist or group of capitalists would call that an attractive proposition? Money so invested in the old properties might be allowed to stand, at least for a while; but certainly, under such circumstances, capital for new railroad enterprise involving the slightest risk would not be forthcoming. Men don't risk their money for the sake of getting six per cent. on it. They don't have to.

For these three and a number of other important reasons which will later be developed in detail, the basing of freight rates on capitalization would be an economic error of grave importance, and would only put the problem of the railways further from solution than it is at present. Only when it is appreciated that the price of transportation, like the price of anything else, is reasonably fixed by its value to the buyer, will progress toward the solution of the great question be made.

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Liquid Air as a Preservative

It is sometimes necessary to preserve parts of a human body or of some other animal for the purpose of testing for the presence of poisons. In such cases the preservative must fulfil certain special requirements. It must be able to prevent absolutely any decay or putrefaction; it must not itself cause any change in the tissues, either structural or chemical; it must not introduce any substance that would in any way interfere with the subsequent tests or give rise to false conclusions; and it must be easily handled.

Liquid air has been found to be quite well adapted to this use. Its low temperature (about four hundred degrees below zero, Fahrenheit) prevents absolutely all putrefaction as well as all other chemical change. At the same time, it prevents the evaporation of any volatile substance that may be present, such as carbon monoxide or hydrocyanic acid gas. Experiments have shown that the most delicate tissues, such as glands and brain, are quite unaffected by being placed in liquid air for a long time; and the tissues even retain their natural colors.

For the purpose of making chemical tests in a piece of tissue it is frequently necessary to cut the material up into very small pieces. Tissues that have been preserved in liquid air are frozen so hard that they may be ground up into a fine powder.

TWO LORDS AMONG LOBSTERS

THESE GIANT LOBSTERS DESTROYED TWENTY-FIVE LOBSTER-POTS BEFORE THEY WERE CAPTURED OFF SANDY HOOK. THEY HAVE NOW BEEN MOUNTED AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. THEIR WEIGHT IS TWENTY-EIGHT AND THIRTY-ONE POUNDS, RESPECTIVELY

Old Lavender

My mother had a hedge
Of ancient lavender
Down at the garden's edge
With yellow bees astir.

She used to clip the bloom
And spread it out to dry
Up in her sunny room,
Under the gables high.

Of some, the stalks and all,
A thick brew did she make,
And put in bottles tall,
For country pain and ache.

Then purple sprig and green,
She laid within the drawers,
The towels, the sheets between,
And my starched pinafores.

Great bundles, too, she set,
All in the closets hoar.
I think I smell it yet,
The Sunday gown she wore!

And pillowed safe and deep,
How sweet the little bed,
Where I lay down to sleep,
After my prayer was said!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

Titanium

TITANIUM, hitherto regarded as a relatively unimportant constituent of the earth's crust, is the ninth in abundance of all the chemical elements. The titanium in the earth's crust is estimated to be about four-tenths of one per cent.

Perhaps the most successful preparation of pure titanium is that of Nilson and Peterson, who reduce a titanium chlorid with sodium. The metal thus obtained looks just like polished steel, but is brittle when cold. Heated to a low, red heat, it can be forged like hot iron, but if the temperature is carried too high the metal oxidizes superficially in contact with air. It can be polished on a grindstone, but it is too hard to be cut by a hack-saw. It can, however, be shaped with a file. Rods of pure titanium six inches long have been made. Analysis shows that the metal contains no impurities.

The British scientist Fowler has described his comparison of the spectrum of the variable star Mirt with that of titanium oxid. He finds that the two spectra are, for the greater part, identical. The curious bands seen in the spectrum of Mira are shown to be due to titanium oxid. Professor Fowler also finds evidence of the presence of vanadium in the same star. The lines of titanium and vanadium have likewise been discovered in the light of sun-spots, leading the astronomer, Father Cortie, to remark that sun-spots and the star Mira are evidently very closely connected in their physical condition.

Frenchwomen in Trousers

THE women of Champéry, a primitive mountain district of the Canton of Valais in Switzerland, have worn trousers from time immemorial.

It further appears that the men of this district are noted for their indolent habits, and that, beyond acting as guides to mountain-climbers in the summer months, they lead practically idle lives. It follows that the women perform all the hard labor required of a mountain people. It is the women who pasture the cattle on the steep and often dangerous Alpine slopes, cut the timber, and mow the grass. It is no uncommon sight to observe a Champéry woman, at the conclusion of her daily toil, returning to the village dragging her husband on the wooden sleigh that is in common use throughout Switzerland.

In view of the above, it is not surprising that the women of Champéry should have adopted the masculine attire. Their dress is of the simplest kind—a jerkin of rough, dark blue material, with trousers to match, and a red handkerchief to protect the head.

Inasmuch as the wives and mothers of Champéry perform the greater part of the toil usually deemed the duty of the stronger sex, it is not astonishing to learn that they affect certain masculine habits, the chief of which is the pipe. The Champéry woman puffs away with considerable enjoyment at a short briar as she proceeds with her labors.

How Rain Bores Holes

WHEN rain falls it does not actually soak into the earth, but bores its way in, forming tiny tubes. These tubes are so small that it would be impossible to insert a hair in one of them without bursting its walls. Sometimes the tubes are bored down to a depth of four or five feet. When the surface dries, the water evaporates from the tubes, just as it would from a pipe. If the tube is twisted it takes longer for the water to evaporate. If one takes a rake and stirs the ground after each rain, he breaks the tops of the tubes, and the water will stand in them for months. In this way the farmers of the West, on the semi-arid lands, store the rainfall one year, and raise a crop of wheat every other year—there being sufficient water in two years, but not enough in one, to raise a crop.

Suicide and the Weather

SUICIDE is most frequent in summer, when the air is clear and the sun shines. In Europe the maximum of suicides is reached in June and the minimum in December. Yet there are fewer suicides in the torrid than in the temperate zone. In the United States, in all seasons, there are more suicides on sunny days than on cloudy days. Some theorists reason that fine weather aggravates the mental depression of the unhappy by its contrasting sunshine. In dark weather there are few suicides, and fewer in time of war or following some great catastrophe.

During the first three months that follow a devastating earthquake there are fewer deaths by suicide than before the cataclysm.

Burglar-proof Glass

THERE is a glass of French invention which is intended to be proof against the ordinary attacks of burglars. So many cases of burglary have been committed by the breaking of show-windows and snatching of valuables on exhibition that a special effort has been made to end this particular form of theft.

The French glass is produced by a secret process, but the makers admit that thickness and care in its manufacture are its principal essentials. It is made about three-quarters of an inch thick and on test has resisted the blow of a ten-pound iron disk. The same blow would have shattered ordinary plate glass completely.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle.

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This ***Pierlot "Sans Sucre"*** is not only perfectly harmless, but possesses certain stimulative qualities which justify physicians in recommending it to patients suffering from diabetes and gout, and who derive actual benefit from its habitual, but, of course, moderate use. The beneficial action upon the system of the comparatively small amount of natural alcohol contained in this champagne is exactly the reverse of that of all other champagnes to which alcohol and sweetening matter have been added. Physicians are well aware of this fact. The amount of natural sugar, 0.36 per cent., as reported by Caswell-Massey Co., is an absolutely negligible quantity. Their report follows:

"We have analyzed a bottle of Pierlot Vin Nature Champagne, Sans Sucre, sent to us by you for that purpose, and we find it wholly free from added sugar, and without added alcohol; the actual amount of sugar being 0.36 per cent. Such a wine can be advantageously used in cases of gout and diabetes, where any but the very smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious.
"CASWELL-MASSEY CO., Ltd."

The *Sportsman*:—"It is a wine of good body and extraordinary flavor and bouquet, and wonderfully clean."

The *Irish Times*:—"Pierlot Champagne 'Sans Sucre,' which is now becoming so fashionable, is a drink devoid of evil after-effects."

The *British Medical Journal* says:—"A perfect champagne, absolutely free from sugar, yet light and agreeable in taste."

The *Lancet* states:—"It is a brilliant, sparkling wine, possessing all the agreeable qualities of a high-class champagne, and yet one that may be taken, according to our analytical observations, where strong alcohol and saccharin drinks are prohibited."

Prof. Dr. NOTHNAGEL, of Vienna:—"It may be taken with advantage by those debarred from taking any sweetened champagne."

Prof. FRESENIUS, of Wiesbaden:—"The result of my investigation has proved this wine to be free from added sugar, and without any added alchohol. It can be advantageously used in cases where even the smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious."

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Devastating Happiness

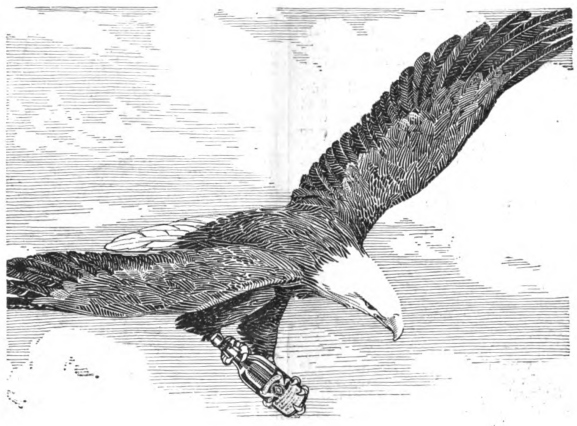
HAPPINESS is a terrifying thing to come upon one suddenly. It is an open question whether the theory that when perfect happiness is achieved the world will come to an end is not an inversion of sequence. It seems so much more likely that happiness would be so devastating that the world would dwindle to an end because no one saw to its going on. Elimination is necessary if we are to accomplish anything of value and there is nothing so effectively eliminating as unhappiness. Unless geniuses were unhappy, they would not be geniuses; they would be rosy, rotund, beaming little men. It is no credit to any of us that we do our duty, for it is only done when everything else is so lacking in diversion, not to say actively annoying, that our desperation drives us to doing our duty. Happiness, like health, makes us obtuse. Its dissipating effect is such that it scatters us to the four winds of Heaven, and the sum total is precisely as though we had never been. We are busy from waking to sleeping enjoying our friends, or our babies, or our circulation, or any of the dozen other things that waste the seconds so pleasingly. To say "I am happy" is to say "I am lost"—and if it is a pleasant sleep to sleep that makes it none the less oblivion.

On the other hand, if one has no friends or babies or circulation, if into the bargain one has ill health, a family that irritates, furniture to shudder at, no petty responsibilities, time on one's hands, and the prick of discontent, one is almost sure to become creative. Then by the greatest luck in the world circumstances have so arranged themselves that you are kept alert by anger (it matters very little at what). With the dangerous expansiveness of happiness removed, and the precious inhibitiveness of unhappiness substituted, one's forces are conserved, the outlet is limited to one source, and that a directed, consciously formulated one. It is nine chances to one that the result will be worthy of being handed on for the other unhappy people to appreciate and the happy people to criticize blandly.

That is why to nurture talent is to kill talent. A talent is not a talent if it is encouraged; it is only a febrile accomplishment. If one is to bring about any change one must live in a state of fury, and it is quite out of the question to be furious if you are comfortable and thought well of. If you are to work, but to do things that must be classed with the stock already on hand and added to them, it is better that you do not work at all. If your work is an addition to the sum of the world's possessions, it is a change you burned to bring about and you burned because you were incensed at something. The bad management of the army, the status of the modern business man in the eyes of the dry professional mind, the ineptitude of modern art, the complacency of the propertied class, the obtuse average inanity that prevented recognition of your fiery rareness—something of this kind had to heat you to the point where you became capable of change and where you let everything else go for the fine flavor of showing the world how things ought to be.

When your work is well under way and it begins to pay to be angry the money coming in will permit you to cool your anger and thus bring about your own downfall. When at the age of fifty your anger has permitted you to collect a number of expensive playthings about you your stream of creation will run dry, and you will wonder why and so will every one else; but your wife or your conscience or some one will know that it is because there are such a number of pleasant things to be done, all of which have a curious trick of seeming predominatingly important. The reasoning that used to go on in your mind tortured you; the only relief from it was work and action. Your unhappiness was so great that you felt a perfect ecstasy in expressing it, with delicious satisfied exhaustion to follow. Now such soothing thoughts flow slowly across one's consciousness as: "Is it worth while adding to the amount of mediocre work in the world? Is it not rather egotistical and beside the mark? Would it not be more to the point to add to the sum of the world's happiness by being an extremely happy person?" Such thoughts, of course, lull one to amiable puttering over agreeable things that do not particularly matter, with a mind put to sleep through lazy smiling. A nice end for the world to come to!

Happiness should be classed with old age, or disease, or inherited habits, or other things that come upon one or that one succumbs to. People in any of these predicaments are leniently treated and even bolstered up with pretenses, but they are understood. Oh, they are clearly understood. The world and nature make no bones about placing them when it comes to cataloguing. Life hurries right by them, only stopping to place them impatiently out of the way, saying, crossly: "I won't walk over you if I can help it, but you can't expect me to take you into account or accommodate my pace to yours; you must just play around in the corners and give as little trouble as you can, while I take up all the center and perhaps hit you occasionally by accident."



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The NEXT ISSUE of

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(AUGUST 24th)

will be a

SPECIAL THEATRICAL NUMBER

¶ It will contain full advance information about the plans of the managers for the coming season in the theaters, will be beautifully illustrated with many portraits of prominent actors and actresses, scenes from the new plays, etc., and will be printed in tint.

No theatergoer should miss it.

For sale at all news-stands August 24, at the regular price—10 cents.

Odd Industries

By Richard M. Winans

ACCORDING to a report made in April of this year, the town of Bradford, England, during the first year of the plant's operation (in 1911) made a net profit of nearly $200,000 from the sale of grease recovered from the city's sewage.

The scheme has proved such an unqualified financial success that early in 1912 the sewage-grease operators began an expenditure of over $300,000 in improvements on the present plant. A further increase in the size of the plant and the addition of new machinery, now being considered, are expected to raise the earning capacity of the plant to half a million dollars a year.

During the recent coal strike in England there was developed a new outlet for a by-product of this industry. The pressed brick from which the grease had been extracted was used for fuel by the local Bradford factories. The use of it would have extended to other cities had it been possible to supply the demand.

Bradford is the only city in Great Britain which secures a profit from its sewage and among the few of the world. The present works are the result of a dozen years of experiment. By the use of similar plants Chicago could abolish her odious sewage canal which kills the fish in the river half-way to St. Louis, and New York could solve her problem of harbor pollution which annually takes a heavy toll of human lives, while towns and cities everywhere could make for better sanitation and improved health, earning at the same time a substantial profit that would largely offset the municipal budget.

Nebraska holds the distinction to date of the only known "freckle farmer." With a special scalpel he successfully transplants tiny patches of skin from one part of the body to another. This grafting takes the form of fancy designs, patterns, and images. These are as permanent as tattooing, if not quite so delicate in tracery. Through the State Medical Association it is learned that he has been experimenting in freckle grafting or farming for more than ten years.

Into the port of Boston came recently a ship sailing from the Chinese coast, bearing on her manifest an item of sixty-five cases of horse tails—also the tails. They came from Tientsin. The United States imports horse tails from several countries, particularly from Russia and China, where the horse-tail hairs grow unusually long; from South America and Australia, as well as from nearly every European country.

Sometimes these tails are worth twenty cents a pound and again as much as two dollars. The hairs, being carefully graded for length and color, are used either alone or mixed with other fibers in making different kinds of brushes and with other material in the manufacture of haircloth for various purposes. In the countries where these tails are collected, cured, and prepared for export the occupation of the horse-tail buyers may not seem more odd to the natives than the "ol' clo'" man or "ra-g-g-gs 'n' bottles" do to us.

There is a huntsman on the payroll of the city of New York who catches wild beasts in Central Park.

The total annual kill of this unique huntsman amounts to thousands of specimens of various species. Armed with the insignia of his office, a pair of field-glasses, and a rifle of small caliber, this official fares forth to hunt and kill stray cats and dogs, muskrats, minks, ground-hogs, rats, mice, moles, hawks (from the little "fly-chasers" to the big fellows that can carry a goose), owls, and now and then an eagle venturing over river from the New Jersey mountains. He is always accompanied by a highly trained terrier, which makes unnecessary the use of some hundreds of cartridges on the special rat-hunt days. So far this park hunter has never killed a crow intruder; Jim's antipathy toward city life keeps him free of this danger.

A Wisconsin man has just sailed for England to teach the British dairyman how to secure a greater yield of milk by playing slow, soft, sentimental music in the cow-stables at milking-time. He claims to have already convinced American experts of the practicality of his scheme.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED *by*
GEORGE HARVEY

Theatrical Number
Season of 1912-13

G. PATRICK NELSON

August 24 1912 **HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.** **Price 10 Cents**

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER STORY NUMBER

GILBERT PARKER'S NEW NOVEL

IN this new novel, "The Judgment House" (which has just begun), SIR GILBERT PARKER reaches the highest point of his distinguished literary achievement. It is a tensely dramatic story, a tale of extraordinary happenings in the world of great affairs, a tale of love and of strife that holds the reader in the same enthrallment as one of the great dramas of the stage.

Arnold Bennett on American Amusements

MR. BENNETT witnessed with delight some of our great professional baseball games. He attended a championship football match between two of our college teams. He finds much to arouse enthusiasm, but he criticizes certain phases of American sport. Being himself a playwright, he was keenly interested in our theaters; being a musician, what he has to say about our opera is both important and interesting.

Among the Orinoco Savages

CASPAR WHITNEY tells of his remarkable adventures among the strange and savage peoples at the head-waters of the great South American river.

More Memories of a Diplomat's Wife

MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE, whose reminiscences of her two visits to the court of Napoleon III. will be recalled with delight, here tells of other Continental visits in the '70's. The society of the great world is delightfully depicted, and many famous historical figures are introduced in these brilliant surroundings.

Mark Twain and General Grant

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, the authorized biographer of Mark Twain, tells of the period in the great humorist's life when he revisited the scenes of his pilot days, wrote "Life on the Mississippi," and how he entered into publishing and made a fortune for General Grant by the publication of Grant's memoirs.

8 SUMMER STORIES

The September HARPER'S is quite as notable a fiction number as the August. The short stories are a remarkable group. Among the authors are BOOTH TARKINGTON, INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE, ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, KATHERINE METCALF ROOF, MARY E. WILKINS, CLARENCE DAY, JR., HORACE FISH, Etc., Etc.

The September number of HARPER'S BAZAR has, among many stories and articles, a remarkable one by

MYRTLE REED

One of the last pieces of writing she did—which is of more interest and value than any other single feature appearing in a home magazine this fall. There is a story about this story of Myrtle Reed's that will touch the heart—and both stories really happened.

HARPER'S BAZAR

for September has "Prayer: What It Is and What It Does," by Dr. McComb of the Emmanuel Church; a page of humorous "Literary Recipes," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Success Came to These Girls—Why?" by three young business women. Then there is a jolly page of Fanny Y. Cory pictures—"A Quiet Day With Mother," which are very different from the title. Three captivating short stories are: "The Mother of the Bride," by Leslie Davis; "The Most for Mifflin," by Frances R. Sterrett, and "The Shadow of the Angel," by Elizabeth Jordan.

SEPTEMBER NUMBER

Here also you will find new life in all the departments. Why not join The Bazar family? Buy a copy of this new September number and you will see that the people with ideas you meet in its pages are exactly your kind. The new Prize Needlework Contest is about to start with 623 Prizes—certainly one of them is within your reach. The designs are free.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LVI. New York, August 24, 1912 No 2905

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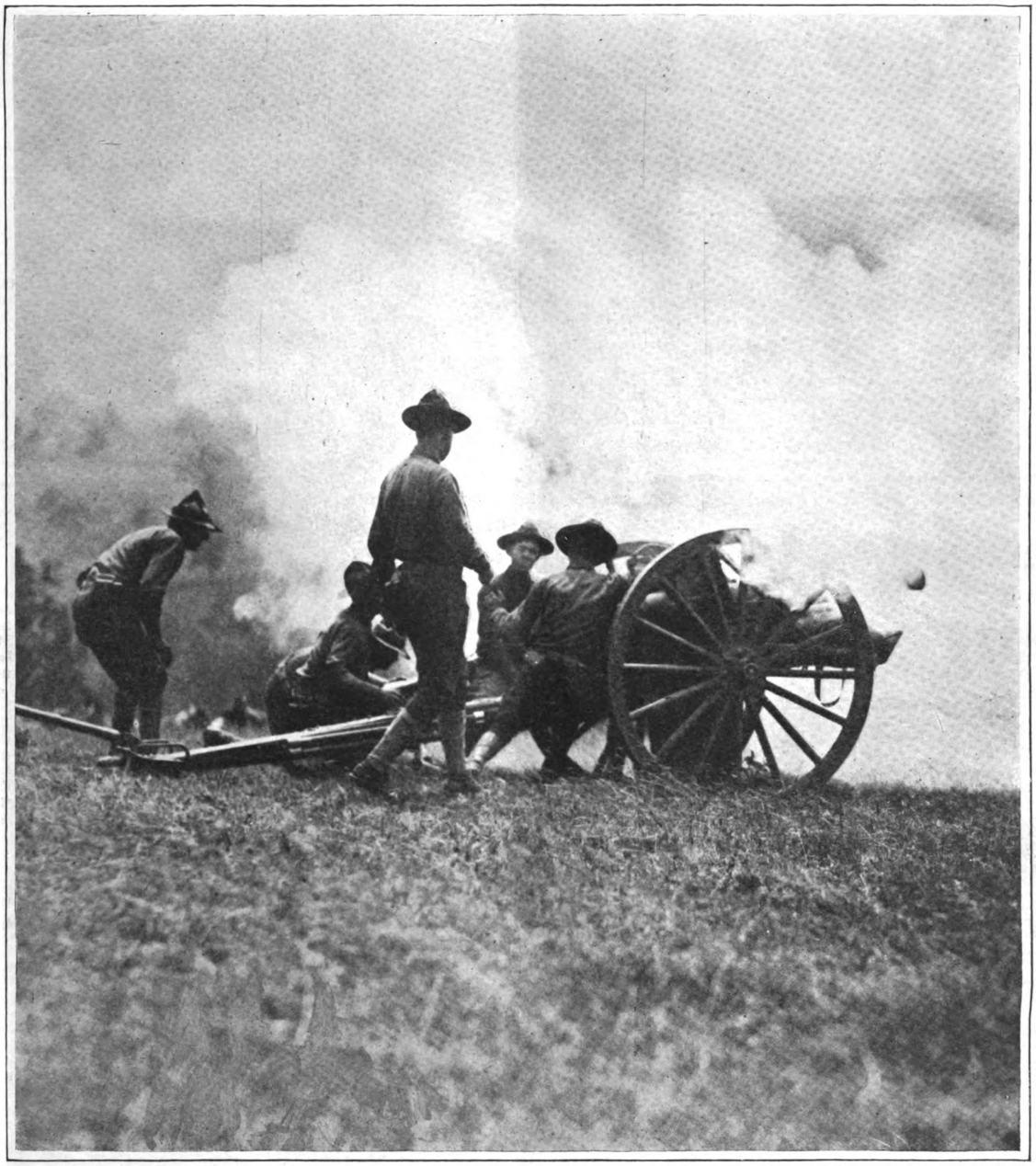

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THE ATTACK ON NEW YORK

For a week twenty thousand soldiers fought for the possession of New York, and last Saturday the defending force won the battle, and the city was saved. This thrilling battle was the object of the great army maneuvers held in Connecticut last week. The photograph shows the field-artillery batteries of the invading army (the "Reds") bombarding the retreating "Blues" (the defenders) in an engagement near Taunton Hill, Connecticut

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Comment

Queries

DID the Democratic directors notice that portentous slump in the primary vote of Missouri last week?

Do they know what is going on in Louisiana?

Have they polled the factory-workers of this immediate vicinity?

The Socialist Pretender

The politically late WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, when active in politics, used to complain that every time he designed a new political garment a certain predatory individual was sure to snoop out from behind the trees and hook it. This operation, in fact, was repeated so many times, in utter disregard of the Eighth Commandment, that he had to give up going in swimming altogether because he had only one piece left. What that was he never said and it would be hazardous to guess.

Mr. DEBS now has the same grievance. He declares bitterly that ROOSEVELT has not only taken all the clothes he had, but also a good many that he never had at all. "The really progressive planks in the Progressive platform," he says, "were taken bodily from the Socialist platform; even the red flag of Socialism was appropriated or at least imitated by the red bandanna. At one end the Bull Moose is going to head off the trusts and at the other it is going to head off Socialism. In fact, ROOSEVELT has baited the trap to catch the votes of all discontented people. His party is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but a mere hybrid aggregation standing for a capitalist class."

DEBS is right, as the *Evening Post* points out. Like the Socialists, first, ROOSEVELT demands "a more easy and expeditious way of amending the Federal Constitution." Like the Socialists, second, ROOSEVELT urges "the conservation of human resources"—both platforms use the identical phrase—and both follow it with a list of means to this end. These lists are strikingly parallel. That of the Socialists includes: More effective inspection of workshops, factories, and mines; forbidding employment of children under sixteen; minimum wage; rest of a day and one-half per week for workers; shortening the workday; abolishing convict labor; creation of a bureau of health; creation of a department of labor; graduated income tax and extension of inheritance taxes; equal suffrage; abolition of monopoly ownership of patents; initiative, referendum, and recall; extension of public domain to include mines, quarries, oil-wells, forests, and water-power; development of highway and waterway system; collective ownership and democratic management of the banking and currency system; curbing of the power of the courts to issue injunctions.

The supreme duty of the nation, says the ROOSEVELT platform, is the conservation of human resources through an enlarged measure of social and industrial justice—and the party is pledged to work for this end by means of a series of planks almost exactly similar to those adopted at Indianapolis. "Effective legislation looking to the prevention of industrial accidents, etc.," matches the first demand of the Socialists. ROOSEVELT, like DEBS, would prohibit child labor; the eight-hour day and one day's rest in seven is advocated by the Progressive party; so is the abolition of the convict contract-labor system; so is the establishment of a national health service "without discrimination against or for any set of therapeutic methods," a phrase which perfectly matches the Socialists' "with such restrictions as will secure the full liberty of all schools of practice." And so the parallelism continues down to the anti-injunction plank. ROOSEVELT took all there was and more.

Then why doesn't DEBS withdraw in his favor? Because, he says, ROOSEVELT must be judged "by his performances and not by his pledges"—and his performances, to DEBS's mind, have been satisfactory only to "the trusts that financed his campaign for the nomination and are now financing his campaign for election." In other words, DEBS doesn't believe a thing ROOSEVELT says and has no particle of use for him. Neither, of course, has LA FOLLETTE.

Here, then, are two honest haters of hypocrisy who could, if they would, "hit the trail" and hit it hard.

The Guerrilla Chief

If there is a squarer man in these United States than WILLIAM H. TAFT, we don't know what his name is or where he lives. This fact alone suffices to account for his burst of honest indignation when he said to the Maryland Editorial Association:

All we ask is a fair fight. A man cannot be in the Republican party and in a third party at the same time and should be compelled to make his selection. It is, therefore, essential that we make the cleavage as clear as it can be made, so that those who are Republicans shall be Republicans and those who are with the bolters shall bear their name and title and not be Republicans and bolters, because they cannot be—at least, they ought not to be in all fairness. We ought to have electors in each State bearing the emblem of the Republican party, bearing the names of the candidate of that party for President or Vice-President at the head of the ticket, covering the electors who are going to vote for those names. If there are any men on that list who are not going to vote for the men at the head of that ticket, I don't hesitate to say that they are dishonest men, in that they are holding out to the people who are to vote for them an implied promise that they will vote for the names on the ticket when they, in fact, intend to vote for somebody else. I think that is just following the plainest kind of principles of ordinary morals.

How any honorable man can dispute this simple proposition surpasses comprehension. The same idea was once expressed with equal explicitness in these words:

A man cannot act both without and within the party; he can do either, but he cannot possibly do both. Each course has its advantages and each has its disadvantages, and one cannot take the advantages or the disadvantages separately. I went in with my eyes open to do what I could within the party; I did my best and got beaten, and I propose to stand by the result. *It is impossible to combine the functions of a guerrilla chief with those of a colonel in the regular army.*

Truer words were never spoken. They were uttered by THEODORE ROOSEVELT in 1884. They fix his position to-day. He is no longer a colonel in the army. He is a guerrilla chief, unhampered by the usages of civilized warfare and unworthy of the treatment accorded an honorable adversary by honorable men.

A Warning

Commenting upon ROOSEVELT'S Rhode Island speech, the *World* says:

It seems to be the same old ROOSEVELT, with the same old phrases, the same old assertions without support, the same old trick of slandering opponents, and the same old indefinite promises that never have been and never will be regarded. Plainly enough, the ROOSEVELT bolt was fired long ago. We have nothing now but the echo.

If in this speech there is any evidence of a new ROOSEVELT it is of a ROOSEVELT with a grievance, a ROOSEVELT disappointed, a ROOSEVELT resentful, and a ROOSEVELT with the heart out of him. "Opposition to our cause in New England," he says, "is due to sheer, plain ignorance, to hard-shelled prejudice, and to craven fear of what is new." These are words not of a winner, but of a loser.

It may be a new ROOSEVELT whimpering instead of shrieking: it may be a new Roosevelt appealing for sympathy instead of gaily exhausting the possibilities of denunciation: but in all that he muddily says on the tariff and in all his befuddlement of the money question it is the same old ROOSEVELT, very stale and obviously played out.

Would that this were correct; we fear it is not. He is, in truth, the same old ROOSEVELT, still capable of employing effectively the same old guile and cunning. But, "stale and played out"? Far from it! Did our neighbor read its own account of the tumultuous enthusiasm with which the multitude of workers acclaimed the giver of all things? Has it so soon forgotten the primary results in Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania? The note is harsh, strident, defiant; it may be, indeed, the whimper of a loser; but the echo comes from the throats of the crowd; and it is loud and full of menace. A month hence the *World* and others will realize that the fight for the life of the Republic has now but just begun. Forsake the clouds! Stop, look, listen!

The Facts

We happened to save the following characteristically free-and-easy editorial from the Louisville *Post* of July 27:

The evidence, under oath, given yesterday by Mr. GEORGE R. SHELDON, of the Republican National Committee of 1904, is the same he gave in a public letter several months ago and disposes of every accusation and insinuation concerning Mr. ROOSEVELT'S application for aid to Mr. HARRIMAN.

"About two weeks before the election," began Mr. SHELDON, "Governor ODELL, who was State chairman, came to Mr. BLISS, then treasurer of the Republican National Committee, and stated that while it was perfectly clear that Mr. ROOSEVELT would be elected, the State ticket was in doubt.

"He asked for some money. Mr. BLISS said he had no money, but he would see what he could do. He went to Mr. HARRIMAN, and Mr. HARRIMAN got—Mr. HARRIMAN with Mr. BLISS—got together some $250,000.

"That money was handed to the State Committee and never went into the National Committee."

That plain tale would put down any ordinary band of slanderers, but it will not affect the Wall Street gang of assassins, nor will it mitigate the malice of the New York *World* and like newspaper libelers of Mr. ROOSEVELT.

As a member of the band of slanderers and of the gang of assassins, we now take the liberty of directing the attention of our loose-tongued contemporary to the published record that this self-same Governor ODELL last week declared under oath: (1) that he did not ask Mr. BLISS for money, (2) that he did not say to anybody or believe that the State ticket was in doubt, and (3) that the money raised by Mr. HARRIMAN at President ROOSEVELT'S instance did go to the National Committee, which thereupon apportioned a part to the State Committee as per previous agreement, and kept the remainder.

Congress and the President

Congress has continued its effort to make amends for the dilatoriness and neglect of its business by a belated and irregular activity. After months of culpably doing nothing, it has attempted to do a lot of things in a hurry. Some of them were things it ought to have done long ago; some were things that would be right if done properly and in order; some more things that ought not to be done at all. Congress would have been much wiser to pass its money bills in regular form, together with any other immediately needed legislation, and then adjourn. It has certainly not strengthened itself by its unusual course, and if it merely sought to weaken the President it has certainly not accomplished its purpose. True, the country is against the President on the veto of the wool bill and the other tariff bills. But that was already the case, and everybody knew it. And now there are other vetoes, on which the country is much more likely to agree with the President than with Congress.

For on the main issue between Congress and the President the President is right. He is right in objecting to the vicious practice of passing all sorts of laws in the form of riders on appropriation bills. He is right in refusing to be bullied in that fashion into signing measures which he does not believe to be advisable. Every fair-minded man is bound to sustain him when he says:

The importance and absolute necessity of furnishing funds to maintain and operate the government cannot be used by the Congress to force upon the Executive acquiescence in permanent legislation which he cannot conscientiously approve.

The truth is that such tactics on the part of Congress are an attempt to rob the President of his constitutional share in legislation. They would prevent him from doing his constitutional duty. That is true quite without reference to the merits of the legislation attempted by this method. Some of it, as a matter of fact, is bad in itself—particularly the proposal to destroy permanency of tenure in the civil service. But the method of it alone is enough to condemn it. For that alone it ought to fail, and we trust it will fail.

It is not a party that is to blame. At present Congress is not in the control of any one party. That is one cause of this culpable procedure. It were better if one party were in control, and therefore clearly responsible. Congress is to blame; and Congress has chosen a very bad time to put itself in the wrong. Legislatures in general are under fire. Reckless and dangerous attacks on representative government are very much in

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fashion. At this juncture Congress has far more to lose than to gain by attempts to increase its power and extend its functions.

The Nutmeg State

Stanchly Democratic though it is, the Hartford *Times* chases no rainbows. Of Governor BALDWIN'S pleasurable anticipations it says:

Apply Governor BALDWIN'S theory to Connecticut and what do we find? It is commonly believed that at least 45,000 Republicans who voted for TAFT in 1908 will support ROOSEVELT this year. If, in addition, as many as one-third of that number (15,000) of the 68,255 who voted for BRYAN in 1908 join the third-term movement, Mr. ROOSEVELT will have 60,000 votes. Take away 45,000 Republican votes from the 112,915 which were cast for Mr. TAFT, and we have in round figures 68,000 left for him this year. But according to this calculation 15,000 Bryanites have gone to ROOSEVELT, reducing the BRYAN total of 1908 to 53,000. That would give the electoral votes of Connecticut to TAFT.

Of course.

The Other Ox

"Harken to the primaries! Let the people rule!" shouted ROOSEVELT and shouted STUBBS. Very good. STUBBS carried a majority of the districts for Senator, but CURTIS got a popular plurality of 8,000. What now? Does ROOSEVELT peep? And where fights STUBBS—at Armageddon for the Lord or in Kansas for STUBBS?

Charge and Refutation

From ROOSEVELT'S speech at Providence last week, opening his campaign in New England:

One of our great troubles, here in New England, as elsewhere, is that the representatives of privilege in finance and politics control most of the newspapers, so that the ordinary man finds the channels of information choked. I do not so much mind the editorial columns being closed against us, but it is a matter for real regret that the news columns are closed to us.

All of which duly appeared in the news columns of the leading New England newspapers the next morning. We copy it, in fact, from the Boston *Herald*, which, moreover, was recently specified by the same speaker as one of the papers in which he couldn't get a hearing.

Yet we have no doubt there are people in New England, as elsewhere, who will go right on believing that the man who gets more newspaper space than any other American is suffering from a newspaper conspiracy; for the conspirators will go right on printing what he says about them, and that, to some people's minds, proves that they won't print anything he says. If you see it in print, it's so, even if it says it isn't there.

Big Business and Its Regulators

In a discourse of Mr. THEODORE N. VAIL, which the *World* printed on August 11th, he said that we can't get along with small business, and that it was big business properly conducted that would give us national and individual prosperity. Being asked, "What should be the relations between the government and big business?" he went on to say:

No government can run business, and no business can run the government. Our form of government was never intended to run business; it was not cut out for that; its organization is different. It is the duty of the government to conserve our rights and privileges and see that we all enjoy them. That applies to the rich as well as to the poor, and to the strong as well as to the weak. This duty of conservation gives the government the right to regulate business, and I want to say that it is far easier to regulate business than to run it. Take the men who are looked upon as great captains of industry. There are very few of them, because there are very few men who can run a big business or a big corporation. But there are any quantity of men who could review their acts, and who —if they had the proper information and gave the question proper examination and study—could say whether or not the men who were doing things were doing them right.

Personally, I believe that business should be given a pretty free hand, but that it should be made responsible and held responsible. There should not only be responsibility; there should be also accountability. That applies to all, high or low. Business men should be forced to justify their actions to the satisfaction of some quasi-judicial body.

So Mr. VAIL is a progressive, too; a recognized progressive in business, as has been disclosed by his management of the telephone and telegraph companies of which he is the head, and a Progressive in politics, as his words above quoted indicate. But what is specially interesting in those words is his opinion that it is far easier to regulate big business than to run it; that there are very few men fit to do the latter, but plenty for the former office. No doubt that is true, and it is a point worth making. The difference between the creator and director of big business and the regulator of it is the difference between the great artist and the critic. Great artists, whether in letters, painting, architecture, sculpture, or any other form of art, are scarce. Great critics are fairly scarce, too; but passable critics who know good from bad and can detect and expound the difference are plentiful. The great artists are born, but passable critics can be made. So it may be about big business. The great artificers of it are born, but it may be that its necessary regulation can be attended to by men who have learned how.

Big Business and Men

Of all the great corporation heads, there is not one who has a better right to speak for "big business" than President VAIL; for there is not one who has recognized more candidly the public's interest in "big business" and the public's rights concerning it. This journal has more than once called attention to the breadth and fairness of his views, and to his progressive spirit, particularly as exhibited in his annual reports to the immense combination he directs. It was doubtless such men as President VAIL that Governor WILSON had in mind when he welcomed as a happy omen the signs of a new and liberal temper in certain of our greatest men of business.

It is not as a partisan, then, that Mr. VAIL presents some redeeming characteristics of our present industrial order; for he is again entirely frank in his declaration that it is an order which requires regulation. Nevertheless, his exceptionally full experience of it has made him positive that some things said against it are not true; and one thing he claims for it is illustrated by his own career. It is not true, according to his wide observation, that "big business" denies opportunity to individual competence. The contrary, in fact, is strikingly true. In his own great business, he declares, "there is not a single man in any big executive position who has not come up through all the various grades." He goes farther. He declares that of all the "big men" in New York—and who should know them better?—there is only one who did not "start in the ranks." In other words, there is always a career open to talent; for the man of real competence and character, whatever his beginnings, there is opportunity.

Not, of course, the same opportunity that he had under a simpler order. On that point President VAIL is explicit enough, for his life goes back into the old order. He can remember well enough when it was far easier than it now is for men to become the heads of industries. There were more independent industries, and they were smaller affairs. Getting to the top is now, of necessity, a longer climb, and the top places are fewer. But, on the other hand, the prizes are richer, both at the top and on the way there; and even at the top there are still more places to fill than there are men fully competent to fill them.

On this point we cannot doubt that President VAIL is right. He speaks out of knowledge; and almost any of us could, from our more limited observation, supply additional instances to sustain his view.

Big Business and Little Business

But another point in the interview as reported would probably provoke more controversy; for it touches a matter on which public sentiment is strong and public opinion far from clear. That is the matter of monopoly—of the chance of small business as against big business. It was natural enough to pass from the opportunities of individual men to the opportunities of individual business.

Putting briefly President VAIL'S view as we understand it, he holds that the possibilities of monopoly are greatly exaggerated. He makes, it is true, a distinct exception of the so-called "public utilities"; but concerning industries not of that character, he declares that there can be no such thing as a lasting monopoly with big profits, "providing the common law against discrimination or acts injuring your neighbor is in force." He gives his reasons. Big profits, he contends, will still always breed competition. On the other hand, when demand slackens and prices fall, the "little fellow" has the advantage. "He can adjust his prices more easily. His business is more personal, and he has a better hold." Mr. VAIL repeats his conclusion in this form: "No man or body of men can control anything as a monopoly for any length of time unless they are protected by the government."

That, it may be observed, is still the creed of very many Americans, quite possibly of most Americans, and the basis of their present demands on government; for what they demand of government is that it stop protecting special interests, and that it prevent oppression and destroy privilege in business—not that it undertake in any ROOSEVELT fashion to distribute benefits and "run" business. But the view is also controverted—violently controverted. Many Americans want government to go farther than that. A striking instance is the one we mentioned last week. ROOSEVELT and some, at least, of his following want government not merely to protect and favor certain industries with the tariff, but to see that workmen in those industries get good wages. If such a step were taken, could it possibly lead to anything less than a sort of underwriting by government of all industries—a guarantee by government of good wages to all who work?

Clearly, here is a great matter. It is the crux of our present-day discussions; it is the heart of our uncertainty. For the all-absorbing theme of ou. time is the right relation of government and business, and in the long run the controlling consideration is going to be the extent and character of monopoly among us. Can government prevent monopoly, or must government itself monopolize power? Let a man define his views on this matter and he will place himself in the fundamental alignment of to-day and of to-morrow. Mr. VAIL is one of those fortunately at hand who can speak concerning business, not infallibly, of course, but as one having authority. It will be well for us if there shall appear in time men who can speak concerning government, its true character and powers—what it can do and what it cannot do—with equal authority and with equal candor and good temper.

A Kind Word for Protection

Brother HEARST'S papers are bound to be interesting, even if they have to be surprising. They have surprised some people by taking this particular time to discover that protection is not so black as it has been painted. As the HEARST papers have themselves been accustomed to lay the black on about as thick as it would go, the change looks a trifle sudden. Still, there are some of us who can't pronounce it entirely unexpected. We have rather got in the habit of expecting the unexpected from Brother HEARST, anyhow. Besides, this is a Presidential year, and in such years Brother HEARST always likes to be more unexpected than usual. At the start he succeeded. He had an inspiration. Right after the Baltimore convention he announced that for once he was going to be good and stand by the ticket like other folks. That *was* unexpected. But not all of us expected it to last, and now we have again the other kind of unexpectedness—the kind we are used to.

Well, it is not so bad. We are not sure but it will work out better than what was promised. Brother HEARST undertakes to show that if a commodity is manufactured over here more cheaply than in England it is nevertheless good policy to make our people pay fifty per cent. more for it than the English consumers pay. We rather hope he will keep on along that line. He does it, he says, to show that "it is easy to talk free-trade nonsense." That doesn't hit anybody. No party or candidate of any importance is standing for free trade. On the other hand, Brother HEARST may succeed in showing his readers that it is easier still to talk protection sophistry.

As to Mr. Schiff

The *Tribune* wants to know "just how far west of the Hudson River will Governor WILSON wish to spread the glad tidings of the accession of Mr. JACOB H. SCHIFF to his standard?" And we take the liberty of replying that there is no reason why he should not rejoice to have the information spread all over the country. A better, broader, or more patriotic citizen than JACOB H. SCHIFF does not exist in these United States—and nobody knows that better than the *Tribune*. No humbug, now!

A Humorous Suggestion

The Republicans have no fear with regard to Vermont.—*Baltimore American.*

Oh, they haven't? Well, you wait! Wouldn't it be funny if Vermont should elect a Democratic Governor?

Correct

Dr. WILSON, although he is an able man and no doubt regards himself as a safe man, is, nevertheless, plainly touched by the progressive disease.—*Hartford Courant.*

Touched? Why, bless you, he is incurable!

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Woman Again!

A TRAVELER from another sphere might easily suppose from a cursory glance through the magazines and papers that woman was a peculiar, unknown animal, recently discovered, with which no one knew exactly what to do. From an article published in one of the best current magazines (perhaps as a little editorial joke?) we derive the following amazing and upsetting information upon the strange and unfamiliar creature.

To begin with, the writer of the article gives us an original translation. "The eternal feminine leads us upward" is, she says, the German for the French proverb: "Where there is mischief search for the woman." Then the author continues: "Look at the bodies of men and of women. Man's gives out strength and energy, woman's stores them up in endurance." But we are not sure that this statement can stand quite unchallenged. When a woman is taking care of six children that she has brought into the world, when she is doing the family cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing, and earning a little on the side to help along—under these and related circumstances the woman's body may also be said to give out strength and energy, we should say.

The delightful writer of this article—and few articles that we have seen can compete with it in furnishing real hilarity—then assures us that she bases her profound arguments upon the stimulating ideas of Herr Dr. GEORG GRODDECK, of Baden-Baden. This modern Miltonic thinker supplies the lady with the following: "On this feeling of personality rests a man's sense of duty, his energy, his capability of sacrifice, his worship of the Idea. Without this worship of the Idea, which has always created all the deeds of man, everything is lost that has been won. Every great and beautiful thing in life is the work of the man; it is the work of personality in man, and that will remain so, for only a human being who possesses personality can do creative work; and woman has no personality."

In this latter statement the meek lady writer greatly rejoices. But though the gentleman from whom she quotes were Herr Superintendent-Professor-Doctor ZIEGENBOCKSBEINE, or whatever ANDERSEN'S famous hero was named, the quotation would remain as unjustifiably silly and as absurd a sample of heavy Teutonic sentimentality.

Some of the information given us by this new writer is too important to overlook or to remain confined to the circulation of one magazine. Woman is not a personality, she tells us decisively, she is a symbol. However, a symbol, she says consolingly, is not necessarily an inferior thing. "Woman," she says, "has a different purpose, and the self-centered feeling of personality is impossible to her. *She is God-centered.*" This is indeed an honor, or it sounds like one, though it is difficult to tell what it means. We wonder if woman is *always* "God-centered" or only occasionally so. Our author continues, "Woman is divine—a power working through men to accomplish what she will." This theory of ethics does not coincide with KANT'S moral law, to treat each human being as an end in himself, nor does the grammar follow the usual standards, but doubtless divine woman, with her symbolism, does not need grammar to convey her ideas. Then we learn further, to our bewilderment:

1. That "to the woman the feeling is everything; to the man, reason."

2. That "the idea that a woman must marry only for love has bred about as much evil as one could expect from an emotional catch-word."

3. That "it is only after marriage, after close companionship with her husband, that a woman *can* love."

Then we are assured of an astounding fact that has heretofore been overlooked in biology—namely, that after marriage the woman becomes "half a maiden and half a man." This, says the writer, is a biologic fact. If a woman, alarmed at this threatening combination of infancy and a change of sex, decides not to marry she does not escape tragedy, for then, says this merciless writer, she is abnormal and one-sided. What a terrible choice is here for one-half the human race! All women living must marry and perform the difficult feat of remaining a child and becoming a man, or they must remain single and be one-sided and abnormal.

As to the other three propositions, woman is in as tragic a quandary. She must not marry for love. Indeed, she cannot love until after she has been married a long time. She has no reason and no personality and is all feeling, and yet this stern moralist insists that without any sense a woman must manage to make a critical study of a man before she chooses him as the father of her children. Perhaps, suggests this new monitor, woman thinks that love should be above criticism? (What has the woman to do with love when she is merely choosing a husband? Has she not been assured that love is not even born at this stage of the game?) No more than MILTON is above criticism, says the lady writer. It took criticism to place MILTON where he is. This may mean that it is wiser, if a woman is going to criticize her husband, to do it before rather than after marriage. If this was what the writer was trying to say it is quite the sanest utterance in the whole piece. One trying omission is that in all these instructions, given with a certitude that not every scientist can hope to attain, woman is not told with what faculty she shall do her studying and choosing. Perhaps, since she is devoid of sense, reason, and personality, she is to turn her symbolism to this profound use, though one fails to see exactly how.

Once married and in the permanent care of a man, one might hope that the poor, dilemma-ridden creature might reach a moment of ease. Not at all. She has now to face another contradiction as insoluble as that of loving her husband before she can love and of employing the highest intellectual faculties in choosing him when she has no intellectual faculties. Woman has but one object, one purpose, among all the million purposes in life. It is a "divine purpose," though its results would not always lead us to believe so. This purpose is motherhood. "We have the criminal spectacle," says the author, rising to melodramatic eloquence, "the criminal spectacle of woman not achieving this purpose for fear she will not be happy." Horrible! Horrible! Most horrible! And yet the pursuit of happiness has usually been considered a somewhat general aim. Woman, then, must progress from "choosing as wisely and unamorously as possible" the father of her children, to the divine purpose of having children, but she must never bring into the world a child that "cannot be well born and well reared." This presents the difficulties of looking well to one's ancestors long before birth or else committing the crime of missing the divine purpose. However, this dilemma is no more difficult than the other presented by this unrelenting writer. Despite recent studies in heredity, the task of producing perfect human beings is one not to be minimized. Yet poor woman must accomplish the feat without mentality and with feeling which is not feeling until long after her children are born.

But should she live through this much of her sad destiny, what awaits her? She is to apply the intelligence she lacks to seeing that she does not have more children than her strength and her means will allow. President ELIOT says that the average number of children to a Harvard graduate is two and one-tenth, so we judge that this is about the correct number. Having, then, produced her two and one-tenth quota of the race, what remains for her to do? Mental occupation other than that enumerated herein is denied her. She must devote the remainder of her threescore years and ten (after five have been deducted as a liberal allowance for the progeny) to developing her sons' personality and to teaching her daughters to follow in her footsteps—teaching them, that is to say, how to choose wisely and "unamorously" the man they are going to love some twenty years hence, while in the mean time they remain child-men. Doubtless the task, if seriously undertaken, is adequate to fill in the years.

And what compensations has a woman? "She is a brooder," "she is near to the heart of divinity": but, best of all, "she overhears God-likeness." This last sounds so well that it almost persuades one to be willing to attempt the insuperable difficulties of a female career in order to find out how "God-likeness" sounds.

Correspondence

LIGHT BOATS FOR PRESIDENTIAL RACES

PITTSBURG, PA., *July 25, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In Professor Wilson's book, *Congressional Government*, I find this sentence on page 43:

"A decisive career, which gives a man a well-understood place in public estimation, constitutes a positive disability for the Presidency; because candidacy must precede election and the shoals of candidacy can be passed only by a light boat which carries little freight and can be turned readily about to suit the intricacies of the passage."

What about the Bull Moose if this happens to fall under his baleful eye while he is running amuck to defeat the professor's ambition? Will the professor dare hint that He has had no "decisive career" and no "well-understood place" and then hope to exist on the same continent with Him? Certainly if not in his own behalf, the Great Corrector will be moved to stand by the "decisive careers" and "well-understood places" of such distinguished and successful ex-candidates as Jefferson and Jackson, and Lincoln and Cleveland, and show us, the plain people, that we have not been deceived by the historians. The Bull Moose has written some biographies himself. He ought to be able to confute this upstart from New Jersey.

Confront the Bull Moose with this, but keep well out of his reach. I am, sir,

G. C. KENNEDY.

MORE "CUTENESS"

SEATTLE, WASH., *August 8, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of August 3d you make editorial reference to the "big politics" practised by Colonel Roosevelt in his reference to Governor Wilson as "Doctor." Would you be interested in another instance of the Colonel's "cuteness" along the same line? In his editorial in the *Outlook* of July 13th he discusses the merits of the controversy over the Washington delegation to the National Convention at Chicago. In a statement in which there is scarce a line which consists with the truth, he says: "Mr. Ballinger, once Taft's Secretary of the Interior, was among the minority members, by the way." Knowing that the real merits of the Washington controversy cannot or should not in fairness be made to depend upon the presence of Judge Ballinger at our State Convention, he nevertheless makes this statement for the purpose of influencing those who might have a prejudice against this much-maligned gentleman. This is, indeed, "big politics." It might be of interest to you to know that Judge Ballinger was *not* a member of the delegation, was *not* present at the convention, and did *not* in any way, directly or indirectly, participate in the deliberations thereof or in any of the proceedings leading thereto, and that therefore the Colonel's statement is as lacking in veracity as it is in relevancy.

Wherefore the following quotation is not impertinent:

"In the struggle for honest politics there is no more place for the liar than for the thief. In a movement designed to end the thief's domination, little good can be derived from the liar's assistance."—*Colonel Roosevelt in the Outlook of September 1st.*

I am, sir,

W. T. DOVELL.

A TRIBUTE TO BARNUM

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *August 3, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. Dukeman, of California, having made his pronunciamento concerning your very sensible articles on the ex-President of the United States, I think it no more than fair that you should also be commended by that portion of our State that is not "Roped and Hog-tied" in the interests of Mr. Roosevelt. We regret beyond measure that an ex-President has so conducted himself that such an exposure of his conduct has become necessary, but we rejoice that HARPER'S WEEKLY has had the courage to tell the whole truth about the demagogue who makes merchandise of the highest office in the world to further his private ambitions.

By the way, is it not interesting to note that the one American who stands out as the most astute observer of American weaknesses that ever lived is P. T. Barnum, at whose feet the ex-President has evidently sat; he is no mean imitator when it comes to humbugging the dear people.

I am, sir,

J. H. MORSE.

PERMISSION GRANTED

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *July 25, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of July 20th, replying to William S. Hcerner, who asked about the seating of the contesting delegates from California to the Republican National Convention, you assert in positive terms: "There is no question whatever of the rightfulness of that decision."

Permit me to differ from you absolutely as to that point and other statements you assert to be facts.

The only point at issue is whether we live under a Republican form of government, whether the people of a sovereign State may fix their own method of selecting delegates, subject, of course, to the limitations of the Constitution, or whether a National Committee is supreme. Personally I would rather trust the people. I am, sir,

ROBERT BURNS, JR.

A BOUQUET

BOSTON, MASS., *August 3, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In my humble opinion an editorial should be a straightforward expression of a periodical's policy—without variations or trills; a political article should be unequivocal, but in its highest form disclosing a wit which plays about the other candidates like a whip about the horse's ears. Therefore HARPER'S WEEKLY is the best periodical of its kind in the country. Your editorials are a joy in this day of spineless alignment, while the articles by your correspondent A. Maurice Low, always a scholarly and keen critic and analyst of American affairs, undoubtedly give as great pleasure to your subscribers as they do dismay to the supporters of "The only real candidate," whose political methods Mr. Low has so consistently and accurately flayed. This was the consensus of opinion among some men with whom I sat at a lunch club today, so that I am venturing an individual expression of it. I am, sir,

WALTER G. THOMAS.

"UNDIVIDED"

CORWIN SPRINGS, MONT., *August 9, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—"We stand for (or on) an undivided nation."—*The Bull Moose.*

Undivided in the sense that only those faithful followers who march meekly beneath the blood-red banner of the Great Reformer shall alone be counted; all the rest are imbeciles and must be disfranchised. It's great to be the whole cheese. 'Tis a worthy ambition, and those who stand in the way of the conqueror should, and probably will, be annihilated. For is it not written in the New Commandments that: "We mean to tear down only that which (in our opinion) is wrong." *Long Live the Emperor!*

I am, sir,

JAS. SHINE.

SURPRISING AND PAINFUL

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *July 31, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is surprising and painful to see HARPER'S WEEKLY printing such words as Righteousness, Virtue, and Me with small letters. Has the Journal of Civilization lost all respect for sacred persons and things? I am, sir,

OLD TIMER.

BRIEFLY SWEET

MOBILE, ALA., *August 12, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Conspicuously reasonable in an age of reason, imbued with cheerful optimism, they preach without cant, criticize without cynicism: I like your little essays immensely. I am, sir,

R. B. RICHARDSON.

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PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

FOR THE WEEK ENDING *August 19th.*

IT is all settled. WILSON is going to carry every State except possibly Vermont. ROOSEVELT is going to sweep the country. TAFT is to get 384 electoral votes out of 531. We have the highest authorities for these positive declarations based upon the accurate information in the possession of the various managers. Not to be outdone longer by the other campaigners, Chairman HILLES made his announcement this week. These are the sure TAFT States:

Colorado	6	New Jersey	14
Connecticut	7	New Mexico	4
Delaware	3	New York	45
Idaho	4	North Dakota	5
Illinois	29	Ohio	24
Indiana	15	Oregon	5
Iowa	13	Pennsylvania	38
Kansas	10	Rhode Island	5
Kentucky	13	South Dakota	5
Maine	6	Tennessee	12
Maryland	8	Utah	4
Massachusetts	18	Vermont	4
Michigan	15	Washington	7
Minnesota	12	West Virginia	8
Missouri	18	Wisconsin	13
Montana	4	Wyoming	3
Nevada	3		
New Hampshire	4	Total	384

The States now conceded to the Democrats are:

Alabama	12	North Carolina	12
Arkansas	9	South Carolina	9
Florida	6	Texas	20
Georgia	14	Virginia	12
Louisiana	10		
Mississippi	10	Total	114

Four States are classed as doubtful, the chances of the Progressive party being confined to them. The TAFT managers, it can be stated, do not believe ROOSEVELT will obtain the electoral votes of any State. The four States marked doubtful, however, are:

Arizona	3	Nebraska	8
California	13		
Oklahoma	10	Total	34

That makes it as easy as rolling off a log. It seems that WILSON is not nearly as strong as BRYAN, who got 162 votes under the old apportionment in 1908, or even PARKER, who secured 155 in 1904. Mr. HILLES is to be congratulated particularly upon the ease with which TAFT has already carried New Jersey. The certainty, we suppose, is based upon the tremendous showing which the President made against ROOSEVELT in the Jersey primaries. The only reason, we are told, why Mr. HILLES does not include Texas and Mississippi in the TAFT column is that he hasn't had time to go down there and observe the Republican ground-swell. He will make a visit shortly.

Meanwhile, oddly enough, WILSON has carried Pennsylvania. Former State-Treasurer BERRY visited Sea Girt and, after talking with the candidate, said:

I figure it this way: Colonel ROOSEVELT will get between 250,000 and 300,000 votes, not much more. TAFT will get between 700,000 and 800,000 votes. WILSON will get the normal Democratic vote plus about 50,000 Republican votes. This, considering the division of the Republican vote, will give the State to WILSON.

This also is clear as a whistle. According to Mr. BERRY the vote will be about as follows: TAFT, say, 750,000; WILSON, 800,000; ROOSEVELT, 300,000; total, 1,850,000. True, the total vote in 1908 was only 1,200,000, so the voting population must have increased fully 50 per cent. That, however, is a small matter when one starts out to "figure this way." Just how 50,000 added to the normal Democratic vote of 450,000 is going to beat 750,000 for TAFT is somewhat perplexing, too; perhaps the reporters got Mr. BERRY's figures twisted. Anyhow, WILSON is going to carry Pennsylvania; so that is off our minds.

JOHN D. CLARK, "a prominent lawyer of Cheyenne," also writes to Vice-Chairman MCADOO that he has carried Wyoming for WILSON. This will be a great disappointment to the cowboy candidate.

On the other hand, Mr. STIFEL, whoever he may be, announces officially that Missouri is sure for TAFT—and so it goes.

There is no particular harm in this silly bragging, but when it comes to figures we may confide that we are making a few on our own hook, for the next number of the *North American Review*, that will be really worth looking at.

Former Senator GEORGE F. EDMUNDS brought down upon his venerable head the wrath of the guerrilla chieftain when he expressed, in an interview with the *Evening Post*, his opinion that the SHERMAN Anti-Trust Act contains all the law that is necessary to break up monopolies. All that has been lacking, he declared, was due enforcement, and by way of illustration he added: "The ROOSEVELT part in the Tennessee Coal purchase and his withdrawal of the Harvester Trust suit illustrate in what manner the SHERMAN law was applied in those seven years," meaning when ROOSEVELT was President. This was too much for the Colonel, who forthwith placed the venerable Senator in the category with BILL SYKES TAFT, Uncle JOHN D., and "every great crooked corporation in Wall Street and outside of Wall Street." He added, politely: "Mr. EDMUNDS, with his eyes open, appears as the apologist and defender of the men and practices against whom and against which it was originally supposed the Anti-Trust law was made. Every crooked corporation lawyer and every crooked head of a corporation will follow Mr. EDMUNDS's lead in this

Courtesy of "Country Life in America"

matter." This is the first time that GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, who represented the State of Vermont in the Senate for twenty years, with considerable credit to both himself and his State, has ever been designated as a guide and leader of crooks, and he must have been somewhat surprised. We shall be surprised, too, if the Colonel does not discover, when he gets up to Vermont on his campaign expedition, that Mr. EDMUNDS still holds a pretty high place in the esteem of his former constituents. It was an odd break for the crafty guerrilla to make, and some sharp things are likely to be said in his hearing. The further fact may yet be impressed upon Mr. ROOSEVELT that Mr. EDMUNDS, although well along in years, possesses a mind as clear and a pen as caustic as ever before. There are times when the most audacious huntsman does well to refrain from awakening sleeping lions.

The women folks seem likely to cut a wider swath in this campaign than ever before. Immediately following the advertised activities of Miss JANE ADDAMS on behalf of Mr. ROOSEVELT, and of Mrs. BORDEN HARRIMAN in the interest of Governor WILSON, came the announcement that Miss MABEL BOARDMAN was to take charge of a similar movement for Mr. TAFT. Miss BOARDMAN, however, reached the conclusion that she ought not to engage in partisan politics while continuing to be President of the National Red Cross Society, and said, very sensibly:

As a private citizen I believe in the policies of the Republican party and the progressive promises of its platform. I believe in the midst of world-wide unrest President TAFT has made a wise and great President, that he has accomplished by quiet, persistent effort more true progress than any other President, that he has stood for the equal rights of all men and against attacks upon our Constitution and our institutions that safeguard the liberties of our people, that he has stood for progress by evolution and not revolution.

But I believe also that no one whose name has been so associated with any great non-political work or organization has the right to permit the use of his or her name in public when such use cannot fail to carry with it more or less of the influence of the work or organization with which he or she may have been publicly associated.

I hold that for this reason Miss ADDAMS, though having the right to her personal convictions, has not the right to utilize the influence of the great social-betterment work with which she has been so widely associated and for which she has done so much for the benefit of political parties or policies.

It is difficult to see why Miss ADDAMS should not help along the new party if she really believes that doing so would add efficiency to her social-betterment work. Nevertheless, the judgment of the equal-suffrage leaders that she should first have resigned her position as vice-president of the national organization is unassailable. The suffrage movement is too big and too important to be made the tail of any kite.

The following telegram from the Colonel to Miss JANE was finally published:

Did I put into the telegram the flat-footed statement without qualification or equivocation that I am for woman suffrage, that the Progressive party is for woman suffrage, and that I believe within half a dozen years we shall have no one in the United States against it?

And with one accord Dr. SHAW, Mrs. CATT, Mrs. BLATCH, Mrs. MACKAY, Mrs. HARPER, Mrs. BELMONT, Mrs. WELLS, and Miss MILHOLLAND murmured, "This is so sudden!"

Meanwhile, Miss MARY GARRETT HAY, president of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, was returning from the West full of interesting information.

"I can't figure it out any other way," she said, "than that our best plan is to work to keep our enemies out of the Legislature and get our friends in. I'm not criticising the suffragists who go with the National Progressive party. Different women think differently, and they have a right to. It is absurd for any one to say that JANE ADDAMS didn't know what she was doing when she seconded ROOSEVELT'S nomination. She knew what she was doing. But I'm going to keep along at straight suffrage, what time I can spare from my club work."

Miss HAY says the T. R. party took up women because it saw it had to.

"Much of their strength lies in the West, and women are strong there," she said. "The party needs the women of the voting States. And there's no denying that sentiment for T. R. is growing in the West, especially in California. The West is enthusiastic, and T. R.'s strenuosity appeals to their enthusiasm. The West is taking to suffrage like a duck to water. Why, the convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was nine-tenths for suffrage. That suffrage resolution wasn't voted down; it was kept

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from a vote by a ruling of the president, Mrs. MOORE; and the suffrage sentiment was strongest among the Western delegates—yes, and in the Southern. Southern women are strong for suffrage.

"Then it isn't true, as has been said, that Governor WILSON is 'on the fence' about suffrage, because he is afraid that to declare for it might hurt him in the Southern States?" the reporter asked.

"WILSON?" said Miss HAY. "He's—academic. I am afraid he'll be elected, though."

Governor WILSON made his first campaign talk to the farmers of South Jersey and got in some good knocks at the tariff, apropos of President TAFT's vetoes of the wool and steel bills. Despite his announced intention to avoid personalities during the campaign, he could not resist the temptation to take a crack a Senaor ALDRICH:

"One of the gentlemen who have been most conspicuously connected with this thing has in recent years prudently withdrawn from public life," said the Governor. "I mean the one-time senior Senator from Rhode Island, Mr. ALDRICH. I at least give Mr. ALDRICH the credit of having had a large weather eye. He saw that the weather was changing in Rhode Island—even in Rhode Island—as well as in the rest of the Union; that men who had long known that he was imposing upon them felt that the limit had been reached and they were not going to be imposed upon any longer."

Careful inquiry, we suspect, would convince the Governor that his inference in one particular was erroneous. The general opinion has been that Mr. ALDRICH retired from the Senate voluntarily, in consequence of a desire to pass his remaining years in peace and comfort. There has never been any sign of a disposition among Rhode Island Republicans to force him out of public life. On the contrary, there has developed recently a considerable effort to induce him to reconsider his determination to retire. It is just as well to keep these incidental matters straight.

It was rather mean of Former Governor ODELL to remember as much as he did about the famous HARRIMAN contribution in 1904, especially since Mr. BLISS is dead and Mr. CORTELYOU's recollection has gone back on him. That ought to have left Mr. GEORGE R. SHELDON's ingenuous version a clear right of way. According to his story, it will be remembered, Mr. ROOSEVELT never saw Mr. HARRIMAN and never knew anything about the matter till after election, no money was raised, anyway, and if there was it was for the State Committee exclusively, the National Committee never had a look in, etc., etc. And now Governor ODELL takes the stand and testifies as follows:

In October of 1904 I was requested by Mr. HARRIMAN to lunch with him. I went to his office and during luncheon he showed me a letter from President ROOSEVELT asking him to come to Washington. I was chairman of the State Committee that year. Mr. HARRIMAN asked me what I supposed the President wanted.

I told him my opinion was that he wanted to consult with him as to New York and the financial condition of the National Committee. Mr. HARRIMAN said he did not want to go, but, after talking it over, he told me he would. I requested Mr. HARRIMAN to bring the President's attention to the Senatorial situation in New York.

Mr. HARRIMAN came to Washington, and a few days afterward I again lunched with him. He told me I was correct—that the President was anxious about the financial condition of the National Committee and would like to have Mr. HARRIMAN's help. Mr. HARRIMAN said he asked about the Senatorial matter, and the President said that if it was necessary he would do as I requested.

Mr. HARRIMAN said he was ready to help the National Committee. I suggested that he wait until the committee exhausted other resources before he gave assistance. Subsequently Mr. CORTELYOU came to my office and said he was unable to raise the rest of the money for the State Committee. The rest amounted to about $200,000. I said it was an embarrassing situation for me, and he asked if I could help out. I replied I would see.

Later I called up Mr. HARRIMAN and told him if he desired to help the National Committee, that it was the proper time to do so. He asked me to have Mr. BLISS and Mr. CORTELYOU come down to see him. I communicated with them and they went. Later that day Mr. HARRIMAN telephoned me that he had raised $240,000, which he had turned over to Mr. BLISS. That same day Mr. BLISS came over and gave me the National Committee's check, signed by himself as treasurer, for $200,000.

What became of the odd $40,000 Mr. ODELL didn't pretend to know.

The Colonel promptly came back with his usual smashing rejoinder. He has said all he was going to say six years ago, "and no human being can so much as attempt to refute any statement therein made without branding himself as dishonest and untruthful." Anything more convincing or more conclusive than this could hardly be imagined. He'll learn 'em!

We record with satisfaction the appointment by Chairman HILLES of our Most Illustrious Defender of the Constitution and By-laws as a member of his advisory board. We refer, of course, to the Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, Jr., of Albany, former associate of the Hon. WILLIAM FLINN, of Pittsburg, but now temporarily estranged. Defender BARNES promptly declared that "there ought not to be a voter in the United States, unless he is so steeped with prejudice that he has not an open mind, who at this time would refuse to vote for WILLIAM H. TAFT for President, and proceeded to set forth the reasons why.

First, he is the only candidate in the field who can be relied upon to protect individual liberty, first enunciated in this world in the Declaration of Independence. For it the war of the Revolution was fought and won. It was then established in the organic law of the United States by the adoption of the Constitution.

We had a vague idea that something had been said somewhere about liberty before Mr. TAFT wrote the Declaration of Independence with Mr. JEFFERSON's kind assistance, but, no doubt about it, the War of the Revolution was fought and won and the Constitution adopted, just as Mr. BARNES says. He continues:

Mr. WILSON stands upon a platform which was framed presumably upon consultation with him, because he was nominated before the platform was adopted, and his statement that "the platform is not a programme" simply discloses the attempt of the Democratic party to elect a President through evasion.

That isn't so, and Mr. BARNES knows it isn't so. The platform was adopted immediately after the nominations were made, and Governor WILSON couldn't have seen it. But Mr. BARNES is too deeply concerned about "mental happiness" and "material welfare" to bother about such a little matter as speaking the truth. It is all right, anyway. He has "perfect confidence in the outcome," along with a good many other people who think just as Mr. BARNES thinks, but differ radically in saying what they really believe.

Who on earth is the "JOSEPHINE DANIELS" referred to in Tuesday's *World* as having had a heart-to-heart talk with Governor WILSON?

It was very nice of Governor WILSON to find himself unable to attend the Vice-Presidential notification. Surely Governor MARSHALL should be privileged to hold the center of the stage for at least a minute and a half. He—meaning MARSHALL—has stopped chewing tobacco, by the way. His wife caught him at it and he had to quit. So he told the reporters at Sea Girt.

While in Boston—on the hallowed Common, in fact—the guerrilla chief seized an opportunity to clear up the PERKINS mystery. The papers told about it.

"How about PERKINS?" somebody shouted.

"I should be delighted to tell you about Mr. PERKINS," began the Colonel in reply. "Mr. PERKINS is a very rich man. I did not go to him and ask for his support. He came to me. He declared that he had come to the conclusion that the country was unsafe; that something had to be done to bring about substantial justice for all the people and something which would put the relations between business and government and between labor and capital on a better basis.

"'As far as I can see,' Mr. PERKINS said to me, 'you are the only public man who is trying to bring about these conditions. I want them brought about so that when my children grow up this country will be a safe place for them and a safe place for my friends' children. And it won't unless such principles as you advocate are put into working effect.'"

This explains all. It is quite natural for a prudent man to feel concerned over the prospects of his progeny. Mr. PERKINS's father experienced the same emotion and wrote a letter about it to Mr. PERKINS, which Mr. PERKINS read to the HUGHES Investigating Committee to show why he took $50,000 of money belonging to the policyholders of the New York Life Company and put it up for Roosevelt in 1904. Not only was the evidence regarded as conclusive, but the scene itself was as touching as could be. Later, it will be remembered, Mr. PERKINS got to thinking about his father's grandchildren who might inherit some Harvester Trust stock and became so worried that he called on President ROOSEVELT and asked him to stop the prosecution of the Harvester Company. The tale of the sad plight of prospective orphans so affected Mr. ROOSEVELT that he telegraphed Attorney-General BONAPARTE, "Please do not file the suit until I hear from you,"—meaning, of course, until the great Corsican should hear from him. This encouraged Mr. PERKINS to get his back up and say a few things to Corporation-Commissioner HERBERT KNOX SMITH, who got so scared he could hardly see, and wrote to Mr. ROOSEVELT:

I believe Mr. PERKINS's statement that his interests would necessarily be driven into active opposition was a sincere one and, in fact, I can hardly see how those great interests can take any other attitude should this prosecution be started.

The interests to which Commissioner SMITH referred, be it understood, were those of Mr. PERKINS's children, who want to grow up in a safe place. The soft-hearted Colonel couldn't bear to look those young things in the face until the suit was quashed—as, of course, it was.

It seems that BILL FLINN also has offspring in danger of starvation. Mr. ROOSEVELT continued:

"Soon after Mr. PERKINS had said these things, Mr. FLINN came to me and made similar remarks. They are supporting me openly and there is nothing veiled.

North and South Africa

"PERKINS and FLINN are supporting me and they have not asked me for anything. They are working for social and industrial justice and they are entitled to be treated with respect."

There was no sign of collusion of any kind on the part of Mr. PERKINS and BILL. They simply happened to be struck by the same idea at about the same time, Mr. PERKINS just a little quicker than BILL. All they want is social and industrial justice for their grown-up little ones and the Colonel is the only man they can see who is trying to bring about those conditions. That is why they are spending their own or other people's money so lavishly. If they succeed in putting their man over the plate, it will prove a good investment. Surely no safer place could be found for Mr. PERKINS's progeny and BILL's babies than the cave in which the guerrilla chief secluded Mr. PERKINS's biggest child, commonly known as the Harvester Trust, or First Aid to Agriculture.

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THE ELEPHANT: "IF I WASN'T IN SUCH A NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN CONDITION MYSELF, I WOULDN'T BE SCARED, EITHER"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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The ESSAYES Of MIKE MONTAIGNE, Jr

OF The SPORTe Of BASE BALL

By Franklin P. Adams — *Cuts by Albert Levering*

The Author To the Reader:

THE Reader, or were I one that am possest of great presumption and vain-glorie, I might saie, Readers, here my well-meaning Essayes. Herein I vowe are but my thoughts and deemings on the World and its machinations, or workings; and many times weak and errant, yet are they mine; for what I pourtray is my selfe, so farreforth as I am able.

"Mundus est plenus numero rerum."—HOR.
(The world is so full of a number of things.)

If in the universe and the solar system I shall not finde themes for my penne, then am I of none worth; but whilest I drawe breathe I must have thoughts, and having them [thoughts] I might give them forth and draw great wealth and repute from them, albeit they be but all others' thoughts, as well as hide them and die that men shall cause a collect of monies be gathered for my widdowe, as was told of Gazinkus the Peritonian, who, attempting to write that which should please persons of all kinds and classes, did die with not so much of gold as would paie for the printing of his obituarie-note.—From MONTAIGNE, JR., *August 17, 1912.*

AT what time I fared to the playhouse to see a comedie on the boardes that night, "The Man from Home," wrote by *Tarkington* the *Indianian*, wherein one did saie, or so I do resummon it after many yeres, that in the countrie of America there is no leisured class save onlie the black or African. Which I deemed a brave jest, yet latelie do find it to contayne less of verities than a good jest should hold and less than erst my thoughte had been. For evereche daie in America there go forth to the witnessing of a game Base Ball called, many thousands of men, and women eke, though these be fewer by reason of their unreason and ineptitude at understandment of the game, and these do sit and watch these men to plaie, thus whiling away two or three houres of the day at observing a game, or sporte, they themselves do not partake in soever. Yet men

As low of brow as any angle-worm

will eche daie read 3 or 4 thousand words upon this sporte of Base Ball, nor never seem to wearie, and my self have taken deep interest in these encountres and tourneys and even to-daie do haste eche after-noon to witness a contest save onlie when that the rain hath rendered that of no possibilitie. Indeed, *Fullerton* the *Chicagoan* hath written of the great number of peoples that do witness in a se'n months' course this game cleped Base Ball, and how many millions I remember not, nor do I hold in mind much of what *Fullerton* the *Chicagoan* hath written; howbeit, at the reading of it, I was thralled by the so-great numbers and the so-great wisdom of them that Base Ball plaie, and albeit many infielders I have met appeared to me to be as low of brow as any angle-worm. Yet it is a great number, make no doubt, that do throng to see these games in many places. In this game a man of one city will throw a ball fashioned of the hide of a horse and hard, and one from the other city will try to hit it with great momentum and velocitie where there shall be none soever to catch it, to biff the pill where they ain't, as is said in *Suetonius* (Suet. xii., 17). Which when one doeth, then cometh so loud and mightie a roar as might come from Xenophon his 10 thousand barytones. So do these battles wage and that city that has won most they do give to a pennon, or streamer, and great gold thereunto in addition. Yet wheresoever his nativity a man may play for another citie, forasmuch as *Evers* the *Trojan* and *Schulte* the *Syracusan* both do joust for the town of Chicago, whilest *Doyle* the *Illinoisan* and *Meyers* the *Indian* both do battle for the city of N. York, which ever me seemed not the truest sporte. They that witness these combats be called Fans, or Fanatics, and they do lose all their senses, and if a game, by reason of great closeness, be overlong in the playing, yet will they tarry to the end thereof and come tardy to their dinners, whereat their wives wax wood wroth and call the game a silly one and their husbands great fools. And, indeed, I am not of those that have patience with men that hold greatly for the healthfulnesse of watching Base Ball, sithence they do but sit and smoke at tobacko-ciggarres, when they might with more profitt to their healths be playing at Golfe or Lawn-tennis. Yet so great is the force of imagination that I have known men of high honour and integritie, like *McCutcheon* the tayle-writer and *Hopper* the *Thespian*, to watch this game with a so-great intensitie and seriousnesse of demeanour and passion that at the end thereof they seem forspent in energie and wearied, albeit they had touched nor bat nor ball. Indeed, I myself, though of such calmness and imperturbabilitie that all men have remarked on it and women do account me of great timiditie, which I truly have and fear ever lest I be deemed overbold, have sat at a game wherein the team *Ursuli*, or Cubs, did play and such was my anxiety lest they lose and so fervid my lust that they win, that at the end, or finish, of the game, I have been totally immersed, or as the Lacedaemonians were wont to say of the Athenians when the latter were worsted by them, *all in*. Sherman the *Utican*, whom *Dunne* the historian hath truly called the greatest Vice-President sithence *Fairbanks* the *Indianian*, goeth often to the game of Base Ball and permitteth the governmenting to do as it listeth, which God wot it would do maugre *Sherman* the *Utican's* actions in politicks. The mob *(vulgus)* do sit upon benches exposed to the rays of the Sun,

"Aut nimiis torret fervoribus ætherius Sol."
LUCR., v., 215.
Or with great heat the well-known Sun doth bleach.

And these benches hence are cleped *Bleachers*, and they that inhabit them *Bleacherites*, whose custome it is to give loud voice to their opinions and partizan cheers. Yet once I did see *Cobb* the *Georgian* so woodwroth because of words he hath heard from a *Bleacherite* that accoutred as he was he did leap upon him and do dire despoyling of his countenance and features so that, an his parent had met with the *Bleacherite*, he had not at all known his offspring. Which I did admyre to see, albeit I do so greatly love and worship Peace and her sweet pleasures.

But the Sporte of Base Ball hath a great fascination for men to watch it, and men do so love to see win, them they favour: in sooth, many care for nought else. And I have observed that Base Ball fans are but poore sportes as the rule, though some, like *Hapgood* the *Progressive*, be for the sporte of the game, for the Chase rather than the Quarry, which

Whereas their wives wax wroth

me seems is the essence of all sporte, and men ought treat their work and even Life so that not the gold nor the acquirement of it should be the end, but the living of the life in the best way to all. Too in politickes I would have those ingaged in them to give less weight to the holding of offices and such than to the great worke they may do for their country her sake.

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What Playgoers will See when the Curtain Rises on the Season of 1912-13

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

IT is not flattering to our national pride to observe how large is the proportion of foreign works in the announcement of the new dramas for the now opening season. These foreign plays comprise, in reality, the most important undertakings of every New York manager who is putting forward a serious dramatic effort. It is still difficult to find among our own playwrights names which will balance consolingly with those of Pinero, Shaw, Bernstein, J. M. Barrie, and Pierre Loti. But there is a law of compensation which works advantageously to the humbler American playwright. However eminent the author of a drama of foreign origin may be, it is the appeal of the work itself which finally determines the degree to which it is appreciated by the American people. So when the history of the new season comes to be written, it may well be that some of the efforts of our own writers will have made a much deeper impression than the importation by the most eminent of the European playwrights. To emphasize the difference between promise and fulfilment, it is only necessary to observe the fate of "Bought and Paid For," which has been on view at the playhouse conducted by William A. Brady for nearly a year. George Broadhurst did not loom large in the prospects of the past season when its plans were published a year ago. Arthur Wing Pinero, with his promised offering of "Preserving Mr. Panmure," seemed a much more important incident of the year in the theater. But Mr. Pinero's trivial farce soon disappeared from view, while there are still audiences to be found for Mr. Broadhurst's study of certain phases of New York life. So the American playwright need not lose courage because his competitors seem so much more imposing than he at the beginning of the present theater year.

J. M. Barrie's first long drama since "What Every Woman Knows," to be called "The Legion of Leonora," will be welcome not only for its own sake, but because it will transfer to her real place on the stage Maude Adams, who is a talent too rare to be disguised permanently under the plumage of Rostand's barnyard hero. Then there is the promise that Miss Adams may be seen once more in some representations of "Peter Pan," in which her popular and artistic success reached its zenith. To complete the measure of Barrie's contribution to the coming season's plays, Mr. Frohman includes in his list "Rosalind" and "The Ladies' Shakespeare," two one-act dramas by the Scotch playwright. Delightful memories of "The Twelve Pound Look" will assuredly stimulate the desire of theater-goers to see these latest achievements of Mr. Barrie's workmanship in the smaller forms of the drama. Arthur Pinero, who will send here "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" this year, has returned in this drama of the career of a Gaiety girl to the field which inspired him to such idyllic comedy as "Trelawney of the Wells." The popularity of the new play in London seemed to show that the author still views the life of the theater through the same romantic haze that made "Trelawney of the Wells" his masterpiece in comedy. Billie Burke will have opportunity to enact the heroine of this play—a task for which she is suited, at all events, from the physical viewpoint. Another London product is the play made by James Fagan from "Bella Donna," the novel of Robert Hichens. Here scenes of London life contrast with the existence of a handful of English people on the Egyptian sands, with the dominating figure of the evil English beauty always in the foreground. It is Alla Nazimova who will incarnate in this country the London butterfly whose gay wings were soiled and broken before she won an honest young Englishman as husband. All of these plays belong to Charles Frohman. Mr. Frohman puts forward "The Attack" as the first of his French offerings, a play of Henry Bernstein's which tells of the attempt to blackmail an honorable French politician, and the power of the man in coming unscathed through this effort of his enemies. "The Attack" was included in the five plays which were most successful last year in Paris. John Mason has been selected as the protagonist in a play that possesses some characteristics of life in the United States which our own dramatists have not ignored. Two more of these, "La Flambee," by Henri Kistemaeckers, and "Primrose" by De Flers and Caillavet, are also in Mr. Frohman's list of French works. The first interested its audiences at the Porte St. Martin on account of the patriotic study of the relations between man and wife, which still absorbs the attention of the French

Renee Kelly
TO APPEAR IN H. K. WEBSTER'S NEW AMERICAN PLAY, "JUNE MADNESS"

playwright to such an extent that the success of "Primrose" at the Théâtre Français must have been a surprise even to its authors. There is, in this drama of contemporaneous life in France, with the background of Church and country almost feudal in their conservatism, no suggestion of that *ménage à trois* which has been for so long an unfailing inspiration to the French playwrights. The love of a girl for a man who cannot speak to her because he has suffered a loss of fortune, her retirement to a convent, and the abolition of the religious houses in France so that she is again free to marry the man who has always loved her and is now sufficiently restored to his fortune to speak to her: these are the sentimental episodes of the play which almost drove the classic répertoire of the Comédie Française temporarily from its place, so insistent was the demand of the Paris public to see it last winter. John Drew will this year be the hero of Alfred Sutro's "The Perplexed Husband," a satirical comedy illustrating the effects of a wife's sudden conversion to the theory that she must lead her own life with only the assistance of a philosopher of her own selection. Her easy-going husband meets this change of heart by consenting to all her suggestions, and insists that his typewriter must be brought into the house in order that she also may have the benefit of the intellectual and spiritual awakening in his wife. It is when the philosopher and typewriter depart together, leaving the husband and wife in their original felicity, that peace is once more restored to this congenial pair. Paris has enjoyed during the spring and summer months a play of the struggle among the samurai called "Japanese Honor." Lawrence Irving has acquired the play for his use in England. If it meets with success there Mr. Frohman will produce it here. Its London form will differ materially from the Gallic original, for there will be but one warrior struggling to vindicate the honor of his tribe, whereas in the French play, there are thirty-seven samurai. It was the exquisite pictures of old Japan as well as the play itself that served to interest the Parisians. Mr. Frohman promises that these shall be reproduced here in case the play is given in New York.

It will be Christmas before Donald Brian exhausts the popularity of "The Siren." Leo Fall's operetta which lasted prosperously throughout last season. Then "The Marriage Market" will be ready for the popular dancers. It is an operetta of German origin, although its scenes are laid in California, where the naïve librettist has discovered the existence of a market at which young girls are sold as brides. Julia Sanderson's May-day beauty will no longer contribute to the success of Mr. Brian's performance. Miss Sanderson is to become the heroine of "The Sunshine Girl" when her participation in "The Siren" comes to an end. This girl, like so many of her predecessors, comes from the Gaiety Theater in London. She happens to work in a soap-factory, which makes her in the mode this season, for more than one heroine of musical force in this year of grace belongs to the working classes. Edward Sheldon has made a new stage version of "Alice in Wonderland" for Mr. Frohman, and when the New York public hears the work it will be with the accompaniment of a musical score. It may be that Leo Fall's successful operetta, "The Doll Girl," will be presented by Mr. Frohman later in the present season.

Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Fanny's First Play," has enjoyed greater success than any of the cynical playwright's previous dramas in London. It has already been acted more than six hundred times at the Little Theater, and when the Shuberts bring the work to this country it is promised that the English players will be here to act their rôles as they did for the author in London. Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance," a grimly realistic and relentless study of the duty of a son toward the memory of his father, is another play which the Shuberts will import, to be presented by Barker's own company, headed by Lillian McCarthy and Henry Ainley. Barker is also to give his "Waste" and "Prunella." "The Master of the House" was taken by Edgar James from a German original, but is otherwise American in theme. In "The Merry Countess," which opened the Casino, the Shuberts have made an ambitious effort to win success for Johann Strauss's "Die Fledermans," which has so far failed to meet here with the success it has enjoyed in some of the continental countries. The new version which Gladys Unger made in London

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BILLIE BURKE

She will play the chief role in Pinero's new play, "The 'Mind-the-Paint'-Girl"

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Some Prominent Players

Mary Ryan
IN "STOP THIEF!"

Eddie Foy
IN "OVER THE RIVER"

Ina Claire
IN "THE QUAKER GIRL"

John Barrymore
IN "ANATOL"

Ruth Chatterton
IN "THE RAINBOW"

John Mason
IN "THE ATTACK"

was called by her "The Night Birds." This title for an English form of the German version of Meilhac and Halévy's farce "Le Reveillon" possessed undoubted appropriateness. Previous use in this country, however, made it necessary to abandon that suitable name. A stage version of Rex Beach's novel "The Ne'er Do Well," from the expert pen of Charles Klein, is one of the dramatic productions to be under the control of the Shuberts, who will also have two theaters which are to offer programmes of uncommon interest. Annie Russell is to spend several months at the Princess Theater, built especially for her use, acting in "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," "Much Ado About Nothing," and other classic comedies, while Lewis Waller is to be at Daly's Theater during the whole of next winter. He promises to open his season with "Discovering America," a comedy of London social life by Edward Knoblauch, author of "Kismet." More interesting, however, is the suggestion that he may revive Shakespeare's "Henry V.," with which his London vogue is associated. Other new productions contemplated by the Shuberts are "The Golden Lane (The Five Frankfurters)," adapted by Captain Basil Hood from the German of Carl Rossler; "To Whom Does Helen Belong?" adapted from German by Ferdinand Gottschalk; "Birthright," an American drama by Constance Skinner; "One Scent" (or "The Cinch"), a farce by Edgar Franklin and Matthew White, Jr.; "Love and Hate," a German play by Louis Lehar, a cousin of Franz Lehar; "Die Kinder," by Hermann Behr, author of "The Concert"; "The Hawk," a German thief play, by Gustav Esman; "The Dirigible Air-ship," a German farce by Emil Norini and Ernst Baum; "Ann Boyd," Lucille La Verne's dramatization of Will N. Harben's novel; "Les Petites," by Lucien Nepoty, from the Théâtre Antoine. For musical pieces, these managers have in prospect "The Man With Three Wives," music by Franz Lehar, book by Paul Potter; Reinhardt's production of "La Belle Hélène"; "Cousin Bobby," book by Jacobson and Wagner, music by Karl Millocker; "Madame Flirt," a farce, with songs by Fritz Brunbaum and Heinz Reichert, music by Anselm Gotzl, adapted by Leonard Liebling; "The Perfume Shop," by Cosmo Gordon Lennox, music by Leslie Stuart; "Liebe Augustine," book by Rudolf Bernauer and Ernst Welisch, music by Leo Fall; "Sherlock Holmes and Arsène Lupin," famous French comedy revue; "The Girl and the Miner," book by Rida Johnson Young, lyrics by Paul West, music by Jerome Kern; "Kean," musical version of "The Royal Box," book by Charles Cassmann, music by Alexander Stefanides; "The Millionaire's Bride," by A. M. Willner and E. Line, music by Heinrich Berte; "The Astrologer," by Rudolph Schanzer, music by Robert Leonard; and a new musical show for Sam Bernard, not yet definitely selected.

"Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, is the serious dramatic contribution of Klaw & Erlanger to the present season. It is at least half American, since Mr. Knoblauch is the most successful of the Harvard school of dramatists. It is novel in design (not in form, since dramatic forms do not change), in that its four acts have a different set of characters, the protagonists being in every case the children of those who were in the preceding act the principal figures. "The Little Café," with which Tristan Bernard kept Paris laughing for more than a year, is a comedy which these managers will produce, but with the addition of music. Two unfamiliar operettas by Franz Lehar will be among the musical novelties to be introduced. One of these is "The Count of Luxembourg," which London has enjoyed for the past year. The work was first produced in Vienna three seasons ago. Their inability to find a singer for the rôle of the heroine is said to be the cause for postponing the American performances of the operetta, which is said to rank musically with the best of Lehar's output. Glen MacDonough has made the English version of the text. Lehar's "Eva," another operetta with a working-girl heroine, to be represented in the lovely person of Elsie Ferguson, will be in a list which includes "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" and "The Money Burners." Georgia Beer and Marcel Guillemand, who have supplied the American stage with "The Pink Lady" and "The Million," wrote "The Primrose Villa," from which "Oh! Oh! Delphine!" was taken. Ivan Caryll has composed the music, while Raymond Hubbell will supply the melodies for Glen MacDonough's extravaganza "The Money Burners." In Eugene Walter's "A Plain Woman," Klaw & Erlanger will produce their annual drama of native authorship. Then Robert Hilliard, who is to be one of the actors under their control during the coming year, will have a new play called "The Argyle Case." William J. Burns is a collaborator in this drama, for he provided the story on which the plot is based. Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins have

(Continued on page 19)

WHAT THEY WILL DO THIS SEASON

Actors and actresses who will appear in new productions and revivals

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ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN PLAYS NEW AND OLD

Miss Abott is singing in "Robin Hood"; Mr. Powers will again play in "Two Little Brides"; Miss Pearson will continue in "Bunty"; Mlle. Dazie is appearing in "The Merry Countess"; Miss Hajos will be in the cast of "The Vagabond Princess"; Miss Wellman is to be seen in "Elevating a Husband," Miss Swinburne in "The Count of Luxembourg." Miss Winter in "His Other Girl." Mr. Sothern is again to play Shakespeare

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ALICE BRADY

Miss Brady, daughter of William A. Brady, the manager, will appear in the dramatization of "Little Women".

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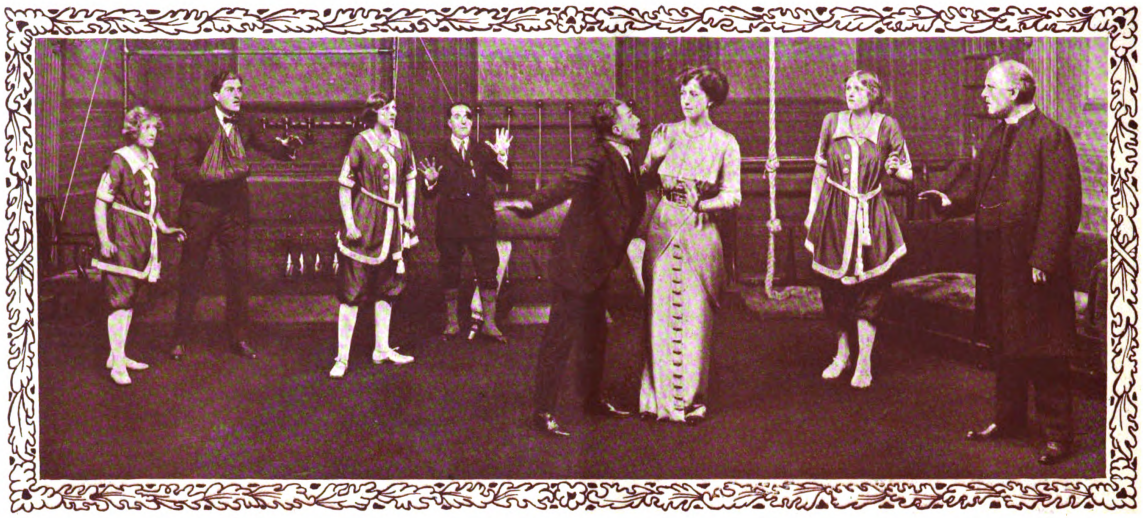
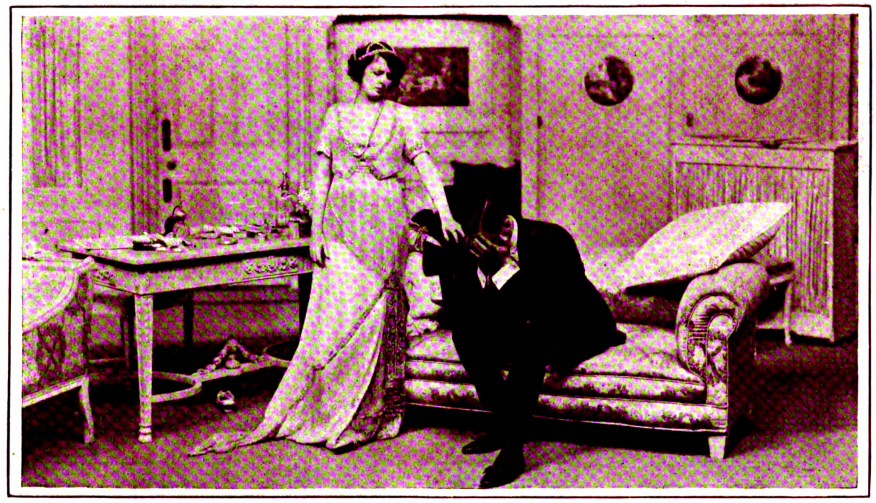
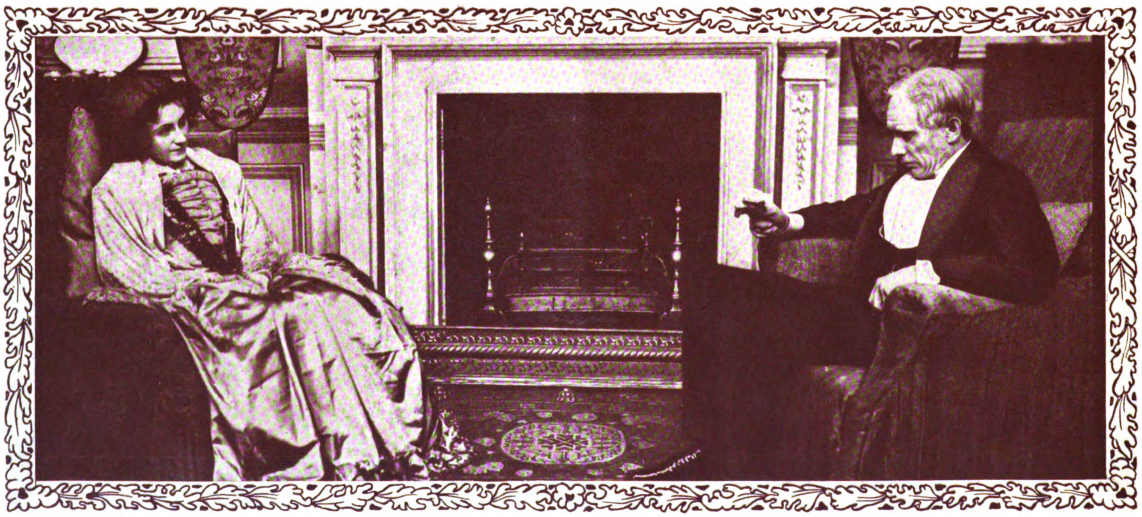


A scene from Pinero's play, "The Amazons," as given at the Duke of York's Theater, London. It will be seen in America this season



"The 'Mind-the-Paint'-Girl," another Pinero play, in which Billie Burke will open the Lyceum Theater



A scene from the last act of "Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, to be produced in this country

FROM THREE IMPORTANT NEW PLAYS

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VIVIAN MARTIN

One of the attractions of "Officer 666"

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Helen Ware
IN "THE TRIAL MARRIAGE"

Trixie Friganza
IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"

Copyright, 1912, by Charles Frohman
Hattie Williams
IN "THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE"

Robert Hilliard
IN "THE ARGYLE CASE"

Edna Baker
IN "STOP THIEF!"

Wallace Jolibeau
IN "OH! OH! DELPHINE!"

Brandon Tynan
TO BE SEEN AS "QUEED"

Weber and Fields
WHO WILL APPEAR IN A NEW SHOW AT THEIR NEW MUSIC HALL

PLAYERS IN NEW PARTS

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THE THEATERS

(Continued from page 13)

worked together to realize its possibilities in the theater.

Wholly American are both "The Case of Becky" and "The Governor's Lady," which David Belasco will put before the audiences in his home theaters this winter. Edward Locke wrote "The Case of Becky" for Frances Starr. This curious study of dual personality in the form of a beautiful young woman interested audiences all over the country last season, for the struggle as to whether good or evil should triumph had never been fought out before on such a field. "The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley, is concerned with a subject altogether American, which has come into notice more than once during recent years. The husband outgrows the wife, his heart turns in other directions, but the old love seems after all the best: such is the subject of Miss Bradley's play, which is of course fortunate to receive the enlightened interpretation of David Belasco, who not only realizes every possibility in a play, but imparts new values to it himself. To these American plays should be added "The Model," to be produced by Charles Frohman, in which Augustus Thomas will endeavor to show how unsuited to our conditions are certain foreign theories of morality.

The Century Theater, which continues this year under the direction of Liebler & Co., will present what is considered an appropriate successor to "The Garden of Allah," but which must seem, to all familiar with the play in its original French, a work of much greater dramatic and literary dignity. Both Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier combined, in "The Daughter of Heaven," to make their knowledge of the East and their poetic appreciation of its beauties subservient to the drama which they have written concerning the struggle between the Manchu and the older Chinese nation. The story is of to-day, and its action reveals the China of the present time, although its events are not historical. The beautiful Chinese Empress of a rebellious province, who dies rather than become the wife of the Manchu ruler who sought her out and loved her: this tale is exquisitely sung in the colored words of these two French poets of the lands of the Orient.

The Irish players are to return next season to this country under the direction of Liebler & Co., bringing with them at least three new plays. They are studies in contemporaneous Irish life. Lennox Robinson and William Boyle are the authors of these pieces, while Lady Gregory has enriched the répertoire of the company by a new one-act comedy with the combination of actual and fantastic character so common in her plays. Madame Simone will return later in a play by Louis N. Parker, in which it is hoped that she may find the material success denied to her last year, more on account of the dramas in which she appeared than for any other reason. Other branches of this company's enterprise will comprise the organization of a Children's Theater to be situated in the Century Theater, with week-day matinees of plays written for their youthful audiences. Richard Bennett, in a play made from O. Henry's novel, "Cabbages and Kings"; Rachel Crothers's play "The Herfords," in which Viola Allen acted last year; "The New Sin," a play by Basil Macdonald Hastings, which is novel in possessing no woman in its dramatis personæ; and a revival of Shaw's "Man and Superman," with Robert Lorraine as its principal feature; Viola Allen and H. B. Warner in new plays; "Captain John Regan," a drama of Irish life by a Catholic priest; and new dramas by Hugh Ford, Julian Street, and Frederick Palmer—these are other promises of the Liebler Company.

From Vienna comes the novelty which Winthrop Ames will bring to the patrons of the Little Theater. Arthur Schitzler's so-called "Anatol Cycle" has been familiar in the theaters of Austria for some years. It is to be called in English "Anatol," and the seven episodes from the life of the frivolous young philanderer are scarcely more than dialogue, which is bright in its worldly way. The title rôle will be played by John Barrymore. For other theaters Mr. Ames has acquired "Romance," by Edward Sheldon, and "June Madness," by Henry Kitchell Webster, which was one of the experiments of the Chicago Drama Players last winter.

Henry W. Savage promises "Somewhere Else," by Avery Hopwood, with music by Gustav Luders, and later a new farce by Rupert Hughes. W. A. Brady is to give "Turandot," the Chinese play by Richard Voellmer, which Max Reinhardt made a success in Berlin. Mr. Brady will present, as well, his stage version of Miss Alcott's "Little Women," which has finally reached the theater. George Broadhurst and Mark Swan have written for Mr. Brady's new theater in Forty-eighth Street, which is to proclaim its exact title in its name, "Just Like John;" and Phillip Bartholomæ, who is one of the youngest of the playwrights, has delivered to Mr. Brady "Little Miss Brown" and "The Light," which will see the footlights this year. Then there are in the Brady budget new works by Jules Eckert Goodman, Thompson Buchanan, Frederick R. Kummer, Edward Sheldon, Madelaine Stewart, Harrison Rhodes, and other playwrights less well-known to fame. As an interesting dramatic curio, Mr. Brady will revive Lester Wallack's Victorian idyl "Rosedale, or The Rifle Ball." The Henry B. Harris Company will have in "The Trial Marriage," by Elmer B. Harris, a new play for Helen Ware; and they will produce also a musical farce by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, with music by Clifton Crawford, to be called "My Best Girl." "Ready Money," a new farce by James Montgomery, will probably have been produced by H. M. Frazee, a recent addition to the list of New York's theater managers, when this article appears.

Mrs. Fiske, who will continue as the principal object of Harrison Grey Fiske's managerial enterprise, will be seen this winter in a new drama by Edward Sheldon. It was the same actress who accepted Mr. Sheldon's first acted drama, "Salvation Nell." Later in the coming season Mrs. Fiske may be seen in a play of modern social life by Harriet Ford. Clara Lipman, in a play of her own composition in which she had the assistance of Samuel Shipman, will be one of the enterprises of Werba and Luescher. She has called her play "It Depends on the Woman," and out-of-town audiences enjoyed it for a season.

John Cort is one of the successful theatrical entrepreneurs of the West who has established himself in New York with no less than two new theaters as an evidence of his determination to play an important part in the newer field of his activities. It took, of course, a successful career to enable this latest arrival among managers to install himself here under such circumstances. The Cort Theater in West Forty-eighth Street and the Illington Theater in West Forty-sixth Street are the two playhouses Mr. Cort has already added to New York's long list. Among the specimens of his managerial skill that Mr. Cort will present at one or the other of these theaters are Lina Abarbanell in "The Gipsy," an operetta by Pixley and Luders; Mrs. Leslie Carter in a comedy by an American author, "The Glassblowers"; a new opera by John Philip Sousa for which Leonard Liebling wrote the text; "Ransomed," a drama by Theodore B. Sayre and Cleveland Rogers; and "C. O. D." a farce by Frederick Chapin. It is settled that the Cort Theater will be opened by "Peg o' My Heart," a play which Hartley Manners wrote for Laurette Taylor, who will have the principal rôle here just as she did at the play's successful production in Los Angeles. William Faversham promises a notable revival of "Julius Cæsar" at one of the new Cort theaters.

The Weber & Fields reunion was not after all to be a temporary jubilee. They are to remain together and do just the same amusing things they did in their diverting little music hall in Broadway. But they are going to have a large theater in West Forty-fourth Street, built for them by the Shuberts. It is to be called the Palace Theater, and there the two partners intend to produce the musical burlesques that made them famous. They are also to have common enterprises. They will, for instance, open Weber's Theater with a new comedy of Scotch life by Graham Moffat, called "The Scrape o' the Pen." That Mr. Moffat wrote "Bunty Pulls the Strings" ought to be enough to stimulate the public desire to see it, but there is additional interest in the new play from the fact that Mr. Moffat is to bring his actors, scenery, and costumes from Scotland. Other undertakings of the two managers are "The June Bride," which has music by Edmund Eysler, one of the prevailing Viennese composers, and a text made in America from a foreign original. Mr. Fields is alone in the risk of presenting to the public Glen MacDonough's musical comedy, "The Singing Teacher," and "The Sun Dodgers," a musical spectacle of the kind Mr. Fields has made his own during recent years. Its music will be written by A. Baldwin Sloane, while E. T. Smith and E. Ray Goetz will provide his dramatic and lyric inspiration.

Without a novelty from George Cohan a number of theatergoers in New York and other cities would feel that the season was lacking in an important ingredient in its entertainment. So it will be good news to them that Mr. Cohan will this year appear as the hero of one of his own plays, to which he has given the title "Broadway Jones," which suggests that the dramatist has chosen a milieu in which his genius is at home. Cohan and Harris will have other new undertakings during the season. One of these is "Room 44" by Marie Nordstrom, a farce dealing with a kleptomaniac bridegroom who assumes responsibility, from force of habit, for the thefts of a professional crook who has been smuggled into a house to steal the wedding presents. Later productions will be "Stop Thief," a farce by Carlyle Moore; a play made by Winchell Smith from H. S. Harrison's "Queed"; "His Other Girl," an American version of "Polnische Wirtschaft"; which owed its origin to a no less polysyllabic syndicate that Kraatz, Okonokowski, and Jean Gilbert, although there will be a local version by George V. Hobart, with additional music by Jerome Kerns; "The Seven Little Widows" by Rida Johnson Young and W. C. Duncan, with music by Victor Herbert; "His Romantic Wife," which Clare Kummer will adopt to our taste from an original to which Charles Weinberger wrote the music, while the text came from Lindau and Jeanbach; and a new comedy by Winchell Smith for Douglas Fairbanks, an agreeable young actor who is not always fortunate in finding a suitable medium for his power.

H. B. Warner, after three seasons in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," is to have a new play this season of the same "thief" type, called "Buxi." He will be under the management of the George C. Tyler Company. "Buxi" is a German comedy, and the English adaptation has been made by Rudolph Besier, author of "Don."

A new producing firm composed of William Harris, Jr., and Edgar Selwyn will make its début this season, offering new plays by Arnold Bennett and Edgar Selwyn.

C. B. Dillingham's plans contemplate a Victor Herbert operetta for Montgomery and Stone, "The Lady of the Slipper," in which Elsie Janis will be featured. Mr. Dillingham will also put on a play by Pierre Fondia, acted at the Vaudeville Theater, Paris.

Not the least attractive of the season's prospects is the possibility that the inimitable Marie Tempest may be seen here in a new English comedy that has been played with success in London.

THE TSAR INVESTIGATES AN AMERICAN AUTO AMBULANCE

IN THE PHOTOGRAPH NICHOLAS II. IS SHOWN STANDING TO THE RIGHT OF THE TELEGRAPH POLE. THE RED CROSS AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE, OF AMERICAN MAKE, HAS JUST BEEN PUT TO EXPERIMENTAL USE IN THE ARMY MANEUVERS

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Evil To Him Who Evil Thinks

by George Weston

Drawings by F. Strothmann

I CANNOT tell my authority for this story (at least not yet), because of reasons which may later appear, but, speaking in a very diffident voice, I will say that once upon a time there were ten studious college-girls and they were all studying logic.

Scene: a quiet corner in the library, where the fog-horns on the Hudson sounded like the distant trumpets of Fame—distant but drawing nearer and nearer with every turn of a page.

Time: five o'clock on a raw, dark, gloomy, rainy afternoon in March.

Properties: shelves of books, tables, bust of Minerva, shaded lamps, chairs, couches, Latin mottoes, an open fire, and the ten studious college-girls aforesaid sitting sociably together, frowning at their text-books and listening to those distant trumpets of Fame in a semi-conscious sort of way which was none the less pleasing for that.

Now the first studious college-girl showed her scorn of the world, the flesh, and Hush-George-Hush by wearing her hair without any adventitious aids—rats, puffs, cushions, fiber, or felt. "For," she often argued to herself, "to wear false hair is unnatural. And that which is unnatural is illogical. And that which is illogical can never be condoned." Wherefore she serenely faced the world with the hair which Nature had given her, and serenely studied logic on that afternoon in March.

The second girl showed her scorn of the triple vanities by wearing common-sense shoes. And holding her feet flatly and proudly upon the floor she memorized these memorable words: 'The Kantian transcendental logic, being an analysis of the conditions under which objectivity in general becomes possible material for cognition, is in a special sense a new theory of thought."

The third girl (and this I must tell in the words in which I heard it, for the expression is Greek to me) "wore a Ferris waist."

Hurrying on to the fourth studious college-girl, her name (let us say) was Miss Lavinia Stubbs, and in moments of elevation she sometimes murmured, "Ah, my career! My career! What the name of Shakespeare is to the drama, and what the name of Browning is to poetry, so shall the name of Miss Lavinia Stubbs be to the glorious cause of education! For so I pledge it!"

The fifth was prim to the point of a fanatical and passionate precision. Her hair was combed severely back from her forehead, she was never seen without her eye-glasses, and already the lines of sarcastic reflection were making themselves noticeable around her mouth.

The sixth had the abstract air of a philosopher. And she had never been seen without ink on her fingers or with more than half her hair-pins.

The seventh had been brought up by four maiden aunts, and had nothing but contempt for man.

Regarding the eighth I can only repeat what she sometimes said herself: "Those that aren't pretty have got to be smart." And she was very smart.

The ninth was going to be a lawyer.

And the tenth was (and is) the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished girl in the whole wide world. So now you know them.

"Isn't logic splendid!" whispered one, closing her book. "I declare I don't know what I'd do without my logic."

"I like it," whispered another, closing her book, "because it is the enemy of superstition. No one can study logic and be superstitious, you know."

The other girls closed their books and (looking around) found that they were practically alone in the library, for the hour was late and dinner-time drew near.

"Superstitions are silly things," said a third. "What difference can it possibly make whether one spills salt or not? What logical connection can there possibly be between the spilling of salt and the sequence of independent events?"

"Isn't it absurd!" scoffed a fourth. "And breaking mirrors, too! As if it were logical to suppose that the events of seven years could possibly be affected by the breaking of a piece of silvered glass!"

"And as if a dog couldn't howl in the night, if it wanted to do so, without meaning something awful!" exclaimed the prim young lady.

"Or as if one couldn't sing before breakfast!"

"Or walk under a ladder!"

"Or cut one's nails on Sunday!"

"Or kill a black cat!"

There was a slight pause at that, and the light of the fire, shining upon her lenses, gave the prim young lady a weird and supernatural appearance, somewhat like the eyeless figure of Minerva above the fireplace.

"I wonder," she said, "if any one has ever written a book on popular superstitions. It would be rather interesting—purely in a historical way, of course."

One of the girls consulted the card-index, and shortly reappeared, bearing a book in her hand. "Superstitions, Past and Present," she read from the title. "Now let us see which is the silliest of the lot."

She read the most likely ones to a chorus of learned and scholarly sniffs, until finally she came to the following curious paragraph: "In some continental countries it is generally believed that if a girl wears yellow garters during Lent she will receive a proposal of marriage by Easter."

Again there was an interval of silence.

"Now that reminds me of an awfully curious thing," said one of the girls in a hushed voice. "Christmas before last I made a pair of yellow ones for my elder sister."

"And—did she?" asked Miss Lavinia Stubbs.

"On Easter morning," nodded the other, "and was married on the first of June."

"Who was that?" asked a voice behind them. "Any one that I know?"

They turned and met the beaming eye of Miss Akenhed, their professor of logic. Miss Akenhed was about fifty-five, wore a number eight Fedora hat, an intense look of concentration, and spectacles of such prodigious power that they made her eyes look like big blue marbles. They told her of the superstition, and how it had been curiously confirmed by the case of the girl who had been married on the first of June.

"Tut-tut-tut!" exclaimed Miss Akenhed. "Nothing but a very ordinary coincidence. Nothing else at all."

"Of course not," agreed one of the girls. "Gracious, but it's getting late. I must hurry!"

She left, and one by one the others followed her at decent intervals, and one by one they ran into the College Specialty Shop for Women (which was pleasantly situated just around the corner), and one by one they ran out again, each with a strange little parcel hidden in her Text Book on Logic, and leaving Madame Renault, the proprietor of the Specialty Shop, in a state of the most fantastic curiosity that had ever overtaken her.

"Eees eet a joke?" muttered Madame. "Ten! And zey all buy yellow gar-tierres! And ron away and will not tell me nosing! Ah—!"

The door opened and Miss Akenhed advanced uncertainly into the store, her eyes like large blue agates.

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" exclaimed Madame Renault, "I am so sor-ree, but your night-caps have not yet come."

"I didn't call for that," whispered Miss Akenhed, leaning over the counter, "Er—have you any yellow garters?"

"Er—have you any yellow garters?"

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Improving the American Diplomat

By Huntington Wilson

Assistant Secretary of State

A WIT once said that a diplomat was an honest man sent abroad to lie for his country. Lord Macaulay, in more finished phrase, portrayed diplomatists as having always been "more distinguished by their address . . . than by generous enthusiasm or austere rectitude." If these sayings were once true, happily they have become less and less so. To-day an American diplomat (to speak only for ourselves) should be an honest, able man laboring abroad in the interest of his country.

American diplomacy has always been distinguished for its candor. The days of trickery are passing everywhere. We look back with amazement at times when a Greek negotiator agreed on behalf of his government to return, as one of the terms of peace, half of a captured fleet, and whose government later discharged this obligation by sawing the triremes in two and returning all the sterns or all the bows. To-day diplomacy is not engaged in furthering the personal ambitions of individual princes and potentates. With the evolution of democratic government, its work has become the furtherance of the political and commercial interests of each nation as a whole. Those political interests are based on the safety, the aspirations, and the ideals of the whole nation.

In the last few years many young men of the best type have been entering the lower grades of the diplomatic service of the United States with the desire to make a career. These men are working for the government with great devotion in all parts of the world. They are applying themselves with zeal and going without a murmur to do whatever work is assigned to them, often in places where they are isolated from most of the things which make life agreeable. It is admirable to find these men imbued with the same *esprit de corps*, and giving the best years of their lives to their chosen profession exactly as they would do if their assurance of a career were certain instead of precarious. It is precarious to this extent: the whole fabric of our modern foreign service, diplomatic and consular, rests upon two executive orders, backed by the public opinion of the country. It is generally believed that the national pride in being well represented abroad, and the realization of the business men of the country that an efficient foreign service means more foreign trade, will insure us against a return to the spoils system.

There is now before Congress a bill known as the Sulzer bill, which, it is expected, will pass at this session of Congress. This bill, which has the hearty approval of the Department of State, authorizes the President to make all appointments of secretaries in the diplomatic service and of consuls-general and consuls to grades instead of to places, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate in each case. Thus, if this measure becomes a law, a man will be appointed, not secretary of the American embassy at London, but secretary of embassy—that is, of grade one. The President will then be at liberty to make transfers in that grade without action by Congress, or similarly to make transfers in any grade, sending our secretary at London to Paris or Tokyo, or vice versa, just as he might assign an officer of the army or navy to one post or another as he might deem expedient. This bill further requires the Secretary of State to keep efficiency records and to place the names of the most efficient men before the President. It compels the reports of the board which examines the candidates for appointment to be made public, and it definitely places secretaryships in five classes. The most vital feature of the Sulzer bill, however, is the translation into statutory law of the principles of the various executive orders through which the service, as it now stands, has been built up.

Our present consular service rests on an executive order of June 27, 1906. The corner-stone of our present diplomatic service is President Taft's executive order of November 26, 1909, by which the President ordered that thereafter no one should be appointed to a secretaryship in the diplomatic service unless he had first successfully passed an examination, which was prescribed, and includes a paper in French, German, or Spanish, and questions in international law, diplomatic usage, the commercial resources of the United States, general history, and American history, government, and institutions. This written part counts one-half of the examination. An oral examination, taken by the candidates before the board of examiners, counts as the other half. The object of the oral examination is to determine a candidate's alertness, general contemporary information, and natural fitness for the service, including moral, mental, and physical qualifications, character, address, general education, and command of English. As an employer considers it necessary to see in person an applicant for a position in his establishment, so does the Department of State consider it most vital to see the men who desire to enter the foreign service. As a Congressman said the other day, "Most Members of Congress—and I am one of them—go up there to the department and bore them to death to get John Smith appointed to some consulate in China, and he is no more fit to be a consular officer than he is to be an archangel." The oral examination protects the service from such "John Smiths."

Any American citizen between the ages of twenty-one and fifty may apply for employment in our diplomatic service. For this purpose he should write to the Secretary of State, and in reply he will receive a pamphlet concerning the service and a blank form of application. The latter he fills out with some briefly stated points of information regarding himself—his age, educational training, business experience, if any, language, etc. This he should accompany with letters of recommendation from persons of known responsibility. Since, under the Constitution, the President can appoint diplomatic officers only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, it is highly desirable that a candidate furnish letters, also, from one or both of the Senators from his State. Then, if he had passed the examination and were nominated to the Senate for appointment, there would be no danger of his Senators preventing confirmation on the score of knowing nothing about him personally or questioning his citizenship of their State.

Those candidates who appear suitable are designated by the President to take the examination. These examinations are held at least once a year, the written part being under the direction of the Civil Service Commission, whose chief examiner, together with four officials of the Department of State, compose the board of examiners. All who receive a rating of eighty per cent. or more are placed on an eligible list, and when a vacancy occurs the Secretary of State recommends to the President the man who seems best qualified for appointment.

The service has been placed upon an absolutely nonpartisan basis; and, to insure this further, the President has ordered that, not only in designations for the examination, but in appointments after the examination, due regard will be had to the rule that, as between candidates of equal merit, appointments should be so made as to secure proportional representation of all the States and Territories in each branch of the foreign service.

Upon a candidate's entrance to the service, he is directed to report at the Department of State, where, being under salary meanwhile, he receives thirty days' instruction. This has been called by the newspapers a "diplomatic school," and has occasioned much correspondence between the Department of State and persons who made the mistake of inferring that the government was running in Washington a regular educational institution. During this course of instruction the newly appointed officer hears lectures by specialists in the department concerning political and commercial conditions in the various parts of the world, and upon important administrative duties, and lectures by many other officials in Washington. He becomes better acquainted with the international law he has heretofore known but theoretically, and hears much of diplomatic ethics and modes of procedure, customs and regulations governing trade in different parts of the world, the proper relations between diplomatic and consular officers in the foreign field, etc. What may seem strange to many, also, is that he is made to learn typewriting and all the technics of chancery work, a diplomatic secretary nowadays being required to be a real worker in an office, his sole duty not being, as some seem to believe, to grapple with the great problems of the work and of world politics. The new appointee then starts for his post. He is allowed his traveling expenses at the rate of five cents a mile. He is allowed sixty days' leave of absence a year, and is expected to come to this country at least every two years, so that he may be kept closely in touch with what is going on in his own country. There is no fixed rule as to how long an officer shall stay at one post, an officer usually being retained at one post, however, for not more than three years, and then sent to another post. In this way he obtains, in the course of time, a world-wide knowledge gained at first hand.

Few people realize what tremendous progress has been made during President Taft's administration in the direction of taking the foreign service out of politics and running it on a strictly merit-system basis, both in making appointments only upon qualification proved by severe examination and in making promotions on a basis of sheer efficiency proved in the service. In the matter of promotions, seniority of course counts, but it may be said that promotions depend about eighty per cent. on efficiency and only ten or twenty per cent. on seniority. To show how far the diplomatic service has progressed on these lines in a part of the world where its work is most interesting and important, the astonishing fact should be noted that, of our nineteen ministers and ambassadors in Latin America, fifteen are men who have risen by meritorious service and proved efficiency through gradual promotion from the lower grades of the foreign service; while of the remaining four chiefs of mission, two have previously served at other posts, and only two are new appointees.

In Europe the new foreign-service idea has not progressed so far, because it was quite naturally thought that these principles should be first put into operation in our representations to the countries on the firing line of American diplomacy. I do not wish to minimize the importance of our missions in Europe. The great embassies in Europe are peculiarly important because of the intertwining of our relations in the Far East and elsewhere with those of the principal European powers. It is undeniable, however, that the work of our diplomatic missions in Latin America and the Far East far exceeds in difficulty, in importance, and in potentialities that of the minor and very agreeable European posts.

It is true that the American diplomatic service is somewhat underpaid. The undoubted obligation to keep up appearances, and the expense of entertainment as part of the work of keeping in touch with the people of the country where a man is serving, the expensive moving from one post to another—all these things make it very difficult for secretaries of embassy or legation, unless they have some private means to add to the small salaries paid them. This is true in spite of the fact that when a secretary in the absence of his chief becomes chargé d'affaires, and his expenses increase with his obligations as such, he receives, instead of his usual salary, a sum equal to half the salary of his ambassador or minister. In the principal European services, either the government owns buildings for houses and offices of the chief of mission, or there are allowances for these as well as for carriages, entertaining, sometimes heat and light, and even for a nucleus of the staff of servants. With us nothing is given except the salary and a certain sum for contingent expenses, out of which a portion goes toward the rent of official residence and office, if the two are in the same building. In time we ought to own our embassy and legation premises. As Secretary Knox has suggested, these buildings ought to be typically American and erected, so far as possible, with American materials. The remedy for the present situation in our diplomatic service is not the raising of salaries, but appropriation for buildings and for the expenses of representation. If the government seeks to deal with the matter by simply raising salaries, it is entirely unprotected against the occasional stingy man who may hoard for the benefit of his declining years money really given him for the purpose of representation. It is my belief that the salary should be low, but that there should be given to every ambassador and minister, and even to secretaries in some cases, definite sums, for house rent until we own buildings, for representation, including the official entertainments, and for equipages. The expenditure of these funds could be accounted for to the department; the allotments made would be based upon the standards and the cost of living of each capital. In this way the Department of State, with a clear idea of what should be the scale of representation in each capital, could exercise a general control sufficient to assure adequate representation and to discourage over-ostentatious representation, which may be as objectionable as that which is too niggardly. In this way, also, the government of the United States would not be represented in accordance with the generosity of the drafts which this or that ambassador or minister might choose to make on his personal fortune. By the application of these principles the American diplomatic service can be made really democratic—can be placed upon the basis where it should be; that is, where it affords equality of opportunity for the rich and poor alike, and where character, efficiency, and distinguished service need be the sole requirements of high preferment.

There are two ways of having an inefficient foreign service. One is the spoils system, under which the foreign trade and diplomacy of the United States suffered so long. We should not wish to travel by sea with amateur sailors, to go back to the system of having our houses protected from fire by amateur firemen, or to have our law-suits tried by amateur lawyers. If we are a practical people we shall hardly wish to leave the fight to maintain our position and our rights among the nations of the world in the great struggle of modern times in the hands of amateur diplomatists. The other way to have an inefficient foreign service would be to have an absolutely ironclad civil-service system wherein a man, once appointed a young secretary, would have nothing to do but grow old to be automatically promoted. This is bad, because it encourages apathy and laziness and brings men to the grade of ambassador or minister with their energies stifled by a life of ease, with no competition to spur them to wide-awake thinking and energetic action. Another objection to this system is the fact that the supply of secretaries qualified to be ambassador and minister would not be likely, even after the most careful initial examinations, always to equal the number of vacancies at the top. As the foreign service is now being run, there is a very high standard for all. If a man holds himself up to this standard, he remains in the service and gets on reasonably well. If he makes himself conspicuous for signal ability and special qualification, he has a fair assurance of reaching the top. If he is barely up to the standard, he may get on for a while without promotion. If he falls below the standard, he turns to some other profession for which he happens to be better qualified. In this way there are high positions for the conspicuously efficient and a reasonable career for the able and faithful. If the Sulzer bill passes, it will be the Magna Charta of the American foreign service. It is hardly to be supposed that a future President would turn from the evidence of what would be meritorious appointments and promotions to return, in the face of our modern public opinion, to the discredited spoils system of the past.

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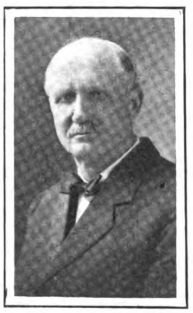
A Newspaper Clinic

WHAT THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF JOURNALISTS THOUGHT ABOUT THE MODERN AMERICAN DAILY

By A. A. Tenney

ARE newspaper and magazine writers free to tell the truth? If not, why not, and what can be done about it? These were the ringing words that summoned representatives of the press throughout the United States to the First National Newspaper Conference. Early in the fall of 1911 there had been read in Madison, Wisconsin, at a meeting on Social Center Development, a startling paper by Mr. Livy S. Richard, editor of the Boston *Common*, entitled, "What the Newspapers Can't Do." In this paper specific charges had been made that on various specified occasions daily newspapers had corruptly suppressed news. The discussion which followed among newspaper and magazine writers present, including William Allen White, of the Emporia *Gazette;* Dante Barton, of the Kansas City *Star;* Louis F. Post, of the Chicago *Public;* and Frank Stockbrdge, of the Cincinnati *Times-Star,* had resulted in the call for the Newspaper Conference. The organization of the conference had been intrusted to a committee of over twenty Wisconsin editors under the chairmanship of William J. Anderson, formerly editor of the Wisconsin *State Journal.* In co-operation with this committee a body of representative Madison citizens had raised the necessary funds, and the University of Wisconsin had been persuaded to lend both its auspices and the executive force of its extension department, headed by its dean, Mr. Louis E. Reber.



William J. Anderson
FORMER EDITOR WISCONSIN "STATE JOURNAL"

The conference was held in Madison, July 29th to August 1st. Names of international reputation were on the programme. Had it not been for the *Titanic* disaster, that of William T. Stead would have headed the list. The men who did participate represented many interests and diverse points of view. The attitude of the Associated Press, the organization which gathers news from all quarters of the globe and telegraphs it to over eight hundred dailies in this country, was explained by its manager, Mr. Melville E. Stone, in a paper on the topic: "Can the impartiality of the news-gathering and news-supplying agencies be fairly challenged?"

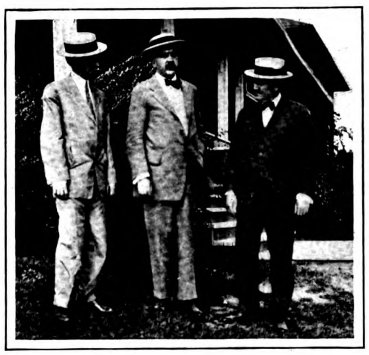
"To me, of course," to use the words of Mr. Stone, "as to any right-minded person, such an inquiry is about as courteous as if you should meet me with the salutation, 'Are you a burglar?' or 'Do you belong in the penitentiary?'" Every one familiar with the work of the Associated Press, Mr. Stone maintained, knows that it is utterly impossible for any one in the service, from the general manager to the least important agent at the most remote point, to send out an untruthful despatch and escape detection. For a newspaper you may write an inaccurate statement and "get away with it," but you cannot do it with the Associated Press. It cannot be used "to grind any one's ax," to serve any special interest or help any political party or faction or propaganda.

A very different point of view was taken by Mr. Ray Howard, chairman of the Board of Directors of a rival organization, which supplies a general news service to over four hundred and fifty dailies—the United Press. Answering the same question concerning the impartiality of news bureaus, Mr. Howard said: "I think that it can be challenged, and that it ought to be challenged." News and opinion are about as hard to separate as flesh and blood. He made no claim of infallibility for his service, nor did he maintain that it was trying to set the standard of news demands. The aim of his association was rather to meet demand and be the most valued reporter on the staff of any client paper. Scorning the suggestion that his reporters were not free to tell the truth, he nevertheless clearly recognized that reporters, like all other men in any profession, could only give the truth as they saw it. He emphasized the idea that "color" in news is unavoidable. The important thing, in his estimation, was to learn how a news service looked at the facts, whether from the point of view of the mass of the people whose representative it was supposed to be, or from the point of view of some private interest or interests in whose service it was secretly enlisted. The really vicious coloring in a news story comes from eliminating facts that ought to be told, not from writing them in.

A third speaker on the same topic, Mr. A. M. Simons, editor of the *Coming Nation,* a Socialist paper published in Kansas, asked the question: "Is it possible for any news agency that caters to papers controlled by financiers owning Russian bonds to tell the truth about the ferocity of the Russian government? Can a news agency that sells its product to employers tell the truth about unions, strikes, boycotts, and blacklists?" On a great many things there is no questioning the impartiality of news-supplying agencies. A cyclone, flood or earthquake, church conference, murder or suicide, society news and sporting events can be described with fairly complete accuracy and not arouse any antagonism on the part of any influential portion of society. "Perhaps," said Mr. Simons, "this is why so many editors insist that these events make up the news that the public demands. The most important news, however, comes unannounced. News agencies never foretell revolutions; to do so would be to shut off news sources. But it is Russia, Mr. Simons charged, that presents the worst example of news suppression. The Reign of Terror in France was an event at least worthy of mention in contemporary newspapers. In Russia official documents presented to the Duma, said Mr. Simons, show that more people have been shot, whipped to death, and even killed by slow, lingering torture by officials of the Russian government since the Russo-Japanese war than were killed during the whole French Revolution, but scarce a whisper of these things is permitted to come over the cables by news agencies.

At a subsequent session of the conference a most interesting clash of opinion occurred over the subject: "How is the news service affected by the constantly increasing cost of the newspaper plant, by the increasing proportion of revenue derived from advertising, and by the non-journalistic interests of the capitalist owner?" Mr. Don Seitz, of the New York *World,* made a very sharp reply to the three points of this question. In his opinion the first implied a false premise. He thought that the cost of the newspaper plant was not increasing except as the news value of a publication made it necessary to expand. It is the cost of news service, not the cost of plant, that makes the starting of a paper difficult. As to advertising, the increased income merely permits greater expenditure for news and editorial service. Advertising he considered to be the closest kind of a business proposition. The large department stores spend their money in exact percentages laid against the value of their wares. As to the thought, which may have been in the mind of the framer of the question, that increasing advertising in some way molds the opinions, news service, or editorial energy of the newspaper—such a thought is foolish. The more business a newspaper gets, the stronger, the more powerful, the more independent it becomes.

Not only do advertisers not run the policy of newspapers, but they seldom or never try. "I have been for twenty years," he said, "in the business office of the New York *World,* and I do not recall a dozen attempts on the part of advertisers to influence it, and of these attempts only one was a matter of public concern, about which there were two very fair opinions. We did not accept the advertisers' view." As to the third point: "How is news service affected by the non-journalistic interests of the capitalist owner?" Mr. Seitz remarked: "This is one of the shibboleths that come piping regularly out of Wisconsin. In my whole range of newspaper acquaintance I do not know any capitalist owners, nor do I know any successful newspapers that are not owned by themselves. It is not possible for a newspaper to be successful run in a private interest. The newspaper can have no other purpose and be a newspaper, and if it is not a newspaper it will die."



Left to right: Ray Howard, of the United Press; Edward G. Lowry, managing editor of the New York "Evening Post"; Charles Grasty, editor of the Baltimore "Sun"

A clash of opinion arose over the effect of advertising. "In some cities," said Mr. George French, a contributor to the *Twentieth Century Magazine,* "the advertisers rule the papers. They do in Boston." As Mr. French was formerly managing editor of a Boston paper and asserts that he lost his position because he did not see fit to treat various news matters in accord with the wishes of certain railroad interests, this testimony created considerable stir at the conference. Becoming somewhat more specific, Mr. French stated: "The papers of Boston were recently notified that the big stores would not run Sunday advertising unless the news of a strike that was going on in a New England city was subdued." The accidents that happen in department stores, he asserted, are, as a rule, not mentioned in the local papers. The chief cause of concern, however, said Mr. French, does not arise from any definite interference with the news service of newspapers by advertisers. It is found in the attitude of the proprietors of many periodicals which impels them of their own volition to adopt the methods of the advertiser - ridden paper. He quoted the words of the manager of one of this class of papers as follows: "The Old Man never gives us instructions. We all know what he wishes, and we do it. If we did not conform closely we would be hunting other jobs." That paper, said Mr. French, reeks with the effects of advertising interference with its news service.

Louis E. Reber
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

This abuse, however, Mr. French considered to be not as frequent as it was formerly. Absolute capitalist ownership, he thought, was not of great consequence in Boston, though possibly of more importance elsewhere. Two conditions ruling in newspaper offices seemed to him more potent in producing the denatured and emasculated news complained of than any one of the three postulates of the topic. The first he termed the monastic spirit which removes the editor from first-hand knowledge of the facts. Today reporters bring in the facts, and the printed story is written by the office editors to fit their conception of the sort of news their paper likes to print. The second limiting condition Mr. French held to be the neglect by newspaper men of the great social forces that are moving man forward in a way, perhaps, never before known in history. To the general honesty of newspapers, however, he was glad to testify. For every one that comes under suspicion there are others that are clean, honest, and ably edited. Few of the great dailies and not many of the thousands of smaller papers are venal or dishonest.

To judge the conference on the basis of topics of a critical nature alone would be unjust. There were two other distinct points of view presented. The first of these consisted in accounts given by two speakers of an existing experiment in the public ownership of a newspaper and a proposal that an endowed newspaper be established. The other was the discussion of the reasons for existing conditions in the newspaper field that are to be traced to the deeper sociological and historical aspects of our national life. The account of the experiment in public ownership of a newspaper was given by Mr. George H. Dunlop, of the Los Angeles *Municipal News;* that of a plan for an endowed newspaper by Mr. Hamilton Holt, of the New York *Independent.* The Los Angeles experiment is a most interesting one. Published once a week, with an edition of 60,000 copies, the Los Angeles *Municipal News* is distributed free throughout the residence sections of the city. News is given in newspaper story style, and at the present time relates chiefly to matters concerning city government. The paper has the right to carry any kind of news, and later may expand its service into the field of general journalism. It is supported by an annual appropriation of $36,000 and advertising. Control is vested in three commissioners appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the council. If the appointments are unsatisfactory, a referendum may be had. This is almost equivalent to making an appointive office optionally elective at the option of the electors, and possibly is worthy of other and wider application. The commissioners hold office four years, but are subject to recall at any time by mayor and council, by ordinance subject to referendum. If mayor and council sought to corrupt the commission, the whole body of citizens could defeat them. The paper was established by initiative and a direct vote of the citizens of Los Angeles. The establishing ordinance cannot be amended or repealed except by the voters themselves. Its independence thus secured, the commission is likely to meet its obligations as uprightly as do most judges and civil-service commissions. To secure impartiality on political subjects each party polling more than three per cent. of the total vote has the right to use one column in each issue of the paper free of charge for the purpose of setting forth the views of the party. The governing committee of each party selects its own editor, and the matter he offers for publication is free from censorship except that such matter must be lawful for

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publication. At the present time five party columns are in use each week—the Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Socialist Labor, and Good Government. The mayor and each member of the city council may each have the use of half a column in any issue. The present commission has introduced the practice, on municipal questions actively engaging public attention, of presenting side by side in parallel columns the leading arguments by the contending sides. This provides for questions not politically partisan in character. Mr. Dunlop stated that after years of service on newspapers that have required City Hall news to be reported with this or that bias the reporters on the Los Angeles *Municipal News* are delighted to have opportunity to discover news items of interest and write them as they actually are. The very technique of accuracy and fairness is a matter of professional pride with the whole working force. Mr. Dunlop predicted that the day is coming when we shall see publicly owned newspapers covering the entire newspaper field.

Mr. Holt's paper was a plea and a plan for a newspaper with an endowment of five million dollars. Journalism, he held, is really a part of public education, an extension of university extension. If the endowed university is desirable, so is the endowed newspaper. The two most important services of the press are to give reliable information about an event at the time when such information is needed, and to present competent discussion of pending questions from different points of view. The commercial press cannot perform either of these social functions adequately because it does not pay to be as thorough and impartial as the ideal paper should be. In consequence it is not to be wondered at that the aim of some papers is to discuss only those things about which everybody agrees or nobody cares. At the present time journals that speak their minds sincerely and frankly are, with some exceptions, hardly more than paying expenses. An endowed paper, like an endowed university, could afford both to speak frankly and to have an eminent, enterprising, and trustworthy staff. Once established and recognized as a truthful and impartial medium, it would have enormous educational value. Though not read by the millions, it would have as a constituency the leaders of all communities and would exert a powerful influence on other papers whose competition would react healthfully on itself. Such an endowed paper should be a weekly, because no daily can exert an influence much farther than a few hundred miles from its seat of publication. Control of such a paper should be vested in a board of trustees over the selection of whom the subscribers to the journal should have some power. Definite space should be given to all political parties, and in the advertising columns space should be sold at cost, for reading-matter not published in the regular columns, for political platforms and pleas, personal views, poems, and stories, complaints, and controversial communications. Specialists should be employed for particular assignments. A department should also be created for the criticism of commodities in which experts would treat of other things in the same way that books and pictures are now treated. All the automobiles, typewriters, soaps, and pianoplayers on the market would be impartially compared, and the endowment should be large enough to cover libel suits.

The presentation of reasons for existing conditions in the municipal field that are to be traced to the sociological and historical aspects of our national life was made by two speakers—Mr. Charles Grasty, editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, and President George Vincent, of the University of Minnesota. Dealing with the topic: "Sensationalism that the public cannot get under present conditions," Mr. Grasty made the somewhat novel point that journalism suffers from the futility and apathy in our present political system. The chief necessity under which newspaper men labor is to make their product interesting. In England the form of government is such that lively debates on vital questions are continually produced for publication. On a single speech, sometimes, a ministry may be retired. In this country political questions become really interesting only once in four years, for it is only then that the people have a chance to exercise control. If there were more popular control of government, there would be more interest in government. In consequence there would be sensational matter other than crime and scandal with which to appeal to the normal human being.

President Vincent's chief point was that the newspapers are to a large extent the expression of our whole national life. The colonial press slowly followed the spirit of revolt and independence; partisan journals came when party divisions appeared; enterprising editors, like Bennett and Bonner arose after the expansion of commerce and industry demanded better service; the Civil War created large editions and a demand for technical improvements; when education was popularized advertising became profitable. The men behind the press are like the rest of us: keen about their own careers, but not wholly indifferent to the common welfare. They, like all progressive specialists, must discuss their problems in the scientific spirit and with a sense of their social responsibility.

Such were the chief problems attacked at the First National Newspaper Conference. That the conference was a success is shown by the fact that at the final banquet, over which Judge John B. Winslow, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, presided, a resolution was adopted requesting the committee in charge to arrange for a second conference next year. In that resolution the significant statement was made that "we feel that further analysis and investigation of a comprehensive and scientific character is necessary, and we welcome, therefore, the promise of co-operation to this end of the news-distributing agencies with the schools of journalism in obtaining an exact measurement of news service as now rendered. The conference, therefore, closed with the profitable conclusion that further investigation is needed to discover not that fault can be found with newspapers, but exactly the extent of evil in order that not only the freedom of the press may be preserved, but the whole mission of the press fulfilled.

The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Random Railings

ONLY people with portable employments should ever be invited as guests. For a visit of a week it is incumbent upon a really proper guest to be a novelist, bookbinder, or unceasing letter-writer. Then he will disappear for hours together. One feels at ease about him and is enabled to carry on one's own activities without interruption. The pleasant sense is with one that the guest is in the house, and there is always the chance that one may meet him on the stairs. It is very nice to meet nice people on one's stairs. If one has not seen them for some hours it is a delightful surprise when they turn up at meal-time. A person preparing himself to meet all emergencies with tact should provide himself with an occupation to be used when visiting. He could write his autobiography or make statistics or study Russian. He ought to do something that would give him a "now you see me, now you don't" quality. It is the one thing that cannot fail to insure success as a guest. For a guest to do nothing but visit from the beginning to the end of his stay is an almost unforgivable solecism. Sleeping is preferable.

It is self-pity that pulls a lot of us through a lot of things. (If the statement is felt to be dogmatic, it will at least be admitted that it is sometimes self-pity that pulls some of us through certain types of things.) We frequently bear troubles with what looks like noble equanimity. At least, both we and our supporters would challenge any one to define it as anything less than noble equanimity, though all the time what stiffens us to the storm is our shameless attitude to the calamities which have fallen upon us. Some of the stiffening comes from the extremeness and frequency of our woe. If the Fates take such trouble to badger us they must know that we exist, and to be noticed by life, even though only in the form of missiles being thrown at our head, is a considerable solace. We have, at any rate, not been passed over. If our case is extreme we are as much struck by the interesting sadness of it as any one else, and so a blend of intense sympathy for ourselves and satisfaction in being worthy of so much notice achieves in us a brave calm that looks very well and may make us act very well and is twice as diverting to feel as the quality it passes for.

Half of our laudable results are brought about by characteristics almost blameworthy in themselves. If we lacked them we would make far less respectable a showing. It is our weaknesses that make us manageable and drive us to painstaking imitations of the finer moralities. We are constantly hearing admonitions addressed to unruly egos as though it were advisable to have them lie low, whereas half the work of the world is done by irrepressible egos and done because the egos had to attract attention or die. If we eliminated the minor vices from the world a host of desirable things would go with them. They serve us so well. We have trained them to such a multitude of paradoxical maneuvers that half of them have the idea they are virtues.

Where would half of us be without self-love? Surface sensibilities prick us to a hundred decencies. We ape virtues we cannot understand, for we would not have it thought that some one else had a quality we lack. We may even in time make the assumed virtue our own, and if it is a serviceable one it may make us ashamed of the way we acquired it. If we dislike a person enough to dread failing before him more than anything else, there is almost no limit to the height of success we will spur ourselves to attaining. Our springs of action are frequently no better than they should be. Vices make us presentable, virtues involve us in predicaments. Our safety is that we frequently cannot tell them apart and are generally unconscious of having any dealing with either.

For the masculine half of society to deplore the idea of woman's economic independence so warmly is most chivalrous. The ladies who regret the end of those days when gallantry was the rule should feel their spirits revive. The women did not at all like the idea of earning their livings, married or unmarried. They infinitely preferred the pleasing occupation of living alone. They were appalled at the idea of becoming brokers and managers of rolling-mills, but their consciences forced them to note facts which made economic independence seem right, and consequently they announced their views. With hardly an exception the men have indignantly denied the existence of any such need. Such generosity is beautiful. It is overwhelming. They have cried, not man to woman, perhaps, but as a body, speaking loudly through the newspapers: "We will support you; we insist upon supporting you. You were perfect as you were. Society was civilized by you, so were we; to change is to wound us unspeakably." The women are quite speechless with surprise. To learn that they were prized so highly is most gratifying. They were aware to the soul of their own futility and blankness, but it is delightful to know that every one else had failed to notice it, had ever mistaken them for the keenest and most valuable members of society, creating ideals and spiritual influence at a perfectly enormous rate of industry. The women are so complimented that they feel capable of rising to a really sublime pitch of altruism. They warn the stronger sex that if they continue to press them to economic dependence their offer may be accepted. It has its pleasant points. Its opposite is clearly a trying alternative. Their brave embrace of it covered appalled hearts. They may never manage to rise to such heights again. Honesty forces them to warn society that this may be its only chance at such an offer. It had better make quite sure that it does not wish to accept it. It is exhausting to stay at such peaks of unselfishness with nothing decided one way or the other. It is just possible that, if the women are not spurred on by being taken at their word, they may slump, and the reaction will be a dependence on the part of all, even those who have never before known it, such as it is only fair that those who will suffer most should know of it in advance.

Men and Women

UNTIL recent times the statistics of the world showed that the number of men, as compared with the number of women, was in excess in all countries except Europe, where the number was lower. In 1890, according to Karl Bücher, for every 1,000 men in Europe there were 1,024 women, whereas in America there were 973 women, in Africa 968, and in Asia 958. The proportion of women was lowest in Australia—namely, 852.

During the past decade St. Gulischambarow has re-examined the statistics. This investigator places the population of the globe at 1,700 millions. The facts as to distribution by sex is available for 1,038 millions. Of these 521,700,000 are men, and 516,300,000 are women. That is, for every 1,000 males there are 990 females on the average for the entire world. But now Europe is not alone in having an excess of females over males; Africa has caught up in this respect, and has gone even further. For every 1,000 males in Africa there are 1,045 females, while in Europe the ratio is 1,027 females. For the rest of the world the women are still in the minority: in America there are 964, in Asia 961, and in Australia 937 for every 1,000 men.

In certain parts of Africa the preponderance of women is quite remarkable. Thus in Uganda there are 1,467 women for every 1,000 men. On the other hand, the West and the Northwest of the United States show a serious shortage of women. This condition is also acute in Canada and in the western part of Australia. In the mining regions of Alaska the proportion of women is only 389 to 1,000 men.

Artificial Fish Nests

IT has been ascertained that black-bass culture is greatly aided by artificial construction of nests. The male small-mouthed bass builds its nest by sweeping the stones of a lake bottom bare of sand in a three-foot circle. Alternately using his nose and his tail, the fish makes a saucer-shaped nest ready for the eggs of his mate; but he will readily use a nest that has been prepared for him. Accordingly, the fish experts expedite his home-building.

For the large-mouthed bass nests are made of moss embedded in concrete, as this species prefers a fibrous bed for its eggs. Ponds with basins six feet deep in the center and with shallower water elsewhere are so prepared. Wild fish caught by the hook are put in to mate here, to the great increase of reproduction. Proper assortment of the fish and the prevention of crowding accomplish excellent results.

The Origin of Dentistry

DENTAL therapeutics dates from a very remote epoch. It is not known when this art commenced, but it is well known that the Egyptians practised it to a considerable extent. On a papyrus scroll estimated to date back 3,700 years before Christ, which was found buried at the feet of the god Anubis, there were found written remedies against painful molars and a way to alleviate other troubles of the teeth by means of pulverized drugs. The art of "filling" is very remote. Egyptian mummies have been found with molar cavities very carefully closed. Others have artificial teeth which show that in very ancient times this dental process was known. The Chinese cured toothache 2,700 years before our era. One of their methods was to put iron rust in the cavities.

The Explosion of a Flower

SOMETIMES the floral spathe of a great palm-tree will fly open with a sound like a detonation in a mine. Such an event occurred in the botanical garden in Algiers recently. The spathe, nearly three feet long, was projected to a great distance and for some moments the head of the palm-tree was wreathed with golden dust formed of the débris of the flower. The sun's heat had roasted the flower to the color of rust. The director of the garden explained the explosion as being due to a fermentation in the flower caused by the extraordinary dryness of the air. A violent sirocco had just passed. In Algeria ostrich eggs explode in the same way and from a like cause.

WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee." (It's a well-known fact that tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the same drug found in coffee.) "I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale.

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes.

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results.

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice.

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

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Interludes

THE INJUDICIOUS PAUSE

THE orator stood calmly on the platform and gazed out over the great sea of faces before him. He had come to make an address on the subject of the Idol of the Hour, and he was looking forward to the triumph of his career.

"My friends and fellow-citizens," he said, "I have come here this afternoon to speak to you on the subject of the Honorable—"

"Hooray! Whoopee! Tiger!" cried the Populace, not waiting for the name, going off into a frenzy of excitement at the mere suggestion of the subject.

"I have studied his character for years, gentlemen," continued the orator, "and I can say to you without fear of contradiction that he is the stuff—"

"What's that?" cried an excited man directly in front of the platform.

"Silence!" cried others.

"Go on!" put in others still.

"I was saying when my friend here interrupted me," said the orator, impressively, "that after a twenty years' acquaintance with the subject of my discourse this afternoon, I can say without fear of contradiction that he, more than any other man in this broad land of ours to-day, is the stuff—"

Here he paused to make what was to follow more impressive, but alas, there was to be no more. The populace at this point rose up as one man and hissed, yelled, threatened, indulged in cat-calls, hoots, boos, and other ominous ejaculations, in the midst of which a well-directed brick placed the orator *hors de combat*.

"What on earth ever induced you, knowing this man's popularity in this district, to call him a stuff?" asked the doctor, as the orator regained consciousness. "Did you want to commit suicide?"

"I didn't call him a stuff," groaned the orator, hysterically. "What I meant to say was that he was the stuff of which heroes and immortals are made, but that crowd didn't let me finish."

FATHER ENTERTAINS ETHEL'S SUITOR BY SHOWING HIM HER PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN CHILDHOOD

MRS. DUCK: TAKE THAT? WHY, THERE ISN'T EVEN A BATH-TUB FOR THE CHILDREN TO PLAY IN ON RAINY DAYS."

THE YOUNG FINANCIER

"SAY, Pop," said little Bobbie Wilkins, "I'll give you five cents for that two-dollar collar-box I give you for Christmas last year."

"Oh, I don't know, my boy," said Mr. Wilkins. "What do you want it for?"

"Why," said Bobbie, "you seemed to like it so much I thought I'd give it to you again next Christmas, and save a dollar ninety-five besides."

IN THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

"YIS," said the culinary queen, looking at her would-be mistress through her lorgnettes—"yis, Oi loike yer luks. Yez do seem to be a nice-lukin' woman, and if Oi foind iviryt'ing sathisfacthory mebbe Oi'll come to yez. Yez mintioned what ye called waages a momint ago. Oi don't worrk for waages. Oi base me demands for compinsaation accordin' to th' amount o' worrk rayquired by the situaytion; and the most sathisfacthory mithod of foindin' out me due is to charrge be the piece. Foive cints a pound for cookin' portherhouse steaks. Sivin cints a pound for cookin' poulthry. Buckwheat cakes tin cints a dozen. Sossidges eight cints a foot, and so on. Oi'll sind ye me proice-lisht if we finely desoide to maake the arrangemint."

"I see," said the lady. "Have you any requirements as to your apartments?" she added, satirically.

"Yis," said the culinary queen. "Me rooms musht hov a southern exposure, shteam-heated, and lit by clecthricity. Wan good loight over me dhressin'-table, a taable-lamp over me wroitin'-deshk, and wan o' thim shnakey t'ings as ye can fix annyway ye want it whin ye want t' read in bed. Oi loike gay colored cyarpets on th' flure, and—"

"A private bath, I presume," the lady began.

"Connicted wit' me rooms," said the culinary queen. "Oi was comin' to that."

"Well, I think we have just the thing you want right on our first floor," said the lady. "It is the apartment occupied until now by my husband and myself; but if you want it, of course we'll give it up to you, only just as you charge by the piece for your cooking we run our house on the European plan, and those rooms will cost you ten dollars a day, and your meals will be served *à la carte*. If you entertain company we shall make a fixed charge of fifty cents a meal, and in the event of your using our drawing-room for family reunions or a musicale it will be three dollars extra per hour. Then on your days off we shall expect you to hire a substitute to take—"

But the lady was addressing space. The culinary queen had fled, and when the would-be mistress passed out of the office she heard a familiar voice apparently engaged in exhorting a mass-meeting.

"Bigorry," the voice was saying, "it's toime us worrkers got togither and taught thim floighty impl'yers their plaace, bad cess to 'um! Sure an' wan of 'um's had the narve roight here in this plaace to give me back talk full of impudince of a hoighly onnicissiry and offinsive sort this very marnin'. Are we goin' t' shtand for it?"

"SAY, PA, WILL MY HAIR FALL OUT, TOO, WHEN IT GETS RIPE?"

THE LURE

"DUBKINS may be a great author," said Wattles, "but conversationally he is the limit. I've met him eight times now, and I've never been able to get a word out of him."

"Offer him fifty dollars a thousand," said Criticus, "and he'll loosen up."

SIZED UP

THE conspicuously dressed man in the drawing-room car received a telegram from the conductor and then produced a fountain-pen, but it failed, despite several efforts, to make a stroke. In a high-pitched feminine voice and with an inclusive bow to his neighbors he thus appealed to them:

"Will one of you gentlemen be kind enough to lend me a pen? My own has gone dry."

Instantly from the rear of the car came the words in a deep voice that "carried" well, "Oh, you foolish virgin!" And the man whose sex and sense had been ruthlessly impeached had the tact to join, though feebly, in the laugh which followed.

THE NATIONAL OBSESSION

"WHY, hullo, Jorkins," said Dubbleigh, meeting his friend at the ball-game. "What are you doing here? I thought this was your wedding-day?"

"Geerusalem!" cried Jorkins, "so it is! Heavens, Bill, get a taxi for me right off, will you? I got so excited over this series that I forgot."

A MODERN SOLOMON

"I FINE ye fifteen dollars fer goin' too fast, and fifteen more for operatin' without a license," said the justice of the peace, stroking his chin-whisker coldly.

"Operating without a license?" echoed Slithers. "Why, confound it all, I've got a license-tag right there on the rear end of my car."

"I don't mean a motor-license," said the justice. "I mean a dog-license. Fellers that come snappin' and growlin' araound here the way ye've been doin' fer the last two hours has gotta pay fer the priv'lidge."

A CRUEL RETORT

"OH, Marie," said Peterby, feverishly, as he fell to his knees, and the light of the lamp shone fiercely on top of his bald head, "why won't you say 'yes'? You know I'd die for you."

"Oh, don't, Mr. Peterby!" cried Marie, wringing her hands; "please don't! Why, if you dyed for me you'd look like an Easter egg!"

MAUD MULLER

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day
Out in the meadows raked away.

The Judge came by, just as of yore,
But when he gazed the meadows o'er

In search of Maud, so sweetly fair,
Was not aware that she was there.

And so with spirits much cast down
Kept sadly on his way to town.

The trouble was that Maud's new hat
She wore that day out on the flat

Loomed up so large, both front and back,
The Judge mistook it for a stack,

And never knew the maid so gay
Was not another load of hay!

A. SUFFERAN MANN.

SAPLEIGH *(who hasn't bagged a thing)*: YES, I KNOW ROCKSLEY WELL. I'VE OFTEN SHOT AT HIS COUNTRY HOME.

FRIEND: EVER HIT IT?

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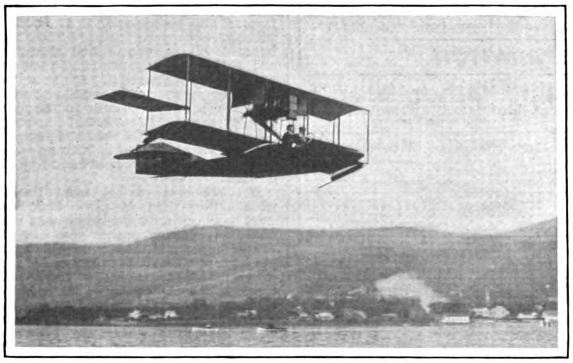
The Flying Boat

By JOHN LARKIN

THE passenger approached the machine, which is at home in the air, on the land, and in the water, with feelings that were decidedly mixed. The place in the hydro-aeroplane to which he was assigned resembled a seat in an automobile racer. Overhead were the planes, stable and well-arched, like the wings of a high-flying bird. Stretching behind was the rudder, to steer the craft to right or left, resembling in design the tail of a fish. The elevating and depressing planes were recognizable, but their operations were wrapped in mystery. Between the boat and the arching planes was the motor of eight cylinders holding in captivity the power which, when brought to life by the electric spark, would drive the propelling blade with the strength of seventy-five horses.

The passenger had but a moment to notice these prominent features of the machine as he took his seat. The propeller was thrown over and with a deafening roar a hurricane swept away the hats of the men behind, who bent to the blast as they launched the machine. Over the smooth surface of the lake the boat moved without the sense of support from the water. One who has spurted a racing-shell and then has rested upon his oars as the shell slides along understands this feeling. Although the motor was driving the propeller twelve hundred revolutions per minute and the craft sped on at the rate of fifty-five miles per hour, there was no apparent vibration to destroy the beauty and delicacy of the rush of the machine over the water. The ripples as they fly give a sense of bewildering speed, and the eyes for rest are turned to the vineyards on the sloping banks of the lake. The machine, now at full speed, turns into the light wind, and as a skilful rider feels the mouth of his mount to get it in balance so Curtiss with his elevating controls feels his craft. He lifts the machine slightly and then loosens his rein and then lifts it again, and at once the water drops away and we are in the air. The passenger tries to look at the sky, upon woods, upon the grape-vines lining the banks, upon anything; but the receding waters of the lake hypnotize, and the eyes are cast down to it wonderingly. The machine has now swept over to the other shore, and by the slightest movement of the steering-wheel and accompanying inclination of the body of the driver the great bird turns with a graceful, sweeping curve. The waters of the lake now are rapidly rushing up to the flying boat and then recede, only to rush up again, and then the passenger knows that he is descending. So skilfully has he alighted that, although the speed has in no way been slackened, he has glanced along the surface of the lake with the skill of the ski-runner without jar and is rushing on to the landing-stage. Only by the strange movement of the waters is one able to tell when he has left the lake and is in the air.

As a sport this is the supreme sport. To free man of the limitations which nature has placed on his movements upon land and water has been the effort of all mankind since the dawn of the race. This is the final accomplishment, as air, land, and sea are now the same and may be traversed by man.



How Curtiss's flying boat looks in the air.
Taken during a recent flight over Lake Keuka

Investigating the Fairies

A DISTINGUISHED member of the Anthropological Section of the British Association has attempted to verify the legend of fairies and to show that these lively, delightful, and beautiful beings are not entirely the creation of the imagination of centuries of story-tellers, but that they were in a sense real people. The true basis of the idea, we are told, is to be found in the fact that, although fairy women are generally represented as lovely, some of the tribes of men fairies are described as ugly, and fairy children, when left as changelings, are invariably pictured as repulsive urchins of a sallow complexion and mostly deformed about the legs and feet.

One is forced to conclude, says this investigator, that fairies, as a real people, consisted of a short, stumpy, swarthy race which made its habitations underground or otherwise cunningly concealed. They were hunters and probably fishermen. At any rate, they were not tillers of the soil. They ate no bread. Most likely they had some of the domestic animals and lived mainly on milk and the produce of the chase, together with what they got by stealing.

They seem to have practised the art of spinning, although they do not appear to have thought much of clothing. They seem to have had a language of their own, which would imply a time when they knew no other, and explain why, when they came to town to do their marketing, they laid down the exact sum asked without uttering a syllable to anybody by way of bargaining.

They were inordinately fond of music and dancing. They had a marvelously quick sense of hearing and were consummate thieves. Their thievery was not, however, systematically resented, as their visits were held to bring luck and prosperity. More powerful races generally feared them as formidable magicians who knew the future and could cause or cure disease as they pleased.

The Popular Turkish Bath

THERE is a wide-spread use of the vapor, or Turkish, bath. Even in arctic Lapland the use of a Turkish bath of very primitive form is common. It consists of a hut attached to every farm. In the middle of the hut is raised a kind of beehive of rough stones and in this a fire is lighted. When the stones become red-hot they are drenched with water, so that the place is filled with vapor. Then enter the bathers, who are armed with birch twigs, with which they belabor one another until all are in a state of profuse perspiration. Then all leave the hut and roll in the snow outside. This last function, it will be observed, is equivalent to the cold plunge which is the final experience in the Turkish bath as known to us all.

Phosphorus and Life

EVERYTHING that lives draws the elements necessary to its life from what surrounds it or envelops it. These elements are found in a free state as, for instance, oxygen or in mineral forms or water. Two of the fundamental elements are carbon and nitrogen. These, with phosphorus, are indispensable to the maintenance of life. Phosphorus is found everywhere in plant and animal tissues. In organic matter it is found in the state of phosphoric acid, combined with different metallic elements; in arable ground its common form is phosphate of calcium.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box. a*s

"I don't see how they make them wear so well."
"Nor I, either, Dad—they're so light-weight and stylish."

Holeproof Hose are bought for style, for sheerness and for extra light-weight—simply because they feel good to the foot and because they comply with what fashion decrees. The wear is considered by many buyers as merely an extra advantage.

"Holeproof" are made in cotton for men, women and children—even the smallest infants. You can get them *in silk* for adults. We get the silk from the north of Japan. It is long-fibered—light-weight but strong—the best silk one can buy for the purpose. There is nothing near-silky about them—nothing makeshift or shoddy. Try a box of the silk. Try a box of the cotton hose, too.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for the Egyptian and Sea Island cotton used in the cotton goods. Thus we guarantee every stitch. If a *single thread* breaks we replace the hose gladly.

We could buy common cotton for as low as 30 cents a pound.

We spend $55,000 a year to insure this quality standard, for that's what we pay for inspection—to see that each pair is perfect. In all our experience, our replacements have never run more than 5 per cent. And "Holeproof," the original guaranteed hose, have been on the market for 13 years. 39 years of hose-making experience goes into every pair.

The signature, Carl Freidell, is on the toe of every pair. And it means the very finest hose in existence. The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Cotton "Holeproof" for men, women, children and infants (six pairs) cost $1.50 to $3.00, according to finish and weight, guaranteed six months. Silk "Holeproof" for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2.00 for three pairs of men's; $3.00 for three pairs of women's. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(358)

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SECOND YEAR

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BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS

By GRAHAM MOFFAT

DIRECTION MESSRS. SHUBERT AND WILLIAM A. BRADY

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Finance

By FRANKLIN ESCHER

Railway Prosperity—What it Means to Business

"If the business men of this country had any realization of what it means to them in dollars and cents to have the railways prosperous and making money," recently remarked a high railway official, "this agitation against us would die out overnight."

A good many people directly engaged in the manufacture and marketing of the things railroads buy realize fully what it means to them to have the railroads prosperous, but with regard to the great majority of business men the railway official was right—there is mighty little appreciation on their part of the extent to which they, personally, are affected by conditions in the railroad industry. This man manufactures shoes in a small town up in New England—what does he care whether the government makes the Atchison reduce its freight-rate between two points somewhere out in the Southwest? That man grows cotton in Alabama—of what interest is it to him that a shrinkage of earnings on the Northern Pacific makes the directors resolve to go slow about building a spur down into the fruit district of Oregon?

Of what interest? Of the very greatest interest to both of them, if they only knew it. The shoe-man reads with indifference that this road has been compelled to reduce a certain rate, and that that road has been ordered to comply with some regulation which will cost it a lot of money. If he thinks along a little farther it may occur to him that the same thing is happening to other roads and that the resulting reduction in revenues is running into big figures. What does that mean? Curtailment of expenses; abandonment of new construction plans; laying off of men. Now we are getting at it. Men being laid off—orders the filling of which would have kept thousands of hands busy being withheld—new construction work, which would have given employment to thousands more, abandoned. What is the inevitable result? Reduction of buying power. And just here comes the point of contact with the maker of shoes who didn't care. Shoes are a necessity, of course, but ask him whether his business isn't much better when times are good and people have money to spend than when times are bad and every one is faced with the necessity of economizing.

Just exactly as real is the interest of the other man who grows cotton somewhere down in Alabama. The Northern Pacific isn't the only one which decides to hold up its proposed extension work. The same influences cause a restriction of activity in any number of other directions. That means that cars and locomotives and rails which would otherwise at once have been ordered will not be ordered—that in far-off manufacturing towns, in consequence, mills will be run on part instead of full time. Again the curtailment of buying-power and its reflection in a lessened demand for all kinds of manufactured products—cotton fabrics naturally among them. (First sign of interest from the cotton-grower who didn't care.) Yes, cotton goods in less demand and the mills, consequently, much more careful about their purchases of the raw material. Very real and definite, now, does the whole matter become to the man whose snap judgment in the first place was that it all was of no interest to him.

The shoe-manufacturer in New England and the cotton-grower in Alabama are merely random instances—it would be just as easy to take the case of the storekeeper or clerk and trace the direct influence of conditions in the transportation industry upon his affairs. There is no line of business, in fact, to which this influence does not reach. It may be direct, as in the case of a company manufacturing car-wheels or safety appliances, or it may be indirect, as in the case of a company manufacturing shoes, but it is there, nevertheless—continuous and insistent.

This is a materialistic age, and, in business, especially, every one is expected to look out for himself first, last, and all the time. The proposition that transportation costs be reduced by making the railways cut down their freight-rates has thus been received with enthusiasm. But, aside from any sentiment in the matter, or any question of right or wrong, there is a business side to the thing which the business man will not fail to consider. To make the railroads haul freight cheaper is all very well. But if, by reason of their being made to haul freight cheaper, the prosperity of the railroads is going to be endangered, the reactive effect on general business wants to be considered too. From a purely commercial standpoint it is a poor proposition to save a little something on transportation costs and then do only half as much business.

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The Scarcity of Iron Ore

A LARGE body of iron ore has been located recently in Pennsylvania, and it is said to be one of the largest bodies ever discovered in the world.

Yet the news has created very little excitement. The reason is that iron is the most abundant mineral in existence. The stains from it give coloring to nearly all rocks and soils. The reds, browns, and yellows are generally caused by iron. Iron is found in rocks of all ages. There is so much of it that, at many points, surveyors cannot use a compass and be accurate, for the needle is deflected by the attraction of the metal. To express the importance of iron in figures that will stand out distinctly and suggestively, the iron ore and raw metal of the United States amount to nearly ten per cent. of the total freight traffic of the country.

Notwithstanding all this, and despite the vast quantity of iron in the world, very little iron ore is suitable for manufacture into metal, and, if it is, it is without commercial value. There are hundreds of varieties of iron altogether, and of them all only two kinds that may be converted into metal. Of these two kinds, moreover, only a small proportion is available for use, because of the presence of certain ingredients. These are the ores known by the names of hematite and magnetite, the latter being so called for the reason that it is attracted by the magnet.

If these ores contain more than a minute proportion of phosphorus they must be rejected, for the reason that more than that amount makes the iron too brittle for use. If there is more than two per cent. of silica it is valueless, for then the resulting metal is too fragile. If there is more than three per cent. of sulphur, the ore is impossible for use. That is just enough to make the process of reduction to metal too expensive. Three per cent. of sulphur is sufficient to strike fire when a pick comes in contact with it. Then little particles go burning and hissing through the air, and there is a distinct odor of burning sulphur.

Steel men are pestered continually by owners of iron properties that, upon examination, turn out to be worthless. It is difficult to explain to these owners how the presence of certain ingredients in iron ore makes the process of eliminating them cost more than the price at which a ton of the best iron can be sold in the open market.

The Opalized Woods of Montana

WHILE most of us have heard of the wonderful petrified forests of Arizona, few of us are aware of the existence of another petrified forest in Montana of equal extent. The latter is held to be much more remarkable in many ways than the Arizona forests.

The petrified forests in the Southwest are chiefly extraordinary by reason of the fact that entire trees have by the action of the elements undergone transformation into agate. The Montana forest is more extraordinary because the trees have been changed into opal, instead of agate, thus making a very peculiar and beautiful ornamental stone.

The Montana phenomenon is a very curious one in geology. It is no unusual thing to find logs and trees converted into agate, chalcedony, silicate, and quartz, but, aside from the Montana forest, there is probably not another example of opalized wood.

In many specimens of the Montana petrified wood the grain is quite discernible. The colors are white, bluish, smoky, black, and in every case translucent. The fact that the wood has been changed to opal is apparent at first glance, even to the layman, the beautiful color and sheen of the opal being unmistakable. This opalized wood takes a high polish, and is held by man far to outrank in beauty the finest onyx or marble.

The Shadow on the Eiffel Tower

PROFESSOR CHAVEAU, of Paris, has given to the Academy of Sciences an account of a curious phenomenon which has been under his observation (as well as under the observation of meteorologists) for some time. Approximately at midday he saw one day on Eiffel Tower a shadow which projected itself nearly horizontally from north to south. The part which he designated as "the head" of this shadow was at first directed toward the tower, then it touched it in such manner that the outline was a kind of rectangle. Seen from another point, the shadow seemed to be tipped on end and to follow the length of the tower, producing the illusion of a second tower inverted. Scientists have classed this phenomenon with the well-known apparition designated as "the Specter of the Brocken."

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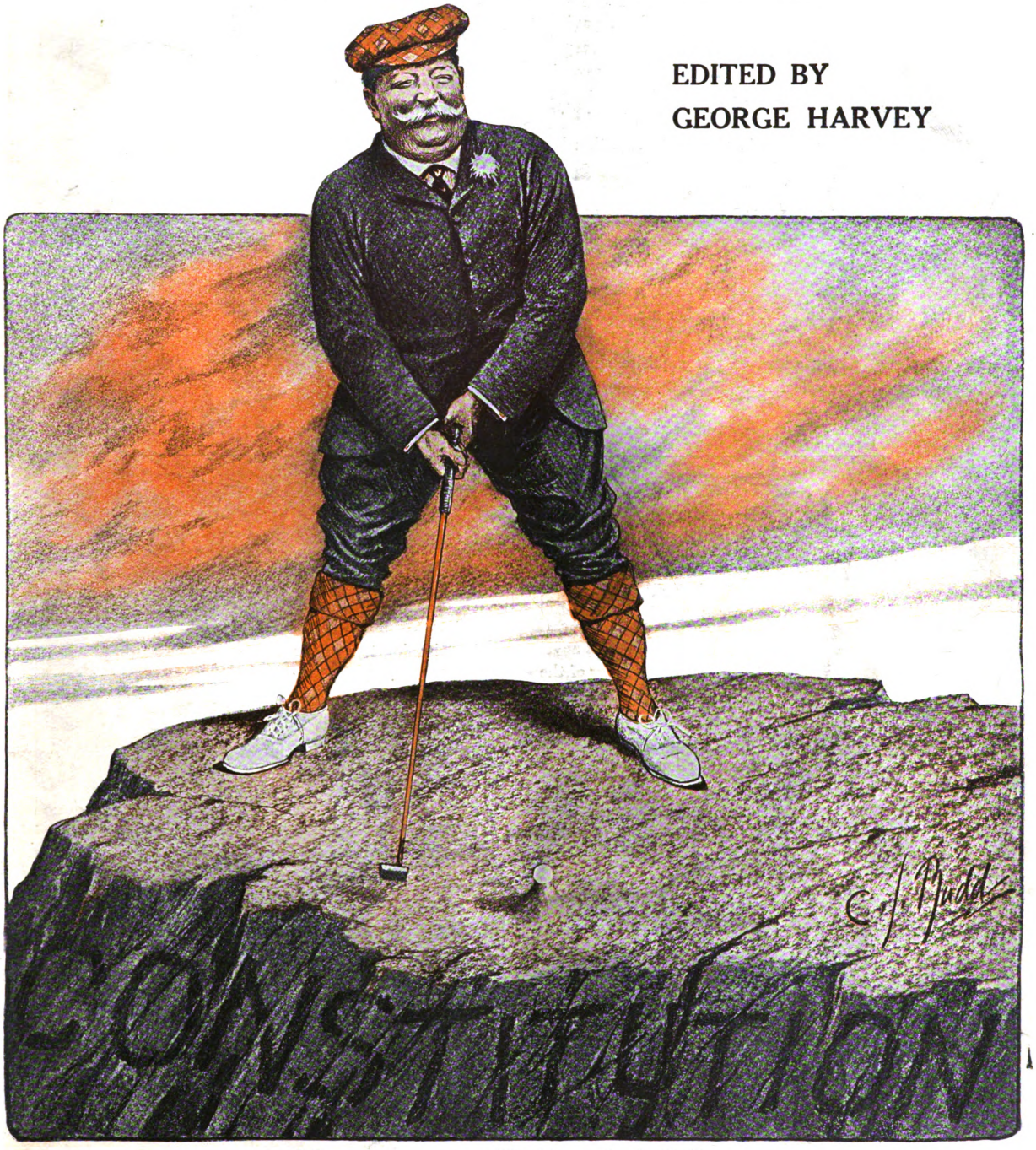
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY



"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

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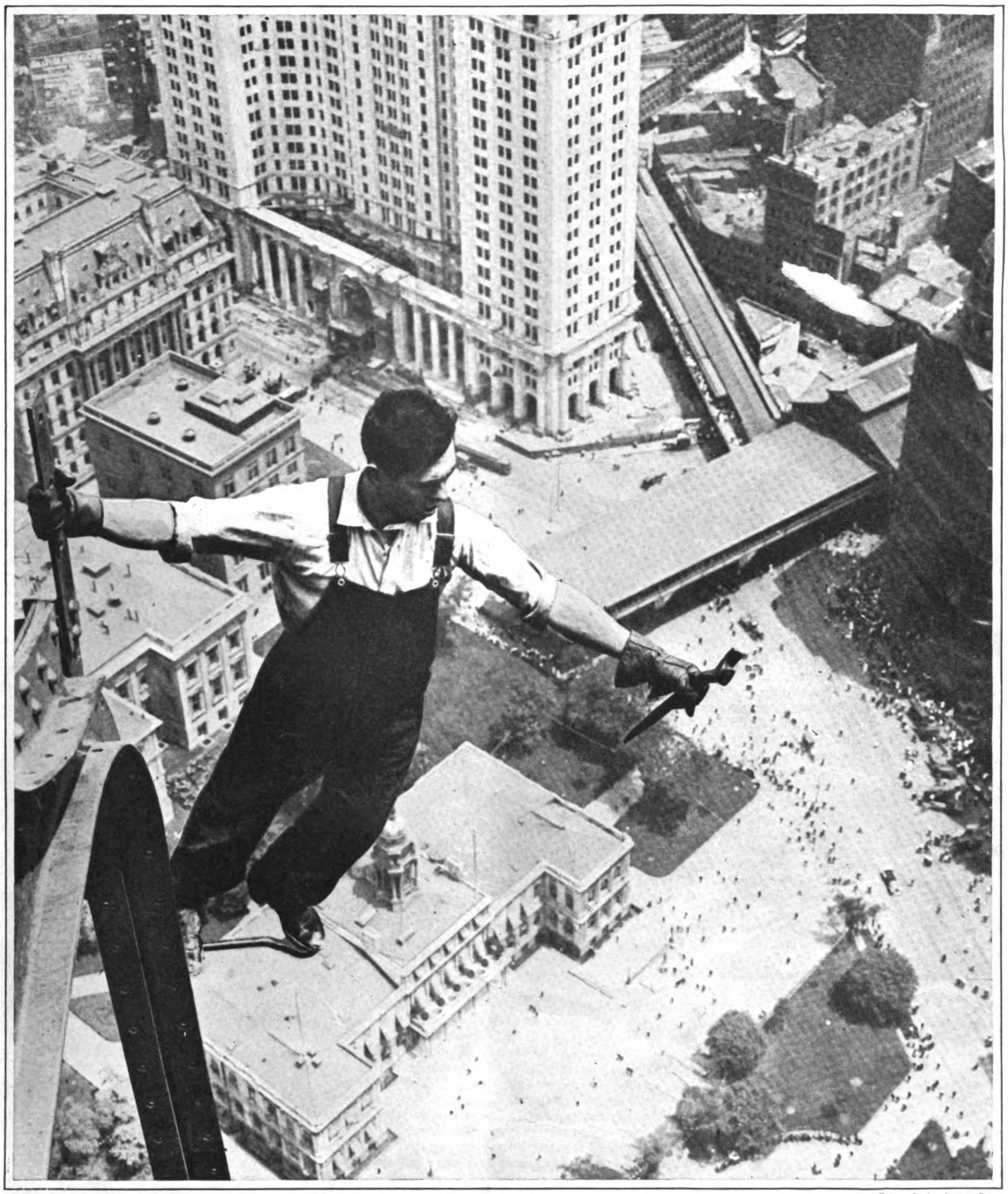

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THE MAN HIGHER UP

How City Hall Park, New York, looks from the top of a 750-foot skyscraper. Directly beneath the feet of the adventurous workman is the City Hall; above his head is the new Municipal Building; at the extreme right of the photograph is the Pulitzer Building (once a skyscraper), with the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge beyond it

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Comment

Congress

THE national legislature is not reaping any great harvest of praise for its prolonged session. But let us be just. It was not a Congress or a session from which much good work could be expected. It was a bitterly divided Congress, and this is a Presidential year. Under the circumstances, perhaps we ought to be complacent with errors and with things not done, and more than usually grateful for anything acceptable that was accomplished.

And there are some acceptable things. First of them all, perhaps, should be put the provision for a really important experiment with the parcels post. The precise plan adopted may prove defective, but if it does it can be changed; and there is no reason to doubt that we are at last really beginning this long-demanded reform. We must approve, too, the law to regulate wireless and the other legislation by which we lead in applying the lessons of the *Titanic* disaster. Then, too, there is the amendment for direct elections of Senators, the children's bureau, and the abolition of a lot of useless and expensive pension agencies. We must remember, too, that it isn't the fault of Congress that we have got no tariff revision, and no doubt we should hope for the best from the new industrial commission and from the diversely criticized Panama Canal bill.

It is not a long list, but it may somewhat soften the rebuke Congress has deserved and received for its attempts to coerce the President with riders on appropriation bills. The only thing it accomplished by that strategy was to destroy at once the Tariff Board, which was doomed anyhow; protectionist Republicans never really wanted it, and the Democrats were bound to resent the use that has been made of it. The other extraordinary riders were defeated, as they should have been. We can only regret that means were not found to defeat certain other measures which passed, particularly the service pension bill, and that the Senate should have had its way in the mutilation of the proposed arbitration treaties.

This last, it is true, was not the work of Congress, but of the Senate alone; but it strengthens the feeling against a legislature divided, as this one has been, into more than two groups, with no one group in control. From time to time people argue seriously that we ought to have three or more parties, instead of sticking to the English two-party system. This Congress does not actually disprove that contention, for two of its groups have been factions rather than parties; but it does indicate that we should require a lot of troublesome experimentation before we could hope to work successfully anything like the block system, the system of many parties, which prevails on the continent of Europe.

The Democratic House

But in one chamber of this Congress a single party has had control for all purposes for which a two-thirds majority is not required. That fact makes it necessary to modify our criticism.

Taken separately, the record of the House is creditable—in some respects, extraordinarily creditable. Fair-minded Democrats will hardly incline to imitate a Republican habit and claim that the House Democrats made no mistakes whatever, whether of omission or commission. But on the other hand even Republicans who are fair-minded must admit that the House Democrats have utterly disproved, so far as they alone could do it, the old charge of sheer incompetence so often made against their party. Indeed, we have already the most impressive Republican testimony on this point. And in practically all the great divisions in this House—even on the tariff bills—the Democratic majority has been swelled by substantial Republican support. Only in that way could it have accomplished the remarkable feat of passing tariff bills over the President's veto.

Instead of confusion and incompetence, we have had from this the first Democratic majority in many years, a high degree of order and dignity, unusual harmony, and an exhibition of admirable leadership. It has reformed the House's rules of procedure, over which the Republicans had fallen into bitter and hopeless wrangling, and it has made the new rules work. On the leading issue of the day it has developed a firm and clear policy, in accord with the sentiment of the country, and embodied it in actual measures. It has, for the most part, wisely steered clear of commitments on issues concerning which the country has not made up its mind. It has made, no doubt, a few mistakes, but it has been clearly superior to recent Republican majorities, and it has deserved a continuance of the country's confidence. If the Democratic party does not come into full control of the entire government next March, it will not be because its representatives have proved unworthy or incompetent in the only branch of the government which they now control.

A Suggestion

In mitigating the dullness of life upon the farm, perhaps the Colonel will accept our suggestion that a new cabinet portfolio might be established under the head of the Department of Entertainment, whose duty it should be to provide opera, vaudeville, moving-picture, and other shows at convenient points in all farming districts. Federal casinos located at all cross-roads in the United States would work beneficently to the desired end and provide work for thousands upon thousands of unemployed actors, prime donnes, chorus girls, lantern-slide operators, and vaudevillains generally. For the first secretary of such a department in the Colonel's Cabinet, we nominate the Hon. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, of New York.

Another Statesman with Two Parties

How many political parties can one man at one time belong to? Maybe this campaign will settle that question. We still trust the courts may find a way to pronounce on it clearly and finally.

ROOSEVELT and FLINN, STUBBS and JOHNSON, have done enough to make the question imperative. We had thought, indeed, that nothing could be added to the claims they have made by way of retaining rights in the party they are trying to destroy. But down in North Carolina there is a statesman who bids fair to give even these astute gentlemen points as to how many rights in different parties a man may have. He is the Hon. RICHMOND PEARSON, sometime Minister to Persia, and his training fits him for such a rôle; for he has already been in and out of three parties. He has been successively Republican, Populist, Democrat, and yet again Republican. Now he wants to be both Republican and Progressive, supporting ROOSEVELT and at the same time retaining his place as Republican National Committeeman from North Carolina. Such an experience as a turn-coat doubtless encourages him to great expectations as a straddler.

In one feature, however, his scheme of a straddle is unique. Messrs. FLINN, STUBBS, and Company, we understand, accept the Bull Moose platform as well as the Bull Moose candidate. Not so Mr. PEARSON: he discovers that the Republican platform is really Republican, though the rightful Republican candidate is Bull Moose. So he sticks to the platform, and merely demands that the North Carolina Republican Convention name electors who, though they also accept that platform, shall support ROOSEVELT for President. If his plan succeeds, as it may, we shall therefore have ROOSEVELT running in North Carolina on TAFT's platform instead of his own!

And most of us had a notion righteousness was simple! On the contrary, as we remarked before, there is urgent need that the courts instruct us whether there is any limit whatever to its possible complications, and whether there is anything whatever that cannot be done in its name. We do not believe that ever before in American politics there has been attempted a piece of dishonesty at once so brazen and so extensive as that of the men who are claiming a right to use and control the Republican organization in an open endeavor to destroy the Republican party.

The Colored Brother is Concerned

Perhaps the North Carolina part of this programme will be thought negligible, because the South is Democratic; but it is not negligible. North Carolina and Tennessee are the two Southern States in which the Republicans have displayed real strength—in which they have at times had real hopes of getting control. In 1908 TAFT polled a heavy vote in both, and carried a number of Congress districts. They are the only two distinctly Southern States that can conceivably be expected this year to give any substantial support to any anti-Democratic party or movement. Moreover, in both these States the anti-Democratic party is distinctly a white man's party. In North Carolina particularly the colored brother has for some years cut no more figure in Republican than in Democratic conventions.

The Bull Moose party and the Bull Moose candidate want votes wherever they can get them. Their joint future depends on the total popular vote they can get all over the country. ROOSEVELT went to North Carolina before the conventions, and announced that he was coming back later to carry the State Republican. He now wants to carry the Republican part of it anyhow, and to that end he has two devices. One is this PEARSON scheme for making off with the Republican organization. The other is his Bull Moose policy with the colored brother. That policy, just reaffirmed in an *Outlook* warm-over of the JULIAN HARRIS letter, can only be properly appreciated when one remembers that the Republican party is already a white man's party in the only Southern States where it ever has any chance.

The *Outlook* warm-over is, in fact, invaluable as an exposition of Bull Moose ethics. It is so full of morality that every sentence is a sermon, but the main lesson is this: according to the new gospel, the Democratic policy with the negro has been brutality and the Republican policy has been hypocrisy; as the Bull Moose policy differs from each of these old policies, it must therefore be the only right policy.

Well, it does differ from each of them, for it has the main features of both. It combines brutality and hypocrisy, one for the South and the other for the North. Surely the colored brother will be satisfied at last. Hitherto one party has told him he was black and the other party has told him he was white. Now arises a party which assures him that he is black in one section and white in the other. If after this he is still detected in the political wood-pile we must mournfully conclude that there's simply no reasoning with him.

Battling Bob

Mr. TAFT having run off with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S nomination, Mr. ROOSEVELT has run off with Mr. LA FOLLETTE'S, and the sad part of it all is that it is now too late for Mr. LA FOLLETTE to break in anywhere and land somebody else's.

The Panama Canal Bill

Persons who have disapproved of the Panama Canal bill, and felt that it violated the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty and was discreditable to our country, may find a good deal of consolation in Mr. TAFT'S memorandum, given out when he signed the bill. For our part, we have wished to hear all the argument on that bill. The interpretation of the treaties which affect it is a matter for experts. Some of the best of them have seemed to consider that to give free passage to American ships, even those engaged in the coastwise trade, would violate our treaty obligations. But the argument to the contrary has been impressive. President TAFT states and accepts it. He is an expert on treaties and on all matters of judicial interpretation, and his opinion on the conformity of the bill with the treaty carries weight. Recognizing the strength of the opposed opinion, he tried to provide for a more convincing settlement than he could give himself. As he says in the conclusion of his memorandum:

> In a message sent to Congress after this bill had passed both Houses, I ventured to suggest a possible amendment by which all persons, and especially all British subjects who felt aggrieved by the provisions of the bill on the ground that they are in violation of the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty, might try that question out in the Supreme Court of the United States. I think this would have satisfied those who oppose

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the view which Congress evidently entertains of the treaty and might avoid the necessity for either diplomatic negotiation or further decision by an arbitral tribunal. Congress, however, has not thought it wise to accept the suggestion, and therefore I must proceed in the view which I have expressed, and am convinced is the correct one, as to the proper construction of the treaty and the limitations which it imposes upon the United States. I do not find that the bill here in question violates those limitations.

The President commends the measure heartily as a whole, calling it "one of the most beneficial that has been passed by this or any other Congress." The reasons for making it a law without further delay were very strong, and on many accounts it is matter for congratulation that Mr. TAFT has seen his way to sign it. If the railroads think it has dealt with them in a manner of which the Constitution would not approve, they have their remedy in the courts, and if Great Britain protests that the provision for free tolls to coastwise ships violates our treaty with her, that question may be argued at The Hague. But the maintenance, operation, and control of the canal are now provided for. Provision is made for the government of the canal zone, and for the government to furnish coal, docks, and shipping necessities to the canal's patrons, so that the canal can do business as soon as it is finished, and prospective patrons can make their plans and build their ships to use it.

We trust that, on the whole, the bill is satisfactory to Colonel GOETHALS.

Hooray for Hi

They say the Californians are very enthusiastic over the prospect of having Governor JOHNSON spend the next four years on the East coast.

Mr. Bird Will Run in Massachusetts

The Bull Moose candidate for Governor of Massachusetts is to be CHARLES S. BIRD, of East Walpole.

Mr. BIRD is a good man, with a taste for sport.

It was he who lately sent Buffalo JONES to South Africa to catch lions with his bare hands. JONES did it, and we have one of his lions now in a cage in the Bronx Zoo.

Mr. BIRD is a paper-maker, and good at it, and would probably as lief stick to that employment as run for Governor. But his father, FRANK W. BIRD, was a Massachusetts politician of much renown in Civil War times, and it was his son, F. W. BIRD, of this borough, who lately forsook TAFT and the Federal appraisership here to follow after ROOSEVELT. Being thus a link between two urgent politicians, and having, as said, a taste for sport and natural history, Mr. BIRD has been impelled, we suppose, by influences exerted from behind and from before, to be a candidate.

Here's wishing him a good time. There isn't a better man in Massachusetts, nor one better qualified and disposed to send the Colonel back to Africa for more lions after election.

As Heretofore

Too many contemporary people are constructing their politics on the theory that they are the last of their kind. Too many also lean to the conviction that they are the first of their kind. In our judgment both are mistaken. Folks are much as they have been and will be, though in some details some standards seem to have changed.

As to Battle-ships and Canal Tolls

Public opinion of the better kind—not the hysterical kind, but the thoughtful kind—still counts in this country. It may even count immediately. We have just had two striking instances. In our judgment, that was what caused the House Democrats to consent to build a battle-ship. It was that also which caused the conferees on the Panama bill to strike out the provision for free tolls to American ships engaged in foreign commerce.

In each instance the expression of public opinion was striking, and it was also creditable. It was stimulated by no powerful special interest. So far as one could judge, it was spontaneous. In one case it sprang from a consideration of expediency; in the other case, from a consideration of morality and honor. People of common sense felt that if we are to maintain a navy at all we must do it systematically and steadily, not by fits and starts. People of self-respect and good faith felt that, whatever our interest in the canal tolls, we must above all things keep our plighted word; that if necessary we must sacrifice our interests to our national honor.

That is a kind of pressure which it is right to bring to bear on our lawmakers, and to which our lawmakers are wise to submit.

Flutterings

The Second-Adventists have not yet joined the Bull Moose movement in a body, but are reported to be fluttering and holding meetings. "Armageddon" sounds hopeful and familiar to them, and they are disposed to be present if there is anything doing.

The Millerites are understood to be discussing khaki as a fabric for ascension costumes. They are not used to it, but may adjust their habit to a rising movement if the rise holds.

The Current Best-seller

The New York detective story—"The Rosenthal Murder"—now running in its second month in our newspapers, continues to hold the interest of readers all over the country. It is a well-handled tale, gradual in its development, and amply provided with new sensations skilfully worked out. It is unique in the number of characters introduced, or indicated as being under suspicion as accessories to the central crime. There are five hundred of them at a low estimate, and maybe more. Readers not in the confidence of the authors are not yet able to guess who the suspects are, elements of mystery and lively expectation being thus introduced that add greatly to the holding-power of the tale.

We bespeak continuance of public attention to this narrative. It is the most powerful story of New York life we have had in recent years, and promises astonishing sensations and possibly very penetrating practical results.

Firebugs and Others

It would be to the apparent advantage of our present experiment in civilization if a competent authority, capable of settling perplexities of conscience as well as of deportment, could write us a few authentic new commandments. One of them might be, "Thou shalt not suffer a firebug to live," and another might direct procedure in the case of irresponsible men who attack girls. In the latter cases we can sometimes take effective action under the law as it is. But often not. SCHWARTZ, the young murderer of the child JULIA CONNERS, had been convicted and punished for a lesser but somewhat similar offense years before. In the scraps of confession that he left when he killed himself he said he was insane. So, no doubt, he was; and a most pitiful case. His mania had been discovered betimes. He had been punished—as though punishment was any cure for monomania—and then turned back into life. It had been a thousand times kinder to have taken his life, and in default of that he should have been shut up for life. This was a striking case in that, as we remember it, the judge who sentenced him for his early crime recommended him to kill himself, and his father had finally to urge the same course upon him. He took the advice at last, for there was nothing else for him to do.

It seems safe to say that in all these men and youths who attack girls there is a defect of self-restraint that amounts to madness. Certainly that is the case with the pyromaniacs. One, BERNARD MURRAY, was caught in Massachusetts the other day, who owned up to setting eighteen recent fires in Springfield, Greenfield, Waterbury, and other places, at an estimated expense of $250,000. Of course MURRAY should be restricted to fireproof surroundings for the rest of his days; a forlorn prospect, but less expensive than having him at large. But it is very hard to keep these creatures shut up. Even when the law provides for life sentences they are apt either to get less than that, or, if they are effectually dealt with by the courts, to be pardoned out after a while, out of pity or because they are supposed to be cured. Almost always they start new fires forthwith. It is a great evil, because a very large proportion of our immense annual fire loss is due to incendiary fires, most of them set by pyromaniacs.

Miss Boardman and Miss Addams

Miss BOARDMAN, active president of the American Red Cross, did wisely to decline to be chairman of the advisory committee to conduct the work of women for the re-election of President TAFT. The Red Cross is important, and particularly non-political, and its leading active officer in this country is too closely identified with it to go actively into a political campaign without great risk of dragging the Red Cross after her.

As to her criticism of Miss JANE ADDAMS for lending to the third-term movement the "influence of the great social-betterment work with which she has been so widely associated," there is some point, undoubtedly, to that; how much, time will show. Miss ADDAMS took up with the Bull-Moosers because she liked certain planks in their platform. Her help is very much prized, and we read that she is to be, or has been, promoted to Mr. PERKINS's executive committee of nine, and "is expected to take charge of the women's movement for the Progressive party throughout the country, and have headquarters in New York." If she accepts, she will be a wiser woman by snow-time, and possibly sadder. She is entitled to make her own experiments.

On the whole she is the best recruit the third-termers have enlisted. And they seem to know it.

Brother Stoddard Strains His Hoops

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has been growing to this through all the years. Each one of his public employments has been a training and a preparation for a higher task. The legislature, the Civil Service Commission, the police commissionship, the assistant secretaryship of the navy, the brave and brilliant work in the army of Cuba's liberation and America's expansion, the Governorship—these were all stepping-stones to the Presidency; and history will register that first Presidency, in the leading-strings of an obsolescent system of partisan boss control, as no more than a period of training for the statesman's ampler task that will confront him when he comes once more to the Chief Magistracy of the nation.—*The Evening Mail.*

Yes, yes! And of course, dear friend, his training for the statesman's ampler task is not going to stop when, as you say, he comes once more to the White House. He is only fifty-three, or thereabouts, now, and strong as a bull, and has doubtless twenty years of activity and further training still in him. Have you any plan for a final job for him after he has taken all these preliminary courses of instruction and handled these intermediate bagatelles? He'll have a strong hand for the reins by that time and will be fit for unusual feats, like driving the planets tandem, and how, with the nations being only what they are, you are going to outfit him with employments worthy of his powers we do not, do not, see.

Ex Uno Plures

Once in our time there is a man. Two men, in fact. —*The Evening Mail.*

Ten men at least. Say a battalion. Don't dwarf him by a mere duplication.

Following the Abatement of Horses

Time was when the horse was a great tie between men. Men who loved horses met, understood one another, played together, often worked together. Men who had nothing else in common except horse, but had that, were socially related.

Well, "Where is dot barty now?" Most of the ties of horseflesh have been loosed. Who gives his friend a horse now except for museum purposes? That great link between men is all but gone, and, of course, no community of interest in anything that goes by gasoline can replace it.

It is reasonable that there should be consequences of such a loss as that: social consequences; political consequences; a reaching out for a substitute for what is gone. Perhaps this running after the Bull Moose is one of the consequences of the decline of the horse. Perhaps this rising volume of philanthropic sentiment, so widely remarked, is partly due to a wholesale transfer to man of affections once concentrated on horse. Horse virtually gone, horsemen turn to the next best thing, which is man.

General Booth

General WILLIAM BOOTH, founder and head of the Salvation Army, dead at eighty-two, on August 20th, is honored not only as a good man but a great one.

He was the greatest man in his line that the world has seen since JOHN WESLEY.

The profane world was rather slow to recognize how great a man WESLEY was, how enormously important his life's work was, and how much more he affected and bettered the world than most of the statesmen of his day or any day since. General BOOTH has had prompter recognition. He won his place years ago in the admiration and respect of mankind. Jeers ceased and money flowed to aid him, and through derision he came to honor.

He did a wonderful work and he seems to have had a first-rate time doing it. All his life long we read of him as a very happy man, with his times of trial, of course, but in the main very happy.

That seems usually to be true of men who accomplish great things. They love the doing of them, and the greater the difficulties the more they love the work.

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In Camp

It is quite a Hamletian question whether it is better in the rain to camp or wait upon the weather. But weather is like the Lord, in that it loves those who love and glorify it, and take its caprices and changes in a spirit of humble trust as being a part of some larger law than man's convenience. Nietzsche to the contrary, it is not the Christian religion alone that has demanded submission from the spirit of man. All the great forces of Nature have a way, too, of showing him his place in the scheme of the universe. So it is just as well to cultivate the frame of mind of the little boy who stood with his face pressed against the window-pane watching a steady downpour of rain while he remarked, "I *love* weather!" When asked "what kind of weather," his geniality did not falter, and he replied, "Oh, any old weather!"

Undoubtedly it is courage and geniality that weather demands of man. If one postpones a camping trip on account of weather, it will probably set to work to show just how disagreeable it can make the snuggest of shelters. But go out into the midst of whatever storm is to hand, and it will not be long before you become a part of all the natural forces. Rain and wind can seem as natural and as comfortable as sunshine and dry meadows. At any rate, it is a contemptible proceeding, if you belong to the camping variety of man, to postpone camping because of storm. As to the variety of man who has not the native hardihood to camp, who never makes friends with adverse conditions, he is hardly to be taken account of. He loses one of the main joys of life, the conscious link with the past. For surely no man who stalks the woods alone, who sleeps, wrapped in a blanket on the soft ground, with the black, star-studded dome of heaven curved above him, fails to get the sense of the myriad lives within him.

"Behold a hundred and a thousand lives,
And thousands more in caverns dark within thee.
No secret wish that flits along thy fancy,
But lo! far back in some ancestral form
It dwelt, had eyes and feet, and ranged its life;
No thought, no dream, but long-dead men and women
Live in the quiet murmur of its wings
Far down, far down, and move about thy brain
And look upon the sun again."

The doors indeed are shut behind us, and yet, as we turn back to earth and live where unimpeded currents may run from her into our veins, we feel not only a revival of our kinship with primitive man who ranged the vast solitudes of the past, but, literally, our kinship with wild animals who start at every sound, our kinship with trees and waters and weeds. No camp, then, is right that is not open to the sun, surrounded by trees, and near a body of water. No day in camp is right that cannot begin with a long float on one's back, with eyes open, beneath a wide-stretched sky, and a swift swim to some farther shore.

The printed page in camp is an anomaly: it does not fit, and a man has quite enough with sensations and inarticulate thoughts and food and sleep to make the hours so speed that a week shall seem as a single day. Who would turn to a book for thought when the deer in the dawn are wading out into the lily-pads to feed, and kingfishers are flitting, white-ringed, blue spirits, from dead bough to dead bough; when chipmunks are scolding and squeaking, and woodpeckers with scarlet caps work their way up the trunks of trees inspecting bark? The world is so alive and alert that all a man can do is sit still to harken and watch.

The very wind as it rises and falls, singing through space, will touch the ear and keep it awake till it is a wonder to hear it begin in the tops of the trees, setting all the little leaves into slow, swirring song; then slowly, slowly dropping to the level of the lake and turning up the ruffled, russet lily leaves till they look like a regiment of gaily appareled soldiers suddenly set in motion.

From dawn till midnight, the hours wheel by offering an ever-shifting iridescent beauty, from the faint and solemn waking of the day, through high-skied, brilliant noon, with floating mountains of white cloud: the long, slant hours of afternoon; the fall of vesper-time when birds begin to call again and all the wild things come out of hiding; to the dusk, when darkness slowly pushes through the earth and invades the sky. Let any man meet his hours in solitude, far distant from civilization, and communion with the ancestral life will reawaken. He will hear the myriad whispering multitudes that house within his soul and feel the joys of other lives and other loves than those of his own poor mortal span.

The housed spirit of modern man is, at best, a poor, ill-aired thing hemmed in by artificial views and narrowed outlooks. To be really living, one must take his soul out into the open spaces where the wind of the world blows free and earth's own song can be heard through the stillness. It is a song of growing grass and stirring sap and whirring insects' wings. So each may find at the heart of him the invisible life which no other may see: the life which is the only real life and enduring truth; the life that is not of a man, nor yet of a generation of men, but the life of the world: the life that has stretched in unbroken chain from the dawn of creation, filtering through myriad channels of being, holding alive the thoughts and aspirations of the dead, repeating the very heart throbs of past ages, uniting man to the infinite cosmic plan.

From all this larger, related life a man is divorced by the disturbing complexity of civilized living. How can he interview his immortal soul when hour by hour, and day by day, he hastens from one formal occupation to another, from the diversion of varying toilets and regular meals to the absorbing duty of snatching a living from unwilling comrades. Yet not an official religion, nor yet virtue and the love of duty, will so stretch a man's soul as a week or two of solitude when he is thrown back unsheltered upon the heart of the earth that bore him, to watch undiverted the great wheeling by of the days and nights.

Correspondence

THOUGHTS ON PRIMARIES

Denver, Colo., *August 13, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the Weekly of August 10th, Mr. Halbedel opens up an interesting question when he seeks to improve the primary.

A primary, as the writer understands it, is a preference vote for the nomination of persons to be afterwards voted for at an election. In other words, nomination by ballot.

As Mr. Halbedel observes, primaries are expensive forces if no one attends them. If attendance at primaries is to be made obligatory, the expense will be much further increased. In fact, a pre-election will be held for each party, and afterward a general election for all parties; thus doth theory complicate practice.

What is to prevent persons fond of voting from attending each primary as it occurs, especially if there is a compensation in so doing? The answer might be that the registration should occur previous to the primary, and the voter's politics registered.

How is a voter to state what ticket he intends to vote previous to knowing whom the candidates are to be? It can easily be that his mind is not made up about what ticket he intends to vote. Shall he be barred from suffrage for such a reason?

In a late election the writer saw ballots upon the head of which was written by the voter the name of a party. In the body of the ballot, candidates of the opposite party only were voted for. By this means a voter could always remain a Democrat and always really vote for Republicans, or the other way.

Are there not more chances for deals where there are a large number of candidates on a primary, and do not candidates get on such tickets for such a purpose? Is not loyalty to party next to loyalty to principle, in that the persons who cannot comprehend political principles are afforded a substitute to which they can cling? How much time does the average man in the street spend studying political principles? Is not the primary designed to break up the political parties, and can we do without them? Is it not only in the most progressive countries of the world that political parties exist? Was any political progress ever made except through a strong political party?

I am, sir,
Horace Garst.

THE INCREASE IN OUR TRADE

Memphis, Tenn., *August 9, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I have just read in Harper's Weekly of August 3, 1912, the "Finance" article about the increase of our export and import trade as expressed in dollars. Perhaps if it were given expressed in volume it would not show such a gratifying increase by a long shot. Take into account that the prices of some things have about doubled on account of the depreciation of the purchasing power of money because of the inflation of our currency.

I am, sir,
A. C. Lake.

It is quite true that to a certain extent the increase in the value of our exports is due to higher prices. That, however, in no way lessens the advantage of a balance of trade heavily in our favor.—Editor.

A VIEW OF SOCIALISM

Beedenbostel, Germany, *August 9, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the interview which Mr. Charles Johnston had with Governor Marshall, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, published in your estimable journal July 13th, I find the following: "Either we shall drift into paternalistic despotism, which is what big business wants, and is bringing us to, or we shall rush full speed into Socialism, the result of which no man knows."

Now how, in the name of common sense, any thoughtful person can fail to see the results (for, to my humble way of thinking, there are two results which are inevitable, the immediate and the final) I can only understand on the hypothesis that one man cannot know everything, and that, although Governor Marshall may be a good Democrat, he is far from being a god.

It strikes me that the first result of Socialism will be to destroy the present order of things in general, as that is undoubtedly its object. This would be bad enough indeed, as will presently be seen. But, as to the final result, there can be absolutely no question. Any shrewd man ought to be able to see that, as human nature cannot be changed, everything must quite naturally fall back again into the old groove. There will always be three classes of men, who will see to it that the so-called "Great State" shall not stand too long, but just long enough to serve two of these classes.

The first of these men are those who are the incapables and, for this reason, dissatisfied with the present state of things generally. The Greenbackers, the Populists, the Silverites, the Socialists, and, today, the Third Partyists, form the first class. The second is composed of those substantial men who are now in charge of affairs and who rule wisely. To the third category belong the Grafters, and it is these last who are going not only to create "The Great State," but who will destroy it as well, after it has served their purpose, which is to get property out of the hands of ability and into those of inability, so that they may fatten.

The governmental fabric having been put together by human minds of superior power, and having taken generations in its upbuilding, it will not be so easy to change and keep changed as most of us think. You can no more change the spots on man's character than those on the hide of a leopard.

I am, sir,
O. M. Roff.

T. R. DESCRIBED IN 1823

Bloomington, Ind., *August 20, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Adam Clarke, LL.D., in his *Commentaries on Sacred Writings*, published in 1823, regarding Armageddon, mentioned in Rev. xvi:16, says: "But what is the battle of Armageddon? How ridiculous have been the conjectures of men relative to this point! Within the last twenty years this battle has been fought at various places, according to our purblind seers and self-inspired prophets. At one time it was at Austerlitz, at another Moscow, at another Leipsic, and now Waterloo. And thus they have gone on, and will go on, confounding and being confounded."

How aptly this century-old quotation describes Theodore Roosevelt, as the "self-inspired prophet" in his appropriation for his own use, to conjure with, of this "Armageddon" clap-trap. Bah!

I am, sir
W. T. Hicks.

From the Progressive Hymn-book

THE GLAD TIME COMING

The good times that are coming let the herald angels sing,
When poverty has left us and our cares have taken wing;
When Peace doth hover over us, and Brotherhood holds sway,
And every man among us has ten solid meals a day.
When Trusts are all abolished, and the sundry things they make
Are put upon a counter free for any one to take—
Oh, let us speed that wondrous hour all free from mortal ills
When Teddy is our President, and Perkins pays the Bills!

No longer shall we stand distressed by overtaxing toil
In dreary efforts to acquire a meager share of spoil;
No longer in those gladsome days, like Prisoners in the dock,
Shall any one be forced to rise till half-past ten o'clock;
And every man from sea to sea, freed from mistrust and guile,
Will greet his neighbor brotherlike, with a fraternal smile.
We'll have no need for Lawyers, nor for Doctors with their pills,
When Teddy is our President, and Perkins pays the Bills!

The Railroads will be opened wide, and not a cent of fare
To take us whither we would go, it makes no matter where,
With lower berths for every one upon the Pullman Cars,
And dollar meals for nothing, and no charge for the cigars.
There'll be no crabbed, crotchet crew of selfish bachelors,
Nor ancient maidens lonely with no lovers at their doors,
But every Jill shall have her Jack, all Jacks shall have their Jills,
When Teddy is our President, and Perkins pays the Bills!

And how the Nations of the Earth will cringe and quake with fear
When thundering forth from Washington reverberant they hear
The voice of a Commander bred on Armageddon's Field
To lay down Laws of Action that may never be repealed!
From Po-des to Antipo-des, and oke from Pole to Pole,
Wherever ear shall be to hear that master-tone shall roll,
And one great Will unbreakable shall bend ten-thousand wills,
When Teddy is our President, and Perkins pays the Bills!

Prosperity will bless the land. Each day will be a song,
And nobody will have to work, and none will suffer wrong.
There'll be no taxes to be paid, nor dues that must be met;
Nor Banks to hold the innocent who borrow in their debt;
No Judges on the Bench to thwart those precious Guarantees
Of Liberty our Fathers won to do just what we please—
And every season will be Spring, all pinks and daffodils,
When Teddy is our President, and Perkins pays the Bills!

Horace Dodd Gastit.

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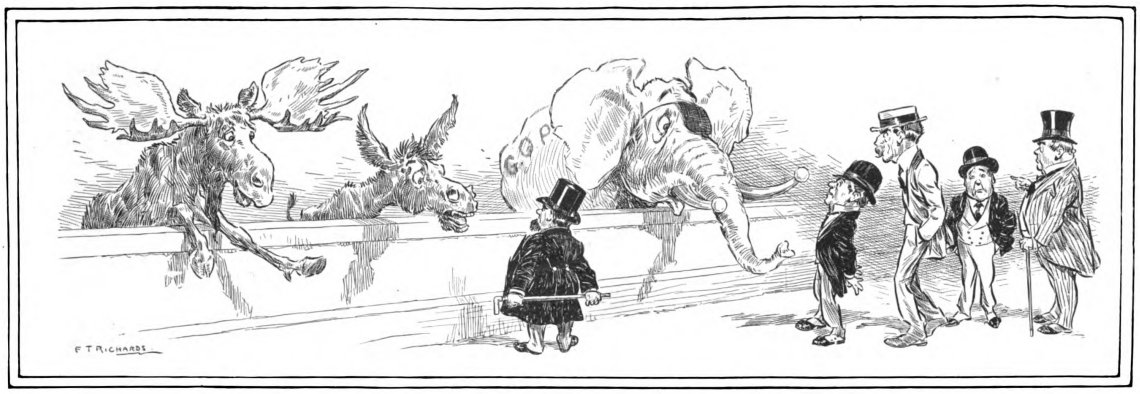

PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

WEEK ENDING *August 26th.*

THE Bull Moose bellows belligerently. Those campaign contributions of 1904 have always been a tender subject with him, and if you want to see the finest specimen of bull moose in captivity on the rampage (usually he's so gentle he will eat out of the hands of the trusts and allow himself to be petted by little GEORGIE PERKINS and ridden by that cunning WILLIE FLINN) you have only to ask where it came from, and bang goes the antlered head and slam go the teeth and there's the deuce to pay generally in the Bull-Moose cage.

Our dear Brother HEARST, who hasn't quite made up his mind whether he shall join hands with the man who once denounced him as being responsible for the assassination of a President or bushwhack round generally, and who has his own idea of fun and some other things, prints a letter from a Standard Oil man showing that in 1904 he sent Senator PENROSE of Pennsylvania a trifle of $25,000. Mr. WILLIAM FLINN, it has already been officially certified to, found that this world was getting to be very unwholesome and needed a great purification. Mr. WILLIAM FLINN hails from Pittsburg, where, if they know anything, they know the need of purification. About that time came the Great Purifier, who had use for just such a troubled conscience in his business. When a Troubled Conscience, "that gnaws like a burning worm," meets a Great Purifier with a primary around the corner we know what may well happen, for

"Difficulty is behind, Fear is before,
Though he's got on the hill, the lions roar;
A Third-Termer is no longer at ease—
When one fright's gone, another doth him seize."

So Troubled Conscience that had been put to sleep now has a nightmare. Politics must be purified even if PENROSE has to be impeached. GEORGE PERKINS may use life-insurance money and be canonized for it, but Standard Oil lucre, bah, it's too greasy.

Says PENROSE complacently, "Of course I got $25,000 from ARCHBOLD of Standard Oil, but I used it, and a good deal more, to carry New York for ROOSEVELT."

"What," says the Sanctified One, "use Standard Oil money in my business. Didn't I tell GEORGE CORTELYOU I wouldn't take it at any price? To the block with PENROSE. No, we must be consistent, no matter what it costs. Put PENROSE in boiling oil and let GEORGE PERKINS take warning and know what's in store for him if he ever goes back on ME."

Give the Bull Moose time and he will be sure to run his head into a noose. For eight years the Colonel has vigorously, vehemently, virtuously, and viciously denied that the fund raised by E. H. HARRIMAN was used to elect him, but was raised and used to carry the Republican ticket through in New York. Now when PENROSE declares that the Standard Oil check went to make THEODORE ROOSEVELT President the Colonel lifts up his hand to high heaven and, in the sight of the milk-bottle and the newspaper correspondents, declares:

"As regards Senator PENROSE'S statement, I have only to say that I have not and never have had the slightest knowledge whether he or any one else during the campaign of 1904 raised any money to be used in carrying the State of New York."

Shades of Ananias, can you beat it! Sad to see a practical man, because of his devotion to steady milk diet, lose his memory at a time so critical as this.

In the Senate looms PENROSE, great of girth and huge of form, a veritable son of Anak, with a rasping, rough voice that fits his proportions. He indulges in that delicate operation known as flaying, or, in the language of Bull Moose, "taking the hide off him." PENROSE is no man of gentle hand. He goes about his work ponderously, heavily, but yet surely; before he has finished he has made a complete job of it. Mr. FLINN was described by Senator PENROSE as a man who "has made a fortune out of crooked municipal contracts and the corrupt control of municipal councils and State legislatures." Senator PENROSE is entitled to qualify as an expert, and therefore his testimony may be accepted. Mr. E. A. VAN VALKENBURG, editor of one of "the chief organs of the FLINN-VAN VALKENBURG-ROOSEVELT combine in Pennsylvania," as Mr. PENROSE identified him, "was arrested and indicted for bribery," Mr. PENROSE told the Senate, "in my first Senatorial contest in 1896."

But the chief interest in Mr. PENROSE'S statement was the disclosure that Mr. CORNELIUS BLISS, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S treasurer, accepted $100,000 from the Standard Oil to promote Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election in 1904. It has often been alleged that a contribution of that amount came from that source, but Mr. ROOSEVELT has repeatedly denied it. Mr. PENROSE'S explanation of the transaction is very direct and very simple. Mr. ARCHBOLD, on behalf of the Standard Oil, made a contribution of $125,000 to the Republican campaign funds of that year, $100,000 of which Mr. ARCHBOLD paid to Mr. BLISS as treasurer of the Republican Committee, and Mr. BLISS'S receipt for that amount was handed to Mr. ARCHBOLD; and $25,000

was given to Senator PENROSE, who was chairman of the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania, to be used in that State.

When Mr. ROOSEVELT was President he was malignantly hostile to the Standard Oil, and showed his hostility in a great many ways. The explanation given by those persons in a position to know was that after the Standard Oil had made its first contribution Mr. ROOSEVELT demanded another and even larger contribution, but the Standard Oil people thought they had done all that was required of them and refused to make any further payment to the campaign chest, whereupon Mr. ROOSEVELT vowed revenge. It must be known that all during that campaign of 1904 the valiant bull moose was as nervous as a school-girl about to recite her piece in public for the first time. Mr. ROOSEVELT was continually seeing things and kept everybody about him dancing all over the place. He had the horror of defeat continually before him, and he became almost a monomaniac on the subject of money. He was obsessed with the belief that there never was money enough in the Republican treasury, and he was continually urging his managers to get funds. That was why he sent for Mr. HARRIMAN and begged him to raise money to carry New York, for New York he believed to be the weakest point in his line of defense, and money was the only thing that would save him.

Senator PENROSE confirmed what for years a great many people both in New York and Washington have known. Mr. BLISS went to Mr. ARCHBOLD and asked that he give the committee a further sum of $150,000. Mr. BLISS, so Mr. PENROSE told the Senate, represented that Mr. ROOSEVELT knew of the original contribution and so did Mr. CORTELYOU, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S chairman of the National Committee, and both were grateful for what Mr. ARCHBOLD had done; but as gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come, Mr. ROOSEVELT showed his gratitude by expecting still another favor, or, as Mr. PENROSE delicately phrased it, "Such further assistance would be still more appreciated."

So there you have the whole transaction, and it makes the former President of the United States even more contemptible than he has made himself during the last few months. He takes the money of the Standard Oil and expresses his thanks as unctuously as a waiter who has received an unexpectedly large tip; then he makes a further demand, and when his demand is refused endeavors to use all his power to revenge himself; but he is always unctuous, always pretending virtue, and always denying that he took a penny from the Standard Oil or permitted them to subscribe a cent to help his election.

The FLINNS and the VAN VALKENBURGS are the small fry in what Senator PENROSE termed a combination for political blackmail; but Mr. PENROSE threw an illuminating sidelight on the methods of FLINN, the next to the second of the Great Purifiers, for the order of the apostolic succession is the Bull Moose, PERKINS, and FLINN. After the death of Senator QUAY, FLINN wanted to succeed him in the Senate, so he sent a long telegram to ARCHBOLD begging his influence with PENROSE—to whom he had already offered a million or even two millions to let him have the Senatorship, PENROSE declares—to induce the Governor to appoint him. ARCHBOLD telegraphed back in cipher appropriately enough "posy did not shout friskiness," for FLINN always was a modest little violet shunning publicity. ARCHBOLD'S cryptic message meant that he could say nothing definite until he had talked with PENROSE. Thus while it was infamy for Senator PENROSE to have anything to do with ARCHBOLD, it was perfectly proper for FLINN to solicit ARCHBOLD'S aid and be on such intimate terms with him that they carried on their correspondence through a secret cipher code.

And Mr. FLINN is one of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S chief political purifiers!

Of course, the Colonel has a ready explanation. He always has. The Bull-Moose explanation factory runs day and night, and the emergency service is so perfectly organized that within five minutes after a call the hurry-up wagon is on its way with an explanation fresh from the typewriter. The Colonel's explanation is quite chaste. PENROSE is a liar. Nothing more need be said. On second thought, however, the Colonel decided to say a little more. He had heard of the Standard Oil's perfectly outrageous action in pressing money on the reluctant Mr. BLISS, so in virtuous indignation he wrote to Mr. CORTELYOU it must not occur again. If you don't believe me, says the Colonel, sadly—and he knows how few people really do believe him—I will show you the letter.

The Colonel's defense is, as usual, muddled. First he says he didn't know that ARCHBOLD made the contribution, and then he says he was told of the contribution and wrote to Mr. CORTELYOU directing him to return the money. No doubt he did just as he says he did, for the Colonel is always a truthful man, but what we and no doubt a great many other people would like to know is:

Did Mr. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU or Mr. CORNELIUS

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Trying to catch the colored vote

BLISS return $100,000 to Mr. ARCHBOLD or the Standard Oil Company?

Will the Colonel kindly answer, and while he is about it will the Colonel be good enough to tell us whether he returned $100,000 from a certain railroad company and a like amount from another railroad company?

Mr. PENROSE told the Senate there were papers and letters accessible that would make interesting reading and still further support his assertions. Mr. ROOSEVELT has always profited more by the stupidity or timidity of his opponents than he has by his own cleverness or courage. Mr. PENROSE has charged that the Standard Oil interests contributed $100,000 to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S campaign fund of 1904. Mr. ROOSEVELT has denied it. The sooner Senator PENROSE makes public his letters and papers the sooner the extinguisher will be put on the Colonel. Will Senator PENROSE clinch his case or will he content himself with talking about "interesting revelations" and allowing the Colonel, as usual, to get away with the goods on him?

Under oath JOHN D. ARCHBOLD corroborates Senator PENROSE. That the Standard Oil gave $100,000 to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S campaign fund, that it was received with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S knowledge and used with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S consent, no one can doubt, no matter how often or how many persons are denounced by Mr. ROOSEVELT as liars. How long, O Lord, how long, before Mr. ROOSEVELT'S dupes are restored to sanity and the greatest humbug American politics have ever known will be driven into the obscurity of infamy?

The Pittsburg *Leader*, Mr. WILLIAM FLINN'S organ —when the great have their *Outlooks* why should not the lesser have their organs?—says "there is a very short and ugly word which expressed our opinion of the explanations given by PENROSE in his effort to explain away his nefarious dealings with Standard Oil."

All in all, not a bad day's work.

Also another lapse of memory. PENROSE, says the always truthful Colonel, was not the boss of Pennsylvania in 1904, but QUAY was. As QUAY died a month before the Colonel was nominated, it is difficult to follow him. Really this thing is becoming serious, and for the sake of the subscribers to the *Outlook*, who always have our sympathy, Brother LYMAN ABBOTT ought to make arrangements with another dairy. The Colonel avails himself of the PENROSE incident to strew a fragrant flower of memory on Mr. QUAY'S grave. "My relations with him were always cordial and pleasant," he says. We don't doubt it, for didn't the Colonel speak of QUAY at the time of his death as "my stanch and loyal friend." FLINN is all very well in his way, but how the Colonel must long to have his stanch and loyal friend back again helping him to purify politics.

Governor MARSHALL now knows officially what happened in Baltimore last July, and in response to Mr. PARKER'S notification that he had been nominated as the Vice-Presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket he made a speech somewhat out of the common in political oratory; it was philosophical rather than political; it was more a confession of hope than an appeal to voters in the ordinary sense, and yet it must make its appeal to a great many voters to whom Republican policies are objectionable and third-term autocracy and hypocrisy detestable. Governor MARSHALL has a certain facility for phrase-making. "These old-fashioned Democrats," he said, "believe in making money, but they believe every dollar made should be so clean that an infant may cut its teeth upon it." Again he said: "And they believe that it is no part of government to boost one man to boot another." "Government is a necessity, not a luxury," is another sentence. The voter who cannot satisfy himself this year is indeed censorious, Governor MARSHALL declared, and after pointing out the difference between parties he concluded:

"Those who insist it is not the business of government to equalize the cost of production at home and abroad to the manufacturer until it equalizes the difference in the purchase price to the consumer at home and abroad, who believe that the only equalization justifiable in our government is the equalization of opportunity, who think that public office is a public trust, who do not believe that disgruntled and defeated politicians are genuine reformers, and who think that reforms are not born with sore toes, may vote the Democratic ticket."

Likewise Vice-President SHERMAN now knows that he is to be the choice of the many provided the choice of the few is ratified. Our amiable heir-apparent is neither spellbinder nor phrase-maker, he is the sturdy specimen of the Old Guard and he delivers himself of accepted Old Guard sentiments. There was the usual approval of the blessings of a protective tariff and the laudation of President TAFT'S wisdom and statesmanship, which was to be expected, but this paragraph deserves to be temporarily rescued from oblivion:

"The crime of this new age is frenzied speech and action; lack of thought, a spurning of deliberation and of the weighing of consequences. Fakers with projects to get rich quick draw gaping crowds. Mad haste is the pastime of the multitude. Automobiles race to carry their passengers to death at a mile a minute. The British Board of Trade attributes the awful sinking of the *Titanic*, with its cruel sacrifice of life, of crew, and passengers, to excessive speed."

Senator SUTHERLAND of Utah, who notified Mr. SHERMAN of his nomination, made a more striking speech. Usually the notifier is like a bridegroom at a wedding, without whom the affair would be a failure but who contributes nothing to its success. Referring to Brother MUNSEY'S blazing indiscretion that the ROOSEVELT contests were started for "psychological effect," Senator SUTHERLAND satirically remarked:

"It would be a strange rule of evidence which would require us to accept the testimony of a buccaneering psychologist who confesses to an attempt to purloin the larger portion of an honest man's property as conclusive evidence of the psychologist's title to the remainder of the honest man's possessions." Reverting to the Bull Moose circus, he said:

"In form two thousand delegates, more or less, gathered in the coliseum; in reality Mr. ROOSEVELT met in convention at Chicago, made a confession of faith, gave his hand to the colored brother from the North and his foot to the colored brother from the South, adopted a platform, nominated himself and Brother JOHNSON, and adjourned with the ease of a thoroughly trained thimble-rigger plying his vocation among the rural visitors in the Midway Plaisance."

Rather neat that; and what an excellent suggestion for a cartoon.

The South has now discovered what the North knew long ago, that his real name is Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, no matter how many aliases he may use in his business enterprises in different parts of the country. In the East he is Mr. Progressive, in the West he is Mr. New Nationalism, in California he is Mr. Woman's Suffrage, in the North he is Mr. Social Justice; sometimes he calls himself Mr. Armageddon, at other times Mr. Practical Man, but his really, truly name is Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

It seemed the inspiration of genius to capture the South merely by giving a biff to the negro, where his vote doesn't count, and telling the negro of the North, where his vote does count, that he's a man and a brother. But the South was long ago taught that fine words butter no parsnips when they are handed out by Northern politicians about election-time, and the third-termer's masterly strategy isn't quite so Napoleonic as he imagined. The New York *Times* has asked representative Southern men whether they have detected any signs of that popular demand for the Colonel which it was imagined would follow the steam-rollering of the colored brother in Chicago, but there isn't sign enough even for another "psychological effect" in one of Brother MUNSEY'S third-term tracts.

The negro of the South is a trifle annoyed, and the negro of the North is justly indignant and still unconvinced by the special pleading of the *Outlook*, which has developed an amazing faculty for cutting corners under the inspiration of the contributing editor. Leading colored papers are saying almost as unpleasant things about the Colonel as the *Outlook* has said about Mr. TAFT. The Boston *Guardian*, which has a large following, bluntly says that if any colored man supports Mr. ROOSEVELT he can rightfully be accused of doing so for money or office.

Pity the sorrows of a son-in-law who can keep peace in the family by putting his conscience in his pocket or who has the courage to risk a row and do what he thinks is right. The edict has gone forth from the Bull Moose den that Representative NICK LONGWORTH is to be opposed for Congress because he has refused to bolt his party. Mr. LONGWORTH has been a very useful member of the House and has shown himself possessed not only of intelligence, but more than ordinary qualities of common sense and level-headedness. He was placed in an unusually delicate position. He was given every opportunity to make himself the laughing-stock of the American people, instead of which he has won the respect of his associates and made a solid reputation. He has attended strictly to business and won his way on his own merits. He has been tactful enough to keep on good terms with Progressives as well as Stand-patters, and the only person who finds fault with him is his trust-controlled father-in-law. It is to be hoped that Mr. LONGWORTH will be one of the few Republicans to be returned to Congress next November.

Vermont votes next Monday. There will be a searching of hearts and a revision of political tabulations when the returns from White River Junction are read on Tuesday morning.

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Morrison of China

THE AUSTRALIAN DOCTOR WHO IS PILOTING THE REPUBLIC'S NEWLY LAUNCHED SHIP OF STATE

By George Marvin

Former American Vice-Consul at Mukden

Dr. Morrison and his adopted Chinese sons

IN and around the old cities of North China, as a "foreign devil" who knew and loved them well has written,

> "The quail, the partridge, and the pheasant keep
> Their court, where Chinese in their thousands sleep,
> While the predestined devil from the West
> Stamps o'er their heads through many a grass-grown heap."

And when Morrison occasionally appeared in the ancient Manchu capital where we lived he generally brought his guns and the cheerfully preoccupied air of the sportsman. In late August it was the autumn snipe he came to meet on their annual pilgrimage from the Siberian solitudes of their summer exile. North of the city wall on the plains near the Pei-ling tombs marshes and watery furrows made a famous caravansary for these migrating hosts, and Morrison's gun was often heard there. Later in the fall, in the wonderful Manchurian season of crystal sunlight and sparkling, frosty nights, he would only stop with us *en route* to the haunts of the wild Chinese pheasant, which he rightly believed to be the most beautiful of all game birds. In the bracken fields of North Manchuria that glorious fowl was then still unsophisticated, and it was Morrison's ambition to bag a clean hundred of them in one day by simply walking the birds up himself out of cover without beaters, a feat which he eventually accomplished.

But although he was an excellent shot, game birds were a small part of his bag on these apparently sporting trips into North China. How much more than snipe or pheasant he shot up would be duly indicated when, a month or so later, the London *Times* of that season appeared with the brief, crisply phrased, perfectly informed despatches which have made him famous as a foreign correspondent. Only the gist of it went into the telegrams; the rest, the background—the whole rich, shifting play of economics, politics, and personalities, which have made the meeting of East and West in China since the Boxer time the world's most absorbing problem drama—you will find stored away in careful notes in his library at Peking or catch a glimpse of it now and then in the resources of an extraordinarily profound and accurate memory.

Dr. Morrison had a habit of getting his facts first hand, and he rarely based a judgment or an opinion on anything else. In the days when I met him and got to know him, in 1907 and 1908, the Far East was readjusting itself to the new international relationships which followed the victory of Japan over Russia in 1905. The status of Manchuria, nominally determined by treaty, was still, as a matter of fact, most unsettled. Japan was possessing Southern Manchuria in what appeared to be a general colonizing movement, and Russia, beaten back northward beyond the Sungari, was exercising in a more limited Chinese territory a sovereignty only appropriate to owners of the soil. A whole crop of vexatious questions arose out of this situation, which was still further complicated by the commercial activities of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, and the vigorous insistence of the last-named power on the "open-door" policy and a strict adherence by the late belligerents to treaty pledges. All sorts of rumors were floating about, and a vast amount of sensationally misleading news and comments was constantly published in the foreign press.

But the *Times* never had to retract and rarely to modify any of its despatches from China. Dr. Morrison never accepted any hearsay evidence. He went shooting in Liaotung or in Fengtien. He would make a walking trip in Shantung, or, in Peking, he would take his walking-stick and disappear into the Chinese city. He knew every one, and with nearly every personage of importance he was on terms of such confidence and respect that information came naturally to him along channels rarely open to a correspondent. In the seventeen years since first in 1895 the *Times* appointed him to Peking, he has made a world-wide reputation in his profession and is generally regarded as one of the foremost authorities on China. Now that he has been made political adviser to the first administration of the Chinese Republic for five years, his journalistic career is in all probability concluded. He leaves it at the top.

His is a strange career, a curious and a rare personality. His house in Peking is on the Hatamen street, out near the Ketteler monument, which marks the spot where the German Minister was shot by the Boxers during the siege of the legations in 1900. By foreigners and by English-speaking Chinese this street, one of the most important in the Tartar city, is often called "Morrison Street." It is characteristic of him that for many years he has preferred to live beyond the walls and the conveniences of the legation quarter, but, although he inhabits a Chinese house, he resides in it not as the Chinese do. It is a very spacious and comfortable residence: four buildings, or "chien," surrounding an open compound, all separated and hidden from the street by a high masonry wall through which a small postern door admits you to the interior. It was always a grateful, sharp change to step from the confusion, dust, and noise of the crowded street across the threshold into Morrison's peaceful, sunny court, as clean as a hospital and bright with flowers. A more redoubtable bachelor does not live than this Australian wanderer, but he has surrounded himself with the material comforts and household discipline of domesticity, as one may do in the East where five good servants can be maintained on what it costs to afford one bad one in this land of the free.

A man's chosen surroundings, his equipage, so to speak, are often a pretty fair index of the man himself. The most striking thing about Dr. Morrison's possessions is his library, a collection of many thousands of volumes, filling a long building running the entire length of the compound. In that library you will find every book or pamphlet of note, in the various European languages, having to do with the Far East, and, curiously enough, a large collection of children's picture-books. The shelves on which these last are arranged would be a paradise for a European child, but they only mildly interest the two little Chinese tots, children of his "Number One Boy" (butler), whom Dr. Morrison has adopted. Out near the racecourse of the Peking Jockey Club he has a villa, and up among the Western Hills he used to have a temple retreat in the hot weather, but most of the time, when he is not off on trips of one kind or another, he is to be found in the cool library of his house on Morrison Street in Peking, within reach of the telegraph station, the Foreign Office, and the legations.

It has always been a sore point with the famous correspondent that wherever he goes about China he is generally taken for a missionary and always for a man much younger than he really is. Born in 1862, he is now fifty years old, but less than ten years ago he was frequently taken for a boy of nineteen or twenty. Carlyle, in writing his first impressions of Thomas De Quincey, whom he had met at dinner, describes the opium-eater's expression as that of a child, "were there not"—I am quoting from memory—"a something in his face which said 'Eccovi'! This child has been in Hell."

It is a curious fact that to the Chinese the faces of Europeans are as inscrutable as the faces of Orientals are to us. A Chinese might easily take the famous correspondent for a youthful prelate, but a discerning Western eye would see clearly behind his boyish face and youthful bearing the lines and the expression of world-wandering and the maturity that comes from hard-won knowledge of life in all its phases. His erect figure and elastic step are a tribute to the thousands of miles he has covered on foot across Australia and up and down the land of Sinim.

In a diplomatic society like that of Peking, where people take the matter of clothes with amusing seriousness, Morrison is a kind of Diogenes in simplicity of dress. He is most familiar to those who know him in a soft flannel shirt, plain linen or khaki suit, a pair of soft Russian leather boots on his feet. I remember him rushing back from a state dinner at the viceregal yamen in Mukden to change out of his starched shirt and tail coat, and with them out of the irascible humor into which he said these prescribed inventions of the devil always worked him. He is a very quiet man, as simple and direct in manner and speech as he is in appearance. He has none of the dourness of the Scot, but a Scot's dry, twinkling humor is his, and, although he is generally taciturn and attentive, he possesses in a rare degree the great gift of speech.

Morrison's parents were Scotch people living in Victoria, Australia, where the elder Morrison was principal of a small Presbyterian college. At sixteen the wanderlust, in the unaccountable way it works, had claimed this Australian boy, and his life thenceforth became the subject-matter of books of travel, exploration, and adventure. He canoed several hundred miles down the Murray River alone, and began his journalistic career there and then by writing up his trip for the Melbourne *Age*. He then covered the five hundred miles from Melbourne to Adelaide on foot, and in 1882–83, when only twenty years old, walked two thousand miles clear across Australia. In the mean time he had finished his course at Melbourne University, and in 1883 went on an exploring expedition into the interior of New Guinea, where he was severely wounded by a spear thrust, the spear head remaining in his side until removed by an operation at Edinburgh that saved his life. From the Medical School of Edinburgh University he got his doctor's degree, but only practised actively as a surgeon three years, one of which was spent at sea on board the S.S. *Bartholomew*. But neither medicine nor surgery could hold him.

> "Beyond the East the Sunrise, and beyond the West the Sea,
> And East and West the wander thirst that will not let me be."

Morrison's wanderings took him to the United States, the West Indies, South America. In 1893 he was back in the East again, traveling, always alone,

(Continued on page 20)

Dr. Morrison — George Marvin, American Vice-Consul

W. D. Straight, American Consul-General, Mukden — Tang Shao-yi, Governor of Mukden and first Prime Minister of Chinese Republic — W. W. Rockhill, American Minister to China

Dr. Morrison and Mr. Rockhill, American Minister to China, on their visit to Mukden, where they were entertained by the Viceroy of Manchuria and the Governor of Mukden, October, 1907

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WHEN WOMAN TRAVELS

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

THE passenger traffic of the railroads ebbs and flows in seasonal tides. At the bottom that traffic is a fairly solid thing, being composed of the comings and goings of men and women bent on the ordinary purposes of life. Atop are the great tides of pleasure travel, and every shrewd-minded general passenger agent watches carefully over their risings and their fallings.

In the late autumn the tide sets southward. Private cars by the dozen and ordinary sleeping-cars by the thousand carry it—crest-high by mid-January—down to Florida, the curving white rim of the Gulf of Mexico, westward to our American Riviera—southern California. By March that tidal wave—three thousand miles in length—is receding. Three months later it is setting in again, this time toward the north. It curls itself upon the Maine coast, the mountains of New York and New England, sweeps over the broad expanse of our inland seas with little swirling eddies at the Thousand Islands, at Niagara, at Put-in-Bay, and at Mackinac, and finally loses itself in the cool depths of the lakes and mountains and rivers of Canada, a single long tongue spreading itself up the northwest coast as far as Alaska.

Just as the lovely moon controls the great tides of the oceans of the real world, so are these tides of passenger travel within and without the United States very largely controlled by women. The passenger-agents of the railroads have finally discovered that essential fact. They have begun to work reforms in the design and construction of their cars, particularly the sleeping-cars, because of the increasing number of women who ride within them; they have begun with increasing potency to plead the charms of their lines and of their territories to the feminine constituency. As to the division of the railroad army that must give its energy to the prompt and safe handling of those trains, its feelings at the influx of women travelers at certain seasons of the year are too varied to be expressed in a single moment. The handling of the crest of a traffic tide of vacation-bound humanity, the responsibility for every single one of these human lives that come pouring in during certain months and weeks of the year, are matters serious enough to take away all of the traditional humor of the working railroad man.

It is not so very long since vacations were unknown factors in the lives of most Americans. Men stayed at their work from one year's end to the other, save for really necessary business trips, and they worked through the hot summers without electric fans or bottled spring-water in the corner—apparently necessities in the modern office. Their wives and mothers did the same. Of course, there were great summer resorts—Saratoga, the Virginia Springs, Nahant, Rockaway, Long Branch—but these were the gathering-places of the rich. Ordinary folk did well if they got to any one of these once or twice in a lifetime, for that was a day in which a man was privileged to brag through his native town that he had been to Europe.

We have lived long enough to see some of the once fashionable hotels of those old-time resorts fall into rack and ruin—and perhaps that is just as well, too. The gradual but certain change from vacationing in a big, barn-like summer hotel—where both men and women, under a form of stimulating competition, overate and overdressed as well as overgossiped and overdawdled—to the cottage and bungalow outing of to-day has been a distinct factor in the bettering of our national life. When a man, perhaps not able to afford either cottage or a humble bungalow, can pitch a tent for his family in the open for a week or a fortnight or an entire summer, he has proved that a vacation is worth while. And when two or three or even more men and women can join in a cruise through lazy waterways, or a decent tour on bicycles or in an automobile through the fascinations of strange highways, or even come back to the healthy, old-fashioned practice of making long walking-trips across the face of well-diversified country, their vacation is sure to have been worth while. And the best part of it all to-day is that every one of these things is as open to women as to men. They are part of the new fun of American life. And because of them woman travels.

Man has finally come to the realization that his consort is entitled to something more than the drudgery of home-keeping. And there is—unbelievable thing—almost as much strain and hard work in running a big house with several servants as there is in running a little one with one maid or none. So it has come to pass that houses small as well as houses big, houses by tens of thousands close their shutters in the two hottest months of midsummer, while their occupants get out into the joys of the open and the wonder-workings of a change of scene and of environment. Woman is largely responsible for all this changed condition of affairs. And it would be a churlish sort of woman indeed who would not admit that man was beginning to do the right thing in this matter.

Listen to the testimony of a man who sells railroad tickets in the very heart of New York City and takes more than a passing notice of the folk who line themselves against his counter.

"Men are beginning to get their wives out of the strain of their home lives even in midwinter," he will tell you, "and I do not mean by that the sort of man who can afford to pack up wife and family, hire two or three staterooms, and arrange for a month or six weeks in Florida or California. The men whom I mean are those who may be earning five thousand a year, or even less, and who show up at this office along in January and ask me to arrange a little week-end journey—to cost them all told forty or fifty dollars or even less. They go off to Old Point Comfort or Atlantic City or Lakewood, and it's a relief to the awfully strenuous life of New York City in mid-winter.

"Here's Bliffkins. Bliffkins is not a rich man according to my way of thinking. The Subway or the Fifth Avenue 'bus is still good enough traveling for his wife and himself, and there must be times when the cost of living makes both of them sad. But Bliffkins was in this office a while ago buying tickets for both of them all the way up to Quebec.

"'Wife's all tired out,' he told me. 'Too much New York, too many clubs of one thing or the other; our smallest had a hard siege last month coming out of the measles, and his mother suffered every hour with him; the servant question is an increasing problem each hour in our small apartment—I'm not going to let Mrs. B—— get into a decline. I suppose I might use a hundred dollars better, but I'm going to risk Quebec and we'll loaf a week there. When we come back my wife will have a color in her cheeks again, and I'll be ready for that nasty contract problem I have to tackle before next month is past."

In that way woman can and does make travel. Here is another way. We will leave the seaboard and go inland for many miles. We will sit beside the desk of one of the best electric railroad executives in America.

"It is woman who pays the dividends on this property," he says, quite frankly. "We are something more than a web of steel or a broomstick driven across our prairies. We are a social and economic factor in the life of a great state. We have been a means of transformation for the small town, which used to be spun perhaps upon the desolate branch of a single steam line. Two trains a day, one in each direction in the morning, the performance repeated at night, six days a week—that was what the steam-road folks used to give the little towns along their branches and then gravely call it passenger service. These little towns fairly stagnated. It was hard enough for the men—it was something incredibly worse for their women. It was no unusual thing for a woman in their territory to go five years without getting as many miles away from her home.

"We've changed that—that's why we are a social and an economic factor in the life of Illinois. When we spun our tracks through the highways and the by-ways of this State we began to give a good many thousand folk their very first taste of real railroad service. We were clean and we were popular from the beginning. But we were not popular just because we were clean. We gave folks a chance to circulate, to stir their blood. If you want to see that, take a ride on any one of our local cars. You will see the children pile into it on their way to school—we have brought the high school and the normal school within reach of the most obscure farm-house on our five hundred miles of lines—and as the car nears any considerable town you will see the women pile aboard it to do their shopping.

"In St. Louis the influx of women shoppers that we bring from across the Mississippi has long since been recognized by the big department stores. Three of these run motor 'buses between our terminal station and their own doors. This service is free. And the St. Louis business associations, as well as those in some of the other towns, make a practice of refunding round-trip trolley fares to women shoppers who purchase a stipulated amount. Woman is more than a factor in our business. And our counts will show you that in any decent sort of weather she will make at least half of our passengers."

Here is another trolley expert—this man given to the delicate handling of crowded cars through the streets of a metropolitan city. He is a careful measurer of service for a nickel standard.

The modern railroad has awakened fully to the revenue possibilities of the eternal feminine

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"Woman a factor in our business?" he laughs back at you. "See here, I want to show you something!" He leads you from his own comfortable office back into the shadowy recesses of a great, clean car-barn. You stop beside a new trolley-car of a new sort. It is long and low and sheathed in steel plate; it does not look unlike a torpedo-boat set upon eight wheels.

"Isn't she a beauty?" laughs the trolley-man in boyish enthusiasm. "Isn't she a beauty? I designed her myself—for—whom do you suppose? She was designed for women. See that step. It's only ten inches from the pavement when the car comes to a stop. I told the reporters that that was our concession to the hobble skirt, but that is not precisely true. That ten inches is one big trolley company's recognition of the fact that women, aged women, delicate women, lame women even, have some rights which we are bound to recognize.

"You see we are not above coveting the women's trade. A while ago we realized that we were not getting all of it. Our cars did not satisfy the women folks—they were forever complaining about the high steps, for instance. When we did not take heed of their complaints — well, that was about the time when the automobile became popular and woman learned that in a low-heeled, well-fitting shoe she could walk as far as any man. Do you see the point?

"We were losing the women shoppers from our cars, the short-haul riders, the cream of our business, our most profitable nickels. That is why we have evolved this new car. We are going to try and catch that business back. Women are a factor in our business."

You notice two long mirrors, set one at either side of the broad center door of the new-style car.

"For womankind?" you venture.

"Certainly," he says. "In this day even a traction company is not above studying the psychology of its patrons. A woman a woman is, and it is hard for nine out of ten of her to pass a reflecting glass without a glimpse at that new hat. We halt them at the door—and they don't step backward off the car and so perhaps take a bad tumble. That mirror is as much a feature of my new car as a cupola on a court-house."

The trolley-man's big brother of the steam railroad has been taking notice of the psychology of his patrons. To the traffic heads of a great system in the Far West the factor of the woman as its patron was brought home in an unusual fashion. It had great greenhouses at the very edge of the Arizona desert, and its president conceived the idea of halting the California limiteds at those new greenhouses, so that the passengers might be given flowers—with the compliments of the road. Corsage bouquets for the ladies, boutonnières for the men—that has been the plan; and the gardener has established a fact that the road's general passenger agent did not know. Eighty per cent. of its through passengers were women.

It is getting to be less and less of an ordeal for a woman to travel, and even travel alone, from the one ocean to the other. On the smartest of the excess-fare limiteds ladies'-maids are already part of the established equipment. The wash-rooms and the toilet-rooms at the woman's end of the open-berth sleeper each year come closer to the size of the men's comfortable rooms of that sort. And woman even threatens the supremacy of the, to her, unbearable open-berth sleeper. She has been to Europe enough times already to bring back a demand for an increasing number of stateroom cars of one sort or another. And one of J. J. Hill's big railroads has been giving her parlor accommodations of her very own on its through limited trains—but on that precise thing the traffic man was not quite sure of himself. It is not always easy to make women herd by themselves in a car from which men are excluded. That experiment has been tried many times—and generally abandoned.

So that the passengers might be given flowers—with the compliments of the road

The keen-minded traffic manager of to-day is far too broad a man to cater only to the women who ride in his excess-fare limited. A great many women go across the continent in every month of the year and ride either in the day coaches or the popular-priced tourist sleepers. To the railroad itself they bring practically the same revenue as the women who ride in the exclusive stateroom cars, and it cannot afford to ignore their demands, or fail to anticipate them if possible.

This transcontinental tourist-car traffic has reached its highest stage of development out of New England—perhaps because the New England woman more than any of her sisters in the other parts of the country has begun to make long journeys unescorted. There are no tourist sleeping-cars out of New York City—in which the berth charges are one-half what they are in the regular sleeping-cars—but there is hardly a day out of the year when one or more of these comfortable cars is not pulling out from Boston for the West. The New England characteristic of comfort rather than display shows itself in the popularity of this type of conveyance from the territory east of the Hudson River and north of Long Island Sound.

Here is Joe Willett, of the Burlington. Joe Willett has been making the run between Boston and San Francisco for a little more than twenty-four years. In that quarter of a century he has traveled a distance on American railroads equal to seventy-three trips around the world. He knows travelers—there are women of the East who have ridden in his charge a dozen times.

"It comes easy for them," he will tell you, "after the first time. The first time it is hard—hard for the traveler, hard for every one with whom she comes in contact. But we study them—and it's a rare case when we can't please them. It takes a little time, of course. But along between Utica and Rochester in New York State I begin to get my car lined up, and we're real friendly. It's just like running a nice, old-fashioned hotel for me.

"We get them of all ages—the travelers. Trip before last I brought a four-year-old kid all the way from Los Angeles to Springfield, Massachusetts. The kid's daddy had died suddenly out there on the coast, and they were coming home—to their home country. They were riding on the same train, only at the two ends of it. Of course, he was only four and he couldn't quite understand, but I took as good care of him as I could, and, bless your heart, he would hardly leave me there in Springfield depot.

"We get them of all ages. I know an old lady up New Hampshire way who is seventy-five years old and who has not missed her summer visit to the Yellowstone in five years. Only last trip I carted a lady out to Denver from Albany who confessed to eighty-five years—and, say, she enjoyed the trip like a lass starting out to boarding-school for the first time! They are not all rich Americans, but they are almost all of them pretty good Americans in the tourist cars. Some of them have to skimp a bit in traveling cost, but they have about as much fun out of the trip at that. There is a stove and kitchen outfit at the end of the car, and a good many of our passengers have a lot of fun in preparing two of their meals—they generally manage to get into the dining-car for their one big meal each day. We change cars at Chicago, and there are generally lay-overs at Denver and at Ogden. A lot of my folks reprovision themselves at these places, and I have to be a sort of traveling guide-book of the handiest markets."

When a road up in the Northwest first placed rocking-chairs in all its passenger stations, large and small, it made an early concession to the importance of woman on its trains. The Pullman Company, in providing paper bags for women's hats, made another, the ladies'-maids were a third—the modern railroad has awakened fully to the revenue possibilities of the eternal feminine. It will move more rapidly for her comfort in the future than ever it has in the past. That is one of the possibilities of a business which to-day neglects no profitable opportunties of any sort.

Hysteria in the Good-roads Movement

By Clifford Richardson, M. Am. Soc. C. E.

THE manner of financing road-construction is carried out more carefully in Great Britain than in the United States. Road-construction is usually paid for there with money raised by loans, but only with the approval of the Local Government Board of the character of the work and for a period not exceeding the life of the work, with suitable provision for the amortization of the debt. In addition the Government Road Board, which has been recently established for assisting the local authorities, distributes, according to its good judgment, the proceeds of the license-tax on motors, varying from five to one hundred dollars per annum, and of a tax on motor spirit of six cents a gallon, a fund which will amount in 1912 to over six millions of dollars, and will increase from year to year. It would seem that something of this description must be done in our States. At present this is realized to a certain extent in some of them where a graded tax upon motors is in force, depending in amount upon the horse-power of the vehicle. The tax on gasolene has not even been proposed, but it must come in time to place the burden of the cost, of maintenance at least, in part where it belongs.

In a few localities in America the cost of road-construction is met by general taxation. In most States, however, the very vicious custom of meeting the expense incurred by long-term bond issues is in vogue. This is well illustrated by the practice in the State of New York, and by that which has gone on for years in the city of New York in the construction of its street pavements.

Since 1905, $35,000,000, derived from the sale of fifty-year 3½ per cent. bonds, has been expended in the construction of 2,940 miles of completed highway, and $13,955,000 has been appropriated for an additional 710 miles, which are now nearly completed or under contract. It is further proposed by the Murtaugh bill, recently passed by the legislature, to devote $50,000,000 more to the same purpose, and under the same conditions, if approved by the people.

The issue of $50,000,000 of fifty-year bonds at 3½ per cent. will result in the payment of $87,500,000 interest in fifty years, and with a sinking fund at the best rate of interest, four per cent., set apart for the amortization of these bonds will make the total cost of the issue $103,877,500 at maturity, or more than double the amount originally borrowed. As it appears that 3,650 miles of highways have been completed or are under construction, at a cost of about $39,000,000, the average cost per mile will be over $10,000 as paid for, but at the time of the redemption of the bonds this will be more than doubled, making the cost at least $21,000 per mile. But a small proportion of this expenditure, certainly less than twenty-five per cent., can be looked on as an asset—that is to say, the money expended in relocating, draining, and construction of permanent foundations for the roads, the benefit of which may be expected to extend through some generations.

During the fifty years a vast additional expenditure will be incurred for the maintenance of the roads and for replacing or renewing the surface at intervals, which cannot be more than ten to fifteen years apart at the outside—that is to say, at least three times during the fifty years further appropriations must be made. It is fair to say, therefore, that in the period over which the New York State Highway bonds extend and before they are paid the taxpayers will have been required to spend, not only the original $10,000 in cash per mile of construction derived from the sale of bonds, but from two to three times that amount for maintenance and for renewal of the surface. This, with interest on the bonds and the cost of a sinking fund, would result in the expenditure, at a moderate estimate, in the fifty-year period of as much as $50,000 per mile, or for the 3,650 miles which have already been constructed of $182,500,000 in fifty years. This expenditure would only cover the extent of highway mentioned. It is stated that the value of the taxable real estate in New York State per mile of highway is only about $100,000. It appears, then, that the total cost of even this area of highways in the State would amount to half the value of the assessed value of the property per mile of road. There is a vast extent of roads beyond that which has been mentioned which must be provided for. According to a recent bulletin of the Office of Public Roads of the United States Department of Agriculture, the total mileage of public roads in the State of New York in 1909 was 79,279 miles. If the cost to maintain 3,650 miles is that which has been shown, what, eventually, will be the cost of taking care of the entire mileage of the State? It must, of course, be remembered that the 3,650 miles of road comprises the main arteries and the most expensive ones to maintain, but the cost of the remaining seventy or more thousand miles of ordinary roads must eventually reach an enormous figure as the motor-car penetrates into every corner of the State. The amount of money involved is sufficient to demand careful attention on the part of the taxpayers and voters of the State, and to make them pause before they decide to approve the authorization of an additional sum of $50,000,000 by a bond issue at the next election and until the economics of the question have been seriously considered.

What has been said of the State of New York is applicable to many other States.

The location, foundation, and drainage of roads may be of a permanent nature if properly carried out, and may be paid for by the proceeds of a long-term bond issue, as improvement in these respects will be a durable one. Too often, however, the foundations and drainage are constructed in an unsatisfactory way and possess no permanency. Should the policy be initiated of providing all our highways with a Portland-cement concrete foundation before expending money for the surface, the States would have an asset to show for the money expended which could be counted upon for many decades, and possibly for a century.

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The Needs of Our Army

By Henry L. Stimson

Secretary of War

THE time has come when the United States government should face the issue presented by its own army squarely and radically. An army is an expensive organization maintained in order to support national interests, we must not forget, in time of emergency. When its services are not needed an army seems almost useless, but, when danger threatens, its proper size and efficiency are nationally vital questions.

To begin with, the economic efficiency of an army should be measured by the effective fighting-power which it is proposed to develop and maintain in war. It should be capable of showing high efficiency at the outbreak of hostilities, and so organized as to remain able to maintain that high standard of efficiency during the progress of the war. When war begins military forces are subject to heavy losses, and unless means are definitely provided for replacing these losses the military machine immediately deteriorates. Disease and hardships of campaign multiply the number of those lost actually in battle. As an instance, it was necessary for the Prussian guard corps in its march to Sedan to arrive at the battle-field in time, and that required a speed of march more destructive than the battle itself, as 5,000 men were lost in transit. These men were trained soldiers; a force of raw recruits could not have arrived at all, or at best would have arrived unfit for battle action. Careful training is necessary to prepare troops for war, but if a really effective force is to be maintained, trained men must be supplied to replace the wastage that naturally occurs.

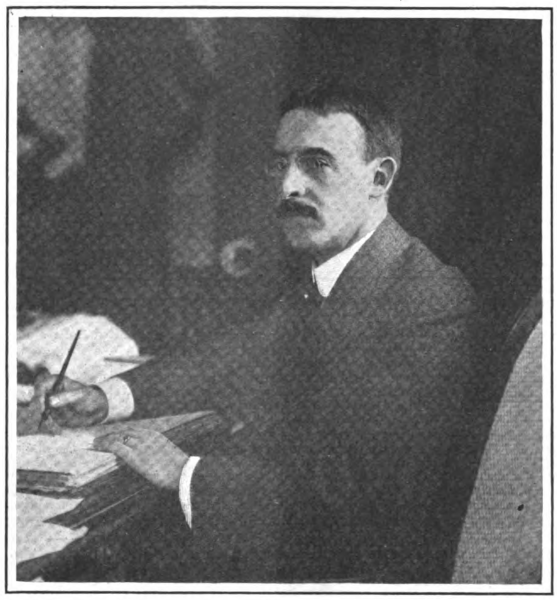
It is the experience of modern warfare that any given unit loses at heart fifty per cent. of its strength in the first six months of war. If this loss is not replaced there is fifty per cent. deterioration in power of the unit, and if it is replaced by raw men the quality of the force as a highly trained team is automatically destroyed.

The solution of the problem is very simple, and it is significant that the same solution has been adopted in all modern armies. It is only necessary to provide that a man's army service shall consist of two periods, one period with the colors and the other period of rest, but as a part of a reserve, with obligation to serve in case of war. Under these circumstances when war is declared the active army is at once sent into the field and the former soldiers having a war obligation are assembled in depots, where they can be sent to the front as needed. At the same time raw recruits are enlisted and trained at the depot. The result is that even in a long war, which would ultimately require the services of thousands of raw recruits, it is so arranged that no man goes to the front until he is trained for active service and hardened and disciplined to bear the stress of modern war. Under such a system, it is obvious, the full energy of military activity can be maintained up to the limit of available recruits. Each unit works at its maximum efficiency, and the war power of the nation is developed with a minimum expenditure of life and money. The army reserve, therefore, is not a means of creating new forces or units in time of war, but is a necessary means of maintaining the war strength of the peace establishment, such as it may be.

While one of the primary functions of a reserve system is to replace losses during the period required for the training of raw recruits, the principal function, nevertheless, is to furnish the trained men necessary to pass from a peace to a war footing. It is evident that if we had a reserve of trained men upon whom we could count in war, it would be possible greatly to reduce the cost of the military establishment by giving it a minimum peace strength. Under our present system our units are maintained in peace at considerably less than in war strength, it is true, but there are no means of expanding to the war strength except by the absorption of untrained men. The provision of a regular army reserve is purely a business proposition. It reduces the per capita cost of a given army and at the same time assures maximum effectiveness in war. Without reserves we are committed to a policy of maximum cost without maximum efficiency.

Any plan for the reorganization of the land forces of the United States should be based upon a recognition of the fact that these forces are and must be divided into two distinct parts. The army on detached service beyond our immediate confines consists of the detachments required to meet the special military problem of Panama, the Philippines, Cuba, Alaska, and Porto Rico. All of these detachments depend upon overseas communication with the home country, and each one may be isolated for considerable periods, especially in the critical first stages of war. It is obvious that under these circumstances these detachments should be prepared to meet all military emergencies until reinforcements from the United States can be reasonably expected. They must by all means be so organized as to be self-supporting until the navy has accomplished its primary mission of securing command of the sea. Because of this the army for service overseas has a special claim upon the attention of our government.

After its completion the Panama Canal will be our most important strategic position. The effectiveness of our fleet and our general military power will be enormously increased by our control of this highway between the two oceans. A permanent garrison is necessary—and must be strong enough—to guard the locks and other important works and to prevent a naval attack which, under modern conditions, may even precede a declaration of war. This necessitates our readiness to man the sea-coast guns that cover the approach of the canal, and we must also have enough mobile troops to protect the rear of the forts and to defeat naval raids. A modern fleet can land a raiding party of several thousand bluejackets in a short time, and such a force, landing out of range of the sea-coast cannon, could penetrate to some vulnerable part of the canal with surprising rapidity. War Department experts have determined that the minimum peace garrison of the Canal Zone should consist of three regiments of infantry at the maximum strength authorized by law (150 men per company), one battalion of field artillery (3 batteries), 1 squadron of cavalry, 1 signal company, 1 engineer company, 1 ambulance company, 1 field hospital, and 18 companies of coast artillery.



Henry L. Stimson

Simplification of the problems of training and administration and organization, greater economy and localization of regiments at home, are the advantages which will result from the organization of foreign garrisons as distinct and separate parts of the military establishment. Until recently the troops have been shifted back and forth between home and foreign service, and consequently a constant change of function and an incomplete and imperfect adaptation of the shifting units to either function, abroad or at home. Our mistake so far has been to treat the army as a homogeneous whole, and regiments that have been maintained at low strength at home on the theory of expansibility have been maintained at the same strength on foreign service, where expansion of any kind is impracticable. The keeping of war strength units permanently on foreign service reduces the per capita cost of the foreign garrisons. To maintain the necessary foreign detachments on the old system of low-strength shifting regiments will cost much more than to maintain garrisons of the same strength organized as permanent full-strength regiments. Furthermore, localizing the army at home results, besides monetary saving, in increased effectiveness. As problems of administration will be simplified, so will problems of executive policy and legislation. With the army organized in distinct units, each with definite functions, it will be easier for Congress to determine the real military needs of the nation.

It is the traditional policy of the United States that the military establishment in time of peace is to be a small regular army and that the ultimate war force is to be a great army of citizen soldiers, a fundamental theory sound economically and politically. The maintenance of an army in time of peace imposes a heavy financial burden on the nation, and this expenditure should be kept at a minimum consistent with the effectiveness *for war*. But reliance upon citizen soldiers is subject to the limitation that they cannot be expected to meet a trained enemy until they, too, have been trained. Our history is full of the success of the volunteer soldier after he has been trained for war, but it contains no record of the successful employment of raw levies for general military purposes.

Our greatest military problem to-day is the devising of means for preparing armies of citizen soldiers to meet the emergency of modern war. Organization of the regular army is but a smaller phase of the problem. The latter is simply the peace nucleus of the greater war army, and its strength and organization should always be considered with reference to its relation to the greater war force which *cannot be placed in the field* until war is imminent. The army at any time and place must be strong enough to defeat any enemy that may oppose it at any time and place. We are concerned more with the time required to raise the force of disciplined and trained troops than with their ultimate numbers. If we need 60,000 soldiers at a certain locality within a month and can only deploy 50,000 soldiers in that time and place, we are not prepared for the emergency even if our plans provide for ten times that number at some period in the future. Victory is the reward of superior force, modern wars are short and decisive, and trained armies alone can defeat trained armies.

The land forces of the United States are now divided into two distinct parts, the Coast Artillery and the Mobile Army. The coast fortifications are local in character and are designed to protect important seaports from direct naval attacks and naval raids, to prohibit hostile landings at particular places, to secure our naval bases in the absence of the fleet, to prohibit the use of certain harbors and waters as bases of naval operations against us, to secure ports of refuge for our vessels, and to release our fleet for offensive operations. The influence of coast fortifications is limited to the areas within the range of the most powerful guns, but it must never be supposed that they have any power to prevent invasion if we lose command of the sea. The total length of our coast is enormous, and the stretches covered by harbor defenses are and must remain very small compared with the unprotected intervals that lie between them. If we lose the command of the sea, an invader would land in one of these intervals. It therefore follows that our ultimate defense depends upon defeating a mobile army of invasion, and this can be done only by having a mobile army prepared to operate in any possible theater of war. The mobile army, however, cannot be localized in the same sense as the coast artillery, and no prediction can be made as to where the service of its troops may be required. The coast batteries that cover New York, for instance, will remain in their present position in any contingency, but the mobile forces that may be stationed in the vicinity of New York may be employed at any place within the sphere of national interest. The present organization of our army violates the principle that the mobile army must be free to move and should not be tied by its peace administration to any particular locality. The same general officer now commands mobile and immobile troops under a system of administration which must necessarily break down in war. The organization of the Department of the Gulf is a typical example of this illogical arrangement. The correct organization should provide homogeneous commands for our brigadier-generals in time of peace. This may be accomplished by grouping the present coast artillery into three coast artillery departments, and by giving a definite brigade and division organization to the mobile troops. Under this arrangement the eastern territorial division would comprise two coast artillery departments and the nucleus of the first division of the mobile army, with certain extra-divisional auxiliaries. The central territorial division would comprise the nucleus of the second division of the mobile army, with two or more cavalry brigades and other extra-divisional troops. The western territorial division would comprise one coast artillery department and the nucleus of the third division of the mobile army.

Our requirements in the way of land forces are certain to change as the years go on. In the light of present-day conditions, however, it is estimated that at the outbreak of war with a first-class power we should be capable of mobilizing at once in the United States an effective force of 460,000 mobile troops and 47,000 coast artillery, and this is the minimum number of first-line troops necessary. To augment this force and replace its losses we should have plans made for raising immediately an additional force of 300,000 men. On this basis the regular contingent of mobile troops when raised to war strength would comprise about 112,000 men, while the remaining 348,000 would be made up of citizen soldiers organized in divisions and in field army auxiliaries. The regular contingent of coast artillery troops in the United States should comprise about 26,000 men when on war footing, leaving some 21,000 to be furnished by citizen soldiers.

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The Dollars Behind the Diamond

By Edward Bayard Moss

"GEE!" remarked a baseball "fan" as he stood up and stretched and surveyed the crowd. "I'd rather be a 'magnate' than own a mint." It was the opening game of the World's Series, and the Polo Grounds stadium in New York held close to 40,000 spectators. The scene certainly spelled prosperity, but a big-league owner who overheard the remark smiled, and, turning to a friend seated in the box with him, said, "Well, I know some 'magnates' who'd be glad to get out for the same price that let them in the game."

Both the "fan" and the "magnate" looked at baseball from different angles, and neither was entirely correct in his deductions. Baseball as a business proposition has as many angles as any other commercial enterprise. There is space on the ledgers for profit and loss, and the entries vary just as in any other business. Money is made and lost at the game, as is the case in hundreds of ventures which lack the glamour or romance of America's national sport.

There are few harvests like that of the recent World's Series, and the "fan" never sees or thinks of the "magnate" when rain puts a bar on a $10,000 gate or a slumping club cuts heavily into the profits of previous prosperity. The business side of baseball is a proposition that does not interest the average spectator at a ball game. He pays his money to witness a high-class exhibition of the sport. If the home team wins he is satisfied that he got his money's worth. If it loses it is a case of better luck to-morrow; but if the club loses consistently, the "fan" also loses interest and remains away from the park.

The kind of crowd that spells prosperity for the baseball magnate and trouble for the player

It is the consistent loser that the "magnate" fears. It takes years to build up a pennant-winning club, and three years is the average length of the zenith flight. When the club begins to deteriorate, the owners face a crisis and a problem. Money will buy almost anything in the commercial world, but it won't buy baseball players of pennant-winning caliber. This would appear at first sight as a statement open to dispute, but big-league history has proved its correctness. In the first place, there are not enough players of the first rank to equip the sixteen clubs of the National and American leagues. Furthermore, the "fans" of each city look upon the stars of their home club as a personal asset and resent their sale to other teams even if the "magnates" are so disposed. The patronage hangs on too thin a thread to warrant the risk from the gate-receipt standpoint.

Pennant clubs must be developed, which means that the players have to be welded into a high-class playing machine. To secure such a perfectly balanced combination requires much time and experimenting. Player after player must be selected from scores of recruits and fitted into the machine, until finally there is produced a group of some fifteen athletes capable of playing collectively every department of the game a trifle better than the other seven clubs of the league. So delicate is this adjustment at times that the strength or weakness of a team may hinge on that of one player alone. Men like Wagner of Pittsburg, Chance of Chicago, Meyers of New York, and Cobb of Detroit are factors that make or break a winning combination.

Given such a club, the "magnate" can and does make money, for more than 7,000,000 spectators attend big-league games each season. His expense account may run high, but the gate-receipts accrue in leaps and bounds, and nothing is too good or too expensive for his players. But what of the teams which are in the second division? In almost every department the expense is the same, but the returns are nothing like those that sweep in on the leading league club. For instance, one afternoon during the month of June the New York Giants and the Pittsburg Pirates played before 27,000 wildly excited "fans" at the Polo Grounds. On the same day Brooklyn and St. Louis attracted less than 4,000 spectators simply because they were far in the rear of the flag-hunting club.

Copyright by Paul Thompson

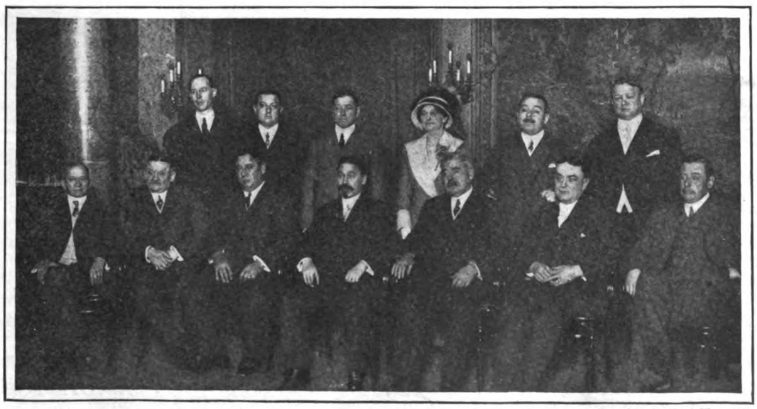
President Lynch of the National issuing orders to the league umpires on the eve of an opening game

In the Pittsburg-New York game the batteries, composed of Marquard and Meyers for the Giants and O'Toole and Kelly for the Pirates, represented an outlay of almost $45,000, and at the time of purchase they were merely minor-league players. Had either the Brooklyn or the St. Louis Club offered $100,000 for the quartette after the game it is probable the bid would have produced nothing more than a smile. These players have made good and are not for sale. It does not follow, however, that all such high-priced recruits do likewise. Manager Connie Mack, of the world's champion Athletics, paid more than $10,000 for "Lefty" Russell, and sent him back to the minors in despair in less than two years.

These are but a few of the problems that confront the management of a baseball club striving for profit in the battle of the big leagues. To make money is the object and ambition of every "magnate" to whom baseball is a business, but the ordinary rules of the workaday world cannot be applied to the task, for the game, player, and club-owner are in a class by themselves. This is the angle that is not understood by the "fans." Few know or care what becomes of their money, paid in at the gate, provided they receive full value in the exhibition of baseball spread for their pleasure. Yet it is their money, coupled with the judgment of "magnate" and manager, that brings business success or failure, which is just another way of expressing the "fans'" appreciation or disapproval of the play of the team.

Winning or losing, the cost of providing baseball for the American public is enormous when taken in the aggregate, and, like the cost of living, is constantly increasing. There is not a single item of legitimate expense which does not show the same tendency to climb that is marked in other forms of business enterprise. A baseball statistician recently prepared a tabulation that placed the cost of professional baseball at close to $50,000,000, which appears, offhand, to be far-fetched. When it is realized, however, that there are more than three hundred cities which are represented by professional teams the figures do not seem so exaggerated. This is especially true when the all-round advancement in the business is considered. Concrete-inclosed parks, higher salaries, long and expensive training, and regular scheduled trips create heavy expense accounts that far exceed those of a decade ago.

Charles H. Ebbets, the president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club of the National League, recently told the writer that the regular followers of the game were responsible for the increased cost of baseball. He stated that they demanded faster and more skilful playing, which entailed the employment of expert players at largely increased salaries. Better and safer stands and diamonds, and the same conveniences that the "fans" are accustomed to in their homes, have all helped to run up the cost of baseball. "And," continued Mr. Ebbets, "since they demand and are



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The magnates of the National League photographed at the annual meeting held in New York City. The group includes Mrs. Helen Britton, the only woman magnate in big-league baseball history

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PASSING ON

"A VOTE FOR TAFT IS A
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THE BALLOTS

TE FOR SHERMAN"
A VOTE FOR SHERMAN"
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W. KEMBLE

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willing to pay for these improvements in club and accommodations, why, the "magnate" cannot ignore the claims of his patrons if he would make a financial success of the game."

Since the clubs composing the major and minor leagues are private business corporations, it is not possible to reduce their receipts and disbursements to dollars and cents for public inspection. It is, however, possible to give a comparative idea of what it costs to stage a season's play in either of the two big leagues. There are a hundred and one items of expense which must be considered, as well as the caliber of the team and the cities in which their parks are located. No fixed basis or rule can be established, since conditions vary greatly in different clubs and communities.

It can be safely said, however, that the two principal items are the upkeep of parks and the players' salaries. Providing that a concrete stadium is used for the play, as is the case in almost all cities at the present time, from $50,000 to $75,000 can be set down for taxes and interest on mortgages or investment. Next in order is the players' salaries. These vary according to the ability of the men and their drawing power on the circuit, for the star baseball player has a box-office value, just as the theatrical star. Under the so-called national agreement the clubs are not permitted to carry more than twenty-five players during the major portion of the league season. Salaries range from $10,000 for managers like McGraw, Chance, and Mack down to $2,500 for the second-string men. The average has been placed at about $3,000, which totals close to $75,000.

The third feature of the expense is the traveling account of the team. According to the schedule as prepared each year, every club is called upon to make three trips around the circuit, in addition to a number of short journeys to cities in its own section of the circuit. For instance, the Chicago Club must play seventy-seven games, divided among the following cities: Pittsburg, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Brooklyn. The Eastern circuit is covered three times each season, and the traveling items soon run into thousands of dollars, since the club averages over 11,000 miles each year. The leading counts are mileage, berths, meals en route, and hotel accommodations. Allowing a minimum of twenty men on a trip, the railroad fares will approximate $5,000, sleeping-car accommodations $1,000, and meals another $1,000. Hotel service on either the American or the European plan totals about $9,000, which gives an aggregate expense of more than $16,000 for traveling alone.

There are still other figures to be entered by the "magnate's" bookkeeper. The expense is not confined to players alone, for there is the executive, clerical, and park force to be included in the semi-monthly payroll. The president of the club may receive a fixed salary, or he may depend upon his stock dividends for his remuneration. The secretary is a fixed-salary employee, and receives on an average about $3,000 per season. Under him will be found in the office at least a stenographer, a bookkeeper, and an office-boy. The compensation of the trio will amount to probably $1,000 for six months' work.

Another source of expense is found in the upkeep of stands and playing-field. Each club maintains a ground-keeper, who receives at least $1,000 a year, and whose duty it is to keep the diamond and outfield in perfect condition. He is authorized to employ two or more laborers by the day at $1.75 each, as the occasion may require. Adding the hire or stable-charges of a horse for the grass roller or cutter, another $500 is accounted for. A similar sum can be set down for ordinary repairs and painting of the stands and fixtures. Other incidentals, such as postage, telephone-charges, advertising, ticket-printing, and office expense, swell the total $2,000 more.

Before reaching your seat in the stands you pass at least a dozen employees of the club to whom you never give a thought. The box-office man who sells you the ticket has to be paid, just as does his partner who takes the ticket at the inner gate. The special policeman who is supposed to preserve order, but seldom does, is another item on the "magnates'" expense account. Along with him goes the usher who shows you to your seat if you hold a reserve coupon. This little army all require pay-slips regularly, and in a big amphitheater like the Polo Grounds the daily bill is very heavy. The average for the circuit is not far from $100, so with seventy-seven home games the season's aggregate is about $8,000.

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Secretary Joseph D. O'Brien of the New York National League Club

There are still two accounts that have to be charged off before considering profits, and these include drafts that make heavy inroads on the season's receipts, for the purchasing of players and spring training are exceedingly expensive. There can be no set estimate on these items, since they vary widely with the different clubs. Purchasing players outright from the minor-league clubs has in recent years proved a costly practice, since competition is keen and the small-club owners are not averse to a general bidding by the eager majors. Pitcher Marty O'Toole holds the record, for he cost the Pittsburg Club $22,500, and his battery partner, Catcher Kelly, came along at a cost of $7,500. The New York Giants paid $11,000 for "Rube" Marquard, the New York Americans $7,000 for Pitcher Keating, the Chicago White Sox $10,000 for Russell Blackburn, and the list might be continued indefinitely. A conservative estimate for the sixteen clubs in the two major leagues would be $25,000 for players bought outright and drafted.

The spring training-trip causes another bill that must be settled each baseball season. It is the fashion in professional club circles these days to take from thirty to forty players to the far South or Southwest very early in the spring for a month or six weeks of preliminary training. While the players are not paid for their work during this period, all their expenses are, which foot up a neat little bill, including hotel, railroad, and sleeper accommodations. There are usually a physician and rubber with the squad, who have to be paid, and scores of incidentals, small in themselves, which run into large amounts when added together. Manager Hughey Jennings of the Detroit Club has placed the cost of a spring training-trip at $15,000, which is a conservative figure.

Outfitting the players with uniforms, bats, and similar paraphernalia is also expensive. At least $2,500 is spent in this manner. It is nothing extraordinary for a club to use 700 or 800 balls in one season, and $1,000 can be set down for that purpose. Uniforms at thirty dollars for two sets and coat-sweaters or Mackinaw jackets at eight dollars will eat up another $1,000. Sliding-pads, catchers' masks and protectors must be purchased by the club. Bases and home-plates, together with other incidentals, increase the total by some $500 more.

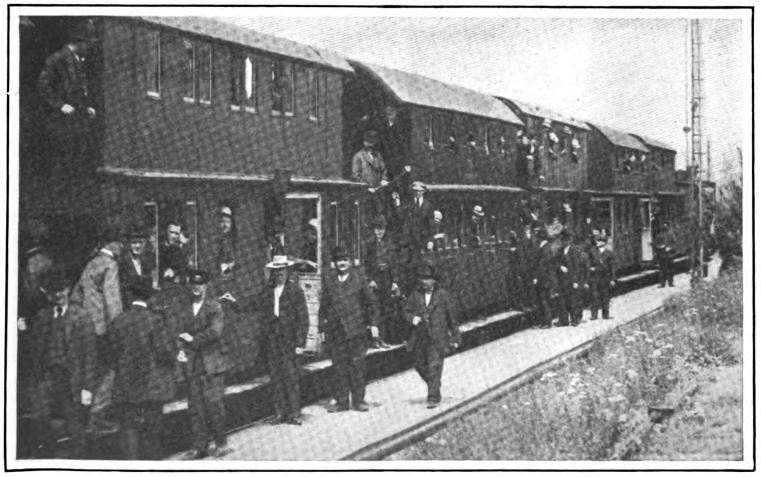
A recapitulation of these figures shows that each club in the American and National leagues disburses about $175,000 for operating expenses each year. There is, of course, a wide variance between the cost of running a gigantic stadium of the Polo Ground or Shibe Park type and that of the wooden stands of the smaller cities.

It can be seen, therefore, that the annual receipts must run well above these figures if the "magnates" are to be in a position to declare a dividend, for every club is obliged to contribute more than $2,000 a season toward defraying the expenses of the league president's office, which include salaries for the executive, secretary, and clerical force, as well as the umpiring staff. No better testimony regarding the popularity of baseball is needed, therefore, than the statement that even under this heavy disbursement account the clubs are not losing business ventures.

According to the system in vogue, the home and visiting club divide evenly the total admission-receipts of each game. The special grand-stand tariff is the exclusive gain of the home club. Fifty cents per head is the usual admission rate, and with throngs of four or five to thirty thousand witnessing games each day the receipts accumulate rapidly. During the New York-Pittsburg contest previously referred to fully 70,000 persons witnessed the four games. The gate for the series aggregated $35,000, which gave each club $17,500, and the Giant management derived an additional $15,000 from reserved-seat sales. The World's Series of last fall, in which the New York and Philadelphia clubs participated, netted a $342,164.50 gate. Of this vast sum the owners of the two clubs divided $180,217.44 and the players $127,910.61.

World Series prices do not prevail during the entire baseball season, but, taken year in and year out, the "magnate" is able to clear a profit on his club. There may be losing periods when a club is weak in playing strength, and at such a time a deficit of $50,000 per annum is not uncommon. The law of averages, aided by good business judgment, will eventually compensate for these financial slumps. If this were not so, there would not be to-day the great steel and cement stadiums that typify modern baseball.

Some sizable fortunes have been made in the professional game during the last decade, and indications point to a continued growth and improvement from a financial standpoint. Still, the "fan" who thinks that the business side of baseball is a short cut to a fortune is not entirely correct in his conclusions. It requires the same shrewd judgment and care that are found in every successful commercial venture to put baseball on a paying basis and keep it there.



How Berlin is solving the problem of traffic congestion by double-deck trains. They run four times a day during the "rush" hours, to facilitate the surburban service

Joseph Dusoro, 9 1-2 feet high, at dinner in Berlin. He is thinking of his projected visit to America

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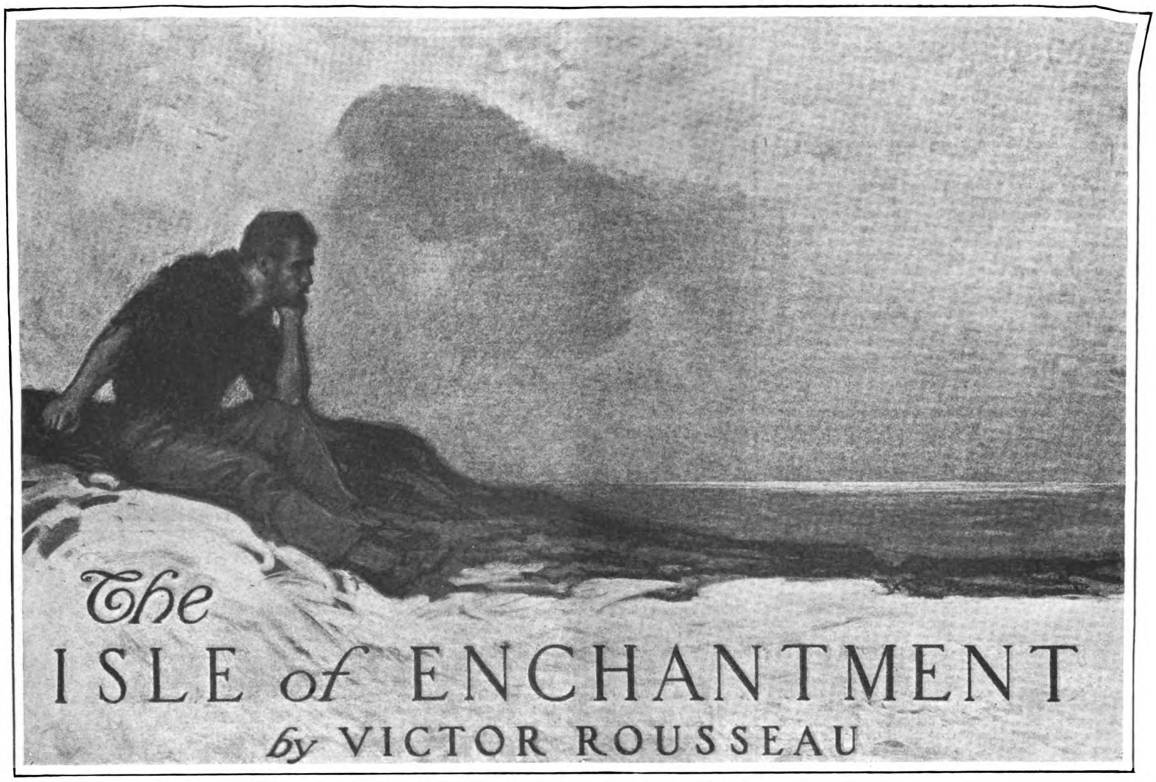

The ISLE of ENCHANTMENT

by VICTOR ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

As the woman entered, the sick man looked up from his mattress on the trestle-borne frame of roughly hewn pine wood. Standing in the doorway, silhouetted against the red glow of the setting sun, she cast the cabin into darkness. But as she moved forward Blaine's heart leaped at the vision of the black-blue Pacific waters, stretching away into the mists of the horizon.

He had forgotten his surroundings, so absorbed had he been in that vision. Looking up now, he saw that his wife's cheeks were flushed from her climb up the precipitous ascent from Santa Dominica, and that she stood up superbly in the vigor of her strength and health.

"Where have you been all this time, Barbara?" he demanded, fretfully.

From beneath her cloak Barbara Blaine produced some packages of food, which she cast upon the bed of pine-needles in the opposite corner of the shanty. She went up to the sick man and placed her cool hand on his damp forehead.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" he asked again, with rising anger.

"Swimming," she answered, and then he saw that her hair was wet.

His anger choked him; he could not answer her. Turning away indifferently, Barbara began to build a fire outside the cabin for the preparation of the evening meal.

Andrew Blaine had gone to that wild region of the California coast in the slight hope of regaining health, and during the seven weeks that had passed since his arrival he had been fighting the tuberculosis devils that ravaged his frame. Still they swung even in the scales, the two antagonists and their great prototypes, life and death, sunlight and darkness. Perched aloft on the edge of the Coast Range, eight hundred feet above the little fishing village of Santa Dominica, the loneliness, with its alternation of hope and despair, had made Blaine fretful and querulous. Although a stone dropped over the cliff would have fallen in the village below, his world was wholly distinct from that other, through which the railroad ran and tourists passed, gazing up in wonder at the forbidding, isolated peaks. None ever climbed that rocky ledge except Barbara, toiling down and up three times weekly to procure supplies with their fast-waning store of money—Barbara and Herman Schmidt, the herbalist, a quaint old exiled German, who came to converse with Andrew, plied him with medicines of his compounding, and displayed an insatiable curiosity and a naïve philosophy.

How he had ever managed to reach that eyrie Blaine could not remember; but, once there, he was too weak to think of leaving it—too weak even to paint those wondrous sunsets, which, ever since his arrival, he had longed to transfer to his canvases, that he might at last create something worthy of that genius in which a neglectful world had refused to believe. His young wife, who had gone with him into this exile light-heartedly, suffering from the moods which seemed to have changed her husband's affections, had apparently grown weary of the solitude, enlivened with too frequent quarrels and too infrequent reconciliations. Her absences in the village grew more prolonged; and the return, which always denied the leaping hope at her heart, made their relationship ever less endurable.

Blaine felt within his soul a new and terrible hatred of this woman stir into being. He fought it madly, lest some day it should leap forth, throttle his will, and produce some dreadful catastrophe. Though he recognized it as the product of a sick man's fancies, it was coming to assume its place among realities. With his racked and wasted frame, his mind grown used to meditations on mortality, he had come to hate the superb strength and femininity of this woman with the yellow eyes and tawny hair, whose every gesture betokened overabundant life, who had once been dear to him.

When she was present her each movement was an irritant to his nerves. But when she was gone down the steep slope to Santa Dominica, Blaine's soul grew peaceful, and he would lie for hours in the warm sunlight and gaze far out over the tumbling waters. At such times he loved to think about the legend of the lost island whose romantic beauty had first attracted him to that spot. He learned the details of the story from Schmidt, the old herbalist, who came upon him out of the woods one afternoon during his wife's absence, a bag half full of simples on his back, his hands black with moss stains.

"You have not seen dot island—nein?" he inquired, turning the conversation after an almost interminable process of questioning upon Blaine's affairs, so simple and direct that the painter could not be moved to resentment by it. He seated himself upon a fallen trunk and began filling an enormous pipe with tobacco from a cloth bag. "Id is an old legend of the inhabitants. You have heard of Don Obispo the Conquistador?"

Blaine nodded. "He came sailing this way in search of some woman whom he had loved, didn't he?" he asked.

"A woman? A devil," answered Schmidt, waving his smoke-wreathed pipe. "A she-devil, who had drawn him north from Old Mexico. He found her here, and crossed the seas with her to her enchanted island, and now he dwells there immordal, in a balace of delighd, among his followers. There they spend their days fighting and their nights feasting. I have seen it many times, that island; but nod now, for my eyes are old. Only on very galm, glear days I see id now."

"You have seen it?" inquired Blaine, in amusement.

"Ja, from these gliffs, answered the old fellow, composedly. "I have seen balm trees and brooks; and once I saw the woman, too. Yet from the beach below one sees nod dose beaudiful shores, bud rugged mountains, dreadful to look at; and there, they say, the devil dwells in chains, waiting for the day when he shall be set free to kill his enemy, Don Obispo. Bud galm yourself, my friend, for id is nothing but a mirage. You, too, will see id." He rose an' shook the ashes out of his pipe and slung his bag round his neck. "You are a bainter," he said, turning his mild eyes upon the other's. "You must beware. There are mirages in the soul, also, esbecially for sick bainters. Id is not good for a man and woman to dwell always alone—else the devil-woman will ged you, as she god the Conquistador. Try to live the daily life and forged the mirages. I shall come often, and next dime I shall begin your cure."

He returned, as he had promised, but always during Barbara's absences, and he brought medicines distilled from plants, which Blaine swallowed, at first under protest, but willingly afterward, though he ascribed his returning strength to the mountain air rather than to old Schmidt's remedies.

When the herbalist returned the third time he found the artist in a state of exaltation.

"I have seen it!" he cried, catching eagerly at the old fellow's arm. "I have seen that wonderful island of yours, with its long yellow sands and palm trees fringing an opalescent sea. It seemed to float a cable's length from the shore. I could have flung a stone upon its beaches. But when I reached round for my paint-brushes it was gone, and I saw only the Pacific. I have heard of mirages, but never of one like that—so real and clear. Where can it be? What is it? There exists no land for thousands of miles westward."

Schmidt looked curiously at the painter's flushed face and made him swallow his decoction before answering. Then, puffing at his long pipe, he began his exposition.

"The gread authority on mirages, Brofessor Hans Gomprecht, of Jena, was here last year," he said. "Brofessor Gomprecht has draveled thousands of miles to see mirages, and he is writing a boog on them, which he has bromised to send me a gopy of. When the Brofessor's boog gomes oud, we shall know the meaning of this mirage. Of gourse id is revlegted from some distant land. Id is real—all mirages are real. Bud no one knows the laws that govern them. Why do we see balms and a sea-beach from these rocks, and only moundains from below? No one can answer undil Brofessor Gomprecht's boog gomes out. Id exists somewhere, that island of Don Obispo; yes. Berhaps in the Philippines, berhaps in the Fijis, berhaps in Formosa. But I am sure of this, also"—and here he fell into his metaphysical vein—"id is a natural object; bud id is also of the devil's work. The devil-woman wands your soul. You have nod seen her—nein? Never mind; bray always and love your wife with all your bower, my sick friend. Now you will ged well soon, and I shall come still more often, and we will fight the devil-woman together."

It was after his first great quarrel with Barbara that Blaine saw her, and at first he thought that brooding had made him mad. Yet his pulse was slow and his forehead cool, and nothing could have been more distinct on that clear afternoon during Barbara's absence, as Blaine lay stretched out in the sunlight. Suddenly the island seemed to rise out of the waves, and on its sands, so near that he stretched out his arms involuntarily as though to grasp her, the woman walked. She walked between the dry sands and the waves, nude, like a sea nymph, dripping, and caught her long hair as she moved and held its strands in her slender fingers, and now she broke into a run, now stooped to pick up some shell. She seemed to Blaine the incarnation of all beauty, so that he had no wish to paint her, but only stared, with parted lips and intent eyes, until the island vanished and the blue Pacific lay once more stretched out before his gaze.

The reaction left the painter with a heart filled with anger against Barbara. She had been the most beautiful woman that he had ever seen, he had thought, when they were married a short year before. But, like many an artist, Blaine's love partook of the mystical, and a year with Barbara had rubbed the bloom off the mystery, leaving only the human quali-

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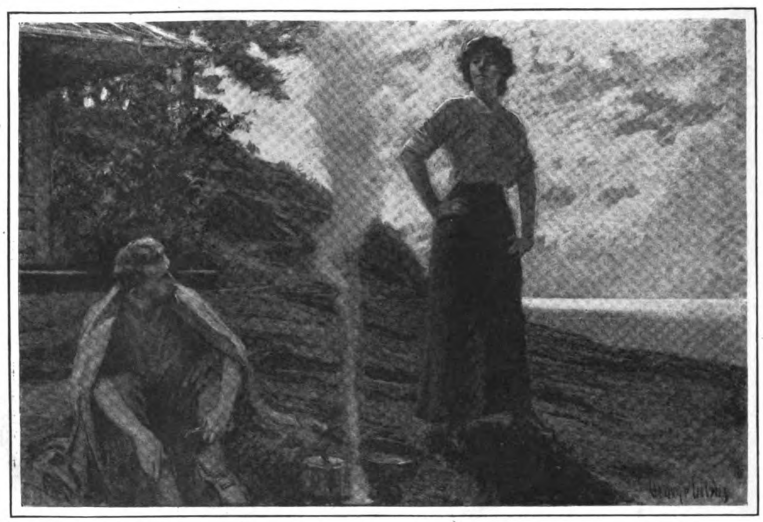
ties, which he had not cultivated. Beautiful as she was, she had not that unearthly beauty, the glamour, the magical mystery of the island woman for whom he yearned with all his soul.

The vision and the memory of it beset him, and thereafter, distraught, he lay outside his hut watching the sea. In those days Schmidt was the sole link that bound him to the world of realities. Barbara's absences grew more frequent and more prolonged, and Blaine welcomed them, that he might be alone with his vision. Yet once, when Barbara had gone, ostensibly to walk in the woods, Blaine, moved by a new impulse of curiosity, crept after her and saw her make a detour and descend the cliffs. Suspicion veiled his anger, and now there were neither quarrels nor reconciliations, but he no longer fought against his hatred.

What did she do in Santa Dominica? As his strength came back to him Blaine conceived the plan of following her. In the course of his journeyings along the cliffs he had come upon a place where the descent was easier, and on the occasion of Barbara's next visit to the village he waited a few minutes and then, hurrying to this spot, managed to descend to the smooth stretch of beach below the range. He lay there in the shade, panting from the violence of the exertion. There was nothing in sight except the sands and wooded hills, the sea, and the wheeling sea-birds. He rose at length and made his way toward the lapping waves. Then round the prominence of a projecting cliff he saw, far off, the figure of his wife, approaching slowly, and he concealed himself and waited. He waited long; the afternoon was nearly spent before an undefinable sense of her proximity made him arise and peer over the rocky barrier which separated them. Barbara was seated on the sands, not twenty feet away, her clothes piled near, her long hair, wet from the sea, enfolding her, and she was staring out across the waves, as though she waited for some invisible companion. Suddenly she, too, felt his presence and looked up. Her lips parted in terror, her eyes shone with her anger. Neither spoke, nor was allusions made to the matter when she returned.

Schmidt, blunt, childish, outspoken, and pledged, as it might have appeared, to an eternal war against tactfulness, easily divined the mind of his friend when he climbed to the cabin upon the cliff, two days later.

"Do you nod know, my friend, why I come here so much?" he panted, placing one huge hand upon the artist's knee and gazing into his face earnestly. "Id is not for you alone—id is for both of you. You have seen her now—that devil-woman. How do I know? Because I have looked into your wife's face. She is the Fata Morgana of the sea—that woman who drags men to death. Now thad you have seen her, I will dell you somethings that I would nod otherwise have dold. There was a good man here, a fine man, a Dutchman, who lived where you live now, last year. He, too, fought with the gonsumption devil, and with herbs I gave him back his body, bud the devil-woman got his soul. On the day when he should have gone he did nod go. They found his body at the boddom of the gliff.



"I am going to leave you, Andrew. You do not need me now"

"So I speag to both of you, my friend. A man and woman musd nod dwell alone. Id is not right, nod natural. If they are always alone they absorb each other's vidality till they begome one bersons.

"Once I was in the Zoological Bark, New York. There is a leopard there, a brighd, sleek, beautiful greature, and all day long he baces his gage alone, rubbing his nose against the bars and burring beacefully at the liddle childrens who watch him, and thinking what a juicy meal they would make for him. He will always be alone—always, undil he dies. Once they found a mate for him in his own jungles and brought her to the gage next to his. There, through an opening in the wall, the two gats looked at each other and burred and arched their backs, and by and by the geepers thought that they had found favor in each other's eyes. So one day they obened the wall and let the leopardess in. She crept up to her new mate, and he arched his back, just as he had done before, and burred and stretched out his claws. And then, when she was within reach of him, he leaped at her and bit her through the throat. They galled him a murderer, bud he was nod to blame. Id was the loneliness."

Absorbed in his tale, he had not seen what his companion saw—the woman upon the shore, wading in deep water, splashing her shoulders, her long hair streaming backward. He did not see the herbalist take leave, nor hear his parting words; for, as she raised her head, for the first time Blaine knew that she had seen him, as he saw her.

She saw him and stretched out her arms, and all the yearning in his soul revived. They knew each other—he, the consumptive painter, perched on a crag at the extremity of the New World, and she, this stranger woman of the unknown. Over the thousand leagues that sundered them, and out of the sun-painted world in which she moved, she heard his soul crying to hers, and answered.

Blaine made his resolution swiftly. When the time for departure came he would not leave that place. He would dwell on alone, living for one thing alone, till the message of his love was clear; and then he would follow her forever till he found her, over seas or over the land, though he sailed to the world's end or out of it.

Fortune did not put his determination to any test. That night, when they had dined, Barbara spoke for the first time in days.

"Do you not think that you are well now, Andrew?" she asked, coming up to him as he sat crouched over the fire, wrapped in his blanket, dreaming. He looked up at her, so superbly strong, and each might have been a stranger for all that either cared.

"Yes—well?" he replied, angrily.

"Well!" she mimicked, and began shaking with sudden passion. "I am going to leave you, Andrew. You do not need me now, and I shall never see you again. To-morrow I shall go down the cliff to Santa Dominica for the last time, and I shall never come back. I don't want to see you again, or hear of you, or know that you are in the world."

The hate in his own heart leaped up like fire before a bellows blast.

"Go, then!" he shouted, springing to his feet and facing her in fury. The perception of her own strength, in contrast to his weakness, made him despise himself. She could have clutched his weak body with her hands and held him fast and laughed at him. "Go!" he shouted, trembling as though he suffered some physical indignity. "I don't want to see you again, either. Go bathing with your friend. What were you doing upon the beach that afternoon? You were waiting for—whom? I am not jealous of you; only go as soon as you can, and don't come near me again, for I hate the sight of you."

He faltered, for suddenly he became aware of something that his egotism had passed by: that her own hatred and contempt were equal to his. The revelation kept him silent. The sense of their proximity made them self-ashamed. Each drew back, and presently Barbara entered the hut, to emerge a little later, carrying her battered suit-case.

She walked toward the cliffs, while Blaine stood watching her; and, when she was gone, his loathing was succeeded by a delirious joy. He could not have contrived better. He was alone at last—he was alone with the woman of his heart's desire. He would never see anybody else again. If Schmidt came back, he would have hard work to keep from murdering that prying fool. He had picked out his home, there on the mountain-top, and he would exercise the cave-man's right against all trespassers upon his solitude.

All night he paced the cliffs in ecstasy, waiting for day to dawn, until the sun-god, lighting the land, should bring his gracious gift of vision. Thus, muttering, he paced the heights till the first rays pierced through the clefts of the eastern hills. Then, when the red orb uprose, Blaine stretched out his arms, bathing them in the yellow sunlight, which turned all the land to gold.

Then he turned seaward.

Schmidt found him on the verge of the cliff, staring across the deep, a haggard figure in whose emaciated cheeks the fires of fever burned. Blaine stared out through the mists that had obscured the waters. Every thread of his clothes dripped moisture. The old man advanced cautiously through the trees, but he might have tramped like an elephant for all the painter heard. With hands upraised, Blaine chanted to the gray, fireless west an invocation such as the first man might have cried when the sun's orb descended first in Eden.

"Light! Give me light!" he cried. "Send out your beams, that I may see her again! I cannot endure the waiting!"

Sometimes he would repeat one word innumerable times in a monotonous chant; then again he would resume his prayer. Schmidt, fascinated by this appeal, stood watching, unable to stir, until the crazed man staggered on the cliff's edge, his hands upturned, upon his face despair. A cry broke from his lips and echoed from the peaks; he gathered for the plunge.

At the last moment Schmidt caught him from behind.

The herbalist had stores of strength, acquired in his student days; but for all his efforts he could with difficulty control the frenzied man. They tussled on the extreme edge of the precipice, dislodging in their struggle masses of stone, which rolled with dreadful reverberations into the mist-wrapped abyss under them. But in the end Blaine lay, utterly subdued,

(Continued on page 26)

At the last moment Schmidt caught him from behind

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Interludes

LETTERS THAT NOBODY WRITES

(From a Rector to a Careless Parishioner)

THE RECTORY, *June 23, 19—.*

MY DEAR MR. JONES,—On counting up the collection taken at St. Olaf's last Sunday for the Missionary Society I came most unexpectedly upon a fifty-dollar bill, and upon careful inquiry I learned from our senior warden, Colonel Dubbleigh, that it had been placed on the plate by you. Knowing you as we do, it was so obviously a mistake that, although the missionaries really need the money, I have been authorized by the vestry to send to you our treasurer's check for forty-nine dollars, which leaves us still in possession of the one dollar which you evidently generously designed to contribute to the Missionary Fund.

With kind regards to Mrs. Jones, believe me, dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

JOHN D. WHITECHOKER, Rector, St. Olaf's.

(From a Gas Company to a Consumer)

OFFICES OF THE SOCKDOLAGER GAS COMPANY,
NEW YORK, *July 3, 19—.*

Mr. J. J. Winks.

DEAR SIR,—At the annual inspection of our gas meters made last week it was discovered that your meter has for the past six months at least been running sixty-two and a half per cent. faster. This means that since last January your bills have been to that extent excessive, and we have therefore credited your account with the sum of $73.22, against which is your bill for June amounting to $10.20, leaving you with $63.02 to the good. We state this fact to you in order that you may not worry at not receiving any further bills from us until this credit item is exhausted.

Wishing you a pleasant summer, we beg to remain

Your obedient servants,

THE SOCKDOLAGER GAS COMPANY,
By WILLIAM WIGGLES, Treasurer.

(From One Lady to Another)

TOGUS, CONN., *July 2, 19—.*

To Whom it May Concern.

This is to certify that Letitia Lunkhead, the bearer of this reference, has served as a stoker in my kitchen for the past three weeks. I have found her invariably indolent, insolent, and wasteful, having no knowledge of the rudiments of cooking, disobliging, and bad tempered. She leaves me only because her continued presence in my house meant that my family and I would have to move out, which we are not able to do to our entire convenience. I cheerfully recommend Letitia to any person desirous of transforming a well-regulated household into a hopeless state of anarchy and riotous disorder.

(MRS.) AMELIA HICKENLOOPER JIGGLES.

SOME NEEDED INVENTIONS

A SELF-WINDING collar-button with a phonographic attachment that will automatically call out "Here I am" the moment it slips out of the owner's hands and disappears in any one of the ten thousand secret places of the ordinary dressing-room.

An automatic magnifying lens and gown-hooker which, in the hands of a devoted husband, will demonstrate the location of the eyes, and hook the hooks, in the filmy depths of the back of his wife's gown.

An aural-pedal, an arrangement similar in principle to the blue or smoked eye-glass, which, when placed upon the ear, will soften the sounds of the piano next door, and serve to mitigate all the other seemingly necessary noises of modern life.

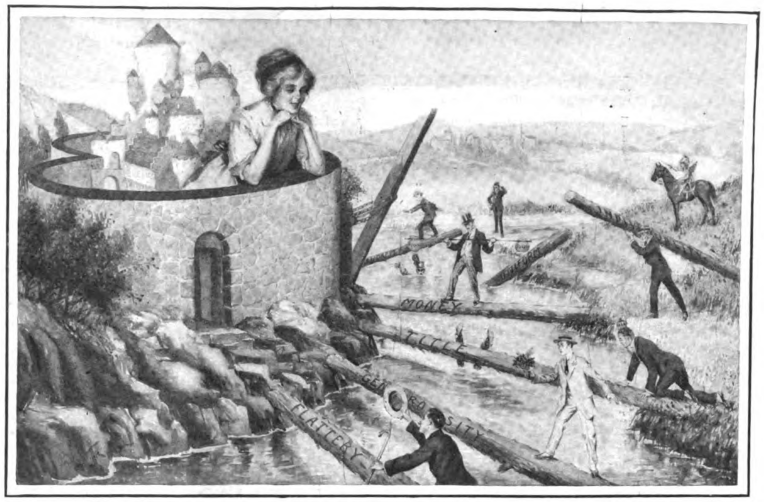
A rubber overshoe with a patent unbreakable tie, something like that of the Siamese Twins, which will bind it fast to its mate while not in use, designed for the relief of those who in hurried moments can find only the odd shoes.

An entirely new system of excuses to be offered during the baseball season by subordinates desirous of getting away to see the game. This invention is requested as a preventative of the fictitious but none the less inhuman annual slaughter of innocent grandmothers during the summer season.

A sixty-horse-power motor which will hold in reserve at least one horse-power sufficient to drag it out of the mire of a back-country New England boulevard on a rainy day. This invention is sought on behalf of thousands of motor-lovers who have had to pay twenty-five dollars for the service of a seven-dollar nag in order to get home in time for dinner.

A spiked collar for the inattentive chauffeur, so adjusted as to puncture his cheek every time he neglects the wheel to rubber at somebody passing along the highway, the ordinary blinders used by horse-lovers having been tried and found wholly ineffective in bringing about the desired results.

An elastic currency so adjusted that the ordinary dollar of commerce will be able to keep pace with the increasing cost of living by stretching automatically in the face of the advances of trade; and designed also, when lent, to rebound from the pocket of the borrower into that of the lender at the end of a reasonable period.



THE SUITORS' SIEGE

NEARPOET: DOES THIS POEM LACK MERIT, THEN?
EDITOR: NOT AT ALL. IT TAKES TRUE GENIUS TO RHYME "HORTENSE" WITH "MAGNOLIA" THE WAY YOU'VE DONE.

HOW HE GOT THERE

"I'M at the head of my class, pa," said Willie.

"Dear me, son, how did that happen?" cried his father.

"Why, the teacher asked us this morning how to pronounce C-h-i-h-u-a-h-u-a, and nobody knew," said Willie, "but when she got down to me I sneezed and she said that was right."

THE DIFFICULTIES OF ENGLISH

"Now, Noguchi, in the matter of your wages," said Mrs. De Rich to the candidate for the office of Japanese butler.

"Money no object," smiled Noguchi.

"Oh, indeed! How nice!" said Mrs. De Rich. "You mean that you will work for nothing?"

"No, no, no!" cried Noguchi. "Me mean me no object to money."

AN EXPLANATION

THE steamboat came splashing along her course, at full speed, and the first thing the passengers knew had crashed head on into the pier.

"Mercy!" cried a passenger, as the bow crashed and the splinters flew. "I wonder what is the matter?"

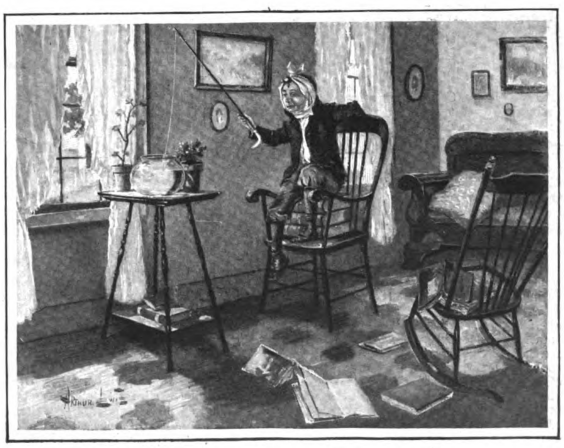
"Nothin'," said Pat, one of the deck-hands. "Nothin', ma'am—ut looks to me as if the captain just forgot that we shtop here."

NO CHESTERFIELD

"MUGGINS has made a pile of money, and now he's trying to get into society, but the question of manners comes up. Has he got any?" queried Bolivar.

"Muggins? Manners? Well I should say not," retorted Slithers. "Why, that man wouldn't give up his seat in a dentist's chair to a lady."

HERO: SHE'LL SOON RECOVER.
MISS PRUDE: SOON? SHE SHOULD DO SO IMMEDIATELY.



"JES' BECAUSE I GOT MUMPS AN' A SORE T'ROAT AIN'T ANY REASON WHY I CAN'T GO FISHIN'."

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Wilson or Sherman?

THE REAL POLITICAL SITUATION AS SEEN BY "THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW"

THE nominal candidates for President of the United States are Woodrow Wilson, William H. Taft, and Theodore Roosevelt; the real candidates are Woodrow Wilson and James S. Sherman, with a remote possibility of Philander C. Knox becoming acting President pending a new election in 1913.

This, says the editor of *The North American Review*, in the current number at the beginning of a leading article on the political situation, is "the only conclusion deducible from a discerning analysis of the unprecedented political situation which has developed as the consequence of the formation of a third party under aggressive and popular leadership."

The true appellations of the three leading candidates, he declares, are: Taft, Conservative; Wilson, Liberal; Roosevelt, Radical. He continues:

The contest has already narrowed, as in 1824, to the Democrat against the field. Now, as then, he is practically assured a plurality of votes in the Electoral College; and now, as then, his defeat can be accomplished only by withholding from him an actual majority over all, thus again imposing the election of a President upon the House of Representatives.

If the States should vote in the Electoral College as they are now represented politically in the House of Representatives elected in 1910 the result would be: Wilson, 298; Taft, 167; Roosevelt, 66. The editor continues:

Without assuming that the voting in November will follow closely the lines indicated, we nevertheless find in these actual results of 1910 the best basis obtainable for intelligent speculation. Certain deductions, for example, seem fully warranted—to wit:

1. *Roosevelt cannot be elected.*

He may expect with reason to obtain the 66 votes allotted to him in the above table. Give to him from the Taft column: Illinois, 29; Pennsylvania, 38; Wisconsin, 13; Michigan, 15; Massachusetts, 18; and Delaware, 3—a total, with the original 66, of 182. Add from the Wilson column: Arizona, 3; Colorado, 6; New York, 45; North Carolina, 12; Oklahoma, 10—total, 76; grand total, 258, or 8 less than the requisite number. The wildest imagining cannot accord Roosevelt a majority.

2. *Taft cannot win.*

Allot to him 167, as recorded above, including the doubtful 54 from Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin; from the Roosevelt column: Utah, 4; from Wilson: Maryland, 8; New York, 45; Ohio, 24; West Virginia, 8—total, 256, or 10 less than a majority. This must be regarded as the topmost of Mr. Taft's possibilities.

In case Wilson should not obtain a majority over both Taft and Roosevelt, the House of Representatives would be called upon to elect a President on the second Wednesday of February. Each State would have one vote, and the result would be: For Wilson, 22; opposition, 22; divided, 4—Maine, Nebraska, New Mexico, and Rhode Island. Necessary to a choice, 25. Only Taft, Roosevelt, and Wilson could be voted for. Obviously neither Taft nor Roosevelt would have a chance. Wilson would have to win over three non-Democratic States—a virtual impossibility. The House of Representatives, therefore, would be unable to elect a President. The editor continues:

Meanwhile the Senate, acting under the same provision of the Constitution, would be engaged in choosing a Vice-President, since Marshall necessarily would have failed to obtain a majority in the Electoral College, in common with Wilson. Choice would be restricted to the two persons who had received the largest number of electoral votes—Marshall surely and Sherman probably—and the Senators would vote individually instead of by States, as in the House of Representatives. Forty-nine votes would be required to elect. The Senate is now classified politically as follows: Republicans, 50; Democrats, 44; vacancies, 2. The vacancies will be filled presumably by the legislatures of Colorado and Illinois in January. Apparently, therefore, the Republicans would have surely one and possibly three more than the 49 required for the election of a Vice-President, who would become President on the 4th of March. This seems to mean that, in the event of Wilson failing to obtain 266 electoral votes, Sherman would succeed Taft.

But here enters another factor. The Republican majority in the Senate is not only scant, but also nominal rather than actual. Premising that both Illinois and Colorado return Republicans, the total Republican vote would be 52. If for any reason four of these Senators should abstain from voting, the Senate would be unable to elect a Vice-President. Now, it is quite conceivable that Roosevelt might consider it advisable to prevent the election of Sherman. If so, it would be most surprising if four out of the so-called Insurgent Senators—Dixon, Clapp, Bourne, Works, Borah, Poindexter, and the two new Senators from Colorado and Illinois—should refuse to act in conformity with his wishes, especially in view of the position which Sherman holds in their estimation as a pronounced reactionary. Precedent for their refraining from voting is found in the abstention of the Vermont and Maryland Federalist members of the House, whose refusal to vote gave the Presidency to Jefferson in 1800.

But the question arises immediately: What, aside from their disapproval of Sherman, could be the motive of Roosevelt and his adherents in preventing the election of a Vice-President under circumstances which would constitute him President for four years? A possible answer is to be found in the law of Succession (Chapter IV. of the acts of the Forty-ninth Congress), which provides that:

"In case of the removal, death, resignation, or inability of both the President and Vice-President, then the Secretary of State *shall act as President* until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed or *until a President is elected.* . . . The acting President must, upon taking office, convene Congress, if not at the time in session, in extraordinary session, giving twenty days' notice."

This statute was enacted by authority of Article II., Section 6, of the Constitution, which confers upon Congress the power of "declaring what officer *shall then act as President* . . . until the disability be removed or *a President shall be elected.*" The plain intent of both Constitution and statute is that "such officer" shall only *act* as President until a President can be elected, and the mandatory provision requiring him to convene Congress forthwith is obviously for the purpose of enabling Congress to call a special election under authority conferred by Article II., Section 4.

In the event, then, of the House of Representatives failing to elect a President and the Senate failing to elect a Vice-President, the procedure would be as follows: President Taft's fixed term of office would expire at midnight of March 3d, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Knox, whose official life is indeterminate, would become acting President. As such, he would be obliged to convene Congress in extraordinary session on the 24th of March, and Congress would "determine the time of choosing the electors"—certainly not later than November of the forthcoming year. In this manner Mr. Roosevelt and his new party would have a second opportunity to win the Presidency within a twelvemonth, greatly, no doubt, to the satisfaction of both.

But one contingency, in fact, can be conceived that might reverse this mode of procedure. It is possible, of course, that Roosevelt and Johnson may receive a larger vote in the Electoral College than Taft and Sherman. In that case, the Senate's choice of a Vice-President would be restricted to Marshall and Johnson, "the two highest on the list." What Roosevelt's attitude would be in that improbable circumstance can only be imagined, but it need not be considered, for the reason that the power of installing Johnson or Knox as President would then be vested in any four regular Republican Senators, who might conjointly refrain from voting.

The contest then resolves to Wilson against the field, and "there remains the vital question: Is it within the range of possibility that any combination, tacit or fixed, can withhold from Wilson and Marshall, whose plurality is virtually assured, an actual majority of votes in the Electoral College?"

From the Wilson column representing the actual Democratic standing in the present House of Representatives the editor deducts as doubtful New York (45), Ohio (24), Colorado (6), and West Virginia (8), leaving a net secure total of 215 out of the 266 required, and adds: "Apparently it is a fact that the two pivotal States—both, possibly, and one or the other in any case—are New York and Illinois. If so it is a fact of the first magnitude," because in these two States "voting by groups is a more important factor than in other commonwealths." These groups are classified roughly as follows: Organization men, railroad men, business men, anti-Prohibitionists, Roman Catholics, factory-workers, farmers, foreign-born voters, and negroes. After analyzing the proclivities of each aggregation, the editor concludes that "the merest glance at the tabulation suffices to show that the strong appeal of Governor Wilson to the whole people, without heed to segregated interests and prejudices, while constituting his chief strength as a candidate, nevertheless contains elements of no little weakness." Assuming, for example, that Roosevelt should draw two-fifths of the Republican vote from Taft and one-fifth of the Democratic vote from Wilson, Taft would still carry Illinois by 10,000 and Wilson would have a scant 12,000 in New York. Contrary to the general view, Roosevelt's candidacy is regarded as harmful rather than helpful to Wilson, chiefly because he will get the Far Western States, which otherwise would have gone to Wilson. The editor continues:

There remain the great bodies of working-men in both New York and Illinois who comprise a large percentage of the Democratic party. To whom will they turn? Mr. Taft offers them the Constitution. Mr. Wilson points to his record of official achievement as evidence of his effective friendship. Neither, it must be told in truth, said in his speech of acceptance one convincing word of sympathy with the toiling masses. Roosevelt not only professes, but promises everything. He will work to raise their wages; he will reduce their hours of toil; he will pension them in old age; he will insure their lives; he will lift the burdens and lighten the homes of their women; he will protect and safeguard their children.

Do these millions of men believe he can or will do all of these things? Probably not. But he says that he will try. Does any one else? Where else have they to go? And why believe that he could not and would not? If Lloyd George can and does, why cannot and why will not Roosevelt? Grant that he may be a demagogue, a hypocrite, and a false friend, what of it? He is at least a concrete image; he speaks their language; he shakes their hands; he is neither a theory of government for which they do not care nor an abstraction which they do not wish to comprehend; he is one of themselves—a live, human, imperfect being whom they can understand. Such is the Roosevelt appeal.

In conclusion, Mr. Harvey summarizes the probability and the lesson derived from his painstaking analysis in these significant words:

Wilson will probably be elected. If he carries New York he cannot be beaten.

Neither Taft nor Roosevelt can win.

A vote for Taft is a vote for Sherman.

A vote for Roosevelt is a vote for Sherman.

A vote for Wilson is A VOTE FOR WILSON.

MORRISON OF CHINA

(Continued from page 9)

through China, Japan, and the Philippines. Finally, in 1894, he made for the London *Times* his famous journey across South China from Shanghai to Rangoon in British Burmah, a three-thousand-mile jaunt, partly by boat through the upper Yangtse to Chungking, thence on foot through a part of the empire at that time almost entirely unknown and generally believed to be intensely anti-foreign, to "the old Mulmein pagoda on the road to Mandalay."

At the conclusion of that trip he was appointed by the *Times* its representative at Peking, a position he has held with few interruptions ever since, until, a few weeks ago, he was made Adviser to the President of China.

The Peking station Morrison considered to cover all China. With the home end of his tether close to the walls of the "Forbidden City," the other end reached to the limits of the empire and beyond them to Korea, Siberia, and Japan. With a truly Celestial curiosity he has made himself familiar with all the varying peoples who inhabit the eighteen provinces of the old empire, and with the Mongol, Tartar, and Malay races who neighbor on them north and east and south.

When, in 1900, the Boxers beleaguered the legations at Peking, Dr. Morrison was one of the most gallant of the defenders. He was painfully wounded and reported dead in England, but, though the files of the London *Spectator* still contain an eloquent obituary tribute to him, he lived himself to write the best account of the memorable siege among the forty-three English versions which he has collected in his library. When the treaty which closed the Russo-Japanese War was being negotiated at Portsmouth, Dr. Morrison, sitting quietly on the veranda of the Hotel Wentworth, acquired by sheer force of personality in that assemblage of diplomatists and journalists a position only second in importance to the plenipotentiaries themselves.

This, then, is the man who has been called to the position, unique in the history of China, of political adviser to the government. Japan has long profited by the services in a similar capacity of an American, Mr. Dennison, and Siam's political affairs have for the past ten years been directed by two foreign advisers from the Harvard Law School, the late Professor Strobel, and his successor, Jens Westengard. Sir Robert Hard, when Director of the Chinese Maritime Customs, sometimes unofficially acted in the capacity of intermediary or adviser to the Empress Dowager and her councilors, and in 1908 and 1909 Sir Walter Hillier, brother of the Director of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, acted for a while in the sinecure position of so-called financial adviser.

But neither of these two partial precedents resulted in anything approaching the authoritative position to which Dr. Morrison has been appointed. No foreigner in the Far East could ask for a greater opportunity than now is his for influencing or directing the course of events and shaping the history of his times. Rarely in history have the materials lain so unassembled to the potter's hand. China is merely now the name of a group of provinces more centrifugal in their tendencies, more intolerant of central control, than were the thirteen colonies which Hamilton welded into a Union. And more than that, China is to-day the meeting-place of the territorial and commercial ambitions of the six strongest powers, which are for the present loosely confederated for the purpose of loaning to China the money needed for her reconstruction.

The old Dragon has sloughed its imperial skin, and lies, sensitive and impotent, while the new and democratic skin grows hard. The Revolution has swept away in a few months the traditions of centuries, changing immemorial customs and habits of thought; no other renaissance was ever so swift and breathless. China is to-day an inchoate mass of old, reanimated elements out of which a modern state must be shaped strong enough to hold together and to define its own foreign relations. In this work Dr. Morrison has such an opportunity as rarely comes to any man, and he is as thoroughly fitted for it as previous experience can make him.

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The Railways and the Public

THE COMPANIES MUST EITHER BE PERMITTED TO INCREASE THEIR RATES FOR TRANSPORTATION OF PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT OR THE SERVICE WILL SUFFER

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IN the month of May of this year, yielding the latest statistics available, the railways of this country earned $226,109,262. This is what is known in the railway business as "the total operating revenues," and includes all the money received from freight and passenger traffic, from carrying mail and express, and from miscellaneous sources. The operating expenses for the some month, under which head is grouped the total cost of maintaining track and equipment, operating trains, securing traffic, and of administration, amounted to $161,368,077. Put in another form, every day the railways took in, omitting cents, $7,293,847, and paid out $5,205,441; or put in still another form, for every dollar that the railways received from the public for carrying passengers or freight or express matter or the mails it immediately paid back to the public seventy-one cents; or, to be exact, 71.4 per cent. of the operating revenues was used in operating expenses; that is, to make it possible for you or me to go from Washington to New York or from New York to San Francisco, or for the commuter to go from his home to his place of business.

This daily golden stream of more than five million dollars practically all went to labor or for the purchase of supplies, in which labor is one of the heaviest costs. Taking the railways of this country as a whole, every day is pay day, for the pay-car is never idle, and on some part of some system the paymaster and his assistants are busy paying off the men who make it possible for trains to be operated and freight to be moved. The public comes in contact only with conductors and ticket-collectors, occasionally with a brakeman; sometimes it sees gangs of men working on the permanent way, here and there a man, usually old and not infrequently short an arm or a leg, waving a white flag at a crossing as the limited goes thundering past; and as the traveler hurries from the platform he catches a glimpse of the engineer, at ease in his little seat in the cab or squirting oil out of a long can into the vitals of his steel monster. Behind the scenes, so to speak, are the thousands and hundreds of thousands whom the public never sees. The typewriter on which I am writing this came to me by express; and how many men had a share in bringing that typewriter to me from the factory I shall not venture to say, but from first to last probably not less than two score.

You get some idea of the immensity of the railway business when you understand that roughly there are two million men on the pay-rolls of the railway companies of this country, including everybody from the president, who sits at a mahogany desk, to the office-boy who answers the president's bell; from the chief engineer who supervises the plans for a million-dollar bridge to the man who works in overalls seeing that every bolt in that bridge is in place; and the men in overalls form the great army of railway employees, while the presidents and chief engineers constitute only a fractional percentage. Two million men represent ten million persons, for statisticians assume that every man is the head of a family, and the average family consists of five persons, which is fairly accurate on a large scale, so that ten million persons, or one-tenth of the entire population of the United States, are dependent upon the railways for their support. There is no other industry to compare with it in this country, none other, in fact, in the world. If it were possible to imagine all the railroads suddenly compelled to cease doing business, one can conceive the distress and suffering that would follow.

One gets some idea what the railways mean to labor when some of the principal disbursements of the companies are considered. The total operating expenses for the month of May, as has already been said, were, in round figures, $161,000,000. Of this $32,000,000 were spent in the maintenance of the permanent way and structure, that is, to keep the track and the stations up to proper condition so as to insure the safety as well as the comfort of passengers. Defective rails had to be replaced with new ones, new ties substituted for those rotten or worn out, portions of the road reballasted, stations painted, platforms repaired. This was work for labor, track layers and section hands and painters, and where new material was used—rails, for instance, or ties—labor had to be employed, so that while there may be only two million men actually on the pay-rolls of the various railway companies, there are many millions more earning good wages because the railways are the customers of the concerns that employ them. The purchasing agent of a great railway system is the world's greatest housekeeper. He buys everything from candles to coal. To maintain equipment $36,000,000 were spent; that is, not to buy new locomotives or passenger or freight cars because increased business required additional facilities, but simply to keep the existing equipment up to standard; to repair a broken window in a passenger-car, to put on new wheels in place of those worn out, to replace used-up parts of locomotives. Here, again, labor is the chief beneficiary; all the large railways have great shops where this work of keeping equipment up to standard is constantly going on; and the material used, whether it be paint or iron or glass, represents in large part labor.

Under the head of "transportation" we find the item $81,000,000 for the month of May. That is what the railways spent for the actual work of moving their trains. This includes the wages of all the men connected with that branch of the service—engineers, firemen, train crews, switchmen, telegraph operators: everybody, in fact, necessary for the working of the mobile part of the railway as distinguished from the permanent structure, and that again is another distribution of labor; and to produce the supplies necessary for operation, coal, oil, etc., labor must be employed.

The high cost of living during the last few years has pinched the railways more severely than any other branch of business. Everything that the railway uses has gone up, from the wages of the office-boy to the price of locomotives; but the one thing that has remained stationary has been the cost of transportation. The railway is just like a merchant, it has something to sell to the public. But there is this difference between the railway and the merchant. If the merchant has to pay more for his goods because the wages of the men who make the articles that he sells have increased, and the price of raw materials has advanced, and salesmen and bookkeepers ask more money, and the landlord thinks his store is worth more this year than it was last, and more men have been appointed on the police force and in the fire department, making taxes heavier, why, the merchant simply charges more for his goods, whether it be coffee or calico, beans or beef. And he can do this, because every other merchant is in the same boat; manufacturing costs more this year than last, and the retailer has to pay the difference; so the retailer puts the burden on the public, the ultimate consumer. The railway cannot do this, because it is not permitted to charge what it pleases for its services. It is under the control of State and Federal laws; its rates for the transportation of passengers and freight are subject to the approval of local or national authorities.

The railways have been compelled to raise the wages of their men during the last few years and to pay more for supplies, and they have asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to be permitted to increase their rates so as to recoup themselves. This the commission has refused, and the consequence is that the railways are in a serious predicament. Their expenses are constantly increasing and their revenues are not keeping pace with their expenditures. Operating expenses for the month of May this year as compared with May last year increased $8,506,004, or $24.29 per mile of line, equivalent to 3.4 per cent., and the net operating revenue was $17.23, or 5¼ per cent. less this year than last. For the month of May this year the railways paid $9,897,301 in taxes, which is equivalent to $45 for every mile of line operated, and that was an increase of 9 2/10 per cent. over May of last year. If a person who owned a house, whether in city or country, or a farmer, had his taxes increased ten per cent. in a single year he would make a tremendous howl about it, and the State or municipal administration responsible for this additional burden would go down before the indignation of the taxpayers; but the railways have to stand it and be thankful that it isn't worse. And no doubt it will be a surprise to those persons who think that the railways get something for nothing and by some hanky-panky manage to escape paying their taxes, that in a single month they paid taxes at the rate of $45 a mile for every mile they operated.

The railways are different from any other kind of business in that they are constantly required to increase their facilities, and to do this they have to raise new capital by the sale of their securities, stocks or bonds. There is now in progress an arbitration between the Eastern railroads and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to determine whether a demand made by the engineers for an increase of wages can be properly paid by the roads in view of all the circumstances, and an extremely illuminating statement was made by Mr. A. H. Smith, operating vice-president of the New York Central lines. "The railroads were originally built through sparsely settled communities," he said, "with more or less heavy grades and severe alignment, across highways and streets at grade, with the greatest co-operation and solicitation upon the part of the public in order to obtain a railroad at all. The country highway has become a city street, the village has become a metropolis. The stations, both freight and passenger, have become small and inadequate and hemmed in on all sides by structures of great value. The volume of traffic moving requires easier grades and better alignment, and better physical conditions throughout. In other words, it is now an era not of building, or capitalization for building, but of reconstruction and revision of the existing plant to meet a second stage in the growth of our commerce which the railroad has produced. These things must be done to handle the traffic with any degree of despatch. Many of them must be paid for out of operating expenses; many of them, such as grade-crossing elimination, involving millions of dollars, may be capitalized in part; but there is, in such cases generally, no additional revenue derived which will pay the carrying charges."

Mr. Smith told the arbitration board that for the past ten years the necessary budgets for general improvements and additions to the equipment of his lines have averaged from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000 a year. The budget for this year will be approximately $30,000,000. To show the impossibility of making this appropriation out of current earnings, Mr. Smith stated that in the four years from 1907 to 1911 the gross operating revenues of his lines was about a billion dollars, and yet with the closest economy it has been possible to increase the surplus by only $16,400,000, or at the rate of about $4,000,000 a year. Nor have the stockholders received an extravagant return for their investment, as last year, which Mr. Smith said was one favorable for railroad operation, the average dividend paid upon all outstanding stock of all the lines was 5 3/10 per cent.

The demand made by the engineers for an increase of wages amounting to about eighteen per cent. would absorb $1,800,000, or nearly one-half of the annual surplus. If the engineers are granted their demand, then similar increases will have to be made to other employees, which would amount to about $17,000,000 a year, or practically the entire surplus that has been accumulated in four years. If this increase is made it would necessitate a reduction of the dividends to two per cent. The New York Central is not an isolated case. The total income of the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburg and Erie for the last year was $220,898,622, which left a surplus after the payment of expenses of $13,158,378. If the engineers' wages are increased, this surplus will be reduced by $911,580, and if the same percentage of increase is made to all the other employees, $11,878,698 will be required to meet it, reducing the surplus to only $368,109, which would put the company in a very bad position financially.

There are four ways by which a railway company can meet the growing demands upon it. One is to reduce the wages of its employees, which is contrary to general public sentiment, as the tendency in everything is upward. The other is to reduce dividends, which is unfair, as no railway company at the present time is paying exorbitant returns to its stockholders. President McCrea, of the Pennsylvania, recently stated: "We have about 75,000 stockholders. The holdings, per person, are somewhere between 200 and 300 shares, and probably two-thirds of them are women and estates." That means that some fifty thousand persons are dependent upon their dividends from the Pennsylvania for their incomes.

The Pennsylvania at one time paid seven per cent., but when the last increase of wages was made and the Interstate Commerce Commission refused to permit the road to increase rates, the dividend was reduced to six per cent., its present rate. The stock is now selling at about $124 a share, so that any one who should invest in Pennsylvania would receive less than five per cent. on his investment.

The third way by which the railway can keep pace with demands is to increase its rates for carrying passengers and the transportation of freight and pay for improvements out of earnings, but the Interstate Commerce Commission has refused to allow the roads to increase their rates. The fourth way is for the companies to borrow money, that is, to sell their securities, putting the money thus raised into improvements and betterments and increasing the earning capacity of the road: straightening curves, reducing grades, and so forth, so as to make it possible to run faster and heavier trains; increasing the size of locomotives, so as to make one engine do the work of two.

But to do this, to be able to sell its securities to the public, the railway company must be able to show that its securities are a sound investment, and at the present time no cautious investor looks upon railway shares with favor. When a great system like the Pennsylvania is in danger of having its surplus wiped out, and another great system like the New York Central is confronted with the alternative of rejecting the demand of its employees and risking a strike or increasing wages and cutting dividends to two per cent., no prudent man will put money in railway shares when he can obtain a higher return and feel perfectly safe by lending his money on mortgage, for a larger interest than the railways offer, and run no greater risk by buying the shares of some of the leading industrial corporations. For the last few years the railways have financially lived from hand to mouth. With no market for their securities they have been compelled to put out short-term notes carrying high rates of interest, but now even that expedient has failed. Railway notes, no matter how attractive their interest yield, can only be sold with great difficulty because investors prefer to wait until they know what the future will be, for if the Interstate Commerce Commission persists in its refusal to permit a moderate increase of rates some of the roads will either be forced into bankruptcy or else their stockholders will have to be content to go without dividends.

In the end, of course, after a good deal of mischief has been done, the increases which the railways now ask will be granted, for there is no more reason why the railways should be made to do business at a loss than that shoemakers should be compelled to sell boots for less than they cost; but in the mean time the public will suffer through inferior service and the postponement of improvements that are urgently demanded, and the public, as usual, will have to pay for the folly of legislators; for everything that adds to the cost of the railways doing business must ultimately be paid for by the public at large.

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THE APOTHEOSIS OF LA BOXE

THE CURIOUS HISTORY OF THE GAME OF FISTICUFFS, WHICH CAME INTO FRANCE AS A COROLLARY TO A CUP OF TEA AND IS NOW THE RULING SPORT

By WILLIAM INGLIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

ALL Gaul to-day agitates itself about *la boxe*. The rude sport of giving and taking blows with the padded fist, although invented a century and a half ago by old Figg in the tight little island across the Channel and practised there assiduously ever since, never made any headway in the beautiful France until very recently. And then, if one can believe contemporary history as it stands clearly written on the page, *la boxe* came into the country as a corollary to a cup of tea.

What in the name of common sense, etc., some short-haired gentleman now interrupts, has boxing to do with a cup of tea? Nothing and everything. In England and America nothing, but in France everything.

Pray perpend. For generations the Frenchman's attitude toward all the rough sports of field and ring has been matter of great comicality to John Bull. Honest John has written it down in his literature for all the world to see. Ribs by the thousand still ache with laughter at the mere mention of the Brigadier Gérard. A man strong, quick, brave, and generous was he, but in all the English sports, especially in *la boxe*, he was a mere fountain of fun. Did he not bite in a clinch? But now the cup of tea has changed all that. The French have raced horses English fashion for ages. They have gone in mildly for yachting and golf. They have even done some creditable work with the sweeps and sculls under the inspiration of the Société pour l'Encouragement de Sports Nautique. But all of these games are still exotic—played, but played in quotation marks, as it were.

Quite recently, at the beginning of the *rapprochement* which has since led to the *entente cordiale* with England, the gallant Frenchman began to consume tea and little cakes at five in the afternoon. Some profound but anonymous philosopher in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs discovered that if you take tea with an Englishman you win his heart; but if you sit humbly at home and take tea like him, you win his soul. Very quietly the word was passed, but very thoroughly, and lo! all France began to take tea and little cakes at five o'clock—just like the great, the gallant, the noble neighbor, John Bull. And as Frenchmen never do things by halves they added to their language to describe the solemn rites a new verb—*five-o'clocquer*, which means to take tea and little cakes at five o'clock, like the great, the gallant, the noble neighbor, John Bull. Could anything be happier? *Vive l'entent cordiale! Eep! Eep! Ooré!*

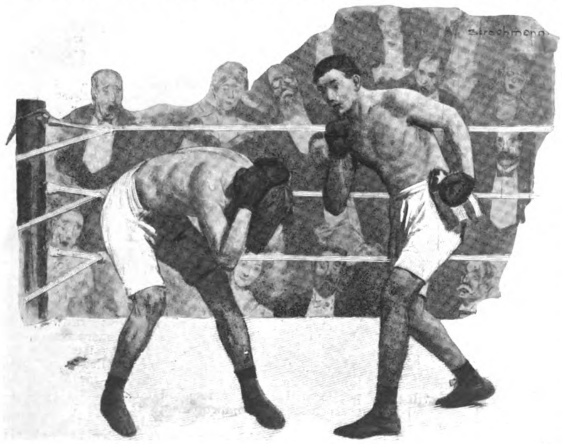
It was at this juncture that Monsieur Dan McKettrick, an astute New-Yorker, happened to spend a vacation in Paris. He found that under the influence of tea and the *entente cordiale* Frenchmen had taken to boxing. They called it *la boxe anglaise* as a further compliment to the great, etc., John Bull, whose giant strength is so useful to them in curbing too presumptuous German ambition; and they visited by hundreds all sorts of weird boxing-matches between English artists before whose performances it were charitable to draw a veil.

"If they'll stand for that raw stuff," said Monsieur McKettrick, "they'll just eat up good boxing if any one brings it to them—and I'll bring it."

Forthwith Monsieur McKettrick hastened home to New York and took back to Paris Willie Lewis, the best welter-weight in America. (Note: Other artists probably will roar with rage when their attention is called to this statement; but that's just what Willie was, and what he could be again if he'd only live right.) Willie was at that time twenty-three years old, swift and clear-eyed, weighed one hundred and forty-two pounds, and had a right that stung like a wasp and weighed a ton. Willie was a Good Boy. And what he did to all sorts and shapes and styles and weights of boxers of all nations who shaped up before him is too painful to print on this unsullied page. The Frenchmen loved him for the enemies he unmade. They adopted him as one of themselves. To them he ceased to be Monsieur Lewis. He became and is called to this day Ouilli—which is as near as one can write the French pronunciation of Willie. Little did Willie dream that he was sowing dragon's teeth while he was gathering in the fat purses; but so indeed it was, and all over France a crop of armed men began to spring from the soil—earnest young men armed with big gloves, very crude in their earliest efforts at *la boxe*, but brave, strong, enduring, and of marvelous agility. I happened to be in Paris when the crop was garnered.

Before whose performances it were charitable to draw a veil

From every bill-board and dead wall two faces stared for weeks at all Paris. One bore the title "*Carpentier, l'invincible français.*" The other, "*Willie Lewis, l'américain célébré.*" The Paris newspapers that chronicle athletic events — and their name is legion—printed page after page of photographs and descriptions of the two men who were to meet under the auspices of the *Société de Propagation de la Boxe Anglaise* at the *Cirque de Paris* in a *Grand Combat en 20 reprises de 3 minutes*. The country was full of boxing fever. The great Maeterlinck, who had in one of his essays characterized boxing as "a vulgar sport carried on by means of brutal gestures," awoke to the glories of the game and became its ardent advocate. More, he engaged Georges Carpentier to teach him the manly art, boxed with him every day, and became a proficient amateur. The serious magazines and reviews took up the question of fisticuffs and debated gravely whether or not the sport was a good thing for the youth of France. On the whole, the prevailing opinion thus far seems to be that *la boxe* fosters clean living and the endurance of most difficult labor while suffering punishment; and, above all, teaches the youth to master his temper and accord fair play to every adversary. Thus far the partisans of *la boxe* appear to have public opinion on their side, though it may veer to the opposite at a moment's notice.



He also has a queer way of defending himself

But to return to the harvest of the dragon's teeth. On the fateful evening it seemed as if most of the vehicles of Paris were headed for the Cirque. You could start on a whiff of the sickish-sweet petrol fumes almost anywhere and trail it straight to the ringside. To the stranger from New York it was a source of wonder to observe the sort of people who descended from the carriages at the principal entrance. It seemed as if the very same ladies and gentlemen from all the world who a few evenings before had gone to the Grand Opera to hear "Samson et Dalilah" had now come to the Cirque de Paris to see Carpentier and Lewis.

And what an ideal place for seeing things the Cirque is! Perhaps some day New York may have something half as good. From the ground the circles of boxes and chairs and benches rise above one another, like the sections of a telescopic drinking-cup. From any part of the structure the spectator looks down into the ring as into the palm of his hand. In the boxes clustered around the ring were gathered hundreds of very smart-looking people, all quite correctly garbed for the evening. A man in ordinary street costume would have stood out like a thistle in a garden of lilies. And in the assemblage the proportions seemed about as two women to three men. The ladies were not wearing so many jewels as they displayed at the Opera, but otherwise they made the same picturesque appearance and exhibited the same paraphernalia of *décolletée* gowns, beautiful fans, lorgnettes, lace scarfs,

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programmes, etc., that one saw at the temple of music. My friend assured me that *tout Paris* was present, and certainly the brave assemblage gave that impression to the foreign visitor. He pointed out ambassadors, marquises, men and women prominent in society and the arts, and named names; but inasmuch as it is possible that he erred, the names shall not be repeated here. Certainly the people seemed well bred, and but for the squared ring, with its taut ropes in the midst of the assemblage, one might have fancied himself at a *première* of Debussy.

After two brief bouts between minor artists—an objectionable waste of time, which might well be spared—the ring was cleared for the *Grand Combat en 20 reprises*—i. e., the great twenty-round contest. Instead of a referee, there stood in the ring the *Directeur du Combat*, Monsieur F. Cuny, whose functions are indicated by his title, while the decision as to which athlete did the better work rested with three *Juges Arbitres*, or umpires—Messrs. Tristan Bernard, Jacques Mortane, and J. H. Lucas—all French journalists of high standing. Time was kept by the *Chronométreur*, Monsieur U. Ferriol.

A joyous cry of "O! O! O! O! Ouilli!" suddenly burst from all parts of the house as Willie Lewis pushed through the throng in the aisles and climbed up into the ring. The gallant Frenchmen clapped their hands and cheered for Ouilli as if he were a native son. They did the same for his principal second, Joe Jeannette, an American, who moved about smiling and looking like a great black panther. Soon a great, glad uproar of hand-clapping and more "O! O! O!"-ing! announced the arrival of Georges Carpentier. He bowed and smiled in response, but looked rather anxious—as well he might. A handsome lad, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with rosy cheeks and the delicate coloring of a débutante. He was aged eighteen years and four months, according to the official programme, and at a casual glance he might have passed for the valedictorian of a high-school graduating class. Yet, in spite of his pink-and-white prettiness and youthful diffidence, there was a firm set to his broad mouth that spoke of determination, and his eyes were eloquent of calm self-esteem. He had the very material advantage of nearly six feet of height—nearly two inches taller than Willie—and of long, lean, cat-like muscles that rejoice the heart of the connoisseur. Moreover, he weighed six or seven pounds more than the American.

Wrapped in a voluminous white bath-robe edged with blue and decorated with a broad blue collar, Carpentier came over to Willie's corner, smiled pleasantly, and shook hands. Willie smiled, too, and stood up and carefully plucked at the bandages on his adversary's hands. Then before one could draw a deep breath, as it seemed, the gong clanged and the men were facing each other in the middle of the ring.

And where in all the world at that moment was there a prettier sight? Each boxer was poised on tip-toe as he stepped daintily into range, regarding every movement, every fleeting shade of expression on his adversary's face. The long, snaky, white arms of each were gliding to and fro, cautiously feeling the way to launch out in a blow as quick as the dart of a hawk, or to draw the enemy into an unguarded position and crash into him before he was aware. One ceased to breathe while watching, so intense was the picture of supreme concentration of two destructive forces warily prowling before loosing the power that each carried in his fists.

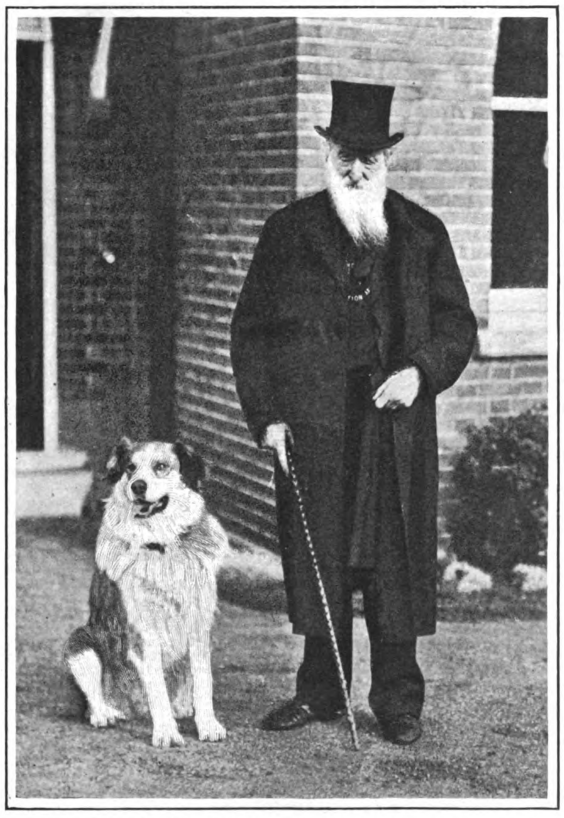
Carpentier's long left arm suddenly lashed forth, but Willie snickered contemptuously and without effort glided backward so that he was an inch beyond the reach of the blow. An inch and no more. Good work for Willie. It is always good policy to laugh at your enemy and to make him waste his energy in beating the empty air—as St. Paul has so truly pointed out. Again they drew near, Willie fiddling closer and closer until he chopped his left fist down on Carpentier's jaw—a good, jarring blow. The youngster rallied in a moment and dashed in headlong with such fury that he bumped his forehead on the top of Willie's head and broke the skin so that he bled a little. It was pure accident, and didn't do Carpentier much harm. In he flew again and launched a swift left hook which lodged on Willie's ribs, then tried for the head three times while Willie dodged and laughed at him again. At the close they were locked in a clinch with *M. le Directeur du Combat* crying, "Brike! Brike!"—which showed where he learned his pronunciation of "Break!"

This is not a page of Fistiana, so there is not room for an itemized schedule of all the blows exchanged. For the first eight rounds Willie had Carpentier at his mercy—except that he lacked the steam he used to possess. He landed on the youngster again and again, and at the close of the eighth dropped him kneeling on the floor with as pretty a right hook as mortal man ever saw. But that was the last flash of the Lewis of old. At the next clash the boy was fresh as ever after his rest of one minute, while poor Willie's arms were slow. But even then he held Carpentier safe by rapid feinting and wonderful blocking. The French lad proved himself speedy as a greyhound and a marvel of stamina and what a French journalist described as "*sa belle jeune combativité.*" But his judgment of timing blows and of distance was faulty. Moreover, he stood with his feet so far apart and bent his body backward and downward so far that he cramped his reach. He also has a queer way of defending himself when being bustled about by suddenly crouching low and clapping both hands over the back of his neck—rather like the ancient Roman soldiers' fashion of holding their shields over their necks tortoisewise.

But the brave lad from Liévin, Pas-de-Calais, held his own nobly in spite of his crude style. During the last three or four rounds he rocked Willie's head from side to side with showers of blows, although he did not put him down once and never was near a knockout. Willie clinched quite often to save himself, and intense Carpentier partisans rolled their programmes into paper cannon-balls and bombarded the ring with them to show their disapproval, meanwhile shrieking unkind words at the Ouilli whom they formerly adored. Yet Ouilli was well within his rights and was only preserving the advantage which he had earned during the first half of the fray.

At the end of the last round the three *Juges Arbitres* declared Carpentier the winner. Instantly a clamor of cheers, whoops, and shrieks of joy made the walls thrill and vibrate. Carpentier's seconds flew up into the ring and tossed him on their shoulders just as he and Ouilli were in the midst of a brotherly hug. First one second pulled Carpentier's head down and kissed him on the right cheek and on the left cheek. Then the next second did the same, and then the other two. Then they galloped around the ring with their champion on their shoulders, and a charming girl in a balcony box tossed a big red rose, and Carpentier caught it and kissed it. Then he jumped down on his own feet and threw a kiss to the girl by wafting it up with the rose. Fine.

The worst Willie Lewis should have received was a draw. But he is a philosopher, and not complaining. And I would give much to be at the Cirque de Paris when Carpentier meets the distinguished Minnesota youth, Monsieur Michel Gibbons.



THE FOUNDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH, WHO DIED RECENTLY AT HIS HOME NEAR LONDON. HE WAS BORN IN NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, EIGHTY-THREE YEARS AGO

The Maid of Saragossa

THE Spaniards have erected a monument to the memory of Angostina Zaragoza, whose bravery during the Peninsular War saved her city.

In July, 1808, the French were pressing hard upon Saragossa. The hardest fighting occurred at Portillo Gate, where the assaulting batteries more than once reached the dilapidated earthworks. The gunners of the Spanish battery were shot down one after another, the survivors falling before they could discharge the last loaded gun. The infantry flinched and the French were closing in, when a young woman, betrothed to a young sergeant of artillery who had just fallen, rushed in, snatched the lighted match from her dying lover's hand, and fired the undischarged twenty-four-pounder into the head of the advancing column.

The enemy was thrown back. The citizens, with a cheer, rushed forward, reoccupied the battery, and the assault was checked.

Angostina Zaragoza received from her government a commission as sub-lieutenant of the artillery and a life pension. A few years later she was seen by an English traveler serving with her battery in Andalusia. She wore a blue artillery tunic on the sleeve of which was a shield of honor.

The Color of the Yolk

FROM six thousand hens' eggs Dr. Willstater, with the assistance of Dr. Esch, has succeeded in extracting about an eighth of an ounce of the matter that makes the yolk of the egg yellow. This pigment has now been obtained in a pure crystalline state, so that its chemical composition may be determined as well as its peculiar properties.

The yellow belongs to the same class of pigments as the green of leaves—xanthophyl. In plants and in animals Willstater has found two distinct series of pigments. In one of these series the substances are soluble in benzine and consist of carbon and hydrogen. The yellow of the carrot is a good example of this class of pigments. In the other series each molecule contains in addition two atoms of oxygen. These pigments are soluble in alcohol. The yellow of the egg and xanthophyl belong to the latter group.

The Week's End

OUT in the fall of dew,
And the dusk weather,
We two and we two,
We two together.

Oh, the blue flowers in the grass!
Oh, the wet upon the hedge!
Oh, the little red gusts that pass!
Oh, the star at the world's edge!

Succory flowers are blue,
Dusk is the weather;
Succory flowers at fall of dew!
And we two, we two,
We two together.

LIZETTE WORDSWORTH REESE.

Anatomy Among the Ancients

IT has been pointed out that the statues and plaques carved in stone and wood to be seen in the Gizeh Museum prove that the priest mummifiers of Memphis six thousand years ago possessed a profound knowledge of anatomy. Science, therefore, as Lockyer remarks, is as old as art, and they have advanced together.

Another remarkable fact in this connection is that excavations in Italy have brought to light scores of finely finished surgical instruments for certain operations, which are in almost every particular of form like those reinvented in modern times and used by the most advanced surgeons of to-day.

Water and Pine Needles

WHEN the cold winds blow after the snow falls, the needles on the pine-trees that cover the mountains like a great shaggy coat drop off. They protect the snow from the rays of the sun and retain it on the mountainside until well into the summer. When one digs in these forests, it is sometimes possible to find as many as ten to fifteen layers of snow and ice between blankets of pine needles, from which the water melts slowly and steadily to feed the streams.

THE WAY OUT

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith, but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

ORIENT CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 71 days, $400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS

II.—SHOULD PROFITS BE LIMITED BY LAW?

AS long as freight-rates are "just and reasonable" shall the railroads be allowed to go ahead and make all the money they can? Or, when profits amount to a "fair return on the investment," shall they be halted there by an automatic reduction in rates? Shall railway profits, in other words, be limited, and the fact that a road is earning a substantial return on its capital be taken as *prima facie* evidence that its rates are too high and ought to be reduced?

That such a question can seriously be asked shows how far toward socialism we have drifted, but being asked it is, nevertheless, and with insistent demand for answer. The railroads, we hear on all sides, are not private enterprises, but public servants, operating under charters granted by the people and dependent upon public patronage. For the railroads to try to make money out of the communities by whose favor they do business is, thus, entirely wrong. A fair return on the capital being used, the argument goes, is all that any railroad should be allowed to make. Earnings greater than that show that the railroad is profiting at the expense of the community, whose duty it is to serve, and without whose permission and patronage it couldn't continue in business at all.

At the very outset the question resolves itself into one, first, of right, and, second, of expediency. Here we have what is, with the exception of agriculture, the country's most important industry, built up over a period of nearly a century on the idea that the capital invested would be allowed to earn as much as though it were invested in any other kind of enterprise. Is it fair, now, to the holders of the nine billion dollars' worth of securities which represent the capitalization of American railroads to declare that the industry from now on is to cease being a money-making proposition and is to be run solely in the interests of the public at large? And in the second place, is it expedient that such a change should be made? Granting that the limiting of railroad profits will result in lower freight-rates (which is very much open to argument), how about the danger that the putting of the country's leading industry on a new basis—and such a basis—will react most harmfully on industry in general?

Considering first the right and wrong of the matter, it is difficult to see how, when capitalists and investors over a long series of years have been risking their money in railway enterprise, the government can with justice step in and declare the capital entitled to earn only such-and-such a rate of interest. Were it a question of a law being passed that, from now on, money invested in railroads could draw only so-and-so-much in interest or dividends, it would not be so bad. But to make such a law retroactive upon capital already put in would certainly be most unjust. In the upbuilding of the railroad system of this country untold millions of dollars had to be risked—and the risks were not of the kind that men are willing to take in order to get a return of four or five per cent. on their money. In cases without number the whole amount of the investment was swept away. In others it was years and years before those who put in the money got any return on it. Now suppose that, the risk having been taken and the proposition having turned out well, the government is to step in and prevent those who ventured their money from getting any more returns on it than if they had invested it in some safe and going enterprise? Where would be the justice of that? To a very great extent the resources of this country were opened up and developed as a result of the courage of those who risked their money in new railway construction. A fitting reward in such case for the government to deny them the fruits of their foresight and enterprise!

Can, indeed, the profits of a railway be legally limited? Would such legislation be upheld by the courts? Railway commissions seem to assume that it would, but that is, after all, a good deal of a question. The Constitution gives Congress the power to regulate interstate commerce, limited, however, by the fifth and fourteenth amendments, which expressly prohibit confiscation of property. By not a few railroad lawyers, moreover, it is held that there are limitations on the power to regulate interstate commerce besides those imposed by the constitutional amendments before referred to. In any number of cases these limitations have been admitted by the courts. In Cotting *vs.* Godard the Supreme Court said: "The legislature's prescription of rates is *prima facie* evidence of their reasonableness, but it does not follow, therefore, that the legislature has power to reduce any reasonable charges because by reason of the volume of the business done by the party he is making more profits than others in the same or other business. The question is always, not, What does he make as the aggregate of his profits, but, What is the value of the services which he renders to the one seeking and receiving such services." Again, in the case of the Interstate Commerce Commission *vs.* the Chicago Great Western Railway, the Supreme Court said, "It must be remembered that railways are the private property of their owners; that while, from the public character of the work in which they are engaged, the public has the power to prescribe rules for securing faithful and efficient service and equality between shippers and communities, yet, in no proper sense, is the public a general manager."

In the light of the above and of a good many other things which the courts have at various times said concerning the extent to which regulation can go, a good many people believe that any law limiting railway profits would be held unconstitutional. Regulation for the purpose of securing to the public good and adequate service at reasonable rates is one thing. Direction of the internal management of a railway, in order to say what profits it may earn and what dividends it may pay, is something entirely different—an invasion, in fact, of rights which the Constitution itself reserves to the railways as long as they remain private property.

Turning from the question of the right and wrong of attempting to limit railroad profits, to the expediency of such a course, we are met at the outset by the question of whether freight rates and profits have anything at all to do with each other. On first thought, probably, it will seem as though high freight-rates and big profits and low freight-rates and small profits must necessarily go together. Such, however, is very far from being the case. Whether or not a railroad is making money depends on a lot of things other than the rates it is charging—physical condition, character of equipment, efficiency of management, etc. Take, for example, two properties like the Lake Shore and the Central of Georgia. On the Lake Shore (an exceedingly high-class property) the average rate for carrying one ton of freight one mile was, in 1909, only a little over half a cent. Lake Shore's net earnings per mile in that year were $9,350. Central of Georgia's charge for carrying one ton a distance of one mile averaged almost 1.1 cents. Yet its net earnings per mile were only $1,500—less than one-sixth of what Lake Shore made by charging only one-half as much!

Rates, in other words, don't determine profits. Other things being equal, they would, but other things aren't equal. There are no two railroads in the United States on which conditions are the same. Roadbed is different, grades are different, equipment is different, management is different. Get in mind any two roads running between two given points. The rates they charge, we will say, are about the same. But the profits aren't. Not by a long shot. One road makes a lot of money out of the business; the other makes hardly enough to get along. How is that? Simply because one plant, taking it as a whole, is better equipped to do the business.

Suppose, now, it is decided that freight-rates are to be fixed at such a point as will allow a "fair return" on the capital invested. Consider again the case mentioned above. As rates are at present, says the commission to the stronger road, you're making too much money; half of what you're charging would give you a very fair return on your capital. From now on, rates between these two cities are reduced fifty per cent.

Bad enough for the road which was making big profits before, but how about the other road which was just managing to get along with freight-rates as they were? To the stronger road it means reduction in profits. To the weaker one it means bankruptcy. Under the new schedule the stronger road could get along and perhaps even make a little money. Not so with the other. With rates as they were, it had all it could do to meet expenses. With revenues cut in half it can't meet them.

And that isn't because of "overcapitalization" or of any necessity for paying interest on an excessive bonded debt. It's simply because the road isn't built and equipped to do business as cheaply as its neighbor. A rate that would mean a profit to one might mean a receivership to the other. For rates, of course, have to be uniform. The commission can't go to one road and say, Here, this schedule will allow you to earn a fair return—and then force upon a competing line a lower schedule. Demand and supply governs the price of railway transportation like the price of everything else. The fact that the one road was *allowed* to charge more than the other wouldn't do it any good. All the business would naturally go to the road offering the lowest rate. The others would have to meet it, even if it forced them into bankruptcy.

That is one very serious thing which would be sure to happen if any attempt were made to limit profits by a wholesale changing of established rates. Another, quite as serious, would be the resulting interference with business conditions prevailing. Two factories in different parts of the country sell their product in the same market. Conditions at each of these manufacturing points are such that, making allowance for freight-charges, the product of both mills can be competitively sold. On the strength of those conditions the industry has been built up and capacity has been based. Along comes the Interstate Commerce Commission with an order to one of the railroads which carries to market the product of one of these competitors to reduce, substantially, the freight-rate it is charging. A great thing for the shipper! is the first thing which comes naturally to mind. But wait a moment—which shipper do you mean? Which shipper? —why the one, naturally, whose product is going to be carried cheaper. That one—of course—but how about the other shipper? Rates on *his* railroad haven't been reduced. How is he going to keep on competing? When he built up *his* plant it was with the firm knowledge and belief that if he could sell his product in a certain market at a certain price he could make money doing it. But with this other shipper able to deliver goods at a lower cost on account of the freight-rate reduction on his own particular line, all that is going to be changed. Shipper number one is going to be benefited, but only at the expense of shipper number two. Shipper number two, not improbably, is going to be driven out of the market altogether. Which, of course, is a splendid state of affairs for the victims of the resulting monopoly!

That is only one instance. A hundred others might be mentioned. In every part of the country industries have been established on the basis of existing transportation charges. Over a long series of years a vast amount of industrial enterprise has developed along those lines. To make a change now, to a basis of allowing the railroads to earn just so-and-so-much, would be to turn upside down the established order of things and to bring upon a large part of the business world a condition of confusion worse confounded.

Peter and Paul are both satisfied. Then why start in robbing one to pay the other? Especially when you yourself are as like as not to play the part of Peter.

Again, the expediency of limiting railway profits may be seriously challenged on the ground that such a policy would surely result in deterioration of the quality of service offered the public. That sounds, perhaps, as though it were the wrong way 'round—as though *better* service were meant—but it isn't. For the policy proposed, it must be borne in mind, is not to limit the amount the railroads can pay out in dividends, but to limit the amount they can earn. As it is now, many roads earn anywhere up to twenty per cent. net, but few of them pay more than six or seven per cent. Where does the difference—under the present system—go? Back into the property: for better roadbed, terminal facilities, and stations; for better cars and locomotives; for all the thousand and one things, in fact, necessary to give that improved service which the public so constantly demands. Under the proposed system, where would this surplus go? Under the proposed system there wouldn't be any surplus to amount to anything. That's the whole idea of it—to keep the railroads from earning any more than they actually need to pay a fair dividend. A little over actual dividend requirements, perhaps, but certainly not enough to put back any substantial amounts into the property. Not enough, for example, to tear away that old station and replace it with a decent one. Not enough, certainly, to put electric fans and self-raising windows and such things into ordinary day coaches.

Compare traveling conditions now with those of ten years ago—how immeasurably they have improved!

Does it cost any more to travel now, or to ship freight, than it did then? No, less if anything. Then how have the railroads found it possible to give this improved service? Largely because they have been allowed to earn enough, so that, after payment of moderate dividends (really, the average is very low), liberal amounts could be spent on the property.

That is the American idea, and it seems to have worked out pretty well. They do it differently in Europe. There the railroads capitalize every possible expenditure instead of taking it out of earnings. In England, for instance, the railroads are capitalized at $314,000 a mile. In the United States the average is $59,259 a mile. When a community in this country wants the color of its railway station changed from brown to red, the railroad doesn't have to increase its capitalization to do it. Earnings are supposed to be sufficient to take care of things like that.

Where they are, it's a good deal easier to persuade the railroad to do the necessary painting. And that goes in the case of any other improvement demanded by the public. Let the railroad earn a fair amount above its dividend requirements, and it will be in a position to offer a lot better service than if it has to wonder where the money to make the improvements is coming from.

Look at it from the standpoint of right or the standpoint of expediency—railway profits ought not to be limited. Make the railroads charge rates that are fair and reasonable and then let them go ahead and make what they can. It's in the public's interest as well as their own.

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Ancient Jewelry-shops of the Desert

By Frank J. Arkins

ONCE men were so honest that the jewelers worked in the open air and left their precious stones out-of-doors at night. No one disturbed their stocks. These men were the Aztecs. They cared little for gold, but they knew the value and understood the art of cutting turquoise. They mined only the most perfect stones. They fashioned them with rude instruments, but no modern lapidarist finished his gems with greater care or polished them more highly than did these workmen of a bygone age.

In the Southwest men search to-day for these ancient jewelry-shops of the desert. They are still to be found and they yield riches. Sometimes men will work for weeks finding one. Then again they will stumble across a dozen or more in the same day. For evidently there were jewelry districts in the old pueblos, where the lapidarists of long ago carried on their trade.

The sites of these ancient towns are now marked only by broken pottery indicating the sites of the old houses built of adobe or sand brick.

North of El Paso on the Sacramento desert, lying between Sacramento and the Organ Mountains, there are a number of these deserted villages. When Coronado passed through the country the villages were occupied. He conquered them and they paid taxes to Spain for years. Then for some mysterious reason the towns were obliterated.

At any rate, the houses have crumbled. Mounds mark the spot where formerly they stood, and the broken pottery with colors burned in so perfectly that they have withstood the action of the weather for nearly three centuries tell of the civilization that existed.

The towns were located at the mouths of cañons, where reservoirs were constructed to impound the water to last through the long, hot summer months. Some were located in the center of the desert of to-day. Evidently the ancients used wells, for good water is obtainable at a depth of about two hundred feet.

Once in a while the searcher will come across stones, such as porphyry, flint, granite, and lime, slotted with grooves arranged in a circle. This is or was a jewelry-shop. The workers sat around in a circle, and the stones mentioned were used to polish the turquoise. Reaching into the center of the circle, one may feel about with the fingers and at a depth of three to six inches find the crude turquoise. Sometimes it has been uncovered by the winds and lies exposed. More frequently, however, the treasure is covered and is in as good condition to-day as when it was first placed in the center of the circle, where it was evidently left every night when the workmen went home. The workmen polished the gems by rubbing them in the slots in the stones and thus wore them down to the shape desired. The process was evidently finished by rubbing on leather, much as is done by the modern lapidarist.

These ancient jewelers worked with the crudest instruments and wrought most artistic designs. They mined only the best turquoise—the clear, sky-blue stone that will withstand the test of sunlight without fading. While they polished the gem with rough stones in some manner not known to moderns, they managed to bore a hole through them in order to string them. How these holes, small enough to prevent the passage of a darning-needle, were made is a mystery.

A Box of Sardines

FRANCIS MARRE gives the following instructions for purchasing a can of sardines:

The two sides of the can should be flat or concave. If they bulge out there is a likelihood that the can contains gases resulting from decomposition.

No can should be bought that has been resoldered.

The lettering on the can should be clear and distinct.

If there is a choice between soldered cans and cans sealed by crimping, the latter should always be preferred.

If the cans are soldered select those that have bright solder, which is less likely to contain lead and less likely to be bad.

After the box of sardines is taken home the can should be opened under water. If any bubbles of gas escape the stuff should be destroyed. The kind of oil used in preparing the sardines is of no great importance. The fish used are not, however, always true "sardines."

In the true sardine the dorsal fin is forward of the ventral fins and there is no wrinkled crest on the ventral line; the skin is smooth and bluish on the back. In the herring the dorsal is only slightly in front of the ventral fin and there is a wrinkled ridge behind the latter. The skin is brownish on the back, with a delicate network.

In the sprat the dorsal fin is in a line with the ventrals, and the crest behind as well as in front of the ventral fins can be easily felt by passing the thumb backward from the base of the head. The flesh of the sprat is rather hard.

In the anchovy the ventral crest is absent, as in the sardine; but the dorsal fins are behind the ventrals. The "chinchard," a small variety of mackerel, may be distinguished by its grayish color and the presence of two fins on the back extending nearly the whole length of the body. The forward fin has a spiny point.

Left-handed Linguists

FOR the last twenty years systematic attempts have been made to teach children to use both right and left hands indiscriminately. But the results have been amusingly unsatisfactory. The explanation apparently is that the power of the hand is intimately associated with the unfolding of the language sense and that the cerebral centers which regulate language are located on the left side—that is to say, in relation to the centers which regulate the control of the right hand and arm. The examination of thousands of human skeletons has demonstrated that in all cases in which the right arm is better developed than the left there is evident a correspondingly satisfactory development of the left side of the brain. It follows that left-handed persons must have less linguistic ability than the right-handed and that children obliged to use both hands indiscriminately will have a diminished power of ready speech and an ability markedly less in learning and retaining languages.

The Beaked Whale

SOME time ago a specimen of Layard's beaked whale was found stranded on the beach near Port Elizabeth, South Africa. This find was of great importance to zoology, because hitherto very little has been accurately known concerning this strange inhabitant of the ocean.

The specimen found near Port Elizabeth and since mounted in the museum there is a male nineteen feet two inches long. From the lower jaw project upward two tusks with two sharp enameled teeth. The creature could open its beak only four or five inches at the outer end, and its gullet was so narrow that it is evident that the animal devoured only very small fish and seaweed.

The beaked whale is said to furnish oil of an exceptionally fine quality.

Animal Thermometers

CRICKETS have a tendency to chirp synchronously or in time with one another. It is claimed that they chirp more rapidly in warm than in cold weather. The increase has even been rated at four chirps a minute for each degree the temperature increases.

Certain animals appear to act as barometers. It is said that while frogs remain yellow nothing but fine weather may be expected, but that should their coats begin to assume a brown hue bad weather is approaching.

A spider seen spinning its web in the morning heralds a fine day; if seen in the evening, then at least the whole of the night and the following morning will be fine. If it is raining and the owl screeches better weather will ensue.

The Antiquity of Coal

IT is thought that the earliest reference to coal is that found in the writings of Aristotle and of Theophrastus, who lived about 238 B.C.

There is evidence that coal was used in England as early as the year 852. According to Bishop Pudsey, Escomb and Bishopwearmouth were two of the earliest coal-mining settlements. Newcastle coal appears to have come into notice about the year 1234, when Henry III. granted the inhabitants a charter authorizing them to mine for it.

The Chinese knew of and used coal in the thirteenth century. The earliest reference to coal in Belgium is assigned to the year 1198, when a blacksmith at Liège is said to have been the first in the kingdom to employ it as fuel.

Paris received its first coal from Newcastle in 1520. In Scotland coal was worked as early as the twelfth century.

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Bits and Pieces

CHIVALRY still exists. It is simply difficult to distinguish in its present guise. Even when the spring of action is proven to be truly chivalrous, it still requires a comprehension of modern forms and a stiff upper lip to call it chivalry. Long ago gentlemen used to do beautiful, decorative things to protect and serve ladies, things that one could respond to that had flourish and climax and were pleasing in every aspect. Now men quite as nice, with wishes and capabilities quite as commendable, do things that seem different but are in reality the same. They mingle themselves inextricably with a motor for hours at a time, while the lovely lady is left ignored. Yet that is chivalry, for, after hours of grappling with oily bits of machinery, they say, "I wasn't going to have you risk your life in that car until I had had a look at it." That is very beautiful and very touching, and one is glad that none of the graceful characteristics of humanity are lost. The lady berates herself for the thoughts she had while the man was mixed up with the motor. She feels ashamed, and yet all she can do to reward such care of her is to get into the motor. She sat for two hours quite alone while he was being chivalrous, and at the end of that time she breathed a sigh of relief and got into the motor. Then she sits for another hour in equal silence while he runs the motor. It is chivalry, but it is not quite so talkative as the chivalry of long ago. It gives the lonely lady less to do, and deep in her heart she feels that perhaps her real lord and master has just appeared in the world. It isn't man. He subdued her, but she got rather a lot of diversion out of that subjection. In fact, at one time it was a question of some nicety whether she had not subdued him. Now her hopes, her vanity and boastings, are all gone. She feels the presence of machinery and the spirit goes out of her. Man was simple; man and machinery are more than she has the heart to tackle.

And yet a comparison of machinery and man makes the question arise of whether, if one has managed the latter successfully, the former would not be absurdly easy. Think of managing a human relation and then being awed by a machine. A machine, the parts of which are always the same size, number, resistance, and endurance. A human relation that is composed at times of warm affections, at another of a thousand nerves and obstinacies; that changes its vulnerable points daily, fluctuates in endurance, has an adjustable power of resistance. A machine shows friction and is stopped, taken to pieces, cleaned, oiled, and started again. A human relationship shows friction, and if it is stopped it is done for; if it is taken to pieces, except in the privacy of the mind, it is besmirched and so must be cleaned by its own movement and oiled by a precious essence made of its best elements, which sometimes spoils on one's hands and frequently has to be made from a new recipe.

One of the daily miracles which so few people appreciate at their full mysterious value is that when one has torn up a letter and thrown it into the scrap-basket, which one always does before reading the address, that same letter, on being fished out a second later, has been tampered with by some mysterious force. All the fragments are not there. It sounds unlikely, but it has been proven over and over again. One dives in, takes out all the scraps of the letter, looks hurriedly among them for the one bearing the address, and, on failing to find it, the certainty that one is in the presence of a mystery forces itself upon one. Everything which a moment before seemed of greater importance is abandoned, the morning is given up to investigating this phenomenon. The scraps are painfully pieced together and doubt is no longer possible. Two fragments are missing. Sitting on the floor—for humility is only proper at such a moment—the contents of the scrap-basket are turned out, gone over as though they were ruby sand, and no more fragments of that letter are forthcoming. One accuses nobody, but the thing undeniably looks badly. There is an unseeable force located near scrap-baskets that eats addresses. Once such a law is established it ought to be very easy for some one who likes the mere routine of science to find out what the force is and why its habits.

We have pampered our muscles shamelessly so that now, when our souls are prepared to thrill to the beauties of woodland life, our muscles protest perversely at a cessation of their acquired rights. For thousands of years they must have found the earth sufficiently comfortable to lie upon. It is only very recently that they had any contact whatever with deeply cushioned furniture, yet the turmoil they see fit to make when one asks them to put up with a grassy bank is simply prodigious. They are as clamorous at discomfort as any of the recently opulent breed. They fume and fret over small twigs and minor roots in a manner quite absurd, considering what they must have put up with for millenniums. One's soul can have no peace for the vulgar clatter of one's body; and as for its indignation at the harmless and sociable approach of a simple fly—it is too unreasonable. Bodies ought to remember that every one knows what their past has been and who their antecedents were. To protest that a spider is crawling up one's arm and a fly is sitting on one's eyebrow, and to do it to the exclusion of all other conversation, is to confess that one's body has got out of hand altogether and is putting on the silliest airs. Bodies come through the ice age; they ought to be able to stand anything, yet they protest at a picnic. They demand cushions, they who have been accustomed to caves. They have become accustomed to chairs, floors, and sofas in a few hundred years, and it is doubtful if we will ever get any more decent behavior out of them.

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THE ISLE OF ENCHANTMENT

(Continued from page 18)

among the rocks, and Schmidt, lifting him in his arms, staggered into the cabin and laid him upon the mattress. All night he watched at his side until the stupor departed.

At dawn Blaine opened his eyes and stared round him, at first in wonder; then, little by little, he began to understand.

"Why did you drag me back to life?" he sobbed, as the full understanding came to him. "I wanted to die. I should have died in ecstasy, and now I know that it is all a lie."

"What is a lie?" asked Schmidt, puffing at his big pipe.

"She is a lie—the woman of that lying island. There is no island and there is no mirage. It was you, with your accursed legends, who put the idea into my brain when I was delirious from sickness. And now life has become impossible."

"Life is never impossible," Schmidt answered. "At least, then only id begomes worth living."

"You talk like a fool," shouted the painter. "You don't know; you could not understand. You were not born with the accursed gift of genius; you never dreamed of an ideal beauty which you had never hoped to find, and then, having come upon it, knew that you must follow it through all your days or die seeking it. I saw her face upon that island of yours—the face of the woman whom I must always love, of whom I always dreamed—and since then nothing else has mattered at all."

"Where is your wife?" asked Schmidt, quietly.

"My wife has left me."

"Left you? You drove her away. Gott! what a bair of fools—both staring mad!"

He put his pipe aside with an effort, for it was not yet empty.

"Listen, now," he began. "Listen with all your donkey's ears, and I will dell you somethings worth listening to. You don'd deserve your luck, bud id has come to you. I know where she is, this island woman, and she is real—as real as you.

"If I had nod gome when I game, you, too, would lie beneath those rocks, like that fine Dutchman I told you aboud. Why did I gome? Did you subbose thad I wanted to see you again, you wife deserter? No! Gott forbid! Brofessor Hans Gomprecht's boog upon mirages has at last been bublished, and id has gome to me by the post. So it is this way:

"There are ten sorts of mirages, writes Brofessor Gomprecht, and fifty-two suborders, of which this is number fifty-one, and id is galled the dablespoon mirage. Did you ever loog into a dablespoon and see your donkey's face inverted? Thus is id here. When the sun shines hot over the Bacific, then, for some reason which I have nod yet gome to in the boog, the atmosphere grows thin between the water and the glouds, forming a gongavity like a dablespoon. Then the reflegtion of the shore is thrown back into the glouds, so that bersons on these hills see Santa Dominica upon the sea; and the reflegtion of these hills is thrown down into the sea, crossing the other reflegtion, so that bersons at Santa Dominica see these hills. That island and those balms are Santa Dominica itself, and the woman who waits there to see her man on the hills—the ideal she loves but never hopes to meet—she is your wife. Ged up, you fool, and gome down the gliffs with me. See, the sun has gome oud, and there's another fool as big as you waiting below."

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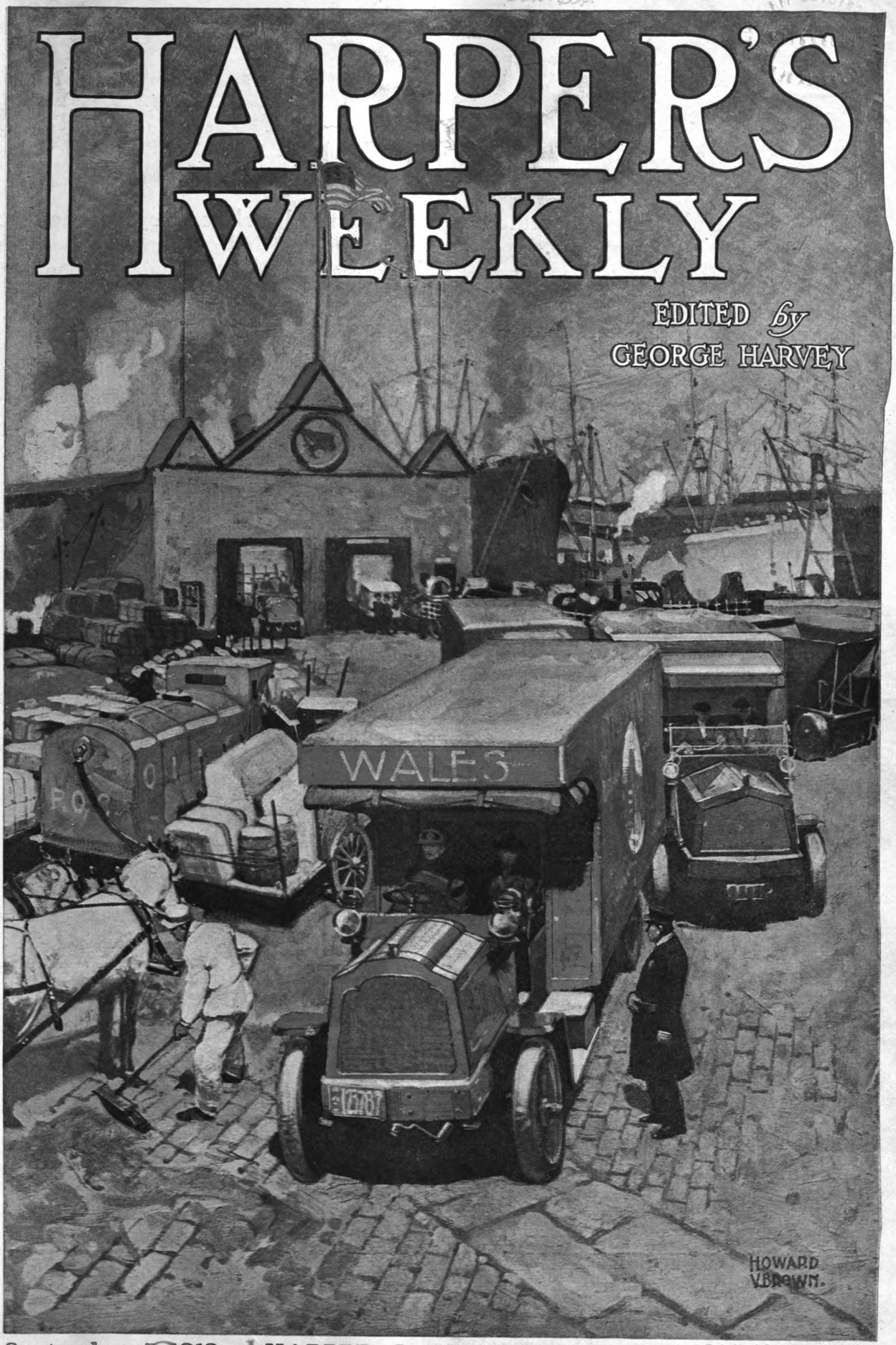
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED by
GEORGE HARVEY



September 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Brains—the Vital Element

We use in tires about the same materials as the best of other makers use.

The difference in tires is due mainly to men—to their standards, their methods; to experience and ability; and, above all, to incentive.

So for 13 years our main object has been to gather around us the ablest men.

To supply those men with criterions—to leave them unhampered—to allow them vast leeway.

Then to offer those men the utmost incentive to outdo rival makers.

We started out by employing the ablest men we could find. Then we send men every year to great technical schools to pick the ablest graduates.

Thus we have built up, in the course of years, this brilliant organization.

We left these men unfettered by expense, unrestricted by rules or opinions.

And we made them partners in the concern when their results deserved it.

That's the main reason why Goodyear tires have come to outsell all others.

134 of These Men Are Now Partners

There are 49 stockholders now at work in our factories, watching quality in tires. 33 others are in charge of departments.

Every branch manager, the whole country over, is a stockholder in the concern.

More than nine-tenths of the Goodyear stock is owned by the active men in the concern.

All the men who do most toward Goodyear advancement share in the Goodyear profits.

What These Men Brought About

Years ago these men built a tire-testing machine, on which comparative mileage could be actually metered.

Four tires at a time are thus constantly worn out, under all sorts of road conditions.

Here they have compared 40 formulas for treads—some 200 separate fabrics.

Here they have compared all the various methods used in making tires. Here they have compared rival tires with our own.

Nothing was settled by guesswork—nothing adopted because it was cheap.

Their object has been to make the best tire in existence. For none but that tire could hold topmost place.

So, by these exact methods—by endless comparisons—they learned how to build the best possible tire.

Rim-Cutting Ended Oversize Adopted

These men in time found a way to end rim-cutting—a way now controlled by our patents.

This ending of rim-cutting has, on the average, cut tire bills 23 per cent. For statistics show that 23 per cent of ruined old-type tires are rim-cut.

Then they made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

To the perfected tires they added these two features, thus practically doubling the service.

Profit and Service

Others built machines for wrapping tires, which insured an even tension. Others built machines to cut the cost, by large-scale operation.

Others have stood for modest capitalization, and for a minimum profit. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

Others in the selling end have created good will, by giving right service, by telling the truth, by fairness in every deal.

As time went on, all these things combined gave us rulership of Tiredom.

The Result to Date

The demand for these tires, as men found them out, has grown like an avalanche.

The demand has multiplied 12 times over since the year 1909. It has trebled in the past 12 months. It doubles now once in eight months.

Over 100,000 new cars this year go out from the factories equipped with these tires. They are used under contract by 127 car makers.

About every third car now has Goodyear tires. And our output is now 100,000 tires monthly.

That's a three-year result—since motor car owners began to wake up to these tires.

Now 200,000 users, or more, are telling other men about them. As a result, in the first six months of 1912 we sold 485,983 automobile tires.

Go see these tires at our nearest branch, or with any Goodyear dealer. A glance will show you what they mean to you, and you will join these converts.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

Goodyear pneumatic tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure.
When filled with any substitute for air our guarantee is withdrawn.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

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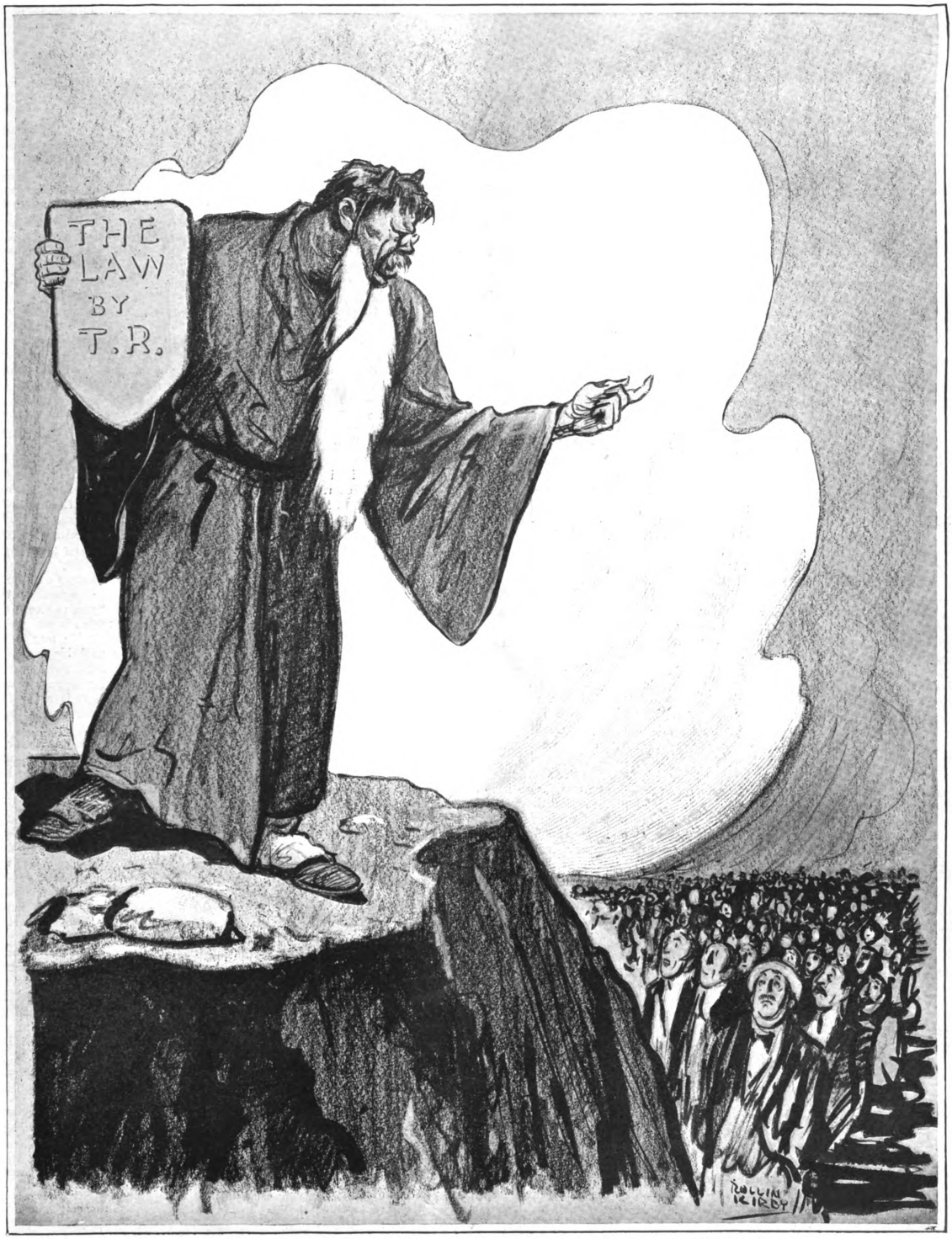

T. R.: "FOLLOW ME. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M MOSES?"

DRAWN BY ROLLIN KIRBY

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Comment

The Other Side of the Railroad Question

WE bespeak a not too hasty reading for the article of Mr. GEORGE D. MUMFORD on "Freight Rates and Common Sense," elsewhere in this number. Mr. MUMFORD writes in popular style, but he is dealing with a big and serious question, and might, if he chose, discuss it in the formidable manner of the gravest political economist. No doubt, however, he chooses the popular manner advisedly. For is not the question everybody's question? "The people" have decided, for good or ill, to take a hand in the railroad business—and a very potent hand. Everything about the railroad business is therefore a public question. Conversely, it is now very plainly the public's business to understand such things about railroads as Mr. MUMFORD is here endeavoring to explain.

There is a lot to know about freight rates. On that subject even the most experienced railroad men freely confess that their own knowledge is imperfect. The public, which seems to have got the notion that the whole matter is quite simple, would probably be surprised to learn that railroad managers themselves cannot tell exactly the cost of carrying specific articles a given distance. The principle of joint cost, which applies to all railway operations, makes that knowledge practically unattainable. Fixing "reasonable" rates, even when that is the single object in view, and full power to do it is assumed in behalf of the people by a legislature or commission, is an extremely difficult and complicated enterprise. If the public is to undertake it permanently—as apparently the public is—then the public should surely take time to learn something about it.

And not merely for ethical reasons; for perfectly practical and selfish reasons; not for the railroad's sake, but for the public's sake. For the public, as Professor TAUSSIG points out in his new book on political economy, has two interests to serve. It wants cheap freight rates, of course; but it also wants full and efficient railroad service—a service constantly extending itself to meet our constantly growing needs. It has already the lowest freight rates in the world, particularly for long distances, and it has also hitherto profited by the most rapid extension of railway facilities. It wants, therefore, plainly enough, to keep both these advantages. It cannot afford still lower rates at the cost of putting the railroads out of business or even of making it impossible for them to go on increasing their plants.

Which again amounts to saying that if the public is going to take charge of railroad rates the public would do well to learn something about them.

Now for a Touch of Frost

Labor Day is past, and autumn officially begun. It was about time. We for one were ready for it. Not that the summer has been too hot; it hasn't, since July. But summer is not the best season for our present national preoccupation, which seems to be settling everything—or, rather, up to date, unsettling everything.

We decidedly prefer autumn to summer for politics—which may be only another way of saying that we prefer the autumn kind of politics to the summer kind. The autumn kind is more serious business, for it is closer to action and decision; but nevertheless it is likely to be rather better-tempered and rather more sensible. It is less explosive and unexpected and disquieting, because we have by that a better notion of what it is about and what the sides are. The explosive and disquieting sort of politician finds it harder to start fresh issues and sensations and to disturb the bases of judgment. The weather itself is less favorable to such alarms and excursions. Autumn is steadying, strengthening. It is the resolute season, the resolving and determining season.

And we ourselves are by that time a better public, for the public men who work by reason and look to decisions are less easily workable by public men of the other and more superficial method. We have been hammered and wrought upon until our emotional and intellectual fiber is a bit toughened. Besides, we usually have some practical occupations of our own, and there is nothing like these for promoting sanity and evenness of spirit.

We are glad autumn is at hand, and we are glad the elections come in autumn—well along in autumn. It is our almost religious conviction that men are at their best in that season, and can do their best, whether in acting or judging. From this time on we hope to be increasingly confident that we are not, after all, going to make such a very bad mess of our affairs. Thank goodness, no big campaign in this country is ended until frost falls.

Of Cant and Catchwords

In politics, as in everything else, there are fashions, and political fashions are much like other fashions. They come and go; they are tyrannous while they last; and usually, before they go, they get to be extravagant and absurd. It is much the same way as with hats and clothes; as with literary movements; as with tricks of speech; as with games and sports. It is much the same way as with theological speculations. That, on the whole, may be the best comparison. Church and State are two of the biggest things men have to think about, and there is plenty of similarity in the ways each of them is dealt with—particularly in this matter of the power of mere habit and fashion to shape our course with them.

In both fields there are occasionally fresh and stimulating ideas and impulses, born of discoveries or of somebody or other's thinking. After a while, however, the freshness of such impulses is exhausted; but they do not, therefore, at once cease to exercise an influence. A fashion has been created, and men go on following it when the need it met has perhaps been satisfied and its appropriateness is no longer reasonably manifest. Such fashions bring usually a new nomenclature along with them; and in politics as in theology the word or words will remain, and continue to be used, when the thing for which they stood may have lost, not its force only, but its original character. In theology and religion such a usage is cant. In politics the corresponding phenomenon appears in catchwords. Neither is negligible. On the contrary, both have enormous sway over men's minds. Both have been powerful enough to make a great deal of history. We are glad to believe that the power of cant is appreciably lessened and lessening. We should like to say the same of catchwords. But at the moment we cannot. Look at our political history these last two or three years, and the reason is apparent. They have witnessed a new movement. That movement, not without some reason, has become the fashion, and thrown off a catchword; and that catchword is one of the really potent factors, perhaps the most potent, in our present political life. Anybody, on a moment's thought, should know what it is.

The Progress of "Progressives"

The whole process has been swift, even for America. It is hardly three years, in fact, since the so-called progressive movement got well under way and the term "progressive" came into general use. The movement began in the Republican party, and its first objects were fairly definite and distinct. Broadly speaking, it was an uprising against the control of that party by certain interests and men that were decidedly conservative in the sense that they were wedded to the established political order, finding in it security and power and profit. The chief specific object of the first attack was certain particularly exorbitant features of our high-protection tariff, and it was in the tariff fight of 1909 that the movement first showed its character and strength. Its pioneers were Republicans like CUMMINS, LA FOLLETTE, and TAFT, who had first intimated its and their quality by advocating a revision and lowering of the tariff duties. TAFT's speeches while he was in the Cabinet amply entitle him to a place in this company.

Undoubtedly the country welcomed the movement. It was timely, righteous, manly. One sign of the favor it received may be found in the fact that it has kept the name its friends gave it, "progressive," and not the one its opponents gave it, "insurgent." That is unusual. Most political parties and groups are named by their enemies.

But the movement broadened with exceeding rapidity, and the name stretched its meaning accordingly. The movement quickly took hold of other problems than the tariff. It became, again speaking broadly, an attempt to readjust our politics completely to the greatly changed conditions of our life, particularly our economic life. In that aspect, though already marred by ill-considered proposals, it was still welcome; for such a readjustment had to thoughtful men long seemed necessary and inevitable.

But the impulse did not stop there. It crossed party lines. It began to take on the character of a struggle for change so general and wide-spread that many sincere and truly liberal minds began to be disturbed. As always in such cases, the more extreme and violent had an advantage over the moderate and reasonable. It is in that way that hardly any new political movement ever fails to go too far. It was a long step from tariff-reform to the recall of judges, and then of judicial decisions, but it was quickly compassed by the less well-balanced enthusiasts of the new cause.

Of course, not all adherents of the true progressive movement have followed the extremists. Indeed, we are quite convinced that the majority has not followed them, and will not. But they have already done much mischief, and can do more; and their power to do mischief rests at bottom on that quality of human nature—mainly imitation, perhaps—which has now made the progressive movement a fashion and the term "progressive" a catchword and a shibboleth.

To intelligent and sincere patriots it is hardly necessary to point out the danger from this development. All sorts of crude and revolutionary designs will undoubtedly for some time seek to make headway by conforming to fashion. The reactionaries themselves will not hesitate to pretend to conform to it; that absurdity we are already beginning to see. It is merely necessary, however, to remember what one knows of human nature—and to keep one's common sense. In the long run the worst effect of "progressive" extravagances will be to discredit what is reasonable and salutary in the truly progressive movement, rightly understood. That is a probable revulsion against which also we must hold ourselves on guard. But, on the whole, human nature and politics being what they are, there is as yet no good cause to regret the movement. For there never was any movement of the human mind that worked good with no evil. There was never a fashion that did not grow extreme. There was never a word that won favor and acceptance but in the end it became a catchword.

Plainly Dishonorable

We have several times discussed the anomalous attitude of the men who, having been nominated as Republicans for Presidential electors before the Republican convention, now claim the right to keep their nominations and, nevertheless, support another party's candidate. We have also noted that the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT'S *Outlook* heartily indorses the morality of their claim. When it was first advanced, we at once recalled the case of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, a Republican elector from Massachusetts in 1876, who was urged to vote, and, indeed, was thought to wish that he had the right to vote, for TILDEN instead of HAYES. We did not, however, have LOWELL'S words at hand, but the Hartford *Courant* has looked them up. Said LOWELL:

> I was nominated and elected by my fellow-citizens of the Republican party to give effect to their political wishes as expressed at the polls, and not to express my own personal views. I am a delegate carrying a definite message, a trustee to carry out definite instructions; I am not a free agent to act upon my own volition; in accepting a place on the Republican ticket I accepted all its limitations and moral obligations. . . . My individual sympathies and preferences are beside the matter: to refuse to comply with the mandate I received when I accepted my party's nomination would be treacherous, dishonorable, and immoral.

That is what LOWELL, a publicist as well as a poet, and a hater of all double-dealing, thought of the course which the Rev. Dr. ABBOTT defends. Dr. ABBOTT defends it by a curious inference from

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the legal point that electors are chosen by States, and not by the country at large. We do not believe the argument is valid even as to the legality of what is being attempted, for we do not believe a Progressive has a legal right to be called a Republican on an official ballot; but what if he had such a legal right? Would that absolve him from the moral obligation he assumed when he accepted a Republican nomination? A lawyer might as well argue that he has a right to desert his client and go over to the other side while still hanging on to his original retainer.

Plain men, uninstructed in the new Bull Moose ethics, will agree with LOWELL. Whatever quibbling may be advanced in behalf of men who would retain or accept the nominations of one party in order to vote for another party's candidates, what they are trying to do is "treacherous, dishonorable, and immoral." To such followers of the Bull Moose as have not yet fully committed themselves to the new code of ethics we again quote LOWELL's version of the older code:

> In vain we call old notions fudge,
> And suit our morals to our dealing;
> The Ten Commandments will not budge,
> And stealing *will* continue stealing.

The Canal and the English Papers

We are glad to observe that at least one English journal of influence, the London *Nation*, ventures to defend the Panama Canal bill as Congress finally passed it. That is but a slight return for what the American press did while the bill was in an earlier stage. While it retained the provision granting free tolls to all American vessels, whether engaged in foreign or in coastwise traffic, many of our own papers fought it bitterly, strenuously insisting on a scrupulous observance of whatever obligations to England and to other countries we had incurred by the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty. Outside of the HEARST papers, indeed, we observed no disposition at all to twist the lion's tail, which was really remarkable for a Presidential year. Even now, with free tolls confined to our coastwise traffic, there are still American papers that think we ought to have gone further to satisfy the English view of what the treaty requires of us.

The *Nation* is quite candid. It states the case for free tolls to our coastwise traffic rather better than we have seen it stated on this side. That traffic was by our navigation laws reserved for our own ships, and had been so reserved for years, when the treaty was signed. The *Nation* accordingly argues:

> If the treaty meant that American ships which enjoyed a monopoly under the navigation laws when plying round Cape Horn between the eastern and western coasts of America should lose that monopoly when they used the canal, it should certainly have said so, but no one ever suggested that the treaty suspends the operation of the navigation laws when the coasting trade goes through the Canal. The greater discrimination includes the less, and as the navigation laws exclude all but American ships from the coasting trade, the grievance of discrimination in tolls upon coastwise traffic would seem to be somewhat unreal.

But it is not the cogency of this argument on the American side that we wish to remark; we commend, rather, the willingness of the *Nation* to make it, and we remark with regret the unwillingness of the mass of English papers to do anything of the kind.

More About the Canal Bill

It is likely that the English press will change its tone somewhat when it has read the British protest against the canal-rates law, filed last week with the State Department. It reads in part:

> With respect to the proposal that exemptions shall be given to vessels in the coastwise trade, it may be that no objection could be taken if the trade should be so regulated as to make it certain that only *bona fide* coastwise traffic, which is reserved for American vessels, would be benefited by this exemption; but it appears to His Britannic Majesty's government that it would be impossible to frame regulations which would prevent the exemption from resulting in a preference to American shipping and consequently in an infraction of the treaty.

That is almost an admission that the specific exemption which the new law aims to confer is not, in the view of the protestants, a violation of the treaty, if it can be limited to the provision which alone the law aims to make.

Mr. ROOT voted against the canal bill, and is counted among those who consider that the bill was inconsistent with the treaty. Of course Mr. ROOT's opinion in such a matter carries great weight. But we are not sure whether his objection was that what the law finally undertook to do—to remit tolls for coastwise ships—was a violation of the treaty, or merely that the bill as drawn was not a practicable bill, and that under it the remission it aimed to grant could not be successfully limited to *bona fide* coastwise vessels.

The criticism of the law so far, however, has been, not that it was impracticable, but that it was perfidious; not that it would fail to draw the line where it intended, but that its aim was faithless and dishonest.

We believe that many persons, including writers for and to the newspapers, who have taken this view, will come on fuller reading and further reflection to a different opinion. If the law is merely defective, it can be made right; amended, probably, so as to set at rest all reasonable British objections.

The bill includes a collection of mighty interesting details, chief among them the provision for granting American registry to foreign-built ships not over five years old, owned by Americans, and not to be used in the coastwise trade.

The Bull Moose Outlook and the Crops

In New Bedford, Massachusetts, they have a saying that every year the profits of whale-fishing depend on the Western corn crop. They reason it out this way: if there's plenty of corn there will be plenty of hogs, and plenty of hogs means plenty of lard, and plenty of lard means low prices for whale oil.

The connection between crops and politics is considerably simpler. Over on Cape Cod the main crop is cranberries, and when cranberries are plentiful and sell well the Republican majority in the Cape district is usually considered safe. In general, good crops and good prices for them are unfavorable to agitators and demagogues. The papers say the cranberry crop will be short this year, but most crop reports are excellent, and if they are justified and nothing adverse happens to prices, the West and South are not going to have very much time to spend at new party meetings.

Heavy crops are not merely a telling argument for moderation—we don't say logical, mind you, only telling—but they are more than that. They are an impediment to revolutionary oratory. People profitably busy are loath to stop and listen to it, and they make a discouraging atmosphere for it. Better remember that when it comes to election forecasts.

The Colonel and the Tariff

Here are a few lines from the Boston *Herald's* account of Mr. ROOSEVELT's speech on Boston Common on August 17th:

> Once during his speech the Colonel touched upon the tariff, declaring that its benefits should not all stop at the front office. He asserted there should be a proportionate showing in the pay envelopes, crying out:
> "We want the prosperity passed down."
> "How are you going to do it?" shouted a man on the outskirts of the crowd.
> "I would have a tariff commission investigate," came the answer. "Where the tariff meant enormous profits I would have the commission see if the workingman's conditions were being bettered; if the workers were receiving a just wage. If they found these things were not being done and if wages were not righted in six months, that tariff would be taken off entirely. That is feasible and just."

Isn't that interesting! And how sweetly and frankly primitive the Colonel's tariff ideas are! It is all a question of who shall get the money. If the right people get the money the tariff is a fine thing. Sound old Republican doctrine, to be sure! "Where the tariff means enormous profits," the workman should have his modest dues. That's all. Nothing about us folks that the "enormous profits" come out of. Nothing about us. The tariff-protected industries may have their will with us if only "the workers" get a "just wage." That is feasible and just, but if wages are not right, or made right within six months, take that tariff off entirely!

That the tariff-extorted money which must go into the right pockets or there will be trouble, comes out of the pockets of any of us, is a thought quite outside the scope of the Colonel's considerations.

That is one great trouble about the tariff. Its advocates get the notion, deep-seated and self-acting, that it produces the money that it distributes. But it doesn't. It only diverts it; diverts it, as the Colonel would, into favored channels.

Vehemently Expressed

The Rev. GEORGE CHALMERS RICHMOND, of Philadelphia, holds his opinions always with ardor and speaks them with fulminating emphasis. Protesting in a letter to the Springfield *Republican* against attaching any weight to anything that the Hon. BOIES PENROSE may say about the Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Mr. RICHMOND says:

> We know of no man in American public life to-day who comes nearer to a twentieth-century conception of the incarnation of the Divine Being in human form fit for the fulfilment of God's purposes for us than Mr. ROOSEVELT.

That is a little stronger than we are used to seeing it put, but perhaps no stronger than Mr. RICHMOND is used to put things. And, to be sure, the gentlemen who are pleased with Mr. ROOSEVELT are pleased all the way through and don't care who knows it.

It may be recalled that Mr. RICHMOND is the same gentleman who, about a year ago, was more vociferously displeased than any one else with the late Colonel ASTOR. His censure is formidable, but, on the whole, less appalling than his praise.

Wars of the Roses

PENROSE *vs.* ROOSEVELT, and JACK ROSE in the ROSENTHAL case.

Put It in the Contract

> MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA, *August 27th.*—That the Naval Department, despite protests by Senator WORKS and others, will punish seamen who refuse to undergo vaccination, was indicated here to-day by a despatch from Washington, which orders the confinement of J. M. HOLLOMAN, ordinary seaman, for one year at the Bremerton Navy-yard for refusing vaccination with typhoid virus. HOLLOMAN is now confined on the prison-ship *Manila.—The Evening Post.*

No doubt vaccination with typhoid virus is a grand thing for an enlisted man; we think it is; but if one didn't think so, and had enlisted without mention of it in the enlistment papers, he might be slow to consider it included among the perils that he had bargained to face.

It may be, though, that nowadays enlisted men do agree to face the vaccinators. They should. The typhoid virus is one of the first perils an enlisted man would be likely to meet in war nowadays, and he should meet it willingly.

All the same, it seems rough on HALLOMAN to shut him up. If he is a sincere anti-vaccinationist, and armed with the arguments of his cult against all the serums, he will always be far more trouble than he is worth to the navy, and if the guard at Bremerton Navy-yard really knows his business he will lock him out.

Debs Too

GENE DEBS also will run, not being willing to intrust to the Third Term Candidate, who has borrowed so much of his platform, the interests of the Socialists, whose leader he is. DEBS says the Bull Moose party is a party of progressive capitalism, lavishly financed and shrewdly advertised, and not at all the party for any sincere Socialist who wants to break the capitalists of their habit of "enslaving and robbing the workers."

EUGENE takes a very depressed view of the present condition of the people of this country. We don't think they would admit that his picture of them is a good likeness, but here's to hope that he will get such votes as are his.

Dr. Tucker on Roosevelt

President TUCKER, lately of Dartmouth, has written out at length for the *Congregationalist* his reasons for voting for TAFT and not for ROOSEVELT. For Mr. ROOSEVELT at his best, he says, he had very much admiration and respect.

> But for Mr. ROOSEVELT, committed to, or merged into Rooseveltism—that compound of personal egoism, political management, popular idolatry, and semi-religious enthusiasm—I have more distrust than respect.
> The obsession of a great man with himself goes very far toward neutralizing his greatness, for it betrays and brings to light qualities which are altogether lacking in greatness.

Again he says:

> The keynote of Mr. ROOSEVELT's confession of faith was the centralization of power; the formula for the application of the principle was equally clear—intrust the power to me.

Dr. TUCKER is one of the most respected thinkers of New England. There are ROOSEVELT men who will read his dispassionate opinions with uneasy recognition of their truth.

Evasion

On the cover of the *Outlook:*

> ARE THE JAPANESE HONEST
> BY GEORGE KENNAN

Maybe. But that's not the question.

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The Infinite Vanity

THERE is nothing the Hermit likes better than to sit around the side corner of the hotel piazza and overhear impersonal conversations that do not altogether belong to him. Monologues, of which he can have an ample supply at any moment, do not so much appeal to him because they so often degenerate into the personal illustration, and what under the given circumstances TOM SMITH'S wife's second cousin did; while he in a vague way has gone off on a mental journey applying abstract principles to some one else. Then he is caught up suddenly by a compelling, "Don't you think so?" and is obliged to pretend that he is partially deaf, confess to being an absent-minded and unmannerly creature, or else commit himself to points of view of which he is totally ignorant.

It is much more to the point to sit still in the corner and overhear other people talk, and he was particularly glad that the two he was listening to this evening were the wizened, brown, old grandmother and her granddaughter, who looked like one of those Botticelli angels that peer over the Blessed Virgin's shoulder and help her to hold the pen with which she writes the *Magnificat*. The hermit himself was old, and the contradictions of youth interested him. The girl in question puzzled him by combining a pathetic droop of the mouth, long eyes with sleepy lids, a general air of wistful resignation, with a habit of light and futile conversation and much laughter. He had come to the conclusion that her soul had not yet put its own impress upon her features, and that what he saw in her face was a great inherited regret whose seal had been set in the blood by far-away ancestors.

The sun was setting in color behind a jagged row of mountains. The girl was saying to her grandmother: "It is too stupid, the way most women do their hair! You might think they never took up a hand-glass to look at their profiles. The object of having long hair that you can fasten onto your head, instead of cutting it short like a man's, is that you can use it to balance the line of your nose and chin." But the grandmother replied: "Did you ever notice the difference between the way the sun sets in the mountains and the way it sets on the plains? In the flat lands you get a tremendous sense of extension and space and color; it is like the whole of a life looked back at from a distance; up here in the mountains, it is all so sudden: daylight; then a flash of color; then night. It is like the moments of heightened vitality that in the average life justify the dull stretches of drudgery."

"Of course, if you choose drudgery," said youth.

Then the girl who sat in the face of the fading sunset began telling her grandmother that she thought everything in her life pointed to a successful singer's career. She explained that though she had avoided the grammar of languages, mathematics, and the classics in her education and had made her choices by intuition, she had always listened to sounds and had caught an early conversational knowledge of all the singing languages.

"Can you sing to people who don't care to hear you?" croaked the old lady. And then on top of that girl's enthusiasm she added: "The need to be loved and protected and admired *before* you can achieve belongs to one type of woman only, and she is not the opera-singer. The public success is not in the least the one who says: 'I am a little shy, a little frightened, but if you will just believe in me and help me along, I can achieve.' That is the incurably domestic type. The type that has to be taken care of. She has to have love before she can win her way. Some of the most exquisite talents are hidden just because they belong to that type that cannot overcome an indifferent public and so they can shine like BROWNING'S star, only for a chosen few. Say what you will, there has to be a certain coarse fiber to a public success. She has to be willing to face not only public defeat with pluck, but to fight for favor. Would you be willing to do that?"

"Never," said the girl.

"Well," the old lady croaked, "no life on earth is all the glory of the sunset. Don't believe it. Life for most of us has glorious moments. That is all. Sometimes these moments are what one calls inspiration, and they color an entire life, and as one looks back upon them one sees the transfusing marvel of a slow sunset over the plains; even a field of stubble is glorified and turned to cloth of gold. Sometimes the moments are unrelated to the rest of life; mere broken glimpses in a dull career like the sudden sunset on the mountains. An instant of color and vitality and then the peace and resignation which is night."

Then the girl spoke up suddenly and asked, "Grandmother, does life justify itself?"

The old lady chuckled. "By instants," she replied. "I am afraid you would hardly realize why if I tried to tell you about mine. They are not romantic or arresting in any way; but somehow they impressed themselves upon me and for the moment they provided me with the heightened vitality which is in a way the justification of life. The first one I remember was connected with a child's extension-table. I was a sedate child of slight expectations, which probably argued a low vitality. I was sitting on the step of a city house waiting for my nurse. It was my fifth birthday, but so far as I remember there had been no celebration. A wagon drew up and stopped at the white oblong stone which in those days people placed in front of their sidewalks, I really don't know why. The driver inquired if my father lived here. I went down, and seeing that the wagon contained a child's chair and a child's extension-table I began explaining to the driver that these things could not possibly belong here and that there was another family of the same name farther down the street. Just then my father came running down the steps and caught me up and tossed me and asked: 'What! Don't you like them?'" There was a pause. The granddaughter said nothing, and then the old lady said, "That was the first moment."

"Did you get a great deal of pleasure out of playing with them?" asked the girl.

"I have no further recollection of them at all!" said the old lady.

"That's depressing," said the girl. "I hope you had better moments later."

"The next one I remember seems to me as unrelated to the realities of life, as detached and unreasonable as the first," laughed the old lady; "it consisted in walking down an English lane, between hawthorn hedges, in the month of April, accompanied by a successful poet. I was carrying daffodils, the spring was in the air. England in April is a wonderful thing! I remember a general sensation of content with the weather, the fragrance of the daffodils, and—yes, with my hat and gown."

"I hope," said the girl, "they were blue."

"No; it was the time when we were all trying to be esthetic. I fear they were a dull sage green."

"Oh, grandmother!" murmured the girl. "And English shoes?"

"I don't remember," replied the grandmother, "but doubtless they were English shoes, and of that date with square toes and flat heels. However," she continued, "no one at that date would have admired your feet." She looked at the long, slender, silk-clad foot with its pointed toe and high heel.

"Well, what happened?" asked the girl.

"Nothing at all. I forget where we started from or where we were going. It was the lane and the flowers, the sky and youth, the sudden uprush of lyric emotion for the moment, and all the rest is blotted out. There is a poem in my Leopardi, whom I cannot persuade you to read, called, 'A Se Stesso,' but the last line of it is simple enough even for your easily acquired Italian. It is, *'L'infinità vanità del tutto.'*"

"Do you mean that all the moments were vain?"

"Not in the least. Not in the least. I am merely following out an analogy between the sunset and our perceptions. It is not given us to realize what we are or what we are doing all the time. Now and then in a flash we see ourselves from the outside as if the self stood off and contemplated its own ghost. Some moments leave traces. There was the moment when a great and influential man turned to me at the luncheon-table in a big hotel and offered me the work I had longed for. Afterward, when I escaped and got off alone, I had to walk miles and miles to get rid of the excitement of it. It did not stand for any of the things I hoped or believed, any more than the other moments did. It was not the beginning of wealth, of fame, or of even the smallest success. But it meant industry, patience, learning about human nature, renunciation, and the power to educate you. So you see what the moments are. They are instants of heightened perception. They stand out as the colors in the sunset do, after a weary day and before the peace of night. I suppose in a great life, or a good life, the moment is never a personal hope or a selfish emotion. I suppose such lives have moments related in some way to the whole of existence. It is the moment when personality dissolves and the individual hopes sink into nothingness—when worldly failure or success is hardly to be counted as part and parcel of living. Such lives have the long, slow sunset of the plains, where one can look out over a whole lifetime of self-forgetting service; where each deed is done, not for oneself or one's child, but with the racial conscience for the good of all. To such a one, the outstanding moments are divine inspiration, and as he looks back he can see how each day he was reducing the moral chaos about him to order, stamping his own sense of truth and right and mercy on the whirling universe about him. Such a life, however hard and monotonous, is colored like the stubble-field when one looks at it in the sunset. Our fleeting hopes are the merest vanity, but our instants of self-forgetfulness or sacrifice seem strangely linked with immortality. That comes back with flashing reality as one looks back."

"Dear me," said the girl, "when one boils down what you are saying to its essence it means no more than that if you are good you'll be happy—in a dull sort of way."

"Exactly," thought the Hermit as he got up to go. And if you are not, there remains but *l'infinità vanità del tutto.*

Correspondence

COMPARISON RESENTED

ZION CITY, ILL., *August 17, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your number of August 17, 1912, under heading of "Progress of the Campaign," you speak of the Rev. John Alexander Dowie as having "played so successfully upon the emotions of multitudes," in connection with Mr. Roosevelt and his third party.

Zion people (Dowie's followers) ask: How dare you connect that Bull Moose with that man of God who was Elijah!

Mr. Roosevelt has told the people of many things to reform, but he has never told them how to reform. In fact, were he elected President (although we need have no fear of that), all his reforms would be to his and the trusts' advantage and not to the people.

John Alexander Dowie, and also his present successor, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, told the people of the problems of to-day and also the only way to solve them—that is, get right with God and your fellowmen. Live up to the Bible, and be an all-around Christian. Strive to live a pure and holy life and to follow in the footsteps of our King, who is King of Kings. I am a "Theocrat," a member of the party which believes that "Where God Rules, Man Prospers," and in "The Rule of God in Everything"; but until my (the Theocratic) party has a national ticket in the field I will support the Republican party and its candidates and principles; first, because the Democratic party has shown what it would do by the present Congress if it were in power; second, because the henpecked Bull Moose party platform is all hot air; and, third, because the G. O. P. is the only party with sound principles in its platform.

You also predict that Roosevelt's vote will run into the millions, but I assure you that the United States will see another safe and sane four years under Taft and Sherman, and that Wilson will come in second, and that the only States Roosevelt can count on carrying are California, Kansas, and possibly Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

I am, sir,
CLARENCE WILBUTLER DODSON.

DOCTORS NEEDED

ALLENHURST, N. J., *August 24, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The election of medical men as Progressive candidates for the Assembly in the 1st, 6th, 17th, and 21st districts in Kings County, New York, would indicate anticipated sickness in the Bull Moose family the coming fall. Why not nominate an apothecary—one of the Shakespearean type, who can be depended on at the critical moment—and an undertaker, in the 2d and 3rd districts, in order to complete a working organization.

I am, sir,
C. B. OTIS.

The Suppression of Theodore

"The news columns are closed to us."—*Theodore Roosevelt at Providence.*

I've pranced around the country forty-seven thousand miles,
And passed across the footlights quite a million frowns and smiles;
I spoke eight million words one day, nine million more the next,
And on the whole got off at least ten thousand reams of text;
I've swatted every one in sight with my old knotted stick,
And not a foeman in the land but got a good swift kick—
And yet in spite of all of this in this decadent age
Nobody ever reads of me on any printed page!

I've screwed my face up in a knot that scared whole States to death;
I really cannot say how much I've spent in line of breath,
But if it could be gathered up in one big hurricane
'Twould blow the planets all so far they'd ne'er be seen again;
I've proved that everybody who opposes my belief
Is malefactor, liar, not to use such terms as thief—
And yet—'tis quite significant—*no mention do you see*
In any morning paper of my cause, my crowd, or me!

I've struck a thousand attitudes on every stump and stage;
I've corrugated up my brow, and bellowed in my rage.
There's nothing in this universe my arrows have not hit,
And not a day has ever passed that I've not thrown a fit.
I've made more noise than any man who's run for President;
I've smashed ten thousand tables with my gestures eloquent—
And yet for all you ever read in papers of the day
I might as well have never been, or had a word to say!

In Europe I'm a famous man, and down in Afrikee
The animals e'en quake with fear when some one speaks of me;
The very mention of my name from Cape Town to Algiers
Sends yaks and roaring lions to the woods with tingling ears.
I lead a party made of folks all worthy of the crown,
All of them individuals of worthiest renown—
Yet *not a single paper ever prints a paragraph*
Of news about my purpose, or requests my photograph!

They're trying to *suppress me!* and to keep me in the dark,
To drown me in *sheer silence*, and deflect me from my mark.
A *vile and low conspiracy* is patent everywhere,
And *malefactors infamous*, like cowards in their lair,
Are spending sums stupendous in an effort mad to try
To keep *my name and utterance out of the public eye!*
It is indeed a question—one we cannot well ignore—
Why is it no one ever prints a line on Theodore?

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

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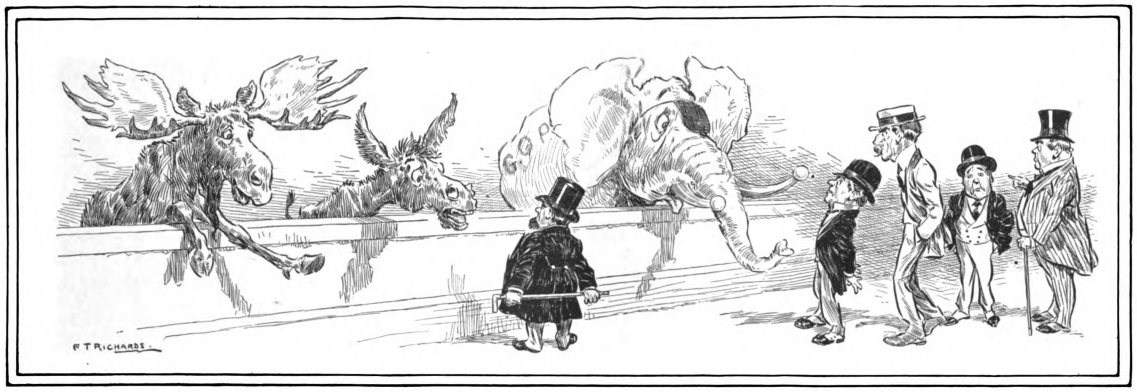


PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

WEEK ENDING *August 29, 1912.*

WE confess a liking for SAMSON, the son of MANOAH of the tribe of DAN; he who got tangled up with a lady of Sorek and lost his locks. If the Philistines used him as the top-liner in a one-night stand and thought they had the laugh on him, he retaliated very neatly and the last laugh was with him. When SAMSON pulled the pillars of the temple about the ears of his gibing audience, he won even if he had to pay forfeit.

Senator PENROSE has very successfully played the rôle of SAMSON. Mr. PENROSE is down and out so far as the boss-ship of Pennsylvania is concerned, and Mr. PENROSE knows it. But in going down he will bury a great many other persons under the ruins, including the entire Republican party and about all there is to the Bull Moose party. After the Senate investigating committee has finished with the work that has been intrusted to it, we imagine that the list of mangled and crushed reputations will be large. It is possible that Mr. PENROSE will be numbered among these casualties, but even though politically extinct he will no doubt think the price paid is none too high. If he cannot regain his lost power he will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he is not being ferried across the political Styx unaccompanied.

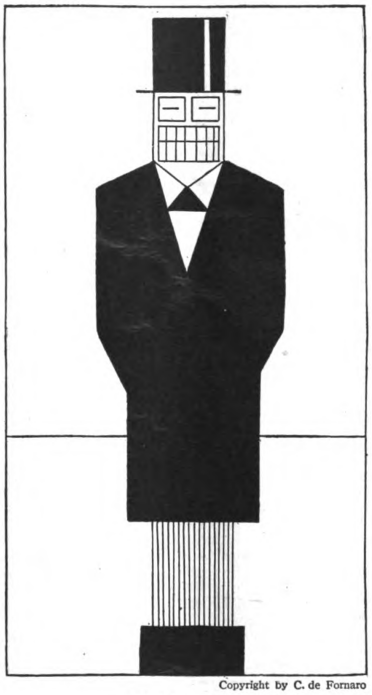
If ever man ripped the lid off and threw the fragments into the junk-heap, Senator PENROSE did when he made his personal explanation. For about five minutes the adherents of the third-termer in Congress were extremely well satisfied. The PENROSE explanation, they say, was lame. It proved nothing. It was easy enough for PENROSE to make up the story of a Standard Oil political contribution, and while he was about it to drag in that other $100,000 for good measure was equally as easy. Let ARCHBOLD be called, said PENROSE. Very good; ARCHBOLD was called and substantiated PENROSE, but that was quite to be expected. ARCHBOLD, of course, would back up PENROSE, so after ARCHBOLD had been heard the story was no stronger than it was at first.

The guerrilla chieftain got busy and employed his usual cuttlefish tactics. "When I hit I hit hard," swaggered the Colonel. How the Bull-Moosers, with PERKINS and FLINN leading the chorus, yelled. "Good boy!" they cried. "Paste him again! Sock him in the jaw!" "PENROSE is a liar," screamed the Colonel, "and there is nothing more to be said. Haven't I written letters to myself certifying to my own character? Any one who would doubt me is more than ever a liar." When it was suggested to the sole proprietor and manager of the world's greatest attraction under one tent, Armageddon the Peaceful, that perhaps he would like to appear before the Senate committee and answer the unveracious Mr. PENROSE and the perfidious Mr. ARCHBOLD he grew indignant. The idea was absurd, ridiculous, not to be considered for one moment. Enough and more than enough had been said. PENROSE had been impaled on his own hook and might be left there, a warning to all malefactors.

If the game had been played according to the old rules it would have ended then and there, but PENROSE revised the rules. When he proposed that there should be a sweeping investigation, not only into the campaign of 1904, but before and after, including, among other things, the relations of Mr. PERKINS with one THEODORE ROOSEVELT and the money paid for the ROOSEVELT primaries and the cost of securing delegates to the Republican convention, it suddenly dawned on the Bull Moose and his agents in the Senate that from having blithely started out to hunt sparrows they were suddenly being hunted by lions. The Progressives did their best to choke off any investigation; the ridiculous Mr. HEYBURN, of Idaho, turgidly declaimed against setting a bad example to the rising generation by trying to find out how much reliance could be placed on the statement of an ex-President, and Mr. HEYBURN gave a feeble imitation of a filibuster. At that game he is no match for Senator PENROSE and Senator LA FOLLETTE. They threatened not an imitation, but a real filibuster, unless the investigation they demanded was granted. The Progressives were forced to yield, and the investigation is to be held next month.

With a month's grace it is extraordinary how valiant the Bull Moose has become. Having made certain that he could not be heard for some time, he at once insisted on telling his story the very next day. The Colonel is always courageous when there is no enemy in sight. When there was a chance to be heard the Colonel's indignation knew no bounds. He was unable to contain himself, and to relieve his feelings he poured out his burning words to his stenographer. Typewriters at Sagamore Hill have been working overtime. Words, words, and still more words have flowed from Oyster Bay in a muddy stream. Explanations pile up mountain high. The oftener the Colonel opens his mouth the deeper he mires himself.

He has been compelled to shift his ground so often that his deluded devotees fear he will finally end by



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The Square Man

confessing everything. First he says no contribution was made by the Standard Oil Company, then he admits having been informed that a contribution was made and that he ordered it returned; then he professes utter ignorance of Mr. ARCHBOLD's contribution until Mr. PENROSE made his speech. You are not quite sure whether the Colonel admits or denies or is merely denying his admission or admitting his denial. As further statements are promised and the typewriters are running smoothly, there is a beautiful time ahead for whoever is trying to keep up with the Colonel.

The Colonel is on surer ground when he falls back on the well-tried tactics that have been so successful in the past but now have lost some of their terror. "I do not for one moment believe that Mr. ARCHBOLD's testimony is truthful," the Colonel remarks. Quite naturally he would not believe in its truth, for it is a little habit the Colonel has never to believe in anybody's truthfulness when the truth is inconvenient. PENROSE, of course, is guilty of "deliberate and wilful falsehood," of "infinite baseness," and the old familiar abuse once again is turned on. Of course the third-termer cannot resist the opportunity to use the showman's methods and exploit himself. "I am the man whom the PENROSES and the ARCHBOLDS most dread in public life," he says, throwing out his chest and basking in the light of his own virtuous halo. But how about the PERKINSES and the FLINNS? They have no fear of the Great Reformer, at least not at present. The time for cashing in has not yet come; when the swag is to be divided we may find out what PERKINS and FLINN think of ROOSEVELT, just as we now know what ROOSEVELT thinks of PENROSE and PENROSE thinks of ROOSEVELT. They held different views eight years ago. PENROSE was good enough for ROOSEVELT then and was thanked by him for his great services in the campaign.

When the Senate committee takes up the investigation, among other things it will examine into the transaction between Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. HARRIMAN regarding the raising of $260,000 in the 1904 campaign. The third-termer is preparing his defense, and he is now ready to bring forward a witness to testify in his behalf. Mr. WILLIAM LOEB, by the grace of President TAFT Collector of the Port of New York, but who was Mr. ROOSEVELT's secretary when he was President, is the witness on whom Mr. ROOSEVELT will rely to clear himself. According to interviews in numerous newspapers, Mr. LOEB was present at the time Mr. HARRIMAN made his visit to the White House. "I made it a point always to be present when Mr. HARRIMAN was received by the President," Mr. LOEB offered in explanation. Mr. HARRIMAN—Mr. LOEB again being the authority—told the President that the State campaign was in a bad way, and he entreated the President to use his influence with Mr. CORTELYOU to let the State Committee have funds. Mr. ROOSEVELT promptly agreed to this request and instructed LOEB to call up Mr. CORTELYOU and tell him to give the State Committee money.

Mr. HARRIMAN's charges were made six years ago. At that time Mr. ROOSEVELT furnished a long and elaborate defense, supporting his position by documentary evidence. He called no witness in corroboration. Repeatedly since then he has been compelled to defend himself, and invariably he has relied upon his letters in his attempt to discredit Mr. HARRIMAN. A cautious man who has a habit of stating things with great exactness, Mr. HARRIMAN, who wrote letters and made statements in regard to the matter, never mentioned that the conversation he had with the President was held in the presence of a third person. Mr. LOEB has remained silent for six years, although during that time he has seen his beloved chief aspersed, for according to Mr. LOEB Mr. HARRIMAN traduced President ROOSEVELT and told an untruth when he declared that he was asked by the President to raise funds for the campaign. And a dozen words from Mr. LOEB would have confounded Mr. HARRIMAN and forever put an end to the story. Yet Mr. LOEB remained silent all during Mr. HARRIMAN's lifetime and only now opens his mouth. It is the most curious instance on record of unnecessary silence, for there was no reason why Mr. LOEB should not in the first place have made known that he was present at the interview and have refuted Mr. HARRIMAN. And it throws a remarkable sidelight on Mr. ROOSEVELT's foresight. Anticipating there might be use for a witness, he has one on hand, and he keeps him bottled up for six years. When Mr. ROOSEVELT's word is questioned he produces a letter; when doubt is thrown on the genuineness of a letter he waves his hand and, lo! a witness appears. Remarkable man, Mr. ROOSEVELT.

Perhaps it is not surprising Mr. TAFT should be betrayed by his friend, but he might at least expect loyalty from his subordinates.

Mr. PENROSE has told some of his political intimates that when the committee gets to asking the Colonel about the Standard Oil contributions he will also be given an opportunity to tell what he knows about

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large contributions made by certain railway companies, and the generosity of trusts other than the Standard Oil in helping to fill his campaign chest. In Washington the story goes that the Colonel is very seriously disturbed, and perhaps well he may be. Mr. PENROSE, in the language of the Colonel's favorite sport, is what is known as an ugly customer, and when he puts the gloves on he is very apt to knock his antagonist all about the ring. When the Colonel comes to Washington to testify he will be put under oath, and the fact that he is an ex-President will not give him any consideration at the hands of the men who are anxious to establish the truth. Then there is Mr. LA FOLLETTE, who has a long score to settle with the Colonel and who thinks he sees in this investigation a chance to begin to square accounts. And not to be forgotten is our dear Brother HEARST, who has taken the trouble to notify the Colonel that if he does not tell all he knows, then Mr. HEARST, the unselfish, will be under the painful necessity of filling up the little gaps in the testimony. So that what between PENROSE and LA FOLLETTE and HEARST and a few others, it is not to be wondered at that the Colonel should feel a trifle nervous. Still, until we are told how many letters the Colonel has in those wonderful files of his that the invaluable LOEB knows all about, and how many more witnesses the Colonel can produce out of the air, we should not like to bet that the Colonel will not be able to prove that Senator LA FOLLETTE was the man to whom Mr. ARCHBOLD paid that $100,000, or that Mr. TAFT was given the money to be returned to the Standard Oil Company's cashier.

What a pity the dictagraph wasn't invented during the Rooseveltian White House régime; but perhaps it was, and that is another precious secret that the secretive Mr. LOEB has kept to spring on an always unsuspecting public.

When Mr. ROOSEVELT has got all his witnesses properly lined up and rearranged his files and written a few more letters of explanation, he will perhaps find time to call the attention of Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS to the shocking state of affairs existing at the plant of the Osborne Twine Company at Auburn, New York, which is one of the most important branches of the International Harvester Company, of which Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS is such an influential member. The disgraceful conditions existing at Auburn have been made public through the evidence taken by the State Factories Investigating Committee, and they are shameful in the extreme. The law requires that seats shall be provided for the workers, but the unfortunate women and children employed by Mr. PERKINS were required to stand; the law requires that the dust in the mills shall be carried away by exhausts, but the people who are compelled to work for Mr. PERKINS were forced to breathe air so heavy with dust that they contracted tuberculosis and other diseases. Women and young children worked for long hours, many of them at night, at starvation wages

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Senator Clapp

in badly lighted and unventilated rooms. Accidents were frequent. Women had to drag heavy bundles of hemp; little children were taxed far beyond their strength. KATIE NELSON, a Polish girl of seventeen, told the committee that she goes to work at seven in the morning and finishes at six in the evening, with fifteen minutes for lunch; that her duties are to put twine on a machine and take it off; and during the entire time that she is at work she has to stand, as she is not allowed to sit down; and for her week's work she gets between seven and eight dollars, according to the output of her machine. Other young girls and some married women with children gave the same testimony. They are supposed to be paid by the piece, but none of them knew the piece-work rate and had to take whatever they found in their envelopes on pay-day.

In his speech made at Chicago Mr. ROOSEVELT said that "the public has a right to complete knowledge of the facts of work," and he maintained that "as a people we cannot afford to let any group of citizens or any individual citizen live or labor under conditions which are injurious to the common welfare"; and the Progressive platform insists that women must not be permitted to work at night, nor must they be allowed to work more than eight hours during the day. So much for speeches and platforms for public consumption, but when it comes to a practical application of high-sounding phrases that is another story. The Harvester Trust is financing the Bull Moose campaign, and the unfortunate women and girls and little children who work in the trust's workshops have to pay for it. Mr. ROOSEVELT told the country that Mr. PERKINS was supporting the Progressive party because he wanted to make this country a better place for his children. If Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. PERKINS would drop a little of their Pecksniffian cant and attend to the things at hand, they might make this country not only a better place for their own children, but also for a great many other children. A mill where children have to work for ten hours and are not permitted to sit down, where they work all night for a starvation wage and may or may not be cheated out of some part of their miserable earnings at the end of the week, is not a very good place in which to live even for Mr. PERKINS's children.

And yet Miss JANE ADDAMS, who has done so much for little children, has been led captive into the Bull Moose lair.

President TAFT has signed the Panama Canal bill. Before the President signed the bill it was "semi-officially" announced at various times that:

The President would sign the bill;
The President would not sign the bill;
The President might sign the bill;
The President would sign the bill if—;
The President would not sign the bill unless—;
The President thought that the bill was—;
The President thought that the bill was not—;

But the President signed the bill. It took three Cabinet meetings, two of them with luncheons on the side, and a special message to Congress, which Congress treated with characteristic indifference, and a long memorandum, before this momentous decision was reached.

Meanwhile the enemies of business in Congress are happy. By the passage of the bill they have done their best still further to prevent the upbuilding of the American merchant marine, they have created additional embarrassment for the railroads, and they have tossed a treaty in a blanket; all of which their deluded constituents will regard as statesmanship of the highest order.

Senator DILLINGHAM'S elaborate Immigration bill has been carefully tucked away until next session. Too much dynamite to be safely handled before a Presidential election.

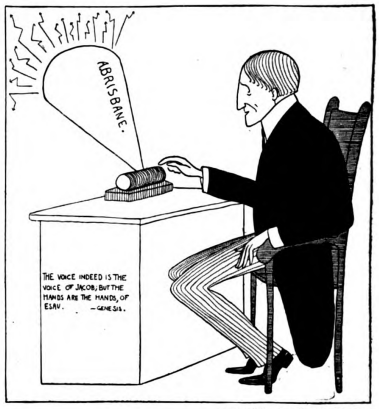
Governor WILSON shows his good sense and judgment and a proper conception of the dignity of a candidate seeking the Presidency in deciding that he will not engage in an extended speaking tour with the accompaniment of brass bands and all the other circus features. "My private judgment," he says, "is that extended stumping tours are not the most effective method of conducting a campaign." In that he is perfectly correct. Any man who is a candidate for the Presidency, or, for that matter, has done anything that for a moment makes him peculiarly notorious or peculiarly infamous, can command an audience, for it is a free show and Americans love a circus even more keenly than the Romans did, but it is doubtful if any speech ever changed a single vote.

The announcement from Democratic headquarters that the name of every contributor of a dollar or more will be made public on September 10th, and thereafter every week until the day of the election, will be grateful news to those persons who hope there will never be another campaign so money-tainted as that which led to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election in 1904. Mr. ROOSEVELT has always been a tremendous friend of publicity for campaign contributions — when he was not a candidate. It has not yet been announced from the Bull Moose headquarters that a list of contributors will be made, but now is Mr. ROOSEVELT'S opportunity to help a little in the purification of politics. Let us have the full list, dates, names, and amounts. Let us know whether it is the people or the plutocrats who are investing in Bull Moose stock. Mr. TAFT, of course, would have to follow suit, and it would be interesting for the first time in American politics to know who is putting up for the various candidates and the money in the hands of the national committees at every stage of the campaign.

Straw votes all point in the direction of the election of Governor WILSON, and Democratic headquarters naturally make much of them, which is good enough in its way, for the public has a childish appetite for such things, but straw votes and post-card polls and other similar devices to test public sentiment are rather uncertain guides. Democrats may feel certain that Governor WILSON will be the next President of the United States, but it is the part of wisdom to take nothing for granted and continually to remember that Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is going to have a very large vote next November. Mr. TAFT is a far less dangerous opponent than the beneficiary of Standard Oil generosity.

Has the Republican National Committee contracted a case of sleeping sickness? The hookworm committee has officially certified that the best cure for sleeping sickness is oil, just plain ordinary kerosene; and this report was made before recent events showed the many uses to which oil can be put. It is another instance of the President's bad luck that the pipe-line which ran between the ROOSEVELT headquarters and the lower end of Broadway in 1904 is no longer in working order.

The session of Congress which has just closed, the longest since 1894, has resulted in very little important legislation, which is perhaps not surprising when there



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Mr. Hearst, who is making everybody tell the truth

is a Democratic majority in the House and no party has a majority in the Senate. Nominally the Republicans are in the majority in the Upper House, actually they are at the mercy of the Progressives, who hold the balance of power between the Republicans and the Democrats. The most important legislative act of the session is the Panama Canal bill, which threatens to involve a long-drawn-out diplomatic dispute with Great Britain and finally a reference to arbitration if the Senate will consent. Both Republicans and Democrats professed to be in favor of tariff revision, but the tariff legislation failed because of the refusal of the President to sign the bills that passed the House and had the support of the Democrats and Progressives in the Senate. Both the Metal and Wool bills were passed by the House over the President's veto, but in the Senate the action of the President was sustained, which made it useless for the Democrats to attempt further tariff legislation. The only hope for a reduction of excessive tariff duties is the election next November of a Democratic President and a Democratic majority in Congress.

From almost the beginning of the session until very nearly the closing days committees of the House investigated men and things with results that justified neither the time nor the money expended, although perhaps the time of the average member of Congress has no money value. The Democrats went fishing, but they lost their bait and did not even bring back a minnow. No grave scandals were uncovered and no great political capital was created. The Steel Trust investigation, the most important of all, brought out a lot of interesting information, but it was not of a character to form the topic of daily conversation. Congress did some things it ought not to have done and did not do those things it should have done. The withholding of further appropriations for the Tariff Board was a mistake and so was the attempt to abolish the Commerce Court. The President was perfectly right in refusing the recall of judges to be worked in that underhand way; he is to be thanked for having refused to permit the tenure of civil-service employees to be limited to seven years, which would have restored the infamous spoils system; he showed good sense in vetoing a spiteful slap at General WOOD. Congress did nothing with the currency, a subject that cannot much longer be ignored; it refused to permit the passage of the bill for a constitutional amendment limiting the Presidency to a single term, and for this the friends of Mr. ROOSEVELT both in House and Senate are responsible; it passed finally a Parcels Post bill, but it is a very clumsy measure and will have to be thoroughly reconstructed before it works successfully. Considering that this is a Presidential year, perhaps we ought to be thankful that Congress did even moderately well.

Maine votes next Monday; and it is not to be forgotten that on one occasion

Maine went
Hell bent
For Governor KENT.

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The Eye of the Ship

By W. S. H., ex-Lookout Man

A QUESTION from the forecastle: The "Titanic" was lost on a clear night. What were her lookout men doing that they did not see the iceberg? Other ships will be lost in clear and foul weather. Will this same question be asked then?

"HILL, take the lookout!" orders the first officer from the forepeak.

"Aye, aye, sir!" I sing out, dropping a shore line and starting on the run for the foot of the foremast.

Tired as I am from want of sleep and port wear, there is a thrill to this order which no man who has received it can ever forget. It means to me not only the beginning of sea-watches, but the beginning of a sea duty as vividly fascinating as it is severely trying.

I leap upon the lower rounds of the iron ladder, broad as two hands, on the after side of the mast, climb until I swing into the lookout, the crow's-nest, a little tower of iron and canvas, gripped midway to the forward side of the mast.

Here, one hundred and twenty feet above the sea, forty feet above the bridge deck, my waking hours of the voyage are to be spent in reporting vessels, obstructions, spying out dangers ahead, keeping my vigil in sunlight, starlight, in all weather, while the passengers I now see thronging the broad decks below are asleep.

Once I recover my breath after my climb to this dizzy height I begin making fast the canvas cover which surrounds the iron framework of the lookout to protect the lower half of the body from the force of the wind. The head, shoulders, and waist are quite unprotected, so that sound and sight may not be interrupted. There is just room for me to stand up, and no seat to rest on.

Just as I finish making the canvas fast enough to keep the tremendous winds that blow at this height from breaking it out and blowing it away, four bells tinkle on the bridge. I strike as many on the huge ship's bell above my head. Then the ship's siren bellows warning to other craft in the river off the pier-head. I see a scurrying of the passengers, quick embraces of friends taking leave; I hear the shouts of gangs of longshoremen hauling in the last trunks and express packages, taking in the shore gang-planks. I see the captain and the pilot on the bridge.

"The tide is making, sir!" calls the port captain from the string-piece, standing by to see that the big ship gets out of her dock in safety.

Then I hear orders, spoken quickly, sharply, "Let go!" "Steady there!" I see the tug-boats swarming fore and aft, along the huge steel sides, like so many buzzing flies. I see shore lines being cast off and hauled in by the sailors. The sound comes to me of tugs panting and shrieking wildly, viciously pulling and pushing at the great hulk. The water is churned foul in the slip; I see the piers recede; I hear a loud report, as of a rifle exploded. I see a longshoreman double up and sink back beneath the string-piece. A hawser, thick as a man's ankle, has parted under the strain, and cut him down.

The cable parted, the ship's head swings off with the tide, the tug-boats rush to the rescue, snort, and push at her with redoubled vigor, until the immense mass is got into the middle of the river and her nose turned seaward, so that she can proceed under her own steam.

Eight bells go on the bridge. I strike mine with a will, making each one resound through the whole ship. They stir me as a signal at the post. Our race against time, against wind and wave, against ice and fog and collision, is well under way.

The propellers, whirling and tearing in the water astern, send a vibration through the whole ship. The foremast suddenly quivers, shakes, and jerks, as if struck at the heart. The wind becomes colder, sharpens, stings my face, whizzes about my ears, penetrates the woolen stitches in my guernsey, chills the warmth of an April sun on my body.

"Well, we're off, shipmate!" It is the voice of Holland, my relief from the starboard watch. I point out the sails and smokes I have already reported to the bridge. "An' sure we'll show our stacks to a hundred o' them by night," he calls, as I skin down the ladder and go forward to the fo'c's'le, two decks below daylight, to my dinner.

The port watch is gathered at the mess-table, eating ravenously. After my meal I clamber into my bunk to try to sleep for the next four hours, my watch below. I had not slept well in port, because of the disturbance made by fights between drink-laden sailors coming aboard in the early morning hours. I fall to sleep, soothed by the rush of the waters about the bow.

After my sleep I stand my short watch of two hours preceding the dog-watch. During this time aloft I sight a water-logged timber dead ahead, report it before it snags our propellers, go below, eat my supper, and sleep again until eight bells, eight o'clock, when my four hours of the night watch are to begin.

"Come now, all you sleepers!" A tin pan banged on the ladder sends a deafening noise throughout the fo'c's'le. "Come now! Eight bells! Port watch on deck!" It is the voice of the diver, the boatswain's assistant, calling us to duty.

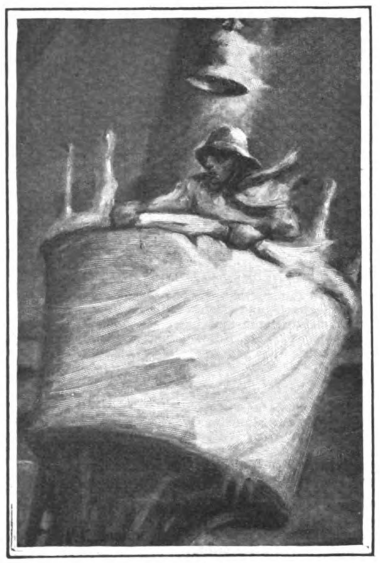
While the watch is rousing I slip along the steerage-deck amidships to get a supply of tea from the pantry steward. He declares that we are using more than our allowance and concludes with the remark that the sailors in this ship are "a lot of unwashed bums," and gives a chance expression of opinion by the captain as his authority. I threaten to go to the chief steward, however, and finally get the tea, to be used to warm us in the middle watch.

When I leave the foul air of the fo'c's'le and go to the foot of the foremast, the stars are beginning to shine with steady light, the still shadows of night are stealing across the sea. The cool air and the welcome sound of the ship flying along over smooth waves puts me in great good-humor, and at the first stroke of eight bells I climb swiftly, nimbly, up the ladder to the lookout.

As soon as Holland goes down, "Swim" clambers up. He is to be my companion for the first two hours of the watch, it being the custom in our ship to have an able seaman from the watch on deck in the lookout at night as an assistant to the regular man. The pleasant breeze out of the east, as the ship speeds against it, whistles and hums in the shrouds with the roar of a hurricane. "Swim" stands beside me, and together we sweep the horizon, eight points to port, eight to starboard, the domain of the lookout.

"'Tis sure too cold to face that wind," says "Swim" finally, dropping down and huddling in the bottom of the lookout. "I'm that tired, what with that haulin' in and payin' out in this hulk," he continues, "I'd part with me soul for a good sleep. What d'ye think the watch on deck is doin'? Messing with life-boat gear! A fine chance to get boats over the side and clear away with a sea runnin'. They'd be smashed up and the passengers spilled out and drowned like rats."

When one bell goes I am searching the darkening sea for obstructions ahead. As I sing out "One bell!



Here my waking hours of the voyage are spent keeping vigil in all weather

All's well!" "Swim" does not sing out in his turn. A vigorous kick in the ribs brings him up, singing out lustily.

"A fine job you'll make of this lookout,". I tell him, "going to sleep in the early night-watch. You stand to get hauled up before the chief and docked two days' pay."

"If they want a man's work, let 'em pay a man's wages," he answers, unconcernedly. "They say there ain't no more call for sailor-men in steam nowadays. So give 'em what they looks for, I say. Give 'em deck-hands."

The watch wears on until four bells, when "Swim" is relieved by one "Happy," who serenely takes his post in the bottom of the lookout and lights his pipe, in spite of strict orders to the contrary, since near-by lights disturb the accuracy of vision.

So heavily does time now drag that I myself become quite sleepy and begin to long for the hot tea and the warm bunk below. At six bells we pick up and glide by a tramp steamer, rising and falling with the sea we plow through. Then I have no more company but the stars. I fall to counting the men on the decks below, holystoning and washing down. Seven bells finds me almost dozing. I bring up against the rail with a vicious, uncomfortable start. The blithe "Happy" stows away his pipe, and we sing out in our changing turn: "Seven bells! All's well!" More waiting and watching, fighting drowsiness, and we are at last relieved, reporting "no lights, no orders" to the men of the starboard watch. I almost drop down the ladder, such is my eagerness to get a cup of tea and some sleep.

"Now, all you sleepers!" A bang, bang, bang thunders on the ladder. It is the diver, calling the port watch. I quake as I hear this dreaded call to duty. However, I get up and drink some hot tea and eat some bread and meat. As I prepare for my night watch of the beginning of the third day out, the mid-watch from 12 M. to 4 A.M., the most trying of all the watches, some one says the fog is thick and cold and wet, that if the captain does not slow down in it we may yet make a record run.

When I reach the deck I feel strangely confused. I cannot see a fathom's length, so thick is this rolling vapor that fills the air, blocking the vision like a solid body. It breaks like a blanket the stinging wind ordinarily made by the ship's speed. The ship's fog-horn forces through it a dull, oppressive roar that drowns all other sound. The instant of intermission between the horn's roar has the quietness of a doldrum's lull. The huge waves jumping over the bow, as the ship drives into them, seem to wash down the deck and into the alleyways with the gentle trill of a brook in the pasture. I wade through one, over the slippery decks, toward the mast, groping in the fog as if in a dream. I have no distinct sense of motion. I seem an incorporeal body suspended, floating in this whitish substance. The touch of the mast is clammy and dead, bringing a vague sense of apprehension. My hands and feet slip on the wet rungs of the ladder. I climb and climb, slowly, uncertainly, in bewilderment. The fog swarms in cold circles about me, clinging insidiously to my face and clothing. I nearly fall at the top rung by trying to climb farther up the mast, above the lookout. I hang on in fearful suspense, then wring myself loose from the ladder and climb stiffly into the lookout, to relieve my man.

"Bridge orders are to keep a sharp lookout for ice!" shouts Holland, close to my ear. "Three ships in sight before the fog settled," he adds, giving me their directions, and then disappears as totally as if he had dropped to the deck. My watch-mate is "Soogi," a third man having been sent to stand lookout in the forepeak.

In the lookout the fog is still dense. It covers and hides completely the sky and sea. There is here, however, a slight sensation of motion, caused by the long sweep of the masts to port and starboard, as the ship's bottom rolls to the sea. I feel like a child rocked in a huge cradle.

At one bell, as I look upward, downward, outward, my eyes baffled at every point, the fog thins out below for a brief moment, and I peer down, as from the edge of a great cañon. Shadowy robes of delicate gray silk soften the sharp outlines of the ship, converting her funnels into domes, her decks into mystic lakes. For this brief moment she is a work of divine conception.

At two bells, with the fog wrapped about us in dense bluish-white patches and the ship steaming at a twenty-knot speed, "Soogi" and I sing out, "All's well!"

The sound comes to us, from somewhere in this impenetrable emptiness, of the toot-toot of another siren. It may be to port, to starboard, or dead ahead—I cannot tell, such is the treachery of this fog. Our siren answers with a roar at brief intervals.

I feel my eyelids drooping, closing, gray fog swimming in blotches about me. I swing my arms to rouse the ebbing life in me. I am now not so much afraid of a collision as of being discovered slack in duty. If the fog lifts to disclose lights, or if I do not report the proper number of bells, both "Soogi" and I may get walked up before the Old Man. I long for some hot tea, for a place to walk about in—both of which I know the officers on the bridge have to keep them awake. Officers would not call *all* of us lazy sleepy-heads if they but knew, I reflect.

I fight and fight against this awful drowsiness, swearing at myself, even striking myself in the face and about the body, in a desperate effort to keep awake. I try to think of the plight of the fifteen hundred passengers below in case of collision, try to recall how other lookouts have saved vessels by the merest chance, but the horror of it is that I can't *think*. I am in positive torture, when I hear five bells on the bridge.

"Five bells! All's well!" "Soogi" and I sing out mechanically.

As I am clinging to the rail, my feet aching, my knees wabbling, resisting the effort of my will, I have the impression of a light floating to me over and through the rifts of fog, fog which is momentarily lowered, as if packed and held down fifty feet thick on the sea. I tremble as if from palsy. Did I see, or is it a trick of the imagination? I am sure the fog is too thick for the light to have been seen from the level of the bridge. I am caught between the need of signaling and fear of the gibes which go to the man who sees "ghosts" aloft. But the danger may be great.

I strike the bell to get attention, grab the megaphone, and shout. "Light dead ahead!"

The next instant I feel the rude shaking of our mast, the checking of the ship by reversed engines. Then, while I am vainly seeking the light, a bridge quartermaster is at the top of the ladder demanding the exact location of the light, to know if I am positive.

While he speaks two sharp answering signals come over the fog, and then he and I get a glimpse from our height of three mastheads and two funnels floating swiftly aslant our bows.

I kick and arouse "Soogi" to tell him the news. Unalarmed, he refuses to change his views.

"We had a tight fit," I say.

"You mean they had," he replies, grimly. "At our speed, we would 'a' cut her in two and sent every bleedin' soul in her to the bottom. We would 'a' been tight and handy, shipshape, maybe a twisted nose and sailors dead in the fo'c's'le," he adds.

Watch thus follows watch, and night the day. We wallow onward through fog and sun and rain and storm, until, in the early morning of the sixth day, my straining eyes pick up the white light of Bishop's flashing welcome through a rift of mist. We speed on, blindly, until at last we near port, and then, reluctantly, the engines slow down, with a great sigh, and the throb of life goes out of the ship.

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Mr. Roosevelt and Standard Oil

THE REASONS WHY MORE RELIANCE CAN BE PLACED ON THE STATEMENTS OF MR. PENROSE THAN ON THOSE OF THE THIRD-TERM CANDIDATE

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

MR. ROOSEVELT is certainly an unfortunate man. It is his misfortune to be charged continually with dishonorable and disreputable actions. And as Mr. Roosevelt has a monopoly of all virtue and all the virtues, naturally he resents any imputation on his honor. Let the unprejudiced reader determine for himself whether Mr. Roosevelt is a victim or a trickster.

Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, asserts that in the Presidential campaign of 1904 the Standard Oil Company contributed $125,000 to the Republican campaign funds—$100,000 to the National Committee, paid to its treasurer, Mr. Cornelius Bliss, and $25,000 to the Pennsylvania State Committee, paid to Mr. Penrose as chairman. In every action the question of motive must be considered. Motive—that is the question to which every court of law addresses itself. What motive has a witness to tell the truth or to lie? What motive had a person to do or not to do a certain thing? Establish the motive and it is not difficult to establish the truth or falsity of a witness or the guilt or innocence of a defendant. What was Mr. Penrose's motive in making this allegation?

Either to tell the truth or to tell a lie, and by telling a lie to hope to do injury to Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Penrose has been charged by his political opponents—that is, by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Roosevelt's chief lieutenant in Pennsylvania, Mr. William Flinn, with having accepted $25,000 in 1904 from Mr. John D. Archbold of the Standard Oil Company, the inference being that Mr. Penrose had received this money from Mr. Archbold for having rendered certain illegitimate services in his capacity as a Senator of the United States. Mr. Penrose, therefore, had a motive. It was to offer a plausible explanation to the public that would be accepted as showing that the money was not paid him for illegitimate services.

Even Mr. Penrose's worst enemies concede he is no fool. He is a man of long and varied experience. He does not easily lose his head. He is a seasoned veteran. The old legal maxim that a man is to be presumed innocent until his guilt has been established is now reversed, at least so far as public men are concerned, and they are indicted and found guilty before they are brought to the bar. Very well, then; let us be in the fashion and find Mr. Penrose guilty before he is called to plead. When arraigned Mr. Penrose pleads not guilty, and as a sensible man he must offer a defense that is at least plausible. What would be the natural defense Mr. Penrose could offer? Simply that the $25,000 in controversy was a political contribution from Mr. Archbold. That would have been the quickest and easiest way out of it. There was no necessity to drag in Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Penrose went out of his way (again let us be in the fashion and pronounce Mr. Penrose guilty before trial) to connect Mr. Roosevelt with the transaction. Only a very stupid man would have done that, for even the stupidest man would have known it was bound to bring a denial from Mr. Roosevelt and to create a sensation. As a guilty man the less publicity the better for Mr. Penrose. Under the circumstances, a guilty man could not afford to lie, but an innocent man could afford to tell nothing but the truth.

Consider, then, the question of motive and you see that Mr. Penrose had absolutely no motive in concocting the story of Mr. Archbold's $100,000 contribution to Mr. Bliss. Every consideration was in favor of Mr. Penrose, if guilty, wanting the story hushed up and forgotten as soon as possible. Mr. Penrose took pains to exploit it. Subjected to every test, the motive that could induce Mr. Penrose to lie is lacking. Consequently, as there was no motive to lie, he told the truth, for it is against human nature for a man to lie when the truth will serve his purposes equally well.

Did Mr. Roosevelt tell the truth or tell a lie when he declared that the statement of Mr. Penrose, supported by that of Mr. Archbold, is mendacious. Let us again apply the test of motive.

On November 3, 1904, five days before the election, Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency and Mr. Roosevelt's opponent, said in the course of a speech:

"It is believed that every trust in this country, including the Standard Oil Trust, is doing what it can to elect that [the Republican] ticket."

Mr. Roosevelt immediately challenged this assertion of Judge Parker's. He issued a statement denying that his campaign was being financed by the trusts, specifically asserting that he had received no financial assistance from the Standard Oil Company, and declaring that "the statements made by Mr. Parker are unqualifiedly and atrociously false."

When Mr. Roosevelt made this statement on November 4, 1904, he either told the truth with full knowledge of the facts, or he believed he was telling the truth with an insufficient knowledge of the facts, or he possessed all the facts and deliberately told an untruth.

When in August, 1912, he repeated his denial of having received financial assistance from the Standard Oil Company in the campaign of 1904, he was either consistently telling the truth or with equal consistence adhering to his untruth. If the latter, then again the motive is made clear. Let us see whether Mr. Roosevelt in November, 1904, told the truth and whether he was truthful or not in August, 1912.

In refutation of Mr. Penrose's allegation Mr. Roosevelt produces copies of certain letters alleged to have been written to Mr. Cortelyou, the chairman of the national committee, in which Mr. Roosevelt says he has heard that a contribution has been made by the Standard Oil Company to his campaign fund, that he wishes to accept no contributions from that source, and that the Standard Oil's contribution must be returned. For the present we need not discuss the genuineness of these alleged letters, for if they were written at the time when Mr. Roosevelt says they were Mr. Roosevelt stands convicted on his own testimony. In a letter alleged to have been written on October 26th Mr. Roosevelt writes to Mr. Cortelyou: "I have just been informed that the Standard Oil people have contributed $100,000 to our campaign fund." With this information in his possession, how was it possible for Mr. Roosevelt nine days later to brand Judge Parker as a falsifier and solemnly to declare that none of the trusts, and the Standard Oil specifically, had made any contributions to his fund? In his letter alleged to have been written to Mr. Cortelyou on October 26th Mr. Roosevelt wrote, or is alleged to have written, that his information in regard to the Standard Oil contribution "may be entirely untrue, but if true I must ask you to direct that the money be returned to them forthwith." If Mr. Roosevelt had been honest at the time when he is alleged to have written this letter to Mr. Cortelyou and had with all sincerity intended that the Standard's contribution should be returned, and if he had dealt honestly with Judge Parker and the American people, instead of denouncing Judge Parker as the author of "unqualifiedly and atrociously false" statements, he would have stated the facts. He would have said that the Standard Oil Company made a contribution and that by his direction the money was returned. But in that case he would have done the straightforward and manly thing; he would have fought a fair fight and taken no undue advantage of an opponent. Mr. Roosevelt is incapable of making a fair fight. He has a weakness for hitting below the belt. Besides, he would have been forced to return the money. And that he had not the slightest intention of doing. The money was not returned; neither in whole nor in part. Not one cent was ever sent back to the Standard Oil. The hundred thousand dollars drawn from the treasury of the Standard Oil was used in Mr. Roosevelt's campaign.

Remember another thing: Mr. Archbold testified that the money was paid to Mr. Bliss about the middle of September. While Mr. Cortelyou was the chairman and Mr. Bliss was the treasurer, Mr. Roosevelt was the master strategist. Nothing was done without his knowledge and consent. Mr. Roosevelt was not only in daily communication with Mr. Cortelyou, but at times frequently in hourly communication with him; a man who knows graphically expresses it by saying, "Roosevelt lived on the long-distance telephone." Contributions of $100,000 are not so common in any campaign that they pass notice or are treated as every-day affairs. Naturally Mr. Roosevelt was promptly informed of the generosity of the Standard Oil. He says himself, in the letter that he offers in his defense, that he had been so informed. Yet it was not until some five or six weeks after the occurrence that he was able to bring himself to the point of ordering Mr. Cortelyou to return the money.

Mr. Roosevelt having volunteered as a witness in his own defense, he is subject to cross-examination, and Mr. Roosevelt having certified to his own character, it is permissible, under the rules, to impeach his reputation and his veracity. There is an old Latin maxim, "False in one, false in all," and the courts have construed this to mean that when a man is caught in one shady transaction it is a fair presumption that he will not be over-scrupulous in his other dealings. Is Mr. Roosevelt's past record such that any statement concerning a matter in which he has a personal interest can be accepted without corroboration?

When Mr. Harriman declared that he had raised a fund of more than a quarter of a million at Mr. Roosevelt's direct request, Mr. Roosevelt denied it. He denounced Mr. Harriman in the same unmeasured language that he had used in his denunciation of Judge Parker. As proof after proof was piled up, Mr. Roosevelt twisted, squirmed, and tried to wriggle off the hook on which he had been impaled by his own moral obliquity. When the evidence was so absolutely convincing that no one could doubt his untruthfulness, he tried to unload responsibility upon Mr. Cortelyou, and it is in keeping with his cowardice and his methods of giving foul blows that he always tries to have a scapegoat conveniently at hand. In an article in the *Outlook* on September 3, 1910, Mr. Roosevelt used his favorite form of argument in replying to the New York Evening *Post*, which had commented upon Mr. Harriman's campaign fund. The *Post*, said Mr. Roosevelt, was a liar, and then the responsibility was thrown upon Mr. Cortelyou, who, Mr. Roosevelt said, "is familiar with the facts."

Mr. Cortelyou has denied that he had any knowledge of the Harriman-Roosevelt negotiations and dealings that resulted in the raising of more than a quarter of a million by Mr. Harriman. When it comes to an issue of veracity between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou the public will believe Mr. Cortelyou. Mr. Cortelyou is an honest and truthful man.

Mr. Roosevelt has relied largely, if not entirely, for his defense against the Penrose charges on the letters he says he wrote to Mr. Cortelyou on October 26 and 27, 1904. These letters may or may not have been written by Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Cortelyou on the dates alleged, but no one can accept Mr. Roosevelt's unsupported assertion regarding any letters he has received or sent because he has shown himself peculiarly conscienceless in the use of letters to sustain his own position or to attempt to destroy an opponent. When the Harriman disclosures forced a defense from Mr. Roosevelt, he made public what was alleged to be the correspondence that passed between himself and Mr. Harriman, yet he omitted one of the most important of the letters, the first in the series, bearing date June 29, 1904, and addressed from the White House, in which Mr. Roosevelt wrote, "As soon as you come home I shall want to see you"; and in his publication of the correspondence, officially given out by Mr. Roosevelt, he mutilated a letter from Mr. Harriman. Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Mr. Harriman of June 29th followed him to Europe, so it was not until September 20th that Mr. Harriman replied; and in replying he wrote, "I was very glad to receive your note of June 29 last while I was in Europe." Mr. Roosevelt was so unspeakably base as to delete the opening sentence, his purpose being, as Mr. Roosevelt's subsequent explanations made clear, to create the impression in the public mind that it was Mr. Harriman who sought an interview with the President, and not the President who invited Mr. Harriman to come to Washington to see him.

Mr. Roosevelt is as unfortunate in regard to his correspondence as was another Presidential candidate, and because Mr. Roosevelt's letters are such untrustworthy evidence we are fully justified in questioning any transaction whose only substantiation is a letter which Mr. Roosevelt declares he wrote on or about a certain date. Mr. Roosevelt, it will be remembered, removed Mr. Bellamy Storer from the diplomatic service because Mr. Storer, Mr. Roosevelt alleged, had attempted to secure the elevation of Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul to the cardinalate, this contrary to Mr. Roosevelt's express directions; and, as usual, Mr. Roosevelt fortified himself by the publication of his letters. In the pamphlet Mr. Storer issued giving his side of the controversy he includes a letter written by Archbishop Ireland to Mrs. Storer, under date of October 23, 1903, and reading in part as follows:

"I was in Washington last week, and of course saw the President. . . . The President also told me that he had commissioned Mr. Storer to speak for him *viva voce* at the Vatican. He seemed rather proud of having done so. Give my love to Bellamy, and believe me, very sincerely."

A month later Archbishop Ireland again wrote to Mrs. Storer, and from that letter this passage is quoted:

"The President said to me: 'Mr. Storer has told you what I said to him about you, Archbishop?' 'Well,' I replied, 'I do not remember.' 'About his going to Rome?' the President then asked. I said, 'No.' 'Well,' he said, 'I told him I would not write a letter to the Pope asking for honors for you; but I said he could go to Rome and say *viva voce* to the Pope how much I wish you to be Cardinal and how grateful I personally would be for giving you that honor.' I am most clear in my memory as to every word."

School-girls and grandmothers, office-boys and men old enough to be his father have been called liars by Theodore Roosevelt, but not Archbishop Ireland. In his labored defense, in which he made cruel sport of Mrs. Storer, he had not one word to say about Archbishop Ireland. The letters that absolutely prove the case of the Storers were ignored. It was as if Archbishop Ireland had never repeated the conversations between himself and Mr. Roosevelt. Archbishop Ireland has never questioned the genuineness of these letters. Yet Mr. Roosevelt produces his own letters and asks that they may be accepted as against the evidence of Archbishop Ireland!

To sum up. Mr. Penrose has no motive is falsely charging that a contribution of $100,000 was made by the Standard Oil to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign fund in 1904.

Mr. Roosevelt has a motive in denying that contribution because a similar charge made by Judge Parker in 1904 was Mr. Roosevelt's justification for denouncing Judge Parker as untruthful.

When Mr. Roosevelt accused Judge Parker of being untruthful at that time, according to Mr. Roosevelt's own admission, he had been informed that a contribution to his campaign fund had been made by the Standard Oil.

Mr. Roosevelt now attempts to clear himself by referring to certain letters alleged to have been written some five or six weeks after the contribution was made, but as Mr. Roosevelt has misquoted and suppressed letters on other occasions any letter alleged to have been written by him can be accepted as proof only as it may be substantiated by other and disinterested testimony.

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Motoring Across the Juras

AN AUTOMOBILIST'S REFLECTIONS UPON SWISS SCENERY AND CUSTOM-HOUSES

By Charles Johnston

WHY are custom-houses so invariably a mixture of comedy and crime? Is there, at the base of tariff legislation, a principle so inherently wicked and depraved that it demoralizes every one who touches it—unlike charity, twice cursed, by those who have to administer its silly regulations, and by those who suffer them? I know of no institution, not even penal servitude with its striped jackets and pants, which carries with it such an air of humiliation, which goes further to support the theological doctrine of original sin, than this same institution of custom-houses, with their exasperating investigations, which violate all the decencies and proprieties, engendering an impudent spirit of poky inquisitiveness in the mind of the party of the first part, while bringing the party of the second part face to face with almost inevitable mendacity and deceit. All of which, suggested by many an experience, goes to show that, while our two effete historic parties are contending over the principle of the tariff, the party of righteousness and light, if it has any consistency at all, should come out boldly and denounce the whole tariff system, with its liefactories at every frontier, in the interest of pure living and high thinking, which the present system makes practically impossible to the traveling mortal.

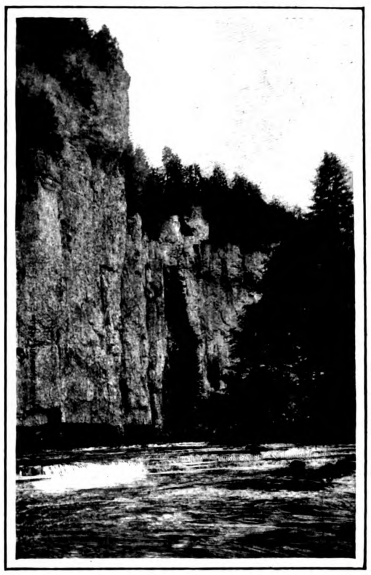
Reader, the above reflections and moralizings are meant to prepare your hitherto guileless and incorrupt spirit for the crossing of a customs frontier, this time into Switzerland. They are intended to brace you against temptation, and to fill your heart with a large charity, which will infallibly be needed, to meet not so much the iniquity as the silliness and futility which hangs about this whole stupid business. And this kindly attention on my part, this fostering of your finer feelings and principles, is undertaken, lest angry passions should by chance mar the pure impression of one of the loveliest and most superb views in the world.

The first part of the journey, from Epinal to Besançon, was without event. It began among pine forests, for a group of people whom morning coffee, crescent rolls, and honey had found not quite awakened out of sleep, and with that clairvoyance for one another's faults and infirmities which is ever stimulated by the early hours. So these people, who have traveled much together, were wise enough to sit tight and say little, until the rising sun and the settling coffee between them, aided thereto by fragrant cigarettes for the smokers, had engendered such a mood as can regard the shortcomings of one's friends with gentle tolerance, and which tends to a happy consideration of scenery, places, and people alike, which the first hour of the journey rarely possesses.

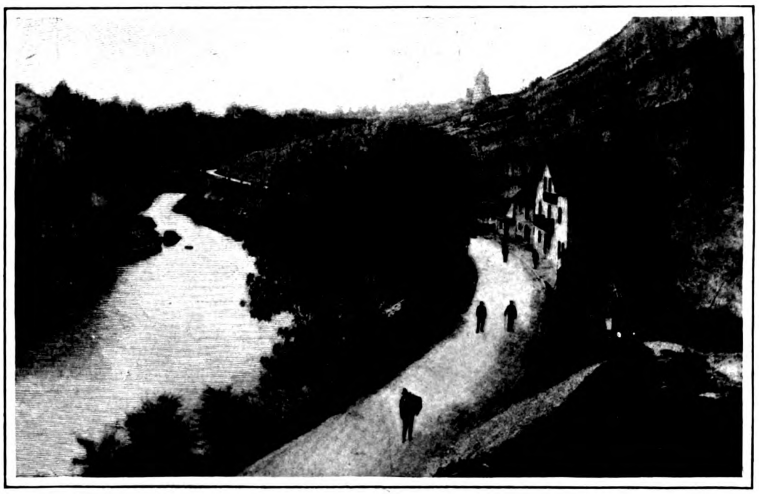
Matters went somewhat uneventfully as far as Besançon. It was then late in the afternoon; evening, indeed, was drawing nigh, and it was the view of some of the party that we should pass the night there, giving the intelligent chauffeur an opportunity to overhaul his bolts and nuts, and to get the machine in apple-pie order for the climb over the mountain-ridge. But when we got into the heart of Besançon, which is in a kind of rocky basin, we found it so hot, so stuffy, so generally exasperating in promise of a breathless night in unventilable hotel bedrooms, that everybody voted to push on, ignoring the frowns and reprobations of monsieur the landlord, who saw his hopes of plunder vanish into scented smoke. In a few minutes we were clear of the town and following a road, gradually rising, with gray rocks on the one side, and, on the other, the somewhat turbulent river Doubs, which has scoured out for itself all sorts of kettles and basins and gorges in the antique rock. And never have I seen rock so twisted, riven, contorted, weathered into all sorts of ghostly and haunted shapes, as were those same gray rocks in the twilight, as we slowly and pantingly plowed our way up the long road that climbs the Juras.

Of a mountain-range one has no clear view, whether from the plain, or after one has begun the climb. There was visible, it is true, a long, blue upland, which had hung over us in the face of the declining sun, as we drew near Besançon; but it had the look rather of an upland, as I have named it, than of a real mountain-ridge: a long wave of rising land, nowhere very sharp, with none of those bare, soaring summits that belong to the higher Alps. But this was in part the mirage of distance and sweet evening air; for rugged rocks there were in plenty, as soon as we began to puff and sputter up the road. Never, indeed, in travels that have extended over many lands, have I beheld such a road, such wild, undercut precipices, such overreaching crags, such abrupt abysses, plunging down into the darkness, as on that Jura road from Besançon to Pontarlier. As the darkness grew deeper, we pressed on harder up the serpent-like road, under and over and round stupendous, magnificent cliffs, the luminous sky above only making them the darker and more ominous. At one moment, leaning from the car, one could look down into a bottomless gorge, somewhere in whose depths the torrent growled and thundered; at another we dived through a tunnel, rounding some peak of rock, and rushed out into a new chasm, where all that we had just seen was hidden and transformed.

Never will any of us who made that wild evening ride forget that magnificent ascent of the Juras. Never shall we forget the sudden, almost startling, contrast when we reached the summit, and found, instead of wild mountain-peaks, a gentle, rolling country, fields and trees and farms, meadows smelling sweet of new hay and flowers, hedges just visible in the twilight, fields stretching back into the dim invisible.



The Doubs as it emerges from Death Gorge



The road from Pontarlier to Morteau

The truth is, that the Jura range is old, very old, its ruggedness all worn out by time and the passage of innumerable years. The Juras were already here, already ancient, when the Alps were still a plain, lying in the broad sunlight of the valley below. The Juras saw the Alps rise, with what subterraneous shocks and groanings I know not, and gradually grind and rive themselves up into the blue, till they overtopped the older range, and sent their sharp, keen-edged peaks into the clouds.

Along what was, to all seeming, a peaceful country road we topped the ridge, and ran into Pontarlier, where we were to put up for the night. I have sleepy memories, still vibrant with the jarring of our cylinders, of a demure gray town, old-fashioned, quaint, unhurried, where one could, if so minded, buy curious-looking things in attractive little shops with pretty lettering over the doors; memories also of smelly bedroom candles, and of a huge dining-hall in the one partly lit corner of which we gathered, a tired, happy, nerve-worn company, looking eagerly forward to the great revelation of the snow-white Alpine summits on the morrow.

Why does one cherish such grateful memories of morning coffee and rolls? Is it because they mitigate, disguise, transform the utter discomfort of early rising after a long, muscle-wearing motor run? I know not, but no creature comfort holds such relish or plants such long-lived, lingering memories. So it was, on the next morning at Pontarlier, in that gray, not very comfortable hostel on the ridge-pole of the Juras. Then, after the brief, jarring delays of setting forth, the houses dropped behind, and we were once more trundling among meadows with pines and elms rising from the hedges, almost nothing reminding us that we were on the very summit of these most venerable mountains.

Were I malicious and satirical I might at this point introduce a realistic scene—"Passing the Swiss Customs," which would bear out the moral reflections with which this paper opened. But, being charitable and forgiving, I pass these things by, and come, suddenly, to the wonder of the morning. That wonder was revealed when a last turn of the road brought us clear of a covering ridge, and the whole of western Switzerland was suddenly revealed, laid out in a superb, miraculously colored picture before us. I know of none lovelier, more magnificent, than that first vision of the land of the Alps from the Jura summit, mountain-range looking to mountain-range, the old to the young. First, tumbling down at our feet, the green, rolling Jura foothills; then the wide plain in which lies the lake of Neuchâtel, a plain checkered in green and gold and fawn-color, with darker tufts of green where trees were bunched together in larger groves; the plain gradually melting to half-tones as the splendid distances opened up, and the pale-blue veil of air mellowed the green and gold. Then, gradually rising through the veil, hills, and more hills; to the right, the big-shouldered ridges of the Savoy Mountains, away on the farther side of the still invisible lake of Geneva; in front, the hills which lead up toward the Bernese Oberland, the Gruyère country, and Emmenthal, famous for yellow cheese. These were magnificent hills which, in a great half-circle before us, suddenly opened out and flashed forth in wonderment upon us, as our car rounded that last Jura knoll; yet they were but the outriders of the true giants that soared like lovely visions into the blue, spiritual revelations rather than material and substantial.

Who can forget those lone snow-summits, beginning with the great white mystery of Mont Blanc beyond the mountains of Savoy, and stretching in transparent, opalescent profile to the Bernese Oberland, the white world of beauty in the midst of which the spotless Jungfrau reigns supreme?

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The Ball-player between Games

By Edward Bayard Moss

"SAY," remarked the inquisitive man, "how long since you've been entertaining commercial travelers' conventions? I thought the 'hikers' always stopped at the Dupont." The hotel clerk grinned as he leaned on the register and gazed at the row of chairs occupied by some twenty-odd sturdy, sun-bronzed young men. "They're not 'commercials'; they're ball-players. They're waiting for the 8.40 train. Jumping to St. Louis to-night for the next series."

Still, the inquisitive man's mistake was not unnatural, since it is hard to distinguish the big league baseball-player from any other citizen when he drops his uniform in the club-house and emerges into the every-day world minus the glamour of the diamond. There is little to mark him from hundreds of other men when you meet him on the street, in the hotel, or in a place of public amusement.

When victory leads the way they are liberal spenders

To the close observer he gives the impression of one who lives well and works in the open. There are a healthy color and a swing to the body that betoken the confidence and benefits derived from plenty of exercise and a strong body, but beyond that he merges well into the mass of average Americans.

The ball-player on the field and off is really a dual personality. In the heat of the game he makes spectacular plays that electrify the "fans," browbeats the umpire to the point of drawing a fine, and fights every inch of the circuit with his opponents from first base to home plate. Between games he is, as a rule, a rather quiet chap who flocks with his fellows, seldom talks baseball, and resents the intrusion of "fans" who try to elect him to the rôle of popular hero.

To those who have studied the national game in all its various aspects, the change in the player who draws round after round of applause in the ball park and slips quietly into the hotel an hour later is one so marked that even familiarity fails to dull the spectacle. The average "fan" who sees the players only in action fails to grasp the atmosphere that surrounds them at other times. With them baseball is a business. When the game is completed they want no more of baseball until the morrow. The banker, lawyer, and baker refrain from talking "shop" twenty-four hours a day. And, after all, the ball-player is of the same general type.

It does not follow, however, that he is without eccentricities. The ball-player is from a sturdy mold and begets opinions and queer habits early in life. He realizes that he is both a public character and a popular favorite and demands treatment in keeping with his position. When he travels the best is none too good for him, and woe betide the economical manager who tries to book a star for an upper berth or at a second-rate hotel. Infringements upon the ethics and procedure of the Amalgamated Order of Baseball are sure to bring forth quick and sharp comment wherein opinion is ridden with a free rein.

No set rules can be laid down for the personal conduct of either player or clubs. The teams which prove to be the best money-makers at home and on the circuit are treated with more liberality by the owners and managers than those which are just meeting expenses or show a balance on the wrong side of the ledger. Generally the players are given wide personal latitude between games, and little is expected of them in the way of work off the field. On the road almost all their expenses are paid, while during the home series they are expected to board themselves. For this reason many of those with families establish permanent quarters in the home city.

When the schedule calls for a swing around the circuit there is a lively scurrying after the final home game. Perhaps the play the next day is set for a city a thousand miles across country. In that case the players appear at the ball park with their personal outfits packed in suit-cases. As soon as the last man is out the team and substitutes rush to the club-house, where a quick shower and change is effected. While the players are slipping into their street clothes, the trainer, who is also baggage-master, is packing the uniforms into trunks with the aid of the bat-boy. Trunks and bat-bags are tossed into a waiting express-wagon, and while the members are hurried by taxicabs or 'buses to the station the baggage trails the troupe.

Once at the railroad depot the players pile their baggage in a heap and invade the dining-car, while the trainer and his assistant see that all the baggage is safely aboard before they eat. The club secretary has already arranged for the transportation of the squad, which frequently includes the baseball reporters of the home town. After dinner "the boys" usually go to the smoker, or, if a private sleeper has been chartered, they return to their own car, where they split into small parties composed of checker, chess, and card fiends. Eleven o'clock, as a rule, finds the players tucked away in their berths for the night, and if there are not enough "lowers" to go round it is the latest recruit who must mount the ladder to the "second story."

Arriving at the city where the opening road series is to be played, the men settle down for a three or four days' stay at one of the leading hotels. Except in the case of a few star players, who are allowed extra privileges, the men "double up," as it is termed in baseball parlance—*i. e.*, two occupy one room together. Generally the same players are assigned together, since where there is a mutual comradeship it makes for harmony in the club and produces better results on the field of play.

Early in the season the club managers seek every opportunity for practice and the players are frequently ordered to report for a forenoon workout even though the team is away from home. The use of the local club diamond is usually at the disposal of the visiting squad if request is made in advance. When the real summer season arrives this extra practice is dropped. Under these conditions the players report at the park at about one o'clock each afternoon and are soon in uniform, for the trainer is always first on the scene and every part of the playing paraphernalia is laid out ready for the men who fight the diamond battles.

Six o'clock usually finds the players slipping off their suits and jostling each other for possession of the shower-baths. Unless there are bruises or strains that require the attention of the trainer and masseurs, the athletes are ready for dinner less than an hour later. They file into the dining-room in twos and threes—and here again the unwritten code of the baseball-player is found in force. If the squad is seated at one large table the manager or a staid veteran of the team will always be found in the position occupied by the toast-master at a banquet. The men who are traveling with the team for their first season are at the foot of the table, while the older players draw chairs further up.

In the early days of professional baseball the leading hotels were not always willing to accommodate the traveling teams, since the players frequently indulged in boisterous horseplay, especially after victory had rewarded their efforts in a particularly hard contest. With the development of the modern game and the raising of the standard and personnel of the teams this objection no longer holds. There is little to distinguish the average baseball-player at dinner from any other man who dines at a hotel between the hours of six and eight. They realize that they are frequently the center of interest for the other diners, and any breach of table etiquette is quickly and caustically corrected.

Training rules such as prevail in college athletics are not enforced in professional baseball. It is a business proposition for the players and they are supposed to keep in satisfactory physical condition. Failure to observe this unwritten regulation soon shows in their daily work and opens the way for the dreaded journey "to the minors." For this reason considerable latitude is allowed the men during the evening. With most club managers 11.30 is the deadline. Until that hour the members of the team are at liberty to do as they please within reasonable bounds, and it can be stated that few of the modern pennant-fighters overstep the line in this respect.

As soon as dinner is over the players gather in the hotel lobby for a few minutes' parley and there is a general lighting of cigars and cigarettes, for a big majority of the baseball men are addicted to the tobacco habit in some form, but seldom to excess. The late baseball extras are secured and a critical study is made of the box score, for every member of the team is jealous of his record and quick to express his opinion of the official scorer who does not give him a "fair break." When the tabulations have been examined and passed upon, the day's work may be said to be ended.

Recreation is next in order. Here the different tastes and dispositions of the athletes cause a temporary cleavage in club ranks. The theaters, moving-picture shows, billiards, and the friendly card game all have their devotees. The players of the more prominent clubs are always welcome guests at the theaters and the "courtesy of the house" is usually extended. Some of the most famous players in the country are moving-picture fiends, and the writer has known a certain star to attend no less than four "movies" in one day. Still others are expert billiard and pool players and never miss an opportunity to measure skill with clubmates or friends in the various cities on the circuit. These contests usually result in excellent exhibitions with the cue, for steady wrist, clear eyes, perfect physical condition fit the ball-player for the table game. Men of the type and ability of Manager McGraw of the Giants and "Johnny" Kling of the Boston Nationals ask odds of no player in a cue battle. Gambling is frowned upon both by club magnates and by managers, and high stakes are unknown in either these or the card games in which the men take a hand. It cannot be said that baseball men lean toward any one game.

When the last acts at theaters and roof gardens are completed the players head for the hotel and are soon in bed. All ball-players sleep well and most of them late. A few are early-rising advocates, but the majority are seldom up and about the hotel before eleven o'clock, unless there is special reason. Breakfast and luncheon are thus combined and digested before the strenuous play of the later afternoon is in or-

As soon as dinner is over the players gather in the hotel lobby for a few minutes' parley

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der. Incidentally, when the team is quartered under the European plan, there is little danger of exceeding the $2.50 meal allowance, which is the usual sum allotted the players per day. Under the American plan the men pay nothing personally for the hotel service except the waiter's tip, which is fifteen cents on both the National and the American League circuit.

The members of the club soon become expert travelers and know just what to expect in every city they visit. They are great sticklers for their rights and woe betide the hotel proprietor who tries to trim sail at their expense. Any change in the usual accommodations will bring forth a protest that can be neard by the deafest and most indifferent. The clubs have various traveling standards, according to the earning capacity of the troupe, but in every case the standard must be maintained to preserve harmony between player and club. Rooms with baths attached are always in demand, since no Englishman ever loved his "tub" more than the ball-player. Hot water must flow on demand and the waiter step quickly with the tray, else the head-waiter hears a call that brooks no delay.

The peculiarities crop out in other directions, too, for the members of the big league clubs become vexed over trifles which would appear almost ridiculous, viewed from the angle of the citizen of the workaday world. Despite the liberal salaries that the players draw for seven months in the year, they are prone to view their employer in the light of a trust magnate oppressing the consumer. One member of a Western club is nursing a grudge at the present moment because he was recently obliged to pay a thirty-five-cent overcharge when he exceeded his $2.50 meal allowance. "What's the sense or justice of such a rule?" he said to the writer in telling his story, "when I can order a dozen bats any day in the week and the club will pay the bill without a murmur?"

Manager Chance of the Cubs remarked sagely, in discussing this feature of the national game, that "human nature is the same in baseball as in every other line of business," and his statement is borne out by observation in this direction. No player looks upon the game as recreation. To him it is hard work and in reality it is just that, for most of the men are high-strung and throw every ounce of energy, muscle, and gray matter into the two or more hours of competition that compose the real labor of each day. For that reason the belief is general in the ranks that the magnates receive more than they pay

Full of playful, boyish pranks

for, and there never was a player who was not ready for an argument to prove that his semi-monthly check should really be larger. It is true, nevertheless, that they are under less expense than almost any other man whose business duties compel him to travel the greater part of the year.

The principal expense is for uniforms, shoes, and gloves. These items are generally assessed against the player's account, although a few clubs even pay for these items. Two suits consisting of shirts, knickerbockers, and caps are required and the charge is about $30. Each player buys his own shoes, paying from $5 to $8 per pair, including spikes attached. Two pairs are the usual equipment, since there must always be a reserved set well broken in for use in case of emergency. The same is true of gloves. When a satisfactory fielder's glove or catcher's mitt is found a duplicate is at once ordered, and this is oiled and broken in at every opportunity. These hand protectors range in price somewhat as do the shoes. The bats and balls are furnished by the club, and in the case of the bats the Biblical quotation, "Many are called but few are chosen," applies with particular emphasis. Every player is constantly experimenting with new bats, and every club has a surplus stock that represents the discard. Frequently these are used as gifts by the stars, who autograph and present them to "fans" and friends.

The opinion is general that ball-players talk baseball twenty-four hours a day, but this is far from being a fact. A game may be analyzed in the clubhouse immediately after the contest, but any attempt to discuss the play after dinner is quite likely to draw the comment, "Cut out that shop talk." This does not hold good, however, if the team is well up in the league race and first place and a share of the world's-series money is possible. Under these circumstances the men will sit for hours in conference figuring plays, both offensive and defensive, and computing every possible percentage based on winning and losing one or more games. It is at this time that every player becomes "his brother's keeper." Late hours and excesses of any kind are taboo, and the club manager does not need to act as detective, for, with dollars and cents at stake, the whole squad will turn on the individual who shows the slightest tendency to haunt the "white lights."

Under ordinary conditions there is not a finer aggregation of athletic Americans engaged in sport than the ball-players. They are entertaining companions and true friends once you are accepted in the inner circle. The clan is composed of all kinds and classes, yet it compares well with any other branch of business to-day. The men are handicapped by hero worship which runs close to idolatry, and it is not to be wondered at that some frequently suffer from exaggerated ego. When victory leads the way they are liberal spenders, full of playful, boyish pranks and always ready for a lark. A losing streak will sometimes upset their composure, but even personal enmities are forgotten before the last dinner course is served.

The Photoplay—A New Kind of Drama

By Clara F. Beranger

THE development of the cinematograph has been followed by a comparatively new form of literature—the photoplay. A great majority of the people who visit the moving-picture theaters have no conception of the various processes that go to make up the finished product which they see on the screen. They do not realize that a play has to be written, acted, and directed, before the pictures can be taken; and it is the writing of these plays that has given birth to a new class of writers—the photoplaywrights.

The ideal photoplay is the play in which the action is so clearly developed that it explains itself. To accomplish this, the photoplaywright uses the literary form commonly called the scenario, which is the action described scene by scene, in detail. The cast of characters, with a pithy description of each, follows. Occasionally the writer will give a scene-plot telling the number of scenes and their nature. All this aids the editor to tell at a glance the character of the story that he is handling. If it meets with his approval, and happens to suit his particular needs, he goes on to read the detailed scenes—the scenario proper. It is here that the real power of the photoplaywright shows itself.

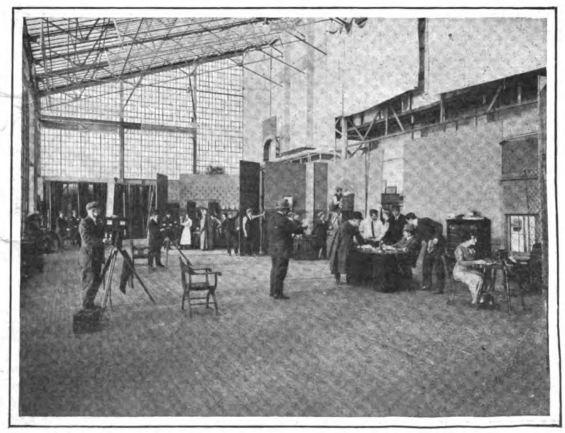
A scenario to cover the required amount of film should run from fifteen to thirty scenes, the length of the scenario being determined by the standard of film used—the thousand-foot reel. A scenario of from fifteen to thirty scenes should cover a full reel that takes from fifteen to twenty minutes to project on the screen. The photoplaywright has to keep in mind—first, the limitations of the camera; second, the limitations of action without words; third, the limitations of the length of the film. If he can succeed in visualizing a good, clear, dramatic story that can be acted before the camera and understood by the public, and that fills the required length of film, he has produced a photoplay that the editor will accept and the public approve.

After a photoplay has been accepted, it goes into the hands of the dramatic director. In some cases, by his experience and technical knowledge of the business of the stage, he improves on the scenario, and produces a play stronger than the scenario called for. In others, he may attempt to introduce ideas of his own that conflict with the main idea of the writer—or he may, in order to fit the play to the length of film, increase or decrease certain scenes, or cut them out entirely, and thus injure the plot as the author conceived it. If it were possible for the photoplaywright to work in a studio where he could get an active working knowledge of the technique required in the production of his plays, if he could work hand in hand with the director, as does the playwright, it would mean a decided improvement in the general tone of the plays produced. As it is, the director takes the script, assigns the parts to various members of his company, and plans the scenic effects and the costumes. He then rehearses each scene until the acting meets with his approval. After this the camera man is called in, and the pictures are taken.

The sources from which a photoplaywright draws his material are boundless. A number of the studios have their staff writers who photodramatize the old classics. This is a tremendous field that has not as yet been occupied, but every week the list of film releases shows a deeper delving into this literature.

Following the demand for a better class of plays comes a supply from a better class of writers, and a correspondingly higher scale of prices paid for the work. Formerly writers successful in other branches of literature would not enter this field because of the low standard of prices paid them for their work. Now it is not unusual to see advertised the name of some popular contemporary writer who has either written the scenario himself, or lent his work for photodramatization. Richard Harding Davis, James Whitcomb Riley, F. Hopkinson Smith, are some of the names that now appear on the screen. Actors and actresses of the legitimate stage are more and more being drawn into acting before the camera. The greatest example of this is the recent photographing of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and her company in their superb production of "Camille."

A comedy of love and votes which is credited with having secured numerous conversions to the woman suffrage cause



The final rehearsal of an office scene in the studio of a cinematograph company. The photographer is awaiting the signal to begin operations

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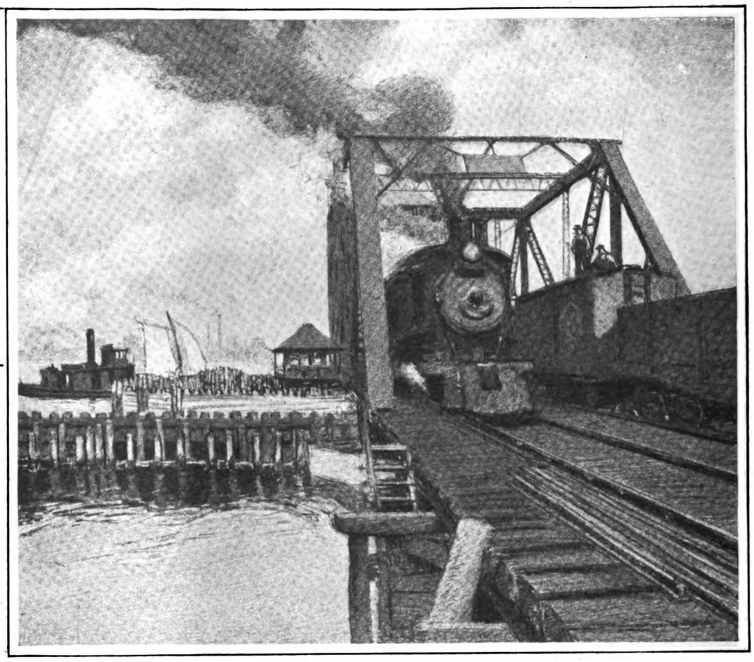
Freight Rates and Common Sense

How many Golden Eggs can the Starved Railroad Goose Continue Laying

By GEORGE D. MUMFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. DEVITT WELSH



THE trouble is that our human sympathies are alienated from the railways by the very magnitude of the figures of their gross and net earnings. The sums they take in are so much vaster than any we are accustomed to handle, or think in, or ever hope to acquire, that when the railways tell us they need to take in more millions in order to do our business for us as we want it done, and still pay a fair dividend to their own stockholders, their appeal leaves us entirely unimpressed. We feel that they are not, on the face of the returns, legitimate subjects for sympathy, and that it is up to them to "show us." Their vast figures mean no more to us than the millions she was told she had inherited meant to "merely Marianne," when all she could reply was, "Yes, Zir, will you have chops or beefsteak?" I confess that, when I read that the gross earnings of the Pennsylvania Railroad are a hundred and fifty millions and their net earnings thirty-five millions, it does not convey anything to me. I am like the Yarmouth school-boy who in answer to the question, "If a herring and a half cost a penny and a half what would two herrings cost," asked if he mightn't be allowed to work it out in bloaters. And in this question of the railways we all feel the need of getting down to some more homely and familiar basis of judgment. I have never owned more than one or two odd-lot certificates of railroad stock, with their pictures of a puffing locomotive and a train of cars, and my delvings into the unpromising realm of railway statistics were solely to learn something about one of the great issues of the day.

As modern science has made its greatest advances by getting away from its earlier vague speculations and confining itself to the study of the atom, out of which all matter is made, we, too, can get a long way ahead by forgetting all about the big figures in railway reports and studying the atom of railway earnings—for there is such an atom, or rather two, and out of their interaction are built up all the millions recorded in railroad reports. These two atoms are, the charge made by the railways for carrying one ton of freight one mile, and the cost to the railways of carrying this ton one mile. And while railway gross earnings are so large that we flounder aimlessly among millions, the average "ton-mile rate" is so small that we need to use a mental magnifying-glass to study it. By taking all the tons of freight in the country that are carried one mile in any year, and dividing by them the total gross earnings from all freight, we get our atom, the "average ton-mile rate" for the year. The average ton-mile rate of all the railways in the United States was a little under two cents in 1870, and is about three-quarters of a cent to-day, and in order to decide whether this three-quarters of a cent charge is too high or too low, let us take an excursion backward and follow the changes in this rate down to the present time.

The modern railway hitches an $18,000 Mikado locomotive to a train-load of fifty one-thousand-dollar coal cars filled with coal, and it hauls this coal from the seller to the buyer for three-tenths of a cent a ton a mile. Just think of it! We have no coin half small enough to measure the railway's charge for hauling a ton of coal over a mile of road! But it is able to make this absurdly low charge only because of the vast capital employed in roadbed and rolling stock. In Europe, where the railroads are mostly run by the state, ostensibly for the benefit of the public, you would have to pay five times as much to get your ton of coal hauled a mile. We cannot be too grateful to the countries of Europe for taking over their railroads and proving to us that the state is a poor railroad-man, and can never carry freight at the rates we enjoy in this country. Our railways haul this ton of coal five hundred miles for $1.50 a ton, and that five-hundred-mile haul has added say $3 a ton to its selling value, and has opened a wide new market for its sale. The railway takes the place in the modern industrial world both of Aladdin's magic carpet and of the Genius of the Lamp, for by one and the same act it annihilates distance and creates wealth.

You and I have been so accustomed to seeing railway rates dropping, dropping, for the past twenty-five years that it seems the natural order of things. Why shouldn't they go on dropping? The average rate per ton per mile in 1870 was 18.89 mills. In 1887, when the Interstate Commerce Act was passed, it had fallen to 9.84 mills, or a drop of fifty-two per cent. Between 1887 and 1899 it had fallen to 7.24 mills, or a further drop of twenty-six per cent. This astonishing drop in railway rates between 1870 and 1900 was not due to the activities of the Interstate Commerce Commission, because rates had fallen fifty per cent. in the seventeen years before the commission was set up, and only twenty-six per cent. since. Railway rates had this sheer vertical drop down to the point where the business ceased to pay for two simple reasons. First, the prices of everything else were dropping during this whole period, due to world-wide causes. Just as prices had steadily risen from 1850 to 1873, they had fallen from 1873 to 1897. And as the earlier world-wide rise in prices in the fifties and sixties was largely due to the influx of a vast amount of newly discovered gold from California and Australia, the world-wide fall in prices from 1873 to 1896 is now pretty generally admitted to have been chiefly due to the progressive demonetization of silver, by which the world's stock of money as a medium of exchange was practically cut in half. But whether or not the earlier rise in prices was due to the increase in the world's stock of money, and the later fall in prices to the decrease in this world stock, the extraordinary extent of the fall is sufficiently established.

Economists have proved it by various index numbers. These index numbers represent the average yearly wholesale prices of all the chief commodities of trade. Sauerbeck's Index Number, one of the most reliable, fell from a maximum of 111 in 1873 to 62 in 1895. Now what does this mean? It means that you and I could buy the same amount of food and clothing and pleasure in 1895 for sixty-two cents that cost us $1.11 in 1873; that, whatever the cause, the cost of living was forty-three per cent. lower in 1896 than it was in 1873. And this "cost of living" was not only forty-three per cent. lower for you and me, but it was forty-three per cent. lower for the railway goose that kept laying her golden eggs of transportation. Her necessaries of life, the things she had to consume to lay the eggs of transportation, were labor and materials, and as labor and materials were so much lower in 1896 than in 1873, the goose's owners could afford to sell their eggs for forty-three per cent. less in 1896 than they sold them for in 1873, and they did so. They did more. They sold their eggs in 1896 for sixty per cent. less than they got for them in 1873. And after general prices ceased falling, in 1897, and began their latest phenomenal rise, largely because, as economists tell us again, the cyanide process of gold extraction invented in the nineties began pouring out a swollen golden stream from South Africa that made up for the loss of silver as currency—the railway farmer's wife still kept selling her transportation eggs for lower and lower prices. She sold her eggs for ten per cent. less in 1899 than she did in 1896. It was good business for her to lower the price of eggs when the prices of everything else were lowered, but why did she lower them so much more than other prices, and why did she keep on cutting prices when all other prices had begun to rise? General prices had fallen forty-three per cent. to 1896, while railway rates had fallen sixty per cent., and then, when general prices began to ascend, railway rates still kept on down the toboggan a further ten per cent. Sherlock Holmes would say that this shows there was another element besides the fall in prices that caused the fall in railway rates, and that element was still active after general prices had begun to advance. And he would be right. It was a case of too many railroads and too little traffic, too many transportation geese laying eggs, and no market for them. There wasn't business enough to go round, and the fight for what little there was was like the battle of a dozen Alaska huskies over a hunk of dried fish.

There is one peculiarity of the railway business wherein it differs from all other businesses. It must supply its facilities ahead of the demand. Actual transportation, the hauling of your ton of coal, is one thing; the capacity to haul it is quite another. As long as railway facilities were there waiting to be used, as long as you had the railroad at your mercy, because its money was all invested, its line was built by your factory or warehouse and it had to have your business or go into bankruptcy, you could, by threatening to give your freight to the competing road, beat down its charges to the point of little or no profit. We all did this in the long period of depression from 1893 to 1898, and what an orgy of cut-throat rates it was! Unlike you or me, the railroad cannot refuse to do business, shut up shop and go off for a holiday, when it finds that business can be done only at a loss. It has got to do business whether at a profit or at a loss. If it stops altogether, its property is ruined by deterioration and its franchise is lost. The biggest loss comes from not doing business; a small loss is better than a big one, and so the railway receivers in the years 1893–1896 carried freight at any old rate, for half a crust was better than no bread.

So rates kept dropping after 1896, although prices were rising. But along in 1900 the improvement in the country's business due to advancing prices so increased the volume of traffic that there was business enough to go round. The battle royal ceased and the fall in railway rates was checked. But since 1899 railway rates have risen only four per cent. Since 1896, on the other hand, the general level of prices in this country has risen sixty, and wages over thirty per cent.

According to Sauerbeck's Index Numbers the decade from 1867 to 1877 was 100, or the *standard period of prices* of the last century. The index number, 62, for 1896 was thirty-eight per cent. below the level of prices of this standard period. The average for the decade 1874–83 was 90, and for the decade 1884–93 it was 71. Now general prices, after having dropped thirty-eight per cent. from 1873 to 1896, had risen again by 1909 up to the level of the prices of 1873, but railway freight rates have been forcibly kept below the low prices of 1896. If railway rates fell sixty per cent. with a forty per cent. fall in prices, are they not entitled, other things being equal, to rise forty per cent. with a forty per cent. rise in those prices? But you may say other things are not equal. Perhaps they are not entitled to all of this rise, for the increased economies of transportation developed in the mean time should be fairly shared with the public. But they are surely entitled to some of it. It would seem to the man in the street that if two cents was a fair price to the public, under the high prices of 1870, for hauling a ton of freight a mile, and if we have got back to the high prices of 1870, and the cost of labor and materials to the railways is as high to-day as it was in 1870, then surely a rate that is only two-fifths of the 1870 rate is unreasonably low, and does not give the railways a fair profit. Labor and materials—the necessaries of life of the railway goose—have risen an average of forty per cent. since 1896. The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker have all found out that it takes a dollar and a half for them to buy as much raw material—meat and flour and tallow—as a dollar would buy before, and have raised the price of steaks and bread and candles over fifty per cent., to get square with the game; but government in the shape of the policeman has tapped the railway farmer's wife on the shoulder and forbidden her to sell her golden eggs of transportation for even as much as she did in 1896. The Interstate Commerce Commission is the modern King Canute, bidding the sea of higher prices to go back. If the food for the railway goose costs the farmer's wife forty per cent. more than it did in 1896, we all know she has got to sell the eggs of transportation for more than she did, or the result will be that she will either starve her geese or stop raising them—and there will not be enough eggs to supply the demand. And remember that the demand for these eggs is increasing with incredible swiftness, and that if she doesn't keep raising more and more geese, the country some bright morning will not have eggs enough to go round. And what becomes then of your government regulation of the price of eggs? Has any government ever been able by edict to change the immutable laws of prices? Many

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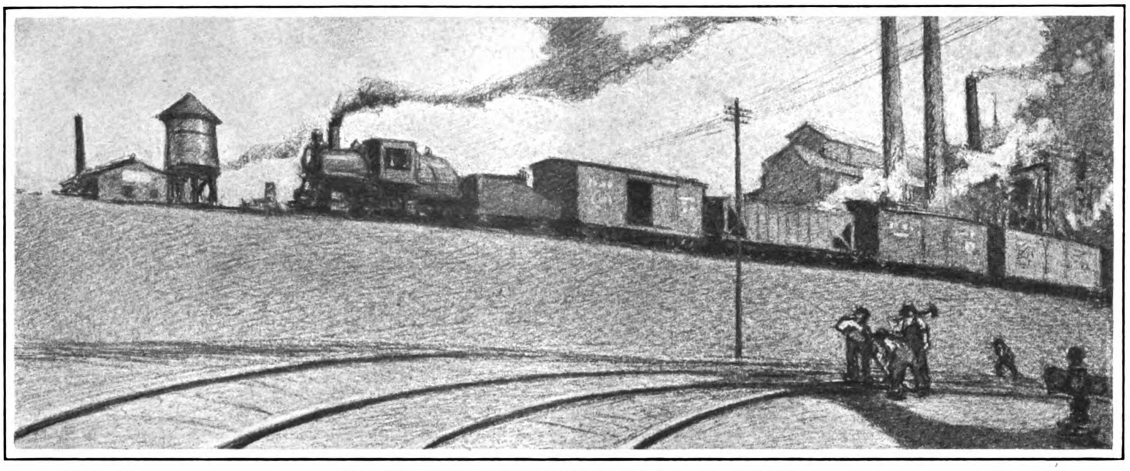
of them have tried to monkey with the buzz-saw of prices, and the people as a result have been hurt. In the Middle Ages England tried to fix the price of wool, and as a result the woolen industry of Flanders and Brabant throve and waxed fat, while the English industry languished. Deprive man of the incentive of profit in a given direction, and he is straightway off seeking another channel for his industry. The real question is, where do we, the American people, come out, after all this? We are coming out just where the Southern bride came out in the story, when the mountain wedding had been turned into a mêlée by a chance-dropped, incautious word, and the bride, emerging from a corner where she had taken refuge, and sadly surveying the prostrate form of the groom, murmured, "These yere self-cocking pistols is playing h—l with my prospects."

The question whether the railroad will charge me three dollars or four to haul a ton of sugar from New York to Chicago may depend on what is a fair charge, or on how much competing railroads charge. It can only charge me a rate that will enable my sugar to be hauled, and it must for its own protection, if it wants my freight, charge me no more than its competitors do. But what if it doesn't want my freight at all? What if it has all the business its lines can handle without making me a rate on sugar that is really too low to be profitable? You will say that the Interstate Commerce Commission will force it to take your sugar at the old rate. But how long can it force the railways to take your sugar? Just so long as the freight capacity of the railroads of the country is greater than, or equal to, the tonnage requiring to be hauled! If the railways can't haul your sugar, not because the rate is too low, but because they have reached the maximum of their capacity to handle freight at all, what are you going to do? What is the business of this country going to do some fine morning when it wakes up to the fact that it has got to shut up shop and take a vacation, because the railways are unable to handle the traffic offered them? Can Big Business and Little Business afford to sit around and twiddle their thumbs until the necessary transportation facilities are provided? And wouldn't the question of whether I should pay three dollars or four for a ton of sugar from New York to Chicago become suddenly a matter of small importance compared with the question whether or not I can get it hauled at all?

You may say that this is a ridiculous cry of "Wolf!" But it isn't ridiculous. There is a known limit to the freight capacity of any single-track road. But many of the great double-track railway systems of the country, as well, are now close to the limit of their maximum freight capacity.

If we make it impossible for the railways to increase their traffic facilities to meet the growing needs of the country—through a policy of forcing them to keep their rates down to a level so unfairly low, compared with the general level of prices and profits in other industries, that the railway business ceases, as it has ceased, to be a profitable industry for the investment of new capital—this condition will arise. The American people have in the end got to solve this question fairly both to themselves and to the railways, for in the long run their interests are identical. There are a million railway stockholders and bondholders in this country, and every man is a potential shipper. But besides being the greatest single business in the country, with twenty billions of capital invested in it and needing twenty billions more to meet the demands of the future, the railways are the main arteries of trade, and trade is the life-blood of the nation. And the American people are not going to adopt a policy that will clog and close the arteries of their national life. They are not going to kill the goose that lays the golden egg. The real danger is the damage they may do before they wake up to the facts.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is held worthy of all praise, surely in an industrial age the man that enables two tons of freight to be hauled where but one could be hauled before deserves our gratitude instead of our hostility.



The Latest Phase of the Monroe Doctrine

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

A GOOD deal of comment was stirred up in England by the action of the United States Senate in accepting Mr. Lodge's resolution in regard to foreign corporations and the possibility of their acquiring control over harbors or other places on the American continent that might serve as military or naval bases. I hasten to add that the comment was almost uniformly friendly. The *Times* pointed out that some such development had been long expected and that the problems raised by the Panama Canal made an extension or recasting of the Monroe Doctrine practically inevitable. "English statesmen," it averred, "have never been critical as to the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine. . . . We have not been able to agree with all the proposed applications of the Doctrine, or to admit that it has become an integral part of international law. It involves obligations as well as rights, and the former have been left more obscure even than the latter. But the Doctrine has been regarded by England as substantially expressing the right of a state to take all steps requisite for its safety; a right which we recognize in the belief that similar freedom will not be denied England as regards the perils to which she is exposed." It described Senator Lodge's resolution as apparently "not only a notable extension of the Doctrine, but a new departure." At the same time it recognized that Mr. Lodge had raised a very wide and important question and that the status and activities of corporations technically national, really foreign, and not infrequently controlled by alien governments, would one day need the careful scrutiny of all Powers.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the other hand, declared that to speak of Senator Lodge's resolution as an "extension" of the Monroe Doctrine was unfortunate, as it might give rise to the erroneous impression that it was aggressive in character. "It is superfluous," it added, "to regard the resolution as directed against any particular Power. If the Monroe Doctrine declares the intention of the United States to resist the acquisition of territory on the American continent by any Power not already established there, it is evident that it equally covers a possible attempt to achieve the same object by a colorable device." In view, however, of the recent acquisitions of the United States in the West Indies and of the suspicion attaching to its policy in Mexico and Cuba, the *Pall Mall Gazette* thought that "international relations in regard to the American hemisphere would be made easier, and the underlying principle of the Monroe Doctrine made more acceptable to other Powers if the opportunity were taken to reaffirm the determination of the United States to seek no further territorial expansion, and to avoid the same kind of colorable acquisition of places convenient for naval bases which the Senate declares it would view with 'grave concern' on the part of other nations."

One of the peculiarities of the Monroe Doctrine, as it appears to an Englishman, is its universality of acceptance by the American people. It is not so much a policy as a religion. One meets with Germans who have no sort of sympathy with Pan-Germanism, and with Russians who will make a mockery of the ideals of the Pan-Slavists, but—speaking with Dr. Johnson's contempt for puritanical accuracy—one never comes across an American who does not subscribe to the Monroe Doctrine. It is not the battle-cry of any one party, but the faith of all. Democrats and Republicans habitually, and as a matter of course, express their "unalterable adhesion" to its principles in their quadrennial platforms. Whatever an American may call himself, he is first and last an instinctive Monroeist. The Doctrine has come down to him with all the binding sanctity of a tradition in a country where traditions are few and therefore devoutly held. That no European Power shall be permitted to colonize North or South America, and that the present foreign holdings on and around the continent shall neither be increased nor transferred, are propositions which all Americans accept as political axioms. So far as I have been able to discover, the policy they embody admits of no qualifications. It embraces all South America, all Central America, and all the adjacent islands. A European settlement of Patagonia would presumably be considered by Americans just as much a cause for war as a European settlement of Mexico. Were the Italian Government to found and administer a colony in Argentina, five thousand miles at least from the frontiers of the United States, Americans would go to war. Were the German Government to enrol the German emigrants in Brazil into a self-governing community under the flag of the Fatherland, Americans would equally go to war. The Monroe Doctrine knows apparently no limitations of distance; it applies indiscriminately to the whole of the vast continent of which Americans occupy but a fraction. From the Rio Grande to Cape Horn Americans are resolved, if they can, to preserve Mexico, Central and South America, to the Mexicans and the Central and South Americans.

But the Monroe Doctrine is not only the most comprehensive policy put forward by any nation since the days of the Roman Empire; it is also the most elastic. I honestly, indeed, do not know of anything in the remotest degree touching upon South America that it could not be stretched to cover. Long before the Spanish War it was appealed to to justify the seizure of Cuba on the ground that if America did not take it somebody else would. The Southern slave-holders, whose political influence depended on the extension of slavery to fresh States, used it as a pretext for the annexation of Texas; and General Grant sought to prove that it made the absorption of San Domingo inevitable. The Monroe Doctrine even provided the basis of a protest against the confederation of the Canadian provinces, and I well remember that during the Boer War some papers held it to have been violated by the participation of Canada in the struggle with the South African republics.

Is it the fact or is it not that the Monroe Doctrine perpetuates in South America the predominance of a religion which Americans detest, of a race which they despise, and of a system of government which in all but the name is a flat negation of everything America stands for? Is not one of its effects to rule out Teutonic civilization in favor of the religious and military despotisms beyond which, after nearly a hundred years' trial, the Spanish and Portuguese *mestizos* have proved their incapacity to advance? Does not the Monroe Doctrine, in the name of Republicanism, help to condemn a whole continent to weakness, backwardness, and anarchy? Can any one see anything before South America but a cycle of revolutions? Does any one seriously entertain the hope of a stable, orderly rule ever being evolved under the presidency of half-caste attorneys and guerrilla chieftains, or foresee a time when the spirit of insecurity, disorder, and insurrectionary violence will cease to brood over the southern hemisphere from Patagonia to Panama? Is there any real guarantee that what has been happening in Mexico during the past eighteen months may not to-morrow be the fate of any and every South American state? Here, at all events, is a colossal continent with a destiny that should rival Russia's, magnificently watered, inhabitable by Caucasians, all of it sparsely populated and much of it barely explored, teeming with mineral and agricultural wealth, and yet lying half-derelict, the prey of revolutionary turbulence—and all for lack of a strong and honest and orderly government that would insure to capital the fruits of its enterprise. How far may the Monroe Doctrine be justly held to have contributed to so amazing a paradox?

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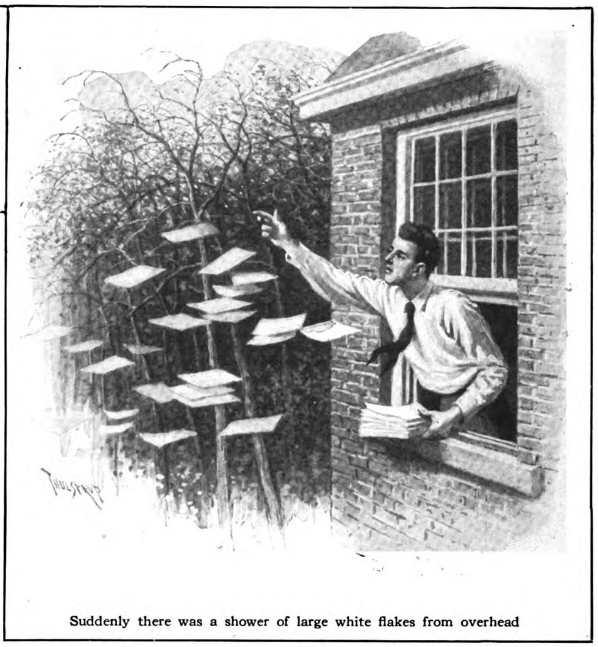
THE DEPUTY

BY JAMES BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP



Suddenly there was a shower of large white flakes from overhead

FOR several minutes neither the boy nor the man had spoken; yet more than once, in the flash of a glance, it seemed as if question and reply had passed between them.

It was strange work they were engaged in. The boy, with tight-drawn lips, was working the handle of the little toy printing-press, while the man, rather awkwardly, was holding the paper in place and piling the ink-dampened sheets on the edge of the kitchen table.

"One hundred," said the boy at last, straightening up with a lift of his thin shoulders.

Their eyes met.

"Better make it twenty-five more," replied the man, slowly. "How's the wind?"

The boy, carrying the ink-roller, hurried to the window and looked out.

"Still blowing toward the town, dad," he said; "I reckon the rain's stopped for good."

The man crossed over to him; for an instant they stood there, side by side, listening intently. The man broke the silence.

"Your ma and the children must have got to your Uncle Jerre's by this time." The voice was deep and the words low spoken. "Are you shore Peter got ahead of 'em with the note?"

"Sartain shore, dad; he left soon as I told him."

"She didn't suspicion anything, son?"

"No." The boy shook his head. "Ma didn't ask any questions; 'peared about as usual. . . . I said we'd follow along."

"We couldn't 'a' told her, son."

Again the reply was a shake of the head. "'Twouldn't 'a' done; she'd 'a' sent on the children and 'a' stayed here with us."

"Jess so!" The man removed the hand he had placed on the boy's shoulder and stroked his wisp of iron-gray beard. "I reckon they all know by this time up to the town that I telegraphed the guv-nor; strange he 'ain't sent an answer; they 'ain't no company nearer'n Jackson."

"Mebbe they wouldn't let 'em bring the answer from the telegraph office," suggested the boy. "P'r'aps"—suddenly he stopped and pointed. "There! Look there!" he cried, excitedly. "See the crowd comin' out of Craig's saloon? They're stoppin', lookin' this way, talkin' excited like."

"If the mayor was any good he'd 'a' closed 'em all up last night," said the man. "Liquor and the devil make friends and play mischief when this kinder work's afoot. . . . Boy, it 'ain't right to keep you here with me."

"But they warn't no one else, dad."

"Jess so! They warn't no one else in the whole cursed place—not one I could 'a' trusted."

"Better hurry," put in the boy, "if we're goin' to do any more, the wind may change an' blow 'em all into the river."

He stepped back to the little press and ran the ink-roller over the type. The man inserted another sheet of paper and then placed it on the pile. The boy pumped at the handle industriously.

"Twenty-five!" said he, abruptly. "Better take 'em up to the second story and let 'em go from the window, eh?"

Gathering the pile of loose papers in his hands, his father turned to him.

"Randolph," he pondered, heavily, "I've changed my mind. I'm goin' to send you up into the town. You can hand 'em round."

As the reply came the boy's lips were drawn into a still straighter line; there was a gleam in his gray eyes.

"They wouldn't let me back again; I'm goin' to stay here with you, dad. Give me the papers; the wind 'll carry 'em now."

The man looked across the table at him; his face twitched. Then in dead silence the damp sheets were handed to the eager, extended fingers. Without another word the boy ran out of the kitchen. His hurried steps could be heard ascending the narrow stairway to the floor above.

The sun had burst through the wind-harried western clouds; it shone in at the window, tracing lines of straight shadows over the worn oil-cloth on the floor. One printed sheet had fallen there. The man picked it up and walked slowly to the window. Outside, the raindrops falling from the eaves beat a tattoo on the veranda roof, and the branches and tops of the trees, just tipped with little budding leaves, were swaying in the strong, south-east wind.

Suddenly there was a shower of large white flakes from overhead. Some whirled high into the air, sinking and lifting erratically; others, striking the ground, rolled over and over. They swirled and floated away toward the square of houses that bordered the little open space across which the man was looking. A few caught on the tree branches, were held there a moment, then they, too, fluttered on in their journey. Spreading the sheet he held out on the window-sill, the man read it over to himself.

"CITIZENS of BLACK ANGEL,—I, Hardee Gordon, Sheriff of this county, and sworn as such to do my duty and to carry out the laws of the State of Mississippi, do hereby declare that I decline giving over the person of any prisoner committed to my charge. I have been warned of the intentions of the misguided and lawless element of this town that they intend to take by force a colored man named Henry Hampton, and now Take Warning that said Prisoner shall, as my sworn duty is, be protected so far as in me lies the power."

"In support of the laws of Mississippi—"

That was all. It was a mixture of legal form and phraseology, perhaps, but even a casual glance at the strange handbill distributed by the wind would have caused friendly or unfriendly eyes to read and understand it. Determination, absolute, unswerving decision, was there as if writ in red ink between the printed lines.

The sheriff folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket. The words were already graven on his heart and mind, but maybe before the sun rose on another day they would be found on his dead body, and then they'd know that Hardee Gordon, who never betrayed a trust, had kept the last imposed on him. His own father—whom he just remembered—had fallen under the wheels of his gun as the victorious blue-clad troops poured over the crest of Missionary Ridge. He would die as that father had died, firing his last shot. But the boy—his son—would the drunken mob, in their blood-thirsting frenzy, when they came, spare him? Would he, also, have to pay the forfeit? The only one in all that town that he could call upon—his only son!

The sheriff's glance swept the kitchen. The line of shadows behind the iron bars was growing indistinct. The light was dimming as the sun sank, yet everything stood out unusually clear. A little, cheap doll, sitting in a kitchen chair, gazed at him with wide, blue eyes inquiringly, and from the baby carriage in the corner back of the kitchen range trailed a woolen afghan knitted by mother hands. His wife—his two little girls! The sheriff drew a long, quivering breath. Could he do it? Could he make them fatherless and brotherless for the sake of his own pride?

His mind flew back over the crowded moments of the last four hours—how he had smuggled the cringing, gray-faced negro by stealth across the creek and into the jail; how he had sent word to his wife that he and Randolph would join her and the little ones at Uncle Jerre Donaldson's at supper-time. They always supped there on this day of all the year—their wedding-day.

But Black Angel had found out—some one had betrayed him. The parties scouring the woods and swamps, searching each negro cabin for miles, had been informed. They knew he had the man at whom suspicion pointed. At seven o'clock they were coming to get him. And he would not give him up!

Twice had Hardee Gordon seen bullet-riddled shapes hanging from the live-oak limbs, and once a pile of oil-soaked embers at the base of a tree around which loosely hung ox chains and something else from which he had turned his head. But now, if such things occurred again, he, Hardee Gordon, was the one who would be responsible. The voters knew how he stood on questions such as this, and yet they had elected him.

A step sounded out in the hallway. Hurriedly the sheriff crossed the room and threw the door wide open. The hall was floored with brick, and beyond it was another door. He opened that also. A corridor stretched before him, leading to some wooden steps; on each side were the cells, the barred doors running from floor to ceiling. Three were open; two were closed.

The sheriff paused there and called aloud: "Randolph? Where are you? Randolph!" Once more he hailed and waited.

There was no reply. Then suddenly a voice spoke close to him. Two black hands grasped the shining iron rods; the whites of the frightened eyes looked through the aperture:

"'Fore de Lawd, Mistah Gordon, it's jist as I tole yuh! I was nevah thar, suh! I didn't set fire to no house; it was jist as I tole yuh. I nevah had no

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In WHITE TOWN CARS the advantages of the WHITE electrical starting and lighting system, together with the logical left-side drive--an exclusive WHITE combination--is more apparent than ever before. ¶ To the woman who drives, the COUPÉ offers the simple control and safety of the electric, coupled with the flexible speed

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words with Mistah Millidge in mah life. I nevah toted no gun. I didn't go to work thar yesterday. . . . 'Fore Gawd, I doan know who done it! Yuh know me—yo fatheh owned mah fatheh an' motheh—I 'ain't no murderin' niggah."

The sheriff turned on him angrily. "Hush your noise," he said. "I told you I'd protect you."

Again he raised his voice. "Randolph!" he called. There was a note of fear in the tones this time, yet instantly he drew a long breath of relief.

But there came an answer now, from the kitchen behind him:

"Dad! dad! I found it. . . . Come on in here."

The sheriff gave a great gulp of joy. The blood that ran in his boy's veins was the same that had run in the veins of the old Mississippian who had died behind the cotton-bales at New Orleans when the red-coats came swinging through the marshes; the same that flowed from the torn breast of the one who had fired the last gun on Missionary Ridge—the old Gordon blood! How could he ever have doubted?

It was dim in the kitchen when he entered; the sun had gone down to a last spreading streak of red. The

"Perhaps they won't come at all, dad, after readin' the notice," said the boy in a tone of hope, "and by twelve o'clock the troops will be here."

"God grant so, son."

As he spoke the sheriff again stepped heavily over to the window that looked toward the town. The other side of the compact brick building was guarded by the waters of the creek, now at spring flood. The window was open. From the direction of the houses, in only a few of which glimmered any lights, there came the sound of voices, swelling, murmuring, and now and then a wild halloo, a shout.

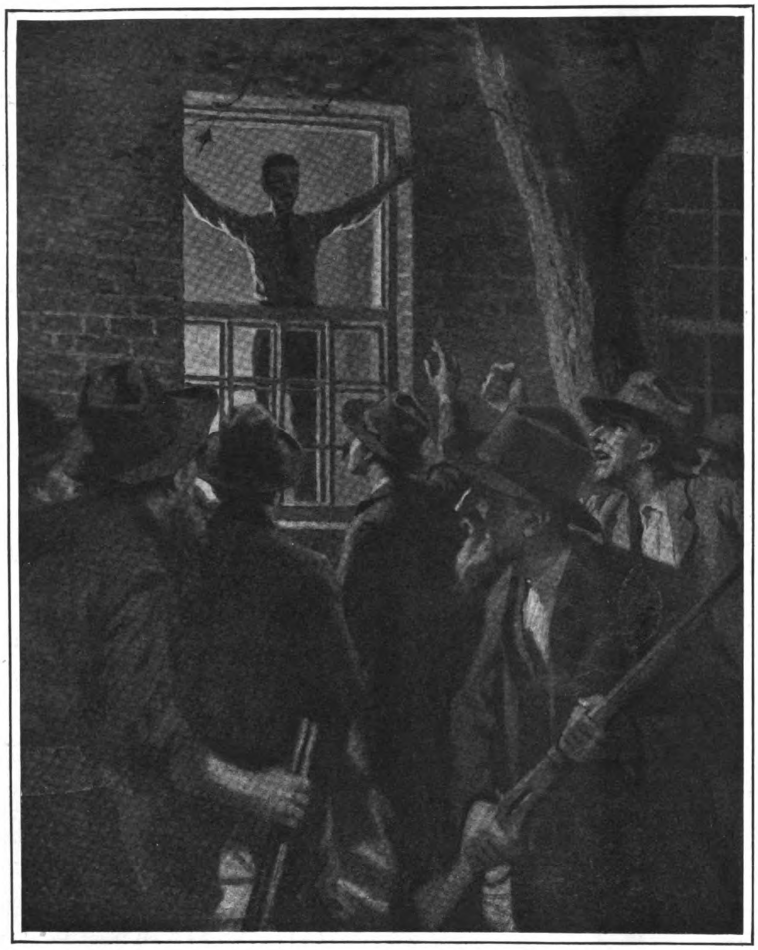
As if there was some one in the room who might overhear, the guardian of his oath spoke in a short, hushed undertone:

"They're comin', boy! Where are the rifles?"

He felt along the wall, sending a pile of fatwood on the box behind the range clattering to the floor. "I left 'em here in the corner. What did you do with 'em?"

"I put 'em out here in front. We'll have to close the iron door between here and the cells."

It was the new deputy speaking now; his voice was



"Won't one life do? Take mine!"

boy stood there in the middle of the room with a hand extended.

"I found it, dad," he repeated; "here it is."

"What were you looking for, son?" The sheriff's voice was choked.

"It's mother's Bible. Here! Take it. . . . Swear me in!"

There the blood spoke! It was a boy no longer who confronted him; it was a man of heart and inches, eager to do and serve and die, if so fate willed it. The sheriff paused. The father in him made him raise his arms as if longingly, eagerly, weakly, he was about to sweep the son he loved close to his bosom. His lips yearned to press a kiss on that fair, broad brow, under the curling girlish hair.

"I'm ready, sir!" The words were spoken impersonally, as a soldier might ask for orders from his officer.

"In support of the laws of Mississippi and the trust in me imposed, I do hereby—" Almost in whispers the ceremony went through.

The boy bowed his head and kissed the book.

The red streak in the west had faded to a pale mauve light. The wind that had rustled the branches of the Chinaberry-tree in the jail-yard had gone down to a faint breath of air. In the gathering darkness the two stood waiting. The strident-voiced clock on the kitchen mantel whirred and struck the hour of seven, hurriedly, as if eager to dispel suspense.

firm and strong. Of the two he seemed the cooler, the more self-contained. In the darkness they stumbled against each other. The boy grasped his father by the arm.

"Come in here, dad," he implored. "What are you going to do when they get here?"

"I'm goin' to speak to 'em. There'll be some there who'll listen. I'm goin' to talk to 'em through the window."

"No, no; don't do it, dad; there're men who hate you in that crowd; there're cowards there who've been afraid of you all their lives. They're no 'count trash—they'd shoot you in the dark. Don't show yourself. Come in here and get a rifle," implored the boy. "Talk to 'em from the grating near the iron door. The Holly boys have just been waitin' for a chance like this—you once sent one of 'em to jail! Tell 'em that we'll fight but we won't give in. That's the only talk they'll listen to."

He led the way into the brick-paved corridor, his footsteps echoing on ahead. With a half-groan his father followed him.

The negro in the cell was huddled in the corner moaning incoherently. He could hear the rumbling of the approaching voices; he knew what it meant. What black man of his class did not? Prejudged, convicted, the frightful end—he saw it all.

"Where are the rifles, Randy—where are they, son?"

"In the left-hand cell, dad, up against the wall—three and the shot-gun—loaded; I got the extra shells here."

His father stepped past him and felt along the iron side as he had felt along the kitchen wall. His outstretched hands touched nothing. Maybe it was the other corner. He swung about to feel, and as he did so there came the click of a bolt and lock. The cell door was closed on him!

In an instant he saw it—tricked! Tricked by the son he loved. Betrayed by the very one who but a few moments since had sworn to uphold him. Rage, impotent rage, stirred within him. He clasped the bars in the darkness and shook them with all his strength and called aloud. He ordered, he commanded, he implored. But there was no reply. With a groan and a stopping of the heart he heard the crash of the iron door that cut off the living quarters from the jail itself.

He drew himself up to the grating that let in the outer air, and by sheer strength of arm and shoulder raised his head until he could look outside.

All was silence at first. But now he thought he could detect the sound of moving feet on the soft, rain-soaked soil. Then came a smothered oath and a half-drunken laugh. What were they going to do? Of course they would not come with lights or torches. No mob did that except when they expected a welcome more cordial than the one that he had promised.

All at once a light spread out from somewhere. It fell on the ground in a rectangular patch of yellow. Faces and figures and gleams of shining metal moved away from it. What was the cause of this strange thing? Almost weak from the strain of holding himself up to the grating, the sheriff dropped back with the sudden, awful revelation of what it meant—the boy had lit the kitchen lamp!

From the next cell the negro's voice had changed to lamentations of self-pity, babbling, imploring tones, beseeching mercy. The sheriff cursed him into silence; there were voices speaking outside now. Once more he hauled himself up to the little grating; the light shone out more plainly.

But what was that? Against the yellow patch was the outline of a figure standing with arms outstretched like the shadow of a crucifix in a great church window.

"Put down that rifle; don't you see it 'ain't him," spoke a hoarse voice from the garden trees.

"Listen; he's speaking," said another. "By God! it's the sheriff's boy!"

For the first time in his life there came a wild desire to Hardee Gordon's mind to scream aloud as he had screamed when a child in the feverish clutch of some bad dream. It almost overmastered him.

But another voice came now—his son's. Calmly the youthful tones rang out, almost with the penetrating, far-carrying quality of an alto singing in the recitative of an anthem.

"You've come to kill, I know. Won't one life do? Take mine!"

Standing on the window-sill in full sight, the boy's slender figure swayed slightly and stood firm again. There were many murmurs, the jar of mingled voices—harsh, grating, menacing—and then one spoke above the others:

"Where's your father? Where's he gone?"

"We want that nigger," was called in maudlin tones from the outskirts of the crowd. There followed the sound of a scuffle and a low-spoken sentence prefaced by an oath. "If you lift that gun again I'll kill you."

"Take it away from him," said some one.

Once more a hush and the same question asked:

"Where's your father, boy; did he send you?"

"No, but I am his deputy. I am here of my own accord. I—I locked him in a cell; he cannot come."

More murmurings. One or two figures crossed the spot of light, to disappear like phantoms in a transformation scene.

The sheriff was on the floor of the cell, his face hidden in the hollow of his arm. Would he have to hear it? Were they aiming? If it sounded, he knew his mind would go. He heard his own voice in inarticulate, ejaculatory prayer. All his soul poured forth as he knelt there, his face and hands wet with the downpour of his tears—his body quivering in anguish—shivering in the rigor of dread and horror.

Silence! Dead silence outside! Then a few shouts rose in the distance from the direction of the houses. The sheriff lifted himself once more to the little window grating. The patch of light was there, but it was vacant, except for the sharp-drawn shadows of the window grille. The ghostly moving shapes had gone.

From afar off shrilled the tooting of an engine whistle, one long-drawn shriek and two staccato ones, hailing the crossing below the bridge. The seconds dragged into minutes that seemed hours. What was that? There came a tapping; was it the rain on the veranda roof? No, it was growing nearer, nearer—drums! Yes, drums! The troops—the troops were coming! The tramp of cadenced feet now could be heard crossing the gravel walk; the ring of rifle-butts on the ground; more voices, and the hurried grating of a key opening the iron door.

A flood of light burst from the kitchen. It gleamed on the brass buttons of men in uniform, and on the hilt of an officer's sword. It shone on the white eyeballs of the negro clinging to the bars of his cell. It shone on the sheriff's white, tear-stained face, and fell on the curly head of his deputy, who stood there close beside him.

"Don't seem to be any trouble here, sergeant," said the officer, turning to a soldier with chevrons on his sleeves.

Then his eyes took in the two figures before him; he gave a short, chuckling laugh:

"Well, sheriff," he bantered, "where's that mob of yours?"

Hardee Gordon stepped out with head erect. There came a whisper at his shoulder.

"Oh, dad, don't tell on me—don't tell!"

With slow voice and still slower glance the sheriff turned to the line of faces.

"I'm glad to see you all," he said. "I reckon I must 'a'—must 'a' lost my nerve, jess for a while."

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Shakespeare's Gloves

By Warwick James Price

In an unpretentious glass case that stands in one of the sunny bays of the long library of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, in his home at Wallingford, Pennsylvania, rests the rarest personal relic of William Shakespeare in all America—the gloves of the poet, the coverings of the hands that grasped Ben Jonson's.

Dr. Furness holds documents that prove their authenticity. On the closing day of May, 1769, David Garrick received from the old actor, John Ward, a letter dated from Leominster, reading as follows:

"Dear Sir,—On reading the newspapers I find you are preparing a grand jubilee to be kept at Stratford-upon-Avon to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare. I have sent you a pair of gloves which have often covered his hands; they were made me a present by a descendant of the family when myself and company went over there from Warwick, in the year 1746, to perform the play of 'Othello' as a benefit for repairing his monument in the

The Poet's gloves, in the possession of Dr. Furness

great church, which we did gratis, the whole of the receipts being expended on that alone.

"The person who gave them to me, William Shakespeare by name, told me his father had often declared to him that they were the identical gloves of the Great Poet; and when he delivered them to me said: 'Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relation. My father possessed and sold the estates he left behind him, and these are all the recompense I can make you for this night's performance.'

"The donor was a glazier by trade, very old, and, to the best of my memory, lived in the street leading from the town hall down to the river. On my coming to play in Stratford, about three years after, he was dead. The father of him and our Poet were brothers' children.

"The veneration I bear to the memory of our great Author and Player makes me wish to have these relics preserved to his immortal memory; and I am led to think I cannot better deposit them for that purpose in the hand of any person so proper as our modern Roscius.

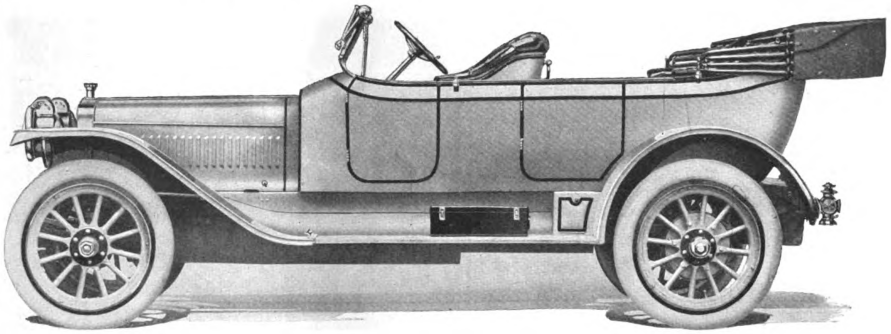
"I am, sir, your most ob'd't humble servant, John Ward."

On the death of Garrick the gloves passed to his widow, and upon her decease in 1822 were left to Mrs. Siddons. Cecilia Siddons, then Mrs. George Combe, their next possessor, gave them to Fanny Kemble, from whom they came to the present owner. The letter which accompanied them runs:

"My dear Horace *(in spite of your literary labors and honors, you must be such to me)*,—The worship of relics is not the most exalted form of human devotion, but 'the meanest garment that ever has but slipped' upon one we love and revere becomes in some measure dear and venerable to us for his sake, and so we may be permitted to keep Shakespeare's gloves with affectionate regard. You will value them for their own sake and, perhaps, a little for that of your old friend.

"F. A. Kemble."

Thus runs the pedigree, authentic and direct. The gauntlets were undoubtedly owned and worn by the poet. The gold stitching of the embroidery on the deep cuffs, wrought out in buff and red, though now frayed with the passage of years, is faded sadly—and yet none the less eloquent comes back its silent voice telling of the glories of the Mermaid Club, of Beaumont's large potations of canary, of Fletcher's mishap in the purlieus of Bartholomew Fair, and of Drayton's persuading Shakespeare to go with him into the rookeries of Alsatia and Bermuda.



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Read the remarkable suggestion and prophecy written by the Editor in the September number of

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Interludes

OUR PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

(Specially Prepared for Children of All Ages. By Professor Wilberforce Jenkins.)

HIDDEN CITIES

"WAS your jersey city-made, or did you knit it yourself?" asked the visitor.

The river held no little necks, but in the brook Lynnhavens were as thick as sardines.

She loved Louis, villain though he was.

After the rebuff a low murmur went through the crowd.

"No," she answered, quickly. "Par is not at home."

"Is this Petersburg?" she asked. "No," replied the brakeman. "This ain't Petersburg. This is Ahosky."

"On! On!" cried the captain. "Sorry, Cap," said the wounded soldier, "but I can't on."

"And what is that?" asked Methuselah, pointing to the strange craft. "That," said Noah, proudly, "is my new ark." "N. J.?" grinned Methuselah. "No, B. C.," replied Noah.

"About when can I hope to get my laundry?" asked the young man. "You will get your washing to-night," replied the clerk.

"Well, well, well—is this Ann?" Francisco asked, as the girl entered the room.

The girls greeted him rather diffidently as they disembarked. "A rather shy cargo," said he to the captain.

The tramp had told his sad story. "Poor man! There! Drink your fill," Adelphia said, as she handed him the nozzle end of the garden-hose.

"Is my wife in there?" asked Dobson, anxiously, as he arrived at the sewing-circle. "I don't know," replied the attendant. "You might peek in and see for yourself."

"It is all right to tell us when a trouble comes to laugh it off," said Dobson at the close of the lecture on Good Cheer, "but a man can't sing a porous plaster off his back."

"It will take me three hours to lay this carpet, John," said Winifred. "All right, Winnie, peg away," replied her husband, returning to his newspaper.

Professor Jenkins announces that he will award a prize of a half-interest in an 1898 model electric runabout to the first reader who sends in an absolutely correct answer to all the above puzzles on the day after his election to the Vice-Presidency of the United States on the Prohibition ticket.

A PLEASANT FEELING

"I SEE you've taken out a license for a motor-car, Bill," said Jimpson. "I didn't know you had a car."

"I haven't," said Bildad.

"Then what the dickens has induced you to take out a license?" demanded Jimpson.

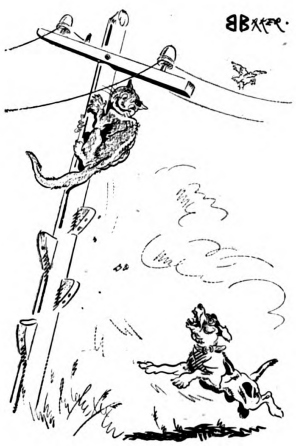
"Oh, it's sort of pleasant to feel that I can have one if I want to," said Bildad.

A PATHETIC APPEAL

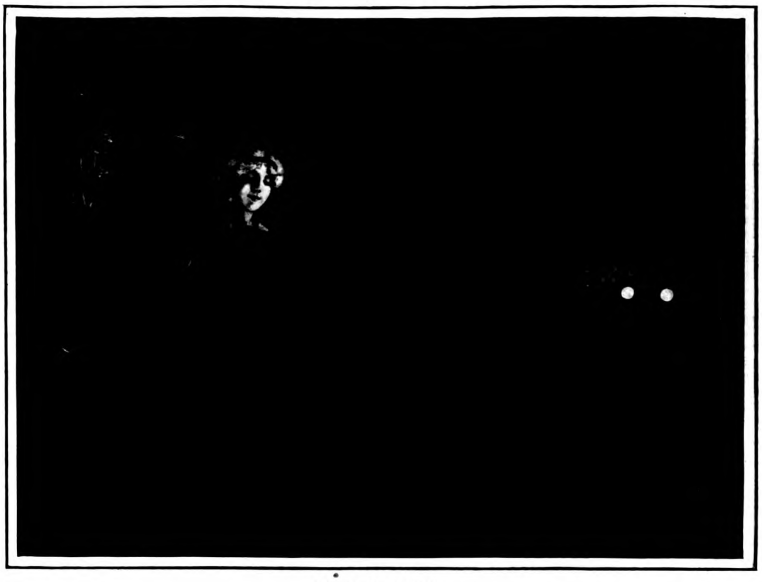
"EXCUSE me," said the little lady, as she timidly approached the village dentist, "but aren't you the dentist?"

"Yes, madam," replied the dentist. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why, yes," she said, hesitatingly. "You see, doctor, the—the blacksmith is down with the measles and I wondered if—I wondered if you would be good enough to put a new set of teeth into this rake of mine?"



A DASH FOR THE POLE



/FROM A NOVEL

"AS HE TOLD HER THE STORY OF HIS LOVE, HER COUNTENANCE WAS SUDDENLY LIT UP WITH A STRANGE RADIANCE THAT HE HAD NEVER NOTICED THERE BEFORE."

REFUTING A CHARGE

"THE trouble with motoring," said the intellectual Miss Gaunt, "is that it is such a superficial sort of sport."

"Oh, my dear Miss Gaunt," returned Willoughby, "you wouldn't say that if you had ever motored on a Maine road in early spring. It is more than hub-deep most of the time."

SHAMEFUL

"THAT fellow Wiggins makes me dead tired," said Snobleigh. "He's all the time trying to pass himself off for a gentleman."

"Why—in what way?" asked Hickenlooper.

"Oh, by behaving like one, mostly," said Snobleigh.

COULDN'T BE REAL

"I SAY, Bildad," said Hicks, "can you change a twenty-dollar bill for me?"

"Great Scott, Hicksy," said Bildad. "Is there another counterfeit in circulation?"

NOT RECOVERED

"AH, Jimpson—are you going to do Europe this year?" asked Walloper.

"No," said Jimpson. "Europe did me last year, and I'm done."

MOTOR-GOOSE'S MELODIES

I HAD a little motor gay no bigger than my thumb.
I took it out upon the way and there I bade it hum.
It lammed me
And slammed me,
It raised a heap of dust,
And when it flew
Up in the blue
Its tank and tires bust!

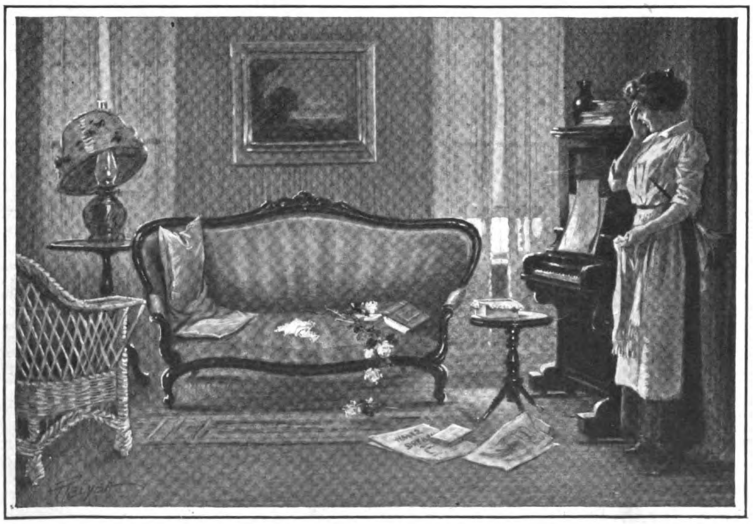
If I had a motor that wouldn't go
Do you think I'd wallop it? Oh, no, no!
I'd varnish it, and paint it in a nice fresh green,
And sell it to a farmer for a sowin'-machine!

Niddle Noddle
Bought a model
Made in nineteen-seven.
Went a mile
In bully style,
Landing him in heaven!

There was a man in our town
Who was so wondrous gay
He jumped into the chauffeur's seat
And speeded up the way;
And when he saw his motor go
Zigzagging everywhere,
Instead of jumping in the road
He jumped up in the air.

He knew the road was very hard,
He knew the air was soft,
And so he kept a-jumping up
To regions high aloft;
And if he had not changed his mind
And ta'en an earthward trek
He would have saved himself the bump
That broke his little neck!

Silly little Billy Nid
On his motor took a skid.
Skidded o'er the river-bank
Sitting on his naphtha tank;
Tank exploded with a roar
Blowing little Nid ashore,
And his weeping parents say,
"He warn't drownded, anyway!"



MONDAY MORNING

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Cadillac 1913

Any car at any price which you choose to compare with this new Cadillac will be honored by the comparison

Long stroke engine. More power. Silent chain-driven camshaft; enclosed valves; quiet engine. Longer wheel base; larger tires; Electrical system of automatic cranking, lighting and ignition simplified and improved; automatic spark control. Numerous refinements of essential details

You will bear witness that the Cadillac case has never been overstated.

Hold to that thought, please, in considering what we shall say of this new car.

Cadillac practice has progressively improved upon itself season after season.

It has now reached a point which, we believe, warrants us in thinking that comparison of the choicest cars with the Cadillac will hereafter confer a distinction upon those cars, rather than otherwise.

For several years we have calmly observed the rapid rise of the Cadillac in public opinion.

Each year we have seen the little group of its equals in popular esteem narrowed down.

Each year we have seen a higher and higher price named as the basis of comparison with the Cadillac.

And we believe that basis of price comparison is about to vanish altogether.

We believe that the last mental reservation is about to remove itself from the public mind.

We ourselves have felt serenely sure for a long time that in point of real and substantial value the line of demarcation between cars of highest price and the Cadillac was an imaginary line.

We have felt that it was written in water, like the international boundary lines in the ocean—and we feel that this new Cadillac will complete the process of so convincing the public.

The advent of such a car at the Cadillac price is, of course, a matter of genuine moment; and you will be interested, therefore, in this news concerning it.

A few of the improvements in the 1913 Cadillac

LONG STROKE ENGINE:—4½″ bore by 5¾″ stroke, increasing the power of the always extraordinarily efficient Cadillac engine. This amplification of power is especially observable at speeds from 12 to 35 miles an hour, dynamometer tests registering an increase of from 18 to 25 per cent.

SILENT CHAIN-DRIVEN cam shaft, also pump and generator shaft, replacing meshed gears, in conjunction with:

ENCLOSED VALVES, and the superb workmanship throughout in which the Cadillac has always excelled, producing an engine which runs with unusual quietness.

CARBURETOR:—A carburetor of marked efficiency and simplicity has been further simplified, now requiring but a single means of adjustment, removing from it to the greatest possible degree, the necessity of attention.

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC CRANKING DEVICE, ELECTRIC LIGHTS, IGNITION:—A vastly simplified and improved Delco system developed at the instigation of the Cadillac Company for Cadillac cars, the result of experience with the old system on twelve thousand 1912 models.

While the old system demonstrated itself to be by far the most efficient for its purposes that had ever been developed, the Cadillac Company has evolved means of increasing that efficiency to as near the 100 per cent point as any mechanical appliance could be. Among the simplifications are, the successful adoption of the single instead of double voltage system, thereby eliminating the controlling switch, the meter, much wiring and other parts. The meter is replaced by a voltage regulator which automatically governs the charging rate of the battery, reducing to an absolute minimum the attention required on the part of the user. The switches for starting, lighting and ignition, the latter equipped with Yale lock, are more conveniently located. Lights are provided with fuses. These and other advantages will be enjoyed by users of the 1913 Cadillac.

AUTOMATIC SPARK CONTROL:—Relieving the driver of the necessity of constant attention in order to secure the maximum results.

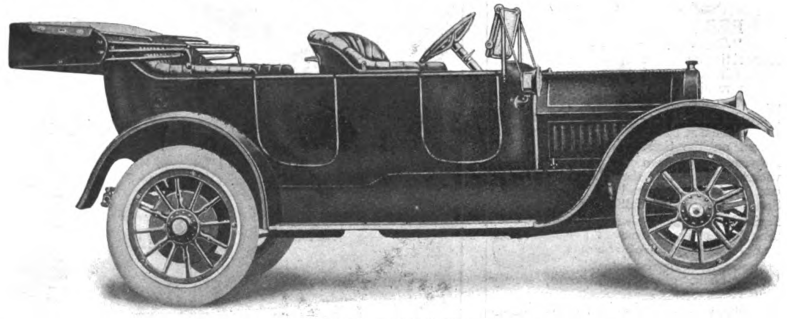
LONGER WHEEL BASE:—The easy riding qualities of a car which has been regarded as the acme of luxury are accentuated by an increase in the length of the wheel base from 116 to 120 inches, and a corresponding increase in the length of rear springs.

TIRES:—Increased from 36″ x 4″ to 36″ x 4½″, with the obvious advantages resulting therefrom. Demountable rims.

EQUIPMENT:—Cadillac top and wind shield included. See specifications.

SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF.

ENGINE—Long stroke, 4½-inch bore by 5¾-inch stroke; four-cylinder, silent chain-driven cam shaft also pump and generator shaft, enclosed valves. Five-bearing crankshaft. **HORSE-POWER**—40-50. **COOLING**—Water, copper jacketed cylinders. Centrifugal pump; radiator tubular and plate type. **IGNITION**—See "Equipment." **LUBRICATION**—Automatic splash system, oil uniformly distributed. **CARBURETOR**—Special Cadillac design of maximum efficiency, water jacketed. Air adjustable from driver's seat. **CLUTCH**—Cone type, large, leather faced with special spring ring in fly wheel. **TRANSMISSION**—Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse. Chrome nickel steel gears, running on five Hess-Bright ball bearings; bearings oil tight. **CONTROL**—Hand gear-change lever and emergency brake lever at driver's right, inside the car. Service brake, foot lever. Clutch, foot lever. Throttle accelerator, foot lever. Spark and throttle levers at steering wheel. Carburetor air adjustment, hand lever under steering wheel. **DRIVE**—Direct shaft to bevel gears of special cut teeth to afford maximum strength. Drive shaft runs on Timken bearing. **AXLES**—Rear, Timken full floating type; special alloy steel live axle shaft; Timken roller bearing. Front axle, drop forged I beam section with drop forged yokes, spring perches, tie rod ends and roller bearing steering spindles. Front wheels fitted with Timken bearings. **BRAKES**—One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, 17-inch by 2½-inch drums. Exceptionally easy in operation. Both equipped with equalizers. **STEERING GEAR**—Cadillac patented worm and worm gear, sector type, adjustable. 18-inch steering wheel with walnut rim; aluminum spider. **WHEEL BASE**—120 inches. **TIRES**—36-inch by 4½-inch Hartford or Morgan & Wright; demountable rims. **SPRINGS**—Front, semi-elliptical. Rear, three-quarter platform. **FINISH**—Cadillac blue throughout, including wheels; light striping, nickel trimmings. **STANDARD EQUIPMENT**—Cadillac mohair top, wind shield, Delco patented electrical system embodying automatic cranking device, electric lights and ignition. Automatic spark advance. Also Delco distributor ignition system. Gray & Davis lamps especially designed for Cadillac cars, black enamel with nickel trimmings; two headlights; two side lights, tail light. Hans gasoline gauge on dash; horn; full foot rail in tonneau; robe rail; tire irons; set of tools, including pump and tire repair kit; cocoa mat in all tonneaux except closed cars. Speedometer, Warner, with electric light.



STYLES AND PRICES

Standard Touring Car, five passenger	**$1975.00**		
Six passenger car	**$2075.00**	**Roadster, two passenger**	**$1975.00**
Phaeton, four passenger	**1975.00**	**Coupe, four passenger**	**2500.00**
Torpedo, four passenger	**1975.00**	**Limousine, seven passenger**	**3250.00**

All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including standard equipment

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., -:- -:- Detroit, Mich.

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Coming Home, Etc.

PROBABLY the reason every one so enjoys coming home is because home is the only place which is the least tactful about receiving one. It has an air of helpless emptiness, an appearance of saying, "I know I'm in rather a pickle, but that's what happens when you go off and leave me." And, of course, the thing we each of us love best is the thing that gets into a pickle the moment we leave it. As proof positive think of the attachment different people have for a business or a husband or various other employments. We make a tremendous clatter about not being able to get away, but the sense that it would be calamitous if we did go is the thing that keeps us cheerful. Some women never dare leave their homes for fear of the revelation that it could get on without them.

If we leave a city and return to it joyously we are reduced to tearful depression, for it has all the marks of rather having improved during our absence. Buildings have certainly grown more rapidly than they used to in our day. Friends are notoriously treacherous if left for a minute. They build new houses, acquire new intimates, collect interesting experiences, and all at a rate of speed that seems mere unkindness to those absent. Hotels and points of pilgrimage give one the sense of being an insignificant link in an endless chain forever pulled along. One but replaces the link ahead and is replaced by the link behind. Chambermaids bring in clean linen for other people, just as porters carry out your trunks, and you have almost the feeling of being ejected. But home—it is so different.

When you leave you tell every one everything he is to do during your entire absence, so that what you take away with you is the pleasant belief that every one would have behaved like a dunce if you had not expressly commanded him to be very intelligent and do precisely what he always has done. Then all the time you are away you write to ask if anything dreadful has happened yet and you are told that nothing has. Naturally you put this down to the good order in which you left things. They write that it is dull at home and you see the entire place lying bound in a sleep of numbness, which serves as the perfect background for your own lively times. Then you return and as you approach the house you see that the drawing-room blinds are quite uneven. That is much more soothing a reception than a triumphal arch, for you can at once put it right, which installs you in your old place and bucks you up tremendously. Next you go to your own room and all the furnishings are out of place if only by half an inch. The room has a desolate air of not being lived in and it is distressingly tidy. The closets look so empty with nothing in them except a dressing-gown so limp that it is obvious the heart has gone out of it, and coat-hangers jangling miserably together like family skeletons too discouraged to grow to decent dimensions. You discover dust where dust would never be if you had been at home and you go about gayly hugging the secret belief that disintegration would have set in if you had stayed away another day.

It is doubtful if women should be respected when one remembers the length of time for which they have uncomplainingly kept house. They should either have laid down conditions under which they would do it or there should have been a tremendous revolt long ago. That there never has been one and, worse, that they each above all else crave a house to keep makes one wonder if there is not something innately servile in the feminine character. The life of a housekeeper is not a life at all. It is a maelstrom of petty charges, always with the point of view on the part of the accusing party that the offense is criminal. The feminine head of the house is a sort of absorbent well into which suggestions, questions, and complaints are thrown. People go calling through the house—always an objectionable thing to do—for the sole purpose of disturbing the housekeeper with the exclamation, "My pleated shirts have not come home from the laundry!"

The housekeeper very nicely says, "Dear, dear, what a pity!"

The other person says, "Yes, but I wanted my pleated shirts."

"I'm so sorry," says the housekeeper.

"Can't you do something about it?" says the other person.

"I might telephone and get them to bring them to-morrow," says the housekeeper.

"But I want them now," says the other person, bristling with irritation. "You might at least go and give them the very deuce of a rowing."

So the housekeeper stops whatever she was doing to go and give them a rowing.

That is only one of the things that happen to housekeepers. At dinner a voice says, "The cream is sour!" Another voice echoes it and a third voice says, "It's abominable!" Then every one looks accusingly at the housekeeper. She remarks that there was thunder about five, but takes the whole responsibility for it on her own shoulders and apologizes right and left for having done it. The cream was just as sour for her as it was for any one else, but that does not matter. She is the housekeeper. Such a life cannot be good for the character. It leads to duplicity, guile, constant apologies (always undermining to the soul), and sometimes it leads to lying.

A housekeeper, if she is to live to any age at all, must protect herself somehow, and if she does not relieve congestion by nagging she protects herself by most insidious conduct. She is not to be blamed—any one with a spark of spirit would lie. Families always attribute all their ills to the food, and it is very hard to have other people's indigestion blamed on one. If at such moments she says it is something she never ordered and a wild play on the part of the grocer it is not to be wondered at. There is something provocative about the appearance of a housekeeper. The moment she enters a room some one says, "Isn't dinner ready?" They know dinner never is ready twenty minutes before the appointed time, but they think that is the proper way to talk to a housekeeper. That is just the kind of person families are made up of and housekeepers should have mastered long ago.

THIRTEEN YEARS

Unlucky Number for Dakota Woman.

The question whether the number "13" is really more unlucky than any other number has never been entirely settled.

A So. Dak. woman, after thirteen years of misery from drinking coffee, found a way to break the "unlucky spell." Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the drug in coffee. She writes:

"For thirteen years I have been a nervous wreck from drinking coffee. My liver, stomach, heart—in fact, my whole system being actually poisoned by it.

"Last year I was confined to my bed for six months. Finally it dawned on me that coffee caused the trouble. Then I began using Postum instead of coffee, but with little faith, as my mind was in such a condition that I hardly knew what to do next.

"Extreme nervousness and failing eyesight caused me to lose all courage. In about two weeks after I quit coffee and began to use Postum, I was able to read and my head felt clear. I am improving all the time and I will be a strong, well woman yet.

"I have fooled more than one person with a delicious cup of Postum. Mrs. S. wanted to know where I bought my fine coffee. I told her my grocer had it and when she found out it was Postum she has used it ever since, and her nerves are building up fine.

"My brain is strong, my nerves steady, my appetite good, and best of all, I enjoy such sound, pleasant sleep." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the little book in pkg., "The Road to Wellville." "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

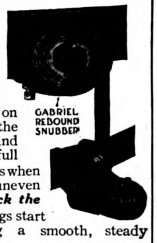
Stop Jolting Your Car

to the junk pile! Add years to its life and comfort to its occupants by equipping with

GABRIEL

REBOUND SNUBBERS

"Stop the jar—Save the Car"



Easy riding on ***rough*** roads without loss of spring resiliency on ***smooth*** roads.

No noise and no rattle. No extra strain placed on the tires. Anyone can put them on without disfiguring the car. Gabriel Rebound Snubbers allow the full flexibility of the springs when the wheels strike an uneven road; but they ***check the rebound,*** as the springs start to fly back, giving a smooth, steady upward movement.

No jolts to the mechanism, no tossing-up or discomfort to the passengers.

Send for Booklet—It Explains

how you can cut down repair expense and add many thousands of miles to the life of your car. Mention name and model. We sell direct where we have no dealer.

Dealers: Every motorist is a prospective buyer, whether he owns a Ford or a 6-cylinder limousine. Write for our proposition.

GABRIEL HORN MFG. CO., 1410 East 40th Street, CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Makers of the famous GABRIEL Musical Horns and auto accessories"

Hats from Shavings

MANY of the handsome summer hats worn by the ladies are made of shavings. It is said that the finest examples of this industry are the product of Japan, where these wooden ribbons appear in divers forms, certain of which possess almost the sheen and delicacy of satin, while others show a decided resemblance of soft and dainty crêpes.

It appears that only about fifteen per cent. of the chip is exported in the form of wooden ribbons, the remainder being worked into what is known to commerce as "chip braid." This is utilized in the same manner as straw braid—that is, for hats, baskets, and similar articles.

The exports from Japan in a single year have approximated a million dollars, the United States being a large buyer. The trade is steadily increasing, inasmuch as the industry is a comparatively new one. While willow is considerably used in Germany, the Japanese manufacturers employ European poplar, spruce, Chinese cypress, cherry, buckeye, paulonia, false hickory, and other kinds of wood. The chip is produced by planing with special tools, the shavings being about fifteen inches long and one and a half inches wide.

The product is very easily dyed, and it is of such thinness and flexibility that the daintiest effects in millinery goods can be obtained.

The "Angry Tree"

IN Idaho there exists a species of the acacia-tree which is entitled to be classed as one of the wonders of plant life. This tree attains a height of about eight feet. When full grown it closes its leaves together in coils each day at sunset and curls its twigs to the shape of pig-tails. When the tree has thus settled itself for its night's sleep, it is said that if touched it will flutter as if agitated or impatient at the disturbance. The oftener it is averred, the foliage is molested, the more violent will become the shaking of the branches. Finally, it is further alleged, if the shaking be continued, the tree will at length emit a nauseating odor quite sufficient to induce a headache in the case of the person disturbing the tree.

In Idaho it is called the "angry tree," and it is said that it was discovered by men who, on making camp for the night, placed one end of a canvas covering over one of the sensitive bushes, using it for a support. Immediately the tree began to jerk its branches sharply. The motion continued, with increasing "nervousness," until at last came a sickening odor that drove the tired campers to a more friendly location.

Curiosity prompted an investigation. One of the "angry trees" was dug up and thrown to one side. Immediately upon being removed from the ground, it is said that the tree opened its leaves, its twigs lost their pig-tails, and for something over an hour and a half the outraged branches showed their indignation by a series of quakings, which grew weaker and weaker and ceased when the foliage had become limp and withered.

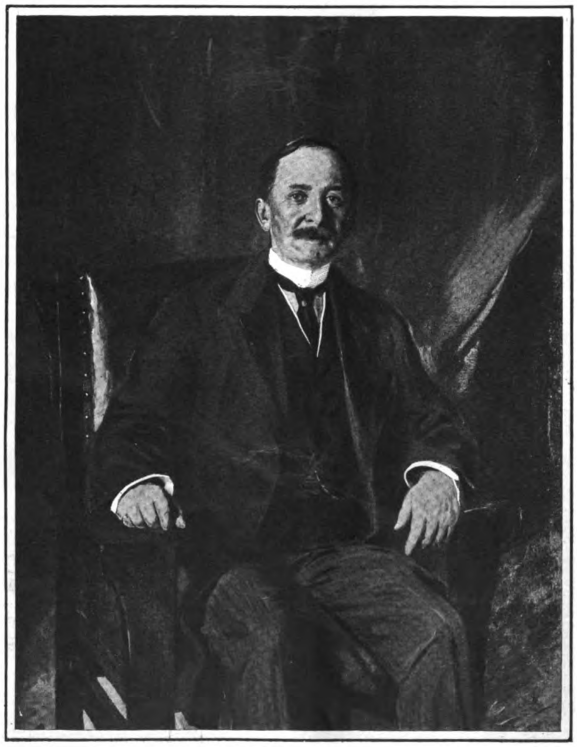
Lights That Never Go Out

IN the vault of the Fortress Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in St. Petersburg, the place of interment of the Tsars, two great candles are always kept burning, one at the head and the other at the foot of the casket of the Tsar last buried.

These candles, which are replaced immediately they are burned down, have been kept burning constantly since the burial of Alexander II. in 1881 at the head and foot of his tomb and were transferred in 1894 to the head and foot of the next Tsar to die. There they will remain until another Emperor dies and is buried.

A guard of officials in semi-military uniform is always on duty to keep the candles trimmed and alight, with strict orders never to let one go out.

The sacred fire of Beheran in a temple in the village of Oodwada, India, has been kept burning, it is stated, for twelve hundred years and is a Mecca for thousands of pilgrims every year. The tomb of Tippoo Sahib at Seringapatam is lit by a number of silver lamps which are kept always lit.



AUGUST BELMONT, AS SEEN BY A PRINCESS

PRINCESS LWOFF-PARLAGHY, THE PAINTER OF THE PICTURE HERE REPRODUCED, IS THE BEST-KNOWN COURT PAINTER OF TO-DAY AND HAS PORTRAYED MANY OF THE RULERS AND STATESMEN OF EUROPE. AMONG WELL-KNOWN AMERICANS WHO HAVE SAT TO HER ARE ANDREW CARNEGIE, JOSEPH H. CHOATE, SENATOR DEPEW, AMBASSADOR REID, AND AMBASSADOR HERRICK

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Overland 1913

$985

Completely Equipped

Overland 1913

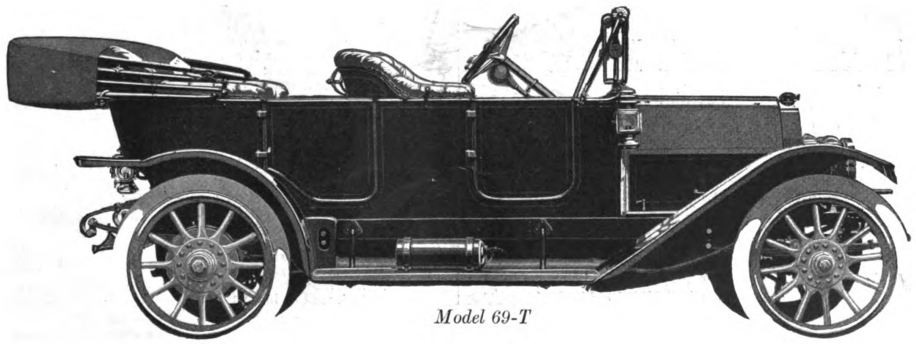
Some of the Big Features

Self Starter
30 Horsepower
5 Passenger Touring Car
110-inch Wheel Base
Timken Bearings
Center Control
$50 Remy Magneto
$50 Warner Speedometer
$50 Mohair Top and Boot
$25 Clear Vision Wind Shield
$25 Prestolite Tank

IN any other make this car, stripped of its complete equipment, would cost you $1200. A production of 40,000 automobiles a year makes this car at this price possible. It is the industry's record value. Study the specifications. Absorb the big facts and you'll realize the big value. See the Overland dealer in your city.

Let us send you one of our 1913 catalogues. Address Dept. E 29.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 69-T

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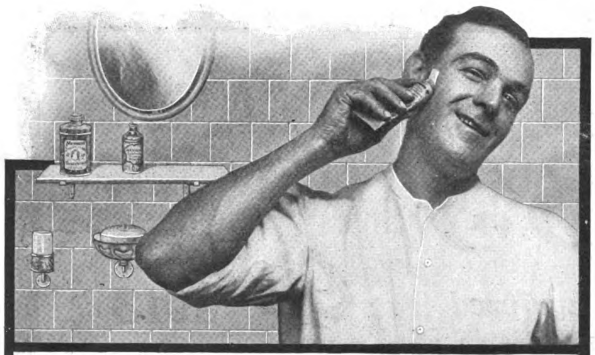


A Half Inch of Cream
A Few Movements of the Brush
A Perfect Lather

Mennen's Shaving Cream

"The Perfect Shaving Medium"

Applied directly on the face—lathers freely and instantly. **Contains no free caustic** and absolutely will not dry on nor smart the face—breaks down the beard without the usual "rubbing in"—extremely economical—100 shaves per tube—no waste—sanitary—antiseptic.

Mennen's Shaving Cream is not the hasty product of a day, but the result of three years' careful investigation and experimenting. The name Mennen is behind the cream.

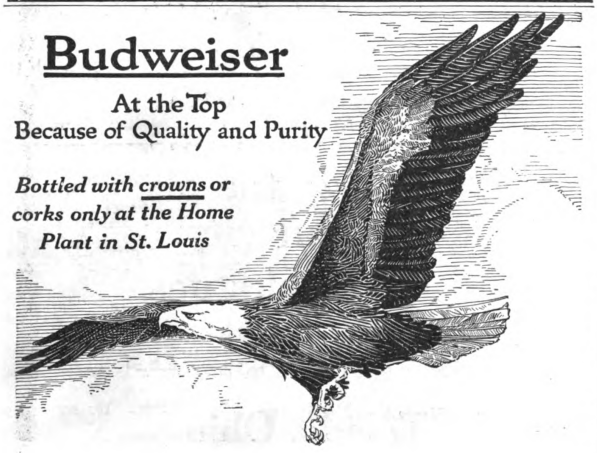
For Sale Everywhere, 25c.
Sample Tube Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

Budweiser

At the Top
Because of Quality and Purity

Bottled with crowns or corks only at the Home Plant in St. Louis



The Anheuser-Busch Brewery

Covers an area of 140 acres of ground, equal to 70 city blocks, upon which are located 110 individual buildings.

CAPACITY	
Brewing Capacity	2,500,000 barrels per year
Malting Capacity	2,000,000 bushels per year
Bottling Works	1,000,000 bottles daily
Grain Storage Elevators	1,750,000 bushels
Stockhouses (for lagering)	600,000 barrels
Steam Power Plant	12,000 horse power
Electric Power Plant	4,000 horse power
Refrigerator Plant	4,000 tons per day
Ice Plants	1,200 tons per day
Coal Used	325 tons per day

FREIGHT	
Inbound and outbound	50,000 cars per year

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES	
Refrigerator freight cars	1,500
Horses at home plant	143
Wagons at home plant	78
Auto Trucks at home plant	74
Horses at Branches	483
Wagons at Branches	430
Auto Trucks at Branches	47

EMPLOYES	
At St. Louis Plant	6,000 people
At 36 Branches	1,500 people

Total Sales, 1911—1,527,832 Barrels

Budweiser Bottled Beer Sales, 1911—173,184,600 Bottles

The Diamond Salesman

THE detectives in the employ of the Jewelers' Association have on their list two sets of names which by no stretch of the imagination could be classified as sharing any similarity of qualities. One is made up entirely of diamond thieves, big and little men in the profession, with minute descriptions of their faces and figures. The other list is composed of the names of drummers and travelling representatives of the big diamond and jewelry houses. The query naturally arises, why associate these two together, eminently honest men with recognized thieves and burglars?

The reasons are not far to seek if we consider the hazards the big diamond houses and their drummers are exposed to nearly every day and night of the year. A diamond salesman when he starts out on the road may carry with him a quarter of a million dollars' worth of precious stones tucked away in some inside pocket—a small or large fortune occupying no more space than that of an ordinary wallet. No bodyguard of detectives accompanies him, and he must sleep in strange hotels and on the railroad trains with his precious burden always with him. If a thief could knock him on the head some night and steal the diamonds the booty could quickly be converted into hard cash.

It is this daily risk of carrying around such portable valuables that makes the detectives employed by the Jewelers' Association so anxious to keep a personal record of the drummers as well as of the notorious sharps and diamond thieves. A diamond-house must trust a good deal to the honesty of its drummers and usually the men have been long in the employ of the firm, but human nature cannot be overlooked in business matters. No one is subjected to temptation more than the average diamond drummer—not even bank clerks and officials. With several hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his possession he could easily get twenty-four hours' start of his pursuers if he chose to go wrong.

Very few diamond drummers have ever run away and none who belong to the first-class trade within the recollection of men in the business. This record for honesty may be due to the watchfulness of the houses and the detectives of the Jewelers' Association or to the qualifications demanded of a good diamond salesman. But nearly all of them have been followed by thieves and a few of them have been robbed. To-day, if a diamond drummer has reasons to believe that he is being shadowed by a thief, he generally steps into the nearest telegraph office and wires a description of the suspect to the home house, which in turn immediately consults the officials of the Jewelers' Association. Within half an hour, if the description fits some notorious diamond thief, a detective is on his track.

A diamond drummer knows that every possible safeguard is thrown about him. He never knows when detectives are watching him. The shadow he may have mistaken for a thief on his track may be a detective. Every night he must telegraph or write to his employers, reporting where he is staying and where he expects to be the following day. The diamond house thus knows pretty accurately the location of its high-priced men at all times. If a salesman did not report each night steps would be taken immediately to find him. This is done as much to protect the drummer as for any other reason.

The detectives know all the diamond drummers as well as all the thieves and suspects. This information is an invaluable aid in times of emergencies. It helps them to hunt down their man quickly, whether he be a thief or a drummer. There is another sort of shadowing and espionage carried on as a direct result of this work. If a diamond drummer becomes a habitué of gambling-houses and race-tracks or appears to be living a fast life far beyond the means his salary affords, his employers soon learn of the matter through the detectives.

The Jewelers' Association has detectives in nearly all large cities, and it is kept pretty well informed of the movements of diamond drummers who carry unusually valuable samples of precious stones. A Maiden Lane diamond drummer will sometimes start out with half a million dollars' worth of stones. His movements are important to others than the house which employs him. Many diamond thieves will dog the footsteps of such a drummer for weeks, waiting for the favorable opportunity to relieve him of his treasures. Some night in the sleeping-car or on a dark road or in a narrow alley the chance may come for a knockout blow and a quick "getaway."

Contrary to the descriptions of fiction-writers, the diamond drummer rarely carries his stones in the lining of his coat or hat or conceals them in false soles of his shoes. They are invariably wrapped in tissue-paper and stowed away in long leather wallets that fit deep in vest pockets. They are always where they can be easily reached, and it may be assumed that when in a crowd the drummer has them in mind. But diamond drummers avoid crowds and dark, lonely roads at night-time. They prefer to ride in special carriages or other conveyances at such times, and at night the little packet of diamonds always reposes in the hotel's safe. But on the road the diamonds must be kept under the pillow at night, and many times the salesman spends sleepless nights just on this account.

Hymn to the Human Heart

(To the Beat of It)

CHAMBERED chalice,
Ruby bowl,
Molded rarely
Out of clay,
Filled with flame
The Titan stole,
Pent and hidden
From the day.

Joy's abode
And grot of pain,
Gate that parts
The stream of Life,
Fruit that trembling
Still is fain
Low to fall
Ere it be rife.

Fill with joy
My thirsty cup,
Fill me, brim me,
For I burn.
I am famished;
Let me sup
Full on Love—
For Love I yearn.

Earth, with iron
Arm my blood.
Gird my cords
With valor high.
Shape me shields
Of hardihood.
Yield me Love
To labor by!

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Keeping Them Awake in Church

ONE John Rudge is on record as having bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, in Shropshire, England, twenty shillings a year to be paid to "a poor man" employed to go about church in summer to keep people awake.

At another English church, that of Acton in Cheshire, it was the practice during the middle of the last century for one of the church wardens to proceed through the church during service with a huge wand in his hand, wherewith, if any one of the congregation were observed to be asleep, he was instantly awakened by a tap on the head.

In Warwickshire a similar custom prevailed. A warden bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hay-fork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the nave and the aisles, and whenever he saw an individual asleep he touched him so effectively that the nap was broken—this being sometimes accomplished by the application of the fork to the nape of the neck.

A more playful method obtained in another church. The beadle went about during service carrying a long staff, to one end of which was attached a fox's brush and to the other a knob. With the former he gently tickled the faces of the women sleepers, while with the knob he bestowed a sharp rap on the heads of male offenders.

Smoke's Effects on Bridges

WHEN a railway engine is making speed against a grade with its full complement of cars and tonnage behind it the blast from the smokestack may attain almost explosive force. But, regardless of how many pounds dead weight might be blown from the stack, its corrosive and heat effects in passing under bridge and viaduct structures have been the subject of most careful study by engineers.

The "Cotton Farm" bridge in Boston was built sixteen years ago with a clearance of only fifteen feet above the line of a railway. The floor of the bridge was supported by hollow-tile arches resting upon flanges of steel beams. These steel beams were protected by heavy plates and above were rendered rust-proof by cement tiles. In ten years the locomotives' blasts had eaten into the lead sheathing and the tiling to such an extent that much of the coating had fallen to the ground and all of it had to be torn out.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

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CUTS CHUNKS FROM YOUR TIRE BILLS

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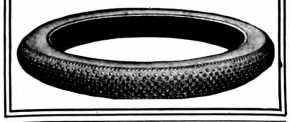

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For 2c we will send you a sample cake, enough to last over a week. In this crystal clear soap we have caught the *real* fragrance of fresh violets. Write today for your sample; smell it, hold it to the light.

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Violet Glycerine Soap

Peach Ice Cream

There are many flavors for Ice Cream, but rich, creamy milk is always the important ingredient. To have it smooth, rich and delightfully flavored use

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Recipe—Dilute two cans Borden's Condensed Milk with two cans water; add one-half pound granulated sugar and stir until dissolved. Turn into the freezer and freeze. Pare and mash one quart ripe peaches and stir them into the frozen milk. Turn the crank for a few minutes and stand away to harden.

Write for Borden's Recipe Book

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Why Ice is Slippery

ANY one who has observed boys take a run and slide on a polished hard-wood floor may have noticed that wood is not so slippery as ice; and whoever has swept a mixture of snow and fallen twigs from an ice pond has remarked that the ice did not feel smooth, but was somewhat "gummy."

An ice-field is not perfectly even, nor is ice as smooth as water. The surface of ice itself does not account for its slipperiness, and the softness, as compared with a maple floor, would seem to retard rather than favor the skater.

If we imagine a skating surface of ice joining a surface of polished steel, and imagine a skater getting an impetus on the ice for a glide on the smooth steel, we know he would not glide so far on the latter as on an all-ice surface. If the steel were oiled, though, he would go farther on it than on ice. There is nothing more slippery than two surfaces of smooth steel with a film of oil between. Than ice there is no other material so soft as to receive an impression from a body gliding over it and yet retaining its slipperiness rather than retarding the moving body. For perfect slipperiness the factor of a lubricant is required, and this is supplied by the ice naturally as follows:

With a temperature of 0° centigrade, ice has a density of .9175, and therefore floats in the denser water. Apparently, then, pressure upon the ice would tend to reduce it to liquidity. The fact that ice can be melted by pressure was pointed out by James Thompson in 1849. As the blade of the skate cuts into the icy surface a slight film of water forms and acts as a lubricant between the ice and the metal, so that the tracks of the blades instead of being an impediment to the skater make the ice more slippery at the line of contact.

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DR. WILEY'S SUCCESSOR

DR. R. E. DOOLITTLE, CHIEF CHEMIST FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Middle Names

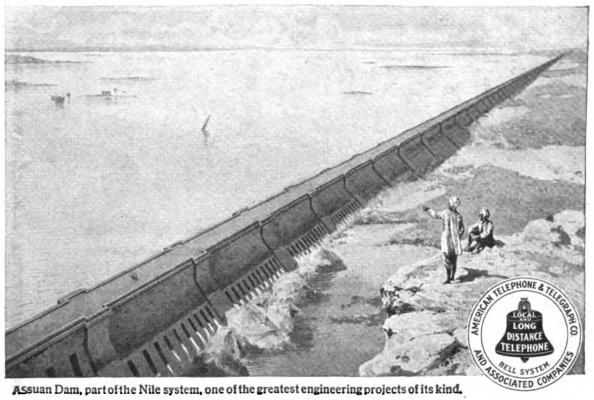
IN England middle names were once illegal. English statutes of other days were most definite as to the naming of children, as will be seen from Coke, who states that "a man cannot have two names of baptism." "It is requisite," states the old English law, "that the person be named by the name of his baptism and his surname and that special heed be taken to the name of baptism."

Persons of royal extraction in England have always been allowed to possess more than one given name, but, it is said, so late as the year 1600 there were but four persons in all the kingdom who possessed two given names. Even one hundred and fifty years ago double names were very uncommon.

The Incense Industry

FRANKINCENSE is a variety of gum that frequently forms a component of incense, but the term is not met with in commerce, to which incense means a gum that exudes from a tree flourishing in considerable quantities in British Somaliland and elsewhere. There is an inferior gum of this kind that grows in India and other countries of the East.

The incense-tree seldom attains a height exceeding fifteen feet. It presents a thorny and unsightly growth and thrives in desert regions. Dealers grade incense according to color—bright yellow, medium, and dark yellow. The chief market for it seems to be Aden, whence it is taken by Somalis during the winter months.



Assuan Dam, part of the Nile system, one of the greatest engineering projects of its kind.

The Nile System—The Bell System

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But only in the last decade was the Nile's flood stored up and a reservoir established from which all the people of the Nile region may draw the life-giving water all the time.

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To provide efficient telephone service in this country, the same fundamental principle has to be recognized. The entire country must be considered within the scope of one system, intelligently guided by one policy.

It is the aim of the Bell System to afford universal service in the interest of all the people and amply sufficient for their business and social needs.

Because they are connected and working together, each of the 7,000,000 telephones in the Bell System is an integral part of the service which provides the most efficient means of instantaneous communication.

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This instrument, the scleroscope, enables us to produce cars of uniform wearing quality—parts of uniform hardness and strength.

And the test by this device is only one of several similar trials to which Hupmobile parts are subjected.

In the picture the operator is proving the transmission drive shaft—one of the finest pieces of mechanical work in the car.

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The little hammer in the scleroscope is dropped, and its rebound to a figure on an arbitrary scale indicates the hardness of the metal.

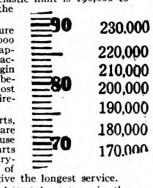
A magnified reproduction of this scale and its corresponding figures in pounds of elastic limit is shown.

On the Hupmobile transmission drive shaft, the hammer must rebound to a point between 75 and 85 on the scale. Not below 75, to make certain the metal is hard enough; not above 85, to make certain it is not too hard.

This means that the elastic limit is 190,000 to 220,000 pounds to the square inch.

In other words, pressure of 190,000 to 220,000 pounds must be applied to produce a fracture—a margin of safety far beyond the most secure requirements.

On other parts, other limits are fixed; because various parts must have varying degrees of hardness to give the longest service.



And this is simply another stone in the foundation of the belief stated above.

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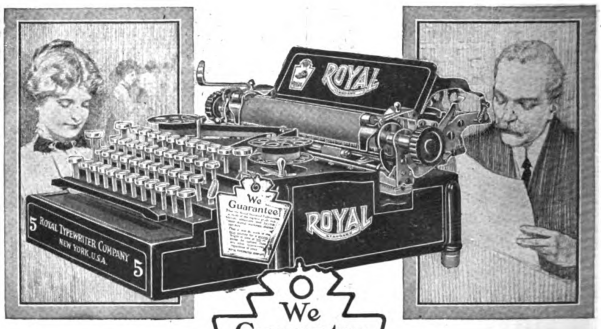

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History on a String

ALL nations that have emerged from barbarism have made a desperate struggle to find some means of expressing their thoughts and ideas in order to preserve them for future generations.

The intellectual advancement of a people can come only as the master minds among them shed abroad their light to the untaught brethren and their children and children's children. As these same people progress intellectually and scientifically their medium of thought transference improves.

Most of us are familiar with the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians. By means of the engraved marks found on the monuments and other records of ancient Egypt could be represented objects, ideas suggested by objects, and even sounds. This signifying of sounds by means of symbols formed nearly a true alphabet.

In Mexico the Aztecs had a crude system of picture-writing by which sensible objects could be accurately depicted, but beyond that it could not go, for it was incompetent to convey abstract ideas.

Possibly the crudest invention of this sort was the mysterious science of the quipus, which was taught the Peruvian princes by their *amautas*, or "wise men." While both the systems before mentioned seemed primitive, this one is even more so; and yet it served a purpose, and a very good one at that.

The quipus was a string or rope, usually about two feet long, composed of many-colored strings twisted together. To this main cord were fastened numbers of strings of different colors tied into knots, thus forming a fringe. These knots gave the device its name, for the word quipus itself means a knot. The colors represented sensible objects—for example, white might stand for silver, and yellow for gold. Occasionally they suggested ideas abstractly; white signified peace, and red war.

The chief use of the quipus was for arithmetical purposes. The knots took the place of ciphers and could be combined to represent numbers to any amount desired. The colors of the strings explained the subjects to which the numbers referred, and in this way the Peruvians devised a complete system of enumeration. The Spaniards, who first visited Peru, testified to the rapidity with which their calculations were made.

It is easy to see how, with a corps of trained officials, such a system might be made to work effectually, but it is difficult to understand how historical events could be recorded and traditions preserved. For this purpose were employed interpreters of the quipus, who, with knowledge acquired from other sources, could use these strings as reminders or suggesters by which events could be kept in memory. These interpreters bore the title *quipucamayus* or "keepers of the quipus," and it was their business to collect the records of the various departments of the government. One was at the head of what corresponds to our Census Bureau, keeping the details in reference to the population of the realm and the list of those qualified to bear arms, another had charge of the revenues, and still another of the treasury. Thus the government kept stored away myriads of many-colored strings which comprised what might be called the national archives.

Mother Love in Birds

So strong is the mother love developed in the stork and the lark that it amounts to a heroic passion.

The stork, which spends the winter in Egypt and the summer in northern and western Europe, likes to build its nest on the top of some steep gable roof. Such a nest is often a real nuisance to man. It is from three to five yards in diameter; it swarms with lizards, frogs, toads, and other disagreeable creatures. It becomes, in course of time, so heavy that it will break the roof if not artificially propped up from below.

Nevertheless, for various superstitious reasons the stork is not only welcome, but even courted by the European peasants, and it cannot be denied that the respect with which the bird is regarded is to some extent deserved.

If the house takes fire and the young storks happen to be of an age at which they cannot be saved by being taken away from the nest the stork mother does not abandon them.

Standing erect in the nest, flapping her wings to waft away the smoke and the flames, and crying out now and then, she remains with her young, perishing with them.

The skylark, which builds its nest in the meadows, runs away from it when frightened. She proceeds for four or five yards under the clover and rises perpendicularly in the air, pouring forth her song in its wildest strains in order to divert the intruder's attention. But the peasant boy knows that so long as she remains hanging at the same point in the air he is still four or five yards from the nest, and he uses the direction of her movements and the ring of her song to ascertain the exact spot.

If it chances that the young larks are just about to break through the shell of the eggs, at which time the mother instinct is at its height, it is said that at the very moment when the nest is touched the little bird will actually attack the intruder.

John Bull's Marmalade

NOT only does John Bull consume enormous quantities of marmalade and jam at home, but he sends a lot of it abroad.

The marmalade of Britain is produced from sour oranges and sugar. The best-known firms use almost exclusively the Seville bitter orange, which has comparatively little pulp and consists for the most part of rind, the substance most desirable for the manufacture of good marmalade.

Inasmuch as oranges are perishable, the brokers accept the highest bids made on the day of sale and never reserve the fruit for future offerings. These sales are held regularly on what are known as "market days." The character, quantities, qualities, and nativity of the fruit are catalogued several days in advance, so the auctions are always well attended and the bidding is lively.

The London Fruit Exchange, where these auctions are held, stands in the heart of the city in a large structure known as the Monument Building. It is said that a sum in excess of $12,000,000 is annually required to pay for the oranges sold in this exchange, the great bulk of the sale being at public auction.

Concrete of Cinders

ABOUT four years ago some walls made of cinder concrete were erected at Columbia University, and since then they have been subjected to several four-hour tests by fire when the average temperature was 1,700 degrees Fahrenheit. At the end of each test a stream of water was applied for ten minutes while the walls were hot. Notwithstanding these tests, the walls, for all practical purposes, are as good as when erected, and the percentages of coal and fine material in such cinders appear to have very little effect on their fire-resisting qualities. The pieces of coal which were next to the surface in these walls were burned to ash, but the ash remained in place and acted as a non-conductor of heat. Several particles of pure coal were found within two inches of the surface.

Heat from Rain

MUNTZ and Gaudechon in France have conducted experiments with reference to the heat imparted to the soil by rain, which, it is thought, may play a part hitherto unrecognized in the phenomena of vegetation.

It appears that when the soil has reached a certain degree of dryness the application of moisture produces a rise of temperature which is greater in proportion to the fineness of the materials. Coarse, sandy soil is not heated by contact with moisture, while soil composed mostly of humus is specially subject to such influence.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

September 14, 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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"CHARGE IT"

By Irving Bacheller

Author of "Keeping Up With Lizzie," "Eben Holden," etc.

THE fun and philosophy of "Keeping Up With Lizzie" are even excelled in these new pages, which reveal the wonderfully interesting doings of some of the same people—our old friend Socrates Potter, Betsey Smead, the Warburtons—and some very enjoyable new people, too. Extravagance and love of display have reached their height when the story opens. In fact, young Harry Van Alstyne's slogan, "Charge it to Harry," is the keynote of the whole town. As events come before our view we see the servants—under the wise guidance of Socrates—administering unconsciously a lesson to their snobbish employers; we see the rise and final success of the Society of Useful Women; we see Marie Benson, "the most terrible talker in Pointview," attempting to reform Nancy Doolittle; the financial difficulties of the young men in their attempt to keep up with Harry—all these and scores of other humorously thoughtful scenes, and a delicate love story through them all.

Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1.00 net

THE VOICE

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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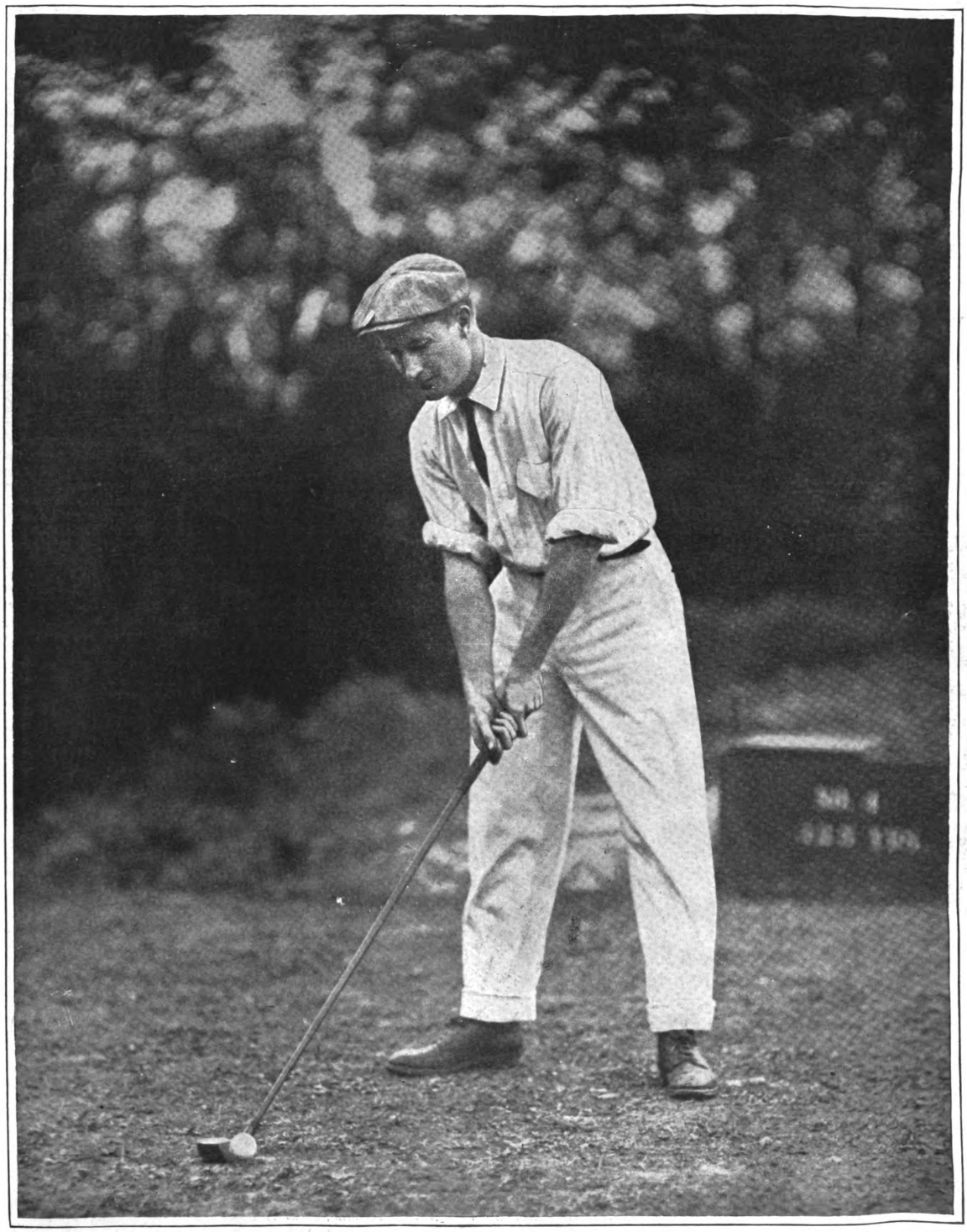

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Comment

Eternal Vigilance

THE messages from Maine and Vermont are full of encouragement and inspiration.

But remember! Only one Democrat has obtained a majority in the electoral college since 1856.

The only certainties are death and taxes.

It is better to be safe than sorry.

Keep together! Get busy!

Vermont

"De-lighted!" was the word about Vermont.

Everybody was pleased.

The Bull Moose Boston *Journal* felt that now certainly Candidate TAFT ought to withdraw. On the strength of getting third place in the Vermont election, it said:

> Mr. TAFT could reduce the situation to its simplest terms. He would save himself from humiliation. He could combine courage, honesty, and sound political judgment by taking himself out of the race. He owes it to 4,000,000 Republicans to do so. Mr. TAFT should withdraw.

If third place could evoke that, how very modest must have been the Third-termers' hopes! They surely do need to have the Republican candidate withdraw. Vermont showed that.

But, of course, what it showed plainest was the strength of the Democratic vote, which made none of the predicted loss to the Bull Moose ticket, but gained about twenty-five per cent., with consequent increase in the difficulty of placing bets against Governor WILSON'S election.

The Bull-Moosers said they had a weak candidate for Governor, but wait till November!

We are waiting, but they will have the same trouble then. They have a weak candidate for President. There are too many Republicans who will not vote for him under any consideration. That was why he did not get the Republican nomination. And the Democrats won't vote for him, either. Vermont showed that.

Frivolity in Vermont

Some Vermont Republicans voted against Mr. TAFT because he plays golf. Mr. ROOSEVELT established an alibi. Mr. WILSON was excused on grounds similar to those set up by the small boy who, when arrested for fishing on Sunday, pleaded that he hadn't caught anything.

An Oscar to the Rescue

Welcome to the candidates' bench, OSCAR STRAUS, merchant, philanthropist, and diplomat; man benevolent, temperate, experienced, astute! Such a Bull Moose candidate for governor of New York, chosen in obedience to obvious leadings of the spirit manifested through the Hon. SUSPENDER MCGEE, will be a real help to both the other conventions in the selection of capable and acceptable men.

The Bull-Moosers are wonderful folks, with wonderful ideas and hopes and a very wonderful candidate for President, and hereabouts, certainly, their squad includes a lot of very good people who want good candidates and kind laws.

They picked a good candidate in Mr. STRAUS.

We have a thought!

Wouldn't it be a good plan for Mr. BARNES, Mr. MURPHY, the Mr. OSBORNES, and the other bosses to agree on Mr. STRAUS, and all nominate him, and take the Governorship out of politics for one term?

Wouldn't that be a great simplification of difficulties! Mr. STRAUS was a CLEVELAND Democrat, and then a MCKINLEY Republican, and being now a Bull Moose, he belongs to everybody's party.

What would happen if we all accepted Mr. STRAUS as a unanimous candidate? Would the ex-President think *he* had been elected and want to borrow the good OSCAR'S whiskers and govern?

He might; of course he might.

And would he get them?

There is the trouble and the danger. How happy we could all be with OSCAR if it were not for that other fair charmer at Oyster Bay!

These people with an allegiance are a bit awkward to plan for. One can't think of them as individuals. Every calculation has to include allowance for their liege.

Most un-American, that!

Afterthought

Just think if it had been the other OSCAR! He is a great man, too, very great; but perhaps not a Bull Moose.

The Right Tone and the Right Issue

The country is indebted to Governor WILSON for continuing to do what one candidate can do to elevate the tone of the campaign. He has so far avoided mere personalities and other undignified methods of controversy; yet on the other hand he has promptly met challenges that involved real public issues. He has thus endeavored, and not without success, even in dealing with ROOSEVELT, to draw attention to the larger questions which the election may decide, and away from the petty ones, to principles rather than men, to the welfare of the country rather than the fortunes of individuals. No one can deny, after the way we were all shamed by the campaign before the conventions, that in merely adhering to this policy he is doing us all a real service, quite without reference to the merit of his own views and arguments.

It by no means follows that his course is not also politically expedient. He is using sound tactics in holding ROOSEVELT to the tariff instead of descending with him to the kind of personal crimination and recrimination which ROOSEVELT obviously prefers. The tariff is so unmistakably the one perfectly clear issue of the campaign that at last ROOSEVELT has been unable entirely to avoid it. He has had to have some sort of plan with it; and his plan is so ridiculously crude and inadequate, so hurried and impossible a makeshift, that the Democratic candidate is entirely wise to keep public attention focused on it, and to keep ROOSEVELT either trying to explain it or else obviously trying to wriggle away from it.

For years and years, during the long Democratic wanderings in the wilderness, that issue has remained, though neglected, their true hope of emergence from helplessness. At last they have a candidate fully minded to make the most of it. The perfectly evident desire of their divided opponents to get away from it in different directions is the best of proof of the wisdom of keeping it uppermost to the finish.

Why Not More of the Like?

The contrast is striking between Governor WILSON'S campaign bearing, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, not ROOSEVELT'S methods only, but very much else that we have had from public men this year and, indeed, for a good many years. It suggests a serious question.

Must our politics be ill-mannered and violent? *Must* public speaking, to catch and hold public attention, be personal and sensational and abusive? Are the men who take that line merely "giving the people what they want"? Or, to explain the fact differently, is there anything about our present-day politics that of necessity coarsens men immersed in it?

One could find plenty of instances that seem to sustain this view. ROOSEVELT is only the most striking and conspicuous. He was once himself quite commonly dubbed a scholar in politics. His first message to Congress was praised for signs of literary workmanship. His first following came very largely from a class that had been wont to look down on politics as vulgar, and he attracted it because he was himself of that class. And now—! But his development can no longer be thought singular. Too many have progressed almost as rapidly in the same direction, and there have come to the surface too many others who never had to acquire a disregard of restraint and dignity.

There have always been bad taste and violence and sensationalism in our public life, but it is idle to say that therefore there has been no change in this regard. There has been. These things have not always been so prevalent, so much in the ascendant. The foremost public men and public speakers of other periods have been freer from them. BLAINE and GARFIELD were, and CLEVELAND and TILDEN, and the men of the war period except the most extreme, and CLAY and WEBSTER and CALHOUN, and the Revolutionary group. We are driven to believe that either the public does demand public speaking of a low tone, or else many of our public men are underestimating the public's judgment and taste.

There may be, there probably is, fault in both quarters. But we can't help trusting still that the public would appreciate oratory and argument of a higher order if more public men should practise it, and with more skill.

The Trust Question

ROOSEVELT'S cure for the trusts is the regulation of business.

WILSON'S cure is the regulation of competition.

TAFT'S cure is judicial application of the SHERMAN law.

The differences are important and interesting. Maybe the upshot cure will be a blend of all of them. But the question can hardly be a vital issue in this campaign. The question as yet perplexes the experts, and is too hard for most of the voters. They want something done; precisely what, they don't know yet, and will hardly find out before election.

But in the end they will find out, and it will be done.

A Fit Defender of His Party

If it is true, as reported in a Boston paper, that HENRY CABOT LODGE is to be the orator at the formal opening of the Republican campaign, then Senator LODGE has an extraordinary opportunity to show what is in him. He is a good speaker, and at his best in set speeches. But that is only one of several things that ought to help him to rise to this particular occasion.

Of all the prominent Republicans in Washington, ROOT alone perhaps excepted, LODGE is the man whose motives in supporting TAFT and refusing to follow after ROOSEVELT are least open to question. The decision to take that course, though promptly made, must have cost him a struggle. He and ROOSEVELT have been intimate friends for very many years, and in politics the closest of allies. With TAFT, on the other hand, he has had no such personal bond, and since TAFT went to the White House LODGE has ceased to be the familiar figure he was there throughout the ROOSEVELT administration. It is hard to see, therefore, how any merely personal consideration can have governed him in his choice, and he can speak with the dignity of one who is plainly governed only by public considerations, by political convictions.

And Senator LODGE is yet otherwise a peculiarly fit man to speak for those particular convictions. Right or wrong—and in general this paper has contended they were wrong—he has held them throughout his public career. He has been a Republican of Republicans, and for reasons that would have made him an equally resolute Whig in the Whigs' time and a Federalist in the time of HAMILTON. He is of those who in this country as in England inevitably belong to the conservative party, whatever its name, to the party of authority and order. He has never yet risen to the highest or the most potent kind of leadership and championship on his side, but there is probably not another man on that side so saturated with knowledge of the history of the strong-government parties in this country. He is the most brilliant biographer both of HAMILTON and of WEBSTER, and the historian of New England Federalism. If HAMILTON, at the time of his quarrel with President JOHN ADAMS, had tried to destroy the Federalist party, and HAMILTON'S New England friend, GEORGE CABOT, had undertaken to defend it, the task would have been substantially identical with that which GEORGE CABOT'S grandson faces to-day.

It is impossible to doubt that such parallels will be in Senator LODGE'S mind when he speaks at Columbus, Ohio, on the twenty-first of this month. The New England nature is reckoned cold, but it will be strange, indeed, if passion shall not join itself to conviction in what he says.

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Whether his speech proves the beginning of a Republican recovery or the funeral oration of the Republican party, the historian-orator can hardly fail to feel intensely the large and dramatic significance of the occasion and of his own part in it.

Too Coarse a Speaker

Painful to say, Governor JOHNSON has shown himself a more abusive speaker than Eastern voters care to hear. He demonstrated his capacity to talk effectively in California about the Southern Pacific Railroad, but he does not talk effectively in the East about Mr. TAFT. It is profitable, no doubt, to have the East see him and take his measure, but it is not profitable in the way he would like.

Cummins and La Follette

Senator CUMMINS has been, for the most part, a fairly consistent Progressive Republican. No one can dispute his claim to have been one of the originators of the movement, and he has fought hard and effectively for it. He did good work in the debates on the tariff bill and on the railroad legislation of 1910. He hurt his reputation, however, by his behavior concerning reciprocity, and now he has hurt it again with thoughtful and just men by attempting a straddle in the present campaign. He, too, is trying to support the third party candidate and yet keep his standing as a Republican.

Of course he tries to justify his straddle by saying TAFT was not honestly nominated. But CUMMINS himself is certainly in no position to attack the validity of what was done at the Chicago convention. Up to the very last moment, and long after all the contests had been decided and the final roll of delegates accepted, he was himself a candidate for the nomination. He permitted his name to be voted on in the very ballot by which TAFT was nominated. There is nothing whatever to indicate that if the nomination had come to him he would not have accepted it. He is therefore utterly inconsistent in now repudiating an action which he would never have questioned if he and not TAFT had been its beneficiary.

Senator LA FOLLETTE has done and said a lot of things displeasing to the thoughtful and fair-minded, and his present attitude is by no means impeccable; but it is more sincere and straightforward than CUMMINS's. It gives him a better right to remain a Republican. He freely attacks TAFT, but he does not attempt to belong to two parties at once, and he utterly refuses to condone ROOSEVELT's insincerities or to admit his pretensions. LA FOLLETTE, therefore, is likely to count heavily in the campaign. He has something to say, and he can say it without stultifying himself. He is impassioned and intemperate in speech, and there is plenty of purely personal animus in him, but one can feel a lot of sympathy with him, for he has himself been betrayed and played with. He is mad, but not without provocation, and he is still entitled to be heard as what he has all along claimed to be—not merely a Progressive, but a Progressive Republican.

If Dolliver Had Lived

BOURNE and CUMMINS will vote for ROOSEVELT.

If DOLLIVER had lived, how many things would have been different!

Stories that Don't Wash

When thinking of ROOSEVELT we should think of him sometimes as a man who can get a lot of excellent people excited about the conditions of their fellow-beings. This is a gift by itself, and may or may not be connected with other laudable abilities. General BOOTH had it. DEBS and HAYWOOD have it. ROOSEVELT has it, and we think Brother BRISBANE of the *Evening Journal* has it in considerable measure.

And that makes us wonder whether this gift is apt to be detached from solicitude for accurate and veracious statement.

In *The North American Review* for August Mr. W. D. GUTHRIE quotes Mr. ROOSEVELT as citing last February, in a speech to the constitutional convention of Ohio, the case of IVES, a brakeman hurt by a fall from a freight-train in New York State, of whom he said:

> The court by its decision forces that man to stagger through life maimed, and keeps the money that should be his in the treasury of the company.

Mr. GUTHRIE says (on information) that IVES sprained his ankle and was back on his job again in four weeks as good as ever, but in the minds of the Ohio constitution-makers he is maimed for life and stumbles miserably toward the cemetery.

So, just the other day (August 30th), Brother BRISBANE told in his paper the story of MARY TERRELL, who had an unauthorized baby three years ago in Ireland, and was sent to this country to join her brother in California and get a new start. She was held up at Ellis Island, and sent back to Ireland. Brother BRISBANE represents that it was because of the unauthorized baby, and he invites us to resent the "shameful hypocrisy and cruelty with which she was received in this 'free, Christian country.'" But it seems that the trouble about MARY TERRELL was not so much the baby as that her relative in this country (a sister, apparently, not a brother) did not respond to a telegram sent to Los Angeles, and, though she had a ticket to California, she had but eighty-five cents in money for her journey. Now what was our government to do with MARY TERRELL, an assisted emigrant, with a defective reputation (sad to say), a relative somewhere, perhaps, a ticket to California, and eighty-five cents? Poor MARY! If the hat could have been passed for her, no doubt it would have been filled; but can that be done at Ellis Island? The case is hard; such cases are always pitiful; but the law is not wrong, and its enforcement was not wrong. Brother BRISBANE gets us all wrought up by his story, but he does not tell the story straight.

It is to wish that he and Mr. ROOSEVELT could be persuaded to more accuracy in narration. Whether IVES was hurt more or less by his fall from the freight-train does not affect the principle of the liability of railroads for injuries to employees, but it may have affected the sentiments of Mr. ROOSEVELT's auditors a good deal, and that effect will never be corrected by Mr. GUTHRIE's modification of the story. So the true version of the tale of MARY TERRELL will never reach the readers of Mr. BRISBANE's version.

Our contemporary reformers seem prone to make current conditions out worse than they are, and then to argue that government and laws are to blame for it, and that there must be a huge social and political upheaval if folks are to be anywise comfortable. But the truth is, so far as we can see it, that the condition of the average American compares very handsomely with his condition at any time since we got the land from the Indians. The poor we have always with us; things are not in perfect trim; there is plenty to do to better them, but the whole truth about things as they are in this country to-day will well bear comparison with the whole truth about things as they have ever been in historical times. Our laws may be bettered, and will be, but in the great majority of hard cases, as in MARY TERRELL's, the main trouble is not with laws or those who enforce them, but with people.

Noddings

What effect is Dr. WILSON's "I am in favor of local option" going to have upon those hundreds of thousands of Democrats down South who are not in favor of local option, preferring State-wide prohibition?—*Hartford Courant.*

Not a particle.

More about Morse

Various contemporaries are disposed to repine because CHARLES W. MORSE is not dying as fast as they think he should. Because, after being released as a dying man, he got better and has now opened an office in Wall Street, these observers consider that he fooled the government doctors about his health and wasn't very sick, and ought not to have been let out, and wouldn't have been if he had not been a rich man.

Let us see.

MORSE served nearly three years—didn't he?—in prison, which, for mere purposes of punishment and example was about enough. His sentence, fifteen years, was too long to serve. It would have been a waste of his time. He was pretty sick when he was let out, but he got better. It is doubtful whether he fooled the doctors. Maybe it is bad taste for him to seem so hearty, but very likely he seems heartier than he is.

For our part we would rather have him out of jail than in, alive than dead, well than ill, for he is not so dangerous that he needs to be shut up or dead, and if he has his health there is a good chance of his becoming a useful worker. They say he is arranging for a line of better boats to run between New York and Boston. That's a useful service. He had some very good ones before, and after he went to prison they were sent to California. We shall be glad to have them replaced.

It is probably true that MORSE would still be in prison, or perhaps dead, if he had not had money and very stanch friends. That is a fine illustration of the value of money and friends. It is not to be regretted that MORSE had command of these valuables. What we should regret is that they are not at the command of hundreds of other convicts who might get out of prison, and stay out, if they had friends to fetch them loose and take care of them, and money to help them make a new start.

Prisons are suitable places of extended residence for none but incurable criminals who are not safe outside of prison walls and whose enlargement would be perilous to society. No man who can take care of himself, and is not extra-dangerous when loose, ought to be very long detained in a prison. Our whole system of imprisonment is extremely faulty, defective in theory, still more defective in operation, abounding in cruelties, abuses, waste of life, waste of money, industrial complications, graft, and despair. But it is better than it used to be, and is improving, and some day may become fairly intelligent and humane. Meanwhile it is to rejoice when any convict whom it is safe to let out gets out. There is only a little more sense in keeping a man in prison who is fit to be let out, than in keeping a patient in a hospital after he is cured. But to keep the incurables shut up—the fire-bugs, the assailants of women, the dangerous defectives and human beasts of prey—is very important indeed. They should never be released.

Testimonials

Colonel ROOSEVELT continues to get a lot of testimonials about being fit or otherwise to be President again. Among recent specimens, of weight on the negative side, are a long one already noticed in the WEEKLY from Dr. TUCKER, lately President of Dartmouth, a kind but very firm one from the Hon. JOHN D. LONG, and another of a particular heartiness and fervency from General MILES. Of the two latter gentlemen it will be recalled that both were old-time pupils in the ROOSEVELT school—Governor LONG in naval affairs, General MILES in the art of war and administration of the army. To neither of them were his instructions acceptable. Governor LONG's term with him was brief and left no serious wales, but General MILES was ranking officer in the army when the Colonel was President, and his sufferings, as may be remembered, were acute. Then he could not relieve his mind in speech, but now he can and does relieve it with great freedom, an exercise in which he will have the sympathy of many of his fellow-citizens.

Women at Syracuse

One hundred and ninety women were in the convention that nominated Mr. STRAUS. Perhaps that was why the convention made so deep an impression on the reporters, and seemed to them so unusual in its manners and spirit. It was a real town-meeting convention, too, that did an entirely unexpected good thing.

Sunday Mail

The Post-office is rich, and extending its business regardless of expense.

Why, then, deprive the people of old services that they have been used to for generations?

Why discontinue sending back receipts for registered letters? That is a bit of enterprise due to the department.

Not so deprivation of Sunday mail, which we owe to Congress. When and on what grounds did Congress conclude that Sunday mails were not good for us? It seems that Mr. MANN, Republican leader in the House, is the person most responsible for this provision. Mr. MANN says that he has found it quite practicable to get along without his Sunday mail, and thinks that other folks can do the same.

Perhaps so, but it looks more convenient to get along without Mr. MANN.

It was a piece of impudence to shut down on the Sunday mail.

Undo it! Employ clerks enough to sort the Sunday letters for those persons who will go after them. It can be done without hardship to any one, and the department can well afford to do it.

What Was It?

It has remained, however, for the smug and respectable New York *Times* to achieve the unique distinction of telling the most brutal lie about ROOSEVELT in the most cowardly manner, a distinction in which HARPER'S WEEKLY is a modest second.—MARK SULLIVAN, in *"Collier's Weekly" for August 24th.*

Be so good, MARK, as to specify our lie about ROOSEVELT. We never told one, to our knowledge.

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Letters to and from Governor Osborn

NEW YORK, *July 8, 1912.*

DEAR SIR,—In what purports to be an authorized statement, the newspapers report that you make use of the following words:

"Harvey thought for a moment that Belmont and Wall Street through him owned Wilson."

Assuming, as the public will assume, that I am the individual to whom you refer, and assuming further that, holding the high position of Governor of a great State, you would not wittingly asperse the character especially of a fellow journalist by uttering a calumny, such as is contained in the excerpt quoted, I beg to request that you state the authority upon which you made the above declaration.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE HARVEY.

Hon. CHASE S. OSBORN, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
STATE HOUSE, LANSING,
July 10, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—I have your favor of July 8th. The statement you quote is correct. I made the statement, based upon my interpretation of the public understanding of the matter, as obtained through your controversy with Woodrow Wilson. I hope I have not done you an injustice. The public understands that your paper is owned by the interests, and that you are their servant.

Yours respectfully,
CHASE S. OSBORN.

Mr. GEORGE HARVEY,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, *July 17, 1912.*

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your note of July 10th, I judge that my original inquiry was not sufficiently explicit.

I certainly should not have felt at liberty to encroach upon your time by seeking an expression of your opinion as to the attitude of the public toward the journals for whose conduct I am responsible. My sole purpose was to request that you state your authority for the false and libelous statement which had been attributed to you.

The inadequacy of your response will, I think, be apparent to your mind upon consideration of the facts that I have never been associated in a business way with Mr. Belmont and have never had a controversy of any kind with Mr. Wilson.

Trusting that you will see your way clear to give me the information to which I feel that I am entitled, conformably to your intimation, which I had already assumed, that you would not wittingly do me an injustice, I remain,

Very truly yours,
GEORGE HARVEY.

Hon. CHASE S. OSBORN, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
LANSING,
July 19, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of July 17th, received here during the absence of Governor Osborn, will be brought to his personal attention upon his return.

Yours very truly,
M. F. HADRICH, Secretary.

Col. GEORGE HARVEY,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
STATE HOUSE, LANSING,
July 23, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—It has been beyond my intention to do you an injustice. If I have unwittingly done so I am sorry.

Yours respectfully,
CHASE S. OSBORN.

Once in a while it may be a good thing for a publisher to be misrepresented, as he, in his haste and autocracy and sometimes in malice, so often misrepresents others. C. S. O.

Mr. GEORGE HARVEY,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, *July 29, 1912.*

DEAR SIR,—I trust that you will pardon me for trespassing further upon your time. I assumed at the outset that you had no intention of doing me an injustice, and there has been no question in my mind that, having been put in possession of the facts, you would regret having done so. Your assurance to that effect, however, is gratefully acknowledged.

May I be permitted to say, however, that your theory respecting the ethics of Justification of Misrepresentation, while novel and interesting, is clearly academic and irrelevant. The point, I repeat, is this: Upon what authority did you base the calumny which you uttered? That is the question, and the only one to which I have sought an answer. The reasonableness of the request, I think you will agree, is apparent, but if for any reason the granting of it might cause you personal embarrassment I shall not feel warranted in further insistence.

In view, however, of the inference from your communication that you have become convinced that you did misrepresent me as a matter of fact, even though unwittingly, may I venture to suggest the propriety of counteracting the effect, so far as possible, through the same channel which served as a circulating medium for the error?

Trusting that you will not regard this suggestion as presumptuous, in consideration of the fact that, as Governor of an important State, your words bear exceptional weight and carry far, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
GEORGE HARVEY.

Hon. CHASE S. OSBORN, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
LANSING,
August 2, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of July 29th. The statement that I made and which you find fault with was incident to many other things of greater importance. I fear you give it too serious consideration. I told you that if I had misrepresented you I was sorry. I am not at all sure that I did misrepresent you. I may have used Mr. Belmont's name, when I should have used Mr. Morgan's. The general impression in the West is that your publication is conducted in behalf of the so-called interests. It is for you to correct that impression, and not for me.

Yours respectfully,
CHASE S. OSBORN.

Mr. GEORGE HARVEY,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, *August 9, 1912.*

DEAR SIR,—I beg to repeat that your conception of "the general impression in the West" respecting HARPER'S WEEKLY is a matter of indifference to me. For your information, however, I may say that I have never had any political relationship, discussion, or understanding of any kind with Mr. Morgan.

It may be true, as you who should know suggest, that I "give too serious consideration" to what you say. But for the high position which you occupy as Governor of a great State, such undoubtedly would be the case. But the fact remains that you issued to the press of the country a formal statement accusing me of attempting to betray a man while professing to be his friend. Is it possible that you are unable to perceive the gravity of that accusation? Do you really feel warranted in attempting to dismiss the matter from consideration as merely "incident to many other things of greater importance"? Can you, upon reflection, uphold such conduct as manly, straightforward, and honorable?

I have not sought and do not desire your opinion concerning my publications. I have pronounced your deliberate declaration a lie and a slander and have asked you to state your authority. Again I repeat that request.

I do not insist that you owe it to your high position to heed that demand; that is a matter for you to determine as Chief Executive of the State of Michigan. But I do venture to declare unhesitatingly that, if you will consult some person competent to judge of such matters, you will be advised that, as a gentleman, you not only can neither ignore nor evade it, but should earnestly seek an opportunity to make such reparation as may lie within your power to afford.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE HARVEY.

Hon. CHASE S. OSBORN, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
LANSING,
August 12, 1912.

DEAR SIR.—Your letter of August 9th is received here during Governor Osborn's absence. He is now cruising on Lake Superior and will not be in Lansing for some weeks.

Yours very truly,
M. F. HADRICH,
Secretary to the Governor.

Colonel GEORGE HARVEY,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

CAMP DUFFIELD,
August 20, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—I have received and read with interest your letter of August 9th. It was forwarded to me during a trip of inspection of State institutions, and only reached me to-day,

Yours truly,
CHASE S. OSBORN.

Mr. GEORGE HARVEY,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, *September 11, 1912.*

DEAR SIR.—After a lapse of three weeks I conclude that you intend your communication to be regarded as your final word on the subject which I brought to your attention.

In view of my inability to convince you of the propriety of endeavoring to counteract the effect of your false accusation, my sole recourse lies in the publication of your varied explanations.

Trusting that you found the State institutions in good repair, while cruising on Lake Superior, I am,

Very truly yours,
GEORGE HARVEY.

Hon. CHASE S. OSBORN, LANSING, MICHIGAN.

Tumbo's Serenade

Oh, come with Me and Perkins, with gong and tambourine, and, by the jumping gherkins, we'll make this country clean! We'll wipe out all abuses; the trusts, both root and trunk, we'll send where Captain Loose is, and other outworn junk! We'll purify the workin's of government, my boys, so come with Me and Perkins and help us make a noise! The tricksters and the jobbers their finish clearly see; the rascals and the robbers are all opposed to Me; the trucklers and the traitors, the scoundrels and the scum, the chumps and small potatoes by fear are stricken dumb! They're shedding tears by firkins, they know I'm bound to win, so come with Me and Perkins, and saintly Comrade Flinn! You say I brought a panic when I was in before? You have a gall titanic to put up such a roar! Such things were best forgotten, their fame should not endure; for all the world is rotten, and I alone am pure. You say when I was master I didn't jump the trusts, or make the dimes come faster to those who live on crusts? Now, there's no use in raking up nasty things, I swear, when I am busy breaking the clanking chains you wear! When I am swatting tyrants you shouldn't stand and sob of taxes and of high rents when I was on the job! If you'd improve your sleddin', increase your store of joys, you'll come to Armageddon with Perkins and the boys! By dawdlin's and by shirkin's no battle will you win, so come with Me and Perkins, McCormick, Stubbs, and Flinn!—WALT MASON.

The Hero

I TOLD my boy of Adam's fall
That followed on the Serpent's call;
How contrary to etiquette
He and poor Eve the apple ate;
And all the penalties that came
Because they did that act of shame,
And he
Remarked, "O Gee!
If Mr. Roosevelt had been there
He would have lammed that snake for fair!"

I told him one night after dark
Of Noah and his wondrous ark;
Of how the rain fell day and night
Until the earth was out of sight;
And everybody all around
Save Noah and his crew were drowned;
And he
Cried lustily,
I'll bet if they'd had Theodore
He'd showed 'em how to swim ashore!"

I told him that sad Roman tale
How Cæsar fell beneath the hail
Of cunning and of jealousy,
As shown to us in history,
His toga punctured through and through
By Cassius and his envious crew;
And he
Observed with glee,
"Say, Dad, I gotta sort o' hunch
That Teddy could ha' licked that bunch!"

I read the Decalogue to him
One evening in the twilight dim,
And when I'd finished up a trace
Of boyish wonder lit his face.
"Are you aware, my son," said I,
"Who wrote those words in days gone by?"
And he
Said instantly,
"You bet! 'Twas Teddy wrote 'em, Pa,
While he was off in Africa!"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

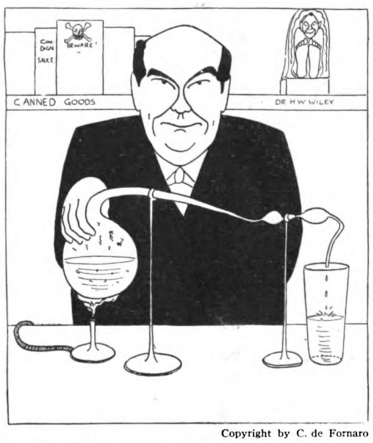
Week ending September 7th.

Mr. CHARLES D. HILLES, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Senator JOSEPH M. DIXON, of Montana, whipping-boy-in-chief for the Bull Mooser, who runs the imminent risk of sharing the fate of Mr. GEORGE B. CORTELYOU and Mr. WILLIAM LOEB (by the grace of President TAFT Collector of the Port of New York and now chief witness for Mr. ROOSEVELT), are engaged in a mad scramble for the honor of being crowned the MARK TAPLEY in this political olympiad. At the present time Mr. HILLES has a slight lead, but we would not encourage any of our readers to become reckless or to increase the odds. We think that Mr. HILLES will be the victor, and on the morning of the sixth of November he will still be cheerful, and sitting amidst the ruins of the once proud Republican party, a smile of hope will illumine his face and both hands will be clutching the ends of a gorgeous rainbow. For Mr. HILLES has the incurable virtue of optimism and believes that nothing is so bad that it might not be a great deal worse, which is a magnificent foundation for a school of philosophy, but does not win many political battles. Senator DIXON is also a cheerful spirit. He comes up smiling after every defeat; he is able to prove to his own satisfaction and that of the ardent patriots who are so unselfishly seeking political honors by hanging on to the tail of the Bull Moose, that a battle lost is really no different from a battle won.

Vermont smashes the Republican party. Vermont, the rockribbed Republican State, where Democrats used at one time to be so scarce that in the days of GROVER CLEVELAND, when a distinguished Massachusetts Democrat was invited to come to Vermont to address the Democratic party, he suggested in a spirit of playfulness that it might be more convenient if the Democratic party of Vermont would gather in his back yard and listen to his words of wisdom—Vermont, then, that since 1860 has never seen the Republican plurality in September fall below 25,000, except on those two occasions when the reduced vote foreshadowed Democratic victory throughout the nation two months later, this week unmistakably showed the trend of political thought, and yet Mr. HILLES does not despair. This is the second time only in half a century that a candidate for Governor has failed of election at the hands of the people and has been elected by the Legislature. In 1902 MCCULLOUGH, the regular Republican candidate, polled 31,864 votes and CLEMENT, the independent Republican, 28,201, and the Democratic vote, that two years before had been 17,129, dropped to 7,364; and as no candidate received a popular majority the election was thrown into the Legislature. But conditions that year were entirely different from those existing to-day, as both candidates were Republicans, even although one called himself an independent, and the Democrats split up their vote instead of standing solidly behind their own nominee.

The significance of the voting in Vermont is its impressive demonstration of Democratic solidarity. It may be said aloud now what before was only whispered: that the Democratic managers looked forward to the election with some fear, for it was the first opportunity to test not only the strength of the Bull Moose as opposed to that of Mr. TAFT, but, what was far more important, so far as the Democratic campaign managers were concerned, to determine the inroads Mr. ROOSEVELT was able to make into the Democratic ranks. The Bull-Moose campaign has been composed of equal parts of bluster and misrepresentations, and the DIXONS and the PERKINSES and the MEDILL MCCORMICKS, not to mention the FLINNS and the PINCHOTS and the JOHNSONS, shouted it from one end of the country to the other that the Democrats were longing, with a passionate longing, to cast their votes for the man who keeps one arm around the "honest workman" and has his other hand in the pockets of the trusts. Well, it seems they were longing, longing to be given an opportunity to show their contempt for the Bull Moose and all his works. Had the Democratic vote fallen below that of two years ago, or that of the last Presidential year, it would have been ominous and made every Democrat who does his figuring with a pencil and not in the chromatic fantasy of hope doubt the election of WOODROW WILSON. Now every Democrat no longer has doubt. Vermont spells Democratic victory.

The figures are worth studying. The Republican plurality in September in the Presidential year of 1908 was 29,645, the Democrats casting 15,953 votes. The vote of two years ago, an off year, gave the Republicans a plurality of 17,838, and the Democratic vote was a few hundreds less than this plurality, or 17,425. This year, with a few scattering returns still to be heard from, the Republicans polled 26,259, the Democrats 20,350, and the Progressives 15,800. While this is the largest vote at a State election since 1904, it is the smallest Republican plurality ever known, and, on the other hand, it is the largest Democratic vote ever cast. In round figures it is 3,200 votes more than in the Presidential year of 1900, 3,800 more than in 1904, 4,300 in excess of the 1908 vote. Even more significant, it is 2,925 votes more than the Democratic candidate for Governor received two years ago, and the vote of that year was the largest that any Democratic candidate for Governor has received since 1892. Yet the vote of that year was 1,134 short of that polled last Tuesday.



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Dr. Wiley has a large power of expression

These figures mean only one thing, and the meaning is so clear a school-boy can read it. The fifteen thousand-odd votes that were cast for the Progressive candidate for Governor were votes that under normal conditions would have been given to the Republican candidate. They were not Democratic votes. Mr. ROOSEVELT drew his strength entirely from the Republican party, for while the Republican vote fell off the Democratic increased, proving one of two things, either there is a reserve Democratic vote in Vermont that only comes out on extraordinary occasions, or else that a certain number of Republicans are Democrats this year and voted for the gubernatorial candidate of the democracy. Bull-Moose arithmetic, like Bull-Moose morality, is peculiar and takes as many liberties with mathematics as it does with the Decalogue, but it is difficult to see how even the most accomplished of the expensive corps of Bull-Moose election experts can reach any other conclusion. If the Bull Moose was able to draw Democratic votes, and yet the total Democratic vote was larger this year than it has ever been, why, then, we are really living in the age of miracles, and we may expect anything to happen between now and November. We may even expect the Colonel to tell us what his campaign cost and where the money came from.

Mr. HILLES finds his consolation. "The result in Vermont," he said, in an official statement, "sustains the claims of the Republican party that Mr. ROOSEVELT will not secure the electoral vote of a single State, and that the sole purpose of his propaganda is to defeat the President." Senator DIXON sees in the Bull-Moose vote the strength of the popular movement for the Colonel. What to most persons is apparent is that the discredited faction of the Republican party represented by Mr. TAFT and the distrusted faction of the Republican-Socialist-Anarchist-Populist party represented by Mr. ROOSEVELT have gone into the arena to tear each other to pieces and are going to make a very thorough job of it. We agree with Mr. HILLES that the sole purpose of the Colonel's propaganda (we should give it another name) is to defeat the President, but Mr. HILLES is mistaken when he says that the Bull Moose will not secure the electoral vote of a single State. We are inclined to think, regretfully, that he will have a good many electoral votes, and that Mr. HILLES will face a disappointment if he is figuring on his candidate blanketing the Colonel. There is a way, however, by which Mr. HILLES may shut out the Colonel, and if Republicans are big enough to sacrifice that foolish thing known as "party regularity" for the sake of patriotism, and show the same qualities of independence and devotion to the public welfare that the hard-money Democrats did in 1896, they will vote for Governor WILSON rather than vote in the air and make it possible for Mr. ROOSEVELT to carry the electoral votes of certain States. In those States a vote for the President will be a vote for Mr. ROOSEVELT, while by voting for Governor WILSON a service will be rendered to Mr. TAFT, for in the failure to secure his own election the President would rather see Governor WILSON elected than that Mr. ROOSEVELT should carry a single electoral vote.

It was quite in keeping with Mr. ROOSEVELT'S high character and his refusal to play politics for personal advantage, and his adherence always to the truth, that he should have gone into Vermont and told those Green Mountain farmers of the utter contempt and loathing he has for Mr. TAFT'S unfortunate Canadian reciprocity policy. There was a time when Mr. ROOSEVELT believed in Canadian reciprocity, just as he believed in Senator PENROSE, even as he now believes in Armageddon and woman's suffrage and Mr. WILLIAM FLINN, but other times other beliefs. "I firmly believe in free trade with Canada for both economic and political reasons," the Colonel wrote a little more than a year ago when reciprocity seemed to be popular and it was thought that the insurgents would give it their support. But 1911 is not 1912, and when the farmers of Vermont are opposed to reciprocity, surely no practical man would be at a loss for an explanation. When in one of his impulsive moments the Colonel wrote that he "firmly believed" in reciprocity he had "not looked into" the matter, but now that he has discovered what a vicious thing Mr. TAFT tried to foist upon the Vermont farmers, why of course there was nothing for him to do but to denounce Mr. TAFT and put reciprocity under the ban. Perhaps under the circumstances it is not surprising that Mr. ROOSEVELT was unable to induce Vermont Democrats to support the Bull-Moose ticket.

We notice that a gentleman of the name of HOOKER, who manufactures chloride of lime at Niagara Falls, is the new treasurer of the Progressive party. For once the Colonel has done the appropriate thing.

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Chloride of lime is a most valuable article and we have no doubt a great deal will be required around Progressive headquarters during the first week in November, but it is a pity more of it was not used by Mr. ROOSEVELT in 1904. Surely if ever a campaign needed disinfectants that campaign did.

Governor WILSON has formally opened his campaign by a short excursion into Pennsylvania and a speech before the Woodrow Wilson Workingmen's League in New York, his first political address in that city since his nomination. In Pennsylvania he was received with great enthusiasm, and although it was not on the programme that he should make any rear-platform speeches the people insisted on his talking, and wherever the train stopped there were cheering crowds to encourage him. It was not alone the enthusiasm, which was very marked, but the thoughtful attitude of his audiences that impressed the men who were carefuly watching the reception accorded the Governor. The principal speech was at Williams Grove at a farmers' picnic, and taking the Pennsylvania farmer as a rule he is hard-headed and intelligent, slow to move, but with a mind of his own, ready to listen to argument but able to think for himself. Governor WILSON has set a good many of those farmers to thinking.

At Williams Grove Governor WILSON referred to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S conversion to protection—"I say a convert because he at one time very frankly avowed a different opinion," the Governor said—and then proceeded to discuss Mr. ROOSEVELT'S rather injudicious characterization of protection as "prize money." In Vermont Mr. ROOSEVELT had told an audience that the prize money received by the manufacturers was legitimate booty. The analogy is a very interesting one, the Governor said, and he continued:

"Prize money is generally acquired by capture and not by any process of earning, but Mr. ROOSEVELT is always frank and says that his only objection to the system is that too much of the prize money remains in the hands of the officers, and too little of it is distributed to the crew. His own object, he avows, is to see to it that more of the prize money gets into the pay envelopes of those whom the freebooters employ. The interesting point I wish to raise now is, who supplies the plunder? From whom is the prize money taken? I suspect that a vast proportion of it comes out of the pockets of the farmer, unwillingly enough no doubt, but inevitably, for I see in him that great helpless class, the unbenefitted consumer."

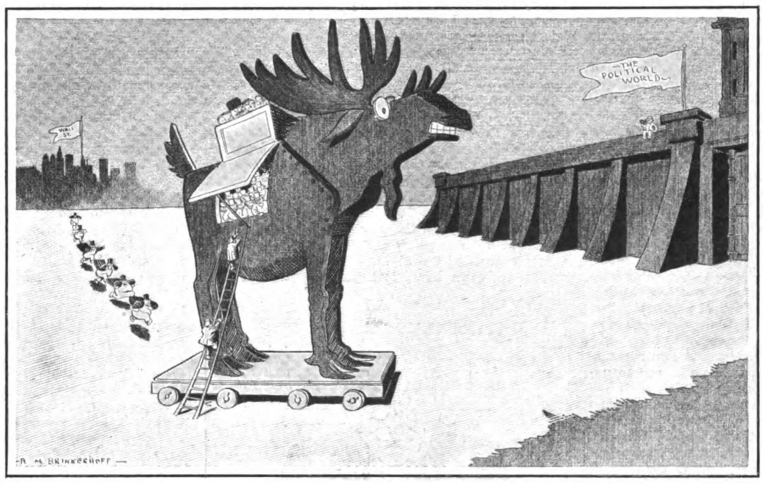
Mr. ROOSEVELT is proud of his many gifts and accomplishments, but the thing that he takes the greatest pride in is his skill as a phrase-maker, and nothing delights him more than to rake over someone else's discarded thoughts and palm them off as something brand new. "Prize money" sounds well and is just the sort of coinage to appeal to a mixed audience, but it is going to plague its maker before the campaign is over. Sometimes Mr. ROOSEVELT unconsciously tells the truth and strips away humbug, and he has done so in this instance. Nothing could be more correct than to liken the Republican doctrine of protection—which is one of the doctrines Mr. ROOSEVELT has appropriated as his own—to "prize money," for prize money isn't money for which an equivalent is given, but is money taken by force, just as the profits allowed by protection are forcibly taken from the helpless consumer. Prize money is just a little bit more respectable than piracy, but not much, and the line is about as fine as the inordinate profits allowed by protection and the illegal gains of usury. Prize money—Mr. GEORGE W. PERKINS is a good authority on the subject, by the way—is an excellent theme for Democratic speakers, and Governor WILSON has shown his ability as a campaigner in having at once brought it to public attention.

The Democratic campaign thus far has been well managed and has made good progress. The difference between the Republican, the Bull Moose, and the Democratic campaigns, and the three men who are their party representatives, is symbolized by their speeches and their actions. Mr. TAFT resorts to silence—the apathy of despair. Mr. TAFT knows that he is defeated, and he looks defeat in the face manfully and with dignified resignation. The Bull Moose fears defeat, but tries to escape from his fears in a fury of sound. He must talk, for without his talk there would be little left to the campaign, and the special correspondents attached to his show report that oxygen tanks have been installed in his private car so as to be able to pump him full of gas in case of emergency. We had a suspicion that the Bull-Moose campaign was in a bad way, but when the doctors bring oxygen cylinders into the sick-room it is about time for the obituary writers to overhaul their material. Pretty soon the Colonel will be given doses of brandy under a physician's directions, and then what will Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT do and what will become of his milk certificate? Between Mr. TAFT'S grim silence and Mr. ROOSEVELT'S grotesque campaigning Governor WILSON has thus far pursued the safe, middle course of a few well-phrased addresses. His speeches are not "dashing," men do not stand on their heads carried away by his oratory or break into song, but they go away with something to think about, and that is the test of every appeal. In this campaign the speech is the man and what he stands for and the result that is to be: Mr. TAFT speechless and the party impotent; Mr. ROOSEVELT vociferating explosively, and his party rushing about aimlessly, snatching at everything and able to hold nothing; Governor WILSON, of measured utterance, thoughtfully speaking to thoughtful men who are tired of a party that does nothing and distrustful of a party whose principles are too elastic to command respect.

The Democratic party this year is fortunate in having no past. There are no skeletons in safe-deposit boxes; there are no compromising letters filched from confidential files to make circulation for popular magazines; there are no cipher despatches to be explained; there are no campaign checks to be investigated. Mr. ROOSEVELT is on the defensive, so much on the defensive that about half his speeches are devoted to denouncing Senator PENROSE and Mr. ARCHBOLD, and giving various versions of why he took the money and did not return it and why he returned the money he never took. President TAFT'S friends are busy defending themselves from Mr. ROOSEVELT'S attacks and trembling for fear more confidential letters stolen from private files will be published. Mr. ROOSEVELT never knows when another piece of incriminating evidence will be produced; Mr. TAFT'S friends wonder who next will be involved by Mr. ROOSEVELT'S latest explanation. It is only in Democratic headquarters there is the peace that comes from an untrouble conscience. Sweet are the uses of adversity. There is some compensation that the trusts were so busy filling Mr. ROOSEVELT'S pockets that they had no time to pay any attention to Mr. ROOSEVELT'S opponents.

Sufficient time has elapsed since the Democratic nomination to make the alignment clear. While Republicans have deserted Mr. TAFT to throw in their lot with Mr. ROOSEVELT and men like Governor HADLEY and WILLIAM L. WARD and ORMSBY MCHARG, who took a prominent part in the ROOSEVELT movement before he was a candidate and are now back in the Republican ranks, not a single Democrat of any importance has left his party to receive the accolade at the hands of the Guerrilla Chieftain. The Democratic forces remain intact. The progress of the campaign thus far shows that the example set by the leaders has been followed by the rank and file. Mr. ROOSEVELT may be making tremendous inroads into the Democratic party, but nothing has happened to prove it; rather, everything goes to show that Democrats are standing shoulder to shoulder and ready to repel ROOSEVELT and TAFT and waiting for the signal to march on the ballot-boxes and cast their votes for WILSON.

Still, Mr. MCADOO, don't take everything for granted. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, perpetual precaution is what it costs to elect a President.



The Wooden Moose

Mr. ROOSEVELT'S ideas of political argument and the dignity that befits the candidate of a great political party are peculiar. Addressing the Missouri Progressive State convention, Mr. ROOSEVELT made what he thought was a crushing retort to Governor WILSON'S approval of the Democratic platform. "Mr. WILSON," he said, "is now Governor of New Jersey and has been such for nearly two years. If the Baltimore platform really offers any hope for the trust solution, why, during these two years, has nothing whatever been done in New Jersey under Mr. WILSON'S lead, or even attempted by Mr. WILSON in New Jersey, for the regulation of the trusts?" If this utterance did not show the poverty of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S intellectual equipment one would say that he was deliberately imposing upon the credulity of his audience, but Mr. ROOSEVELT probably believes that it is in the power of the Governor of a State to regulate the trusts. Mr. ROOSEVELT makes the mistake of becoming too specific, which is always fatal to a person who attempts to be profound on slender knowledge. So long as Mr. ROOSEVELT sticks to Armageddon and social justice and race suicide and simplified spelling, he is on his own ground and no one can follow him, but when he attempts to deal with practical questions, even although he has admitted that he is a practical man, then he wades into deep water and is sure to be swamped.

Mr. ROOSEVELT is evidently getting rattled and losing his temper—a bad sign, which shows that the strain of campaigning is telling upon him. In Des Moines he indulged in this dignified remark: "I see that What's-his-name, that Congressman from St. Louis, BARTHOLDT—he is one of the highwaymen—has asked Mr. CUMMINS to debate the Texas, California, and Washington contests at Chicago. I hope Mr. CUMMINS will refuse, for the reason I wouldn't debate with a pickpocket the ownership of a watch he has just stolen. If the police are handy, I'll hand him over to them. If they are not, I'll tend to him myself. Any man, any candidate for Governor or other office, who has knowledge of the facts and supports Mr. TAFT, gives us the right to say that he is not competent to pass upon honesty in public life."

This is the Assassinator of Character's idea of the square deal; to call a man a thief, but to refuse to submit his case to a jury so that the truth can be ascertained.

Dr. WILEY, who first had his hands tied by Mr. ROOSEVELT and was then forced out of the Agricultural Department by Mr. TAFT, is going to take the stump in behalf of Governor WILSON, and as Dr. WILEY has no fear and a very large power of expression he may be expected to make life for the Colonel even more joyous than it now is. Dr. WILEY has begun by showing what a wonderful thing Mr. ROOSEVELT'S memory is and how a fact is to him as light as thistle-down when it gets in the way of a denial. Dr. WILEY charged that Mr. ROOSEVELT was always unfriendly to the pure-food law and crippled the efficiency of the law by the appointment of the REMSEN board, one of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S illegal contrivances, which overruled Dr. WILEY and his associates and permitted the use of benzoate of soda. Mr. ROOSEVELT recently wrote a letter to a man in Kansas saying that he made Congress pass the law and had the assistance of Mr. GARFIELD, "then Secretary of the Interior." Yet as a strict matter of fact the pure-food law was passed in June, 1906, and Mr. GARFIELD did not become Secretary of the Interior until March, 1907.

Secretary-of-War STIMSON, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S "dear HARRY" of the New York campaign of two years ago, said in San Francisco lately: "There is no justification or reason or need for THEODORE ROOSEVELT in this day and generation. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has done more harm to the advancement of pure political and better governmental conditions than any other one man or combinatbion of men that has intermeddled in political and governmental affairs in a great many years." When Mr. ROOSEVELT first entered politics, twenty years ago, Mr. STIMSON said, conditions were infinitely more rotten than they had ever been before, and the Secretary added:

"He took advantage of these conditions and played the game of politics according to the rules laid down by TOM PLATT. Then he continued to play the game under the revised rules of BEN ODELL. In those days, and since, until a few months ago, ROOSEVELT was the beneficiary of the rotten system as carried on by the old guard and the Black Horse Cavalry."

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A LITTLE FORECAST OF COMING EVENTS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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The ENGLISHMAN ABROAD

By Anglo-American

Pictures by Albert Levering

AN English magazine has recently been discussing whether anything can be done to reform the British tourist and has come to the common and disheartening conclusion that he is irreclaimable. I do not myself share this pessimism, believing that in the last twenty-five years the average Englishman on the Continent has shown a distinct tendency upward and that in time he may even become a credit to his country. There is, however, one characteristic that he betrays no sign of abandoning. Wherever he goes he carries with him the bearing, the tone and manners of a conquering race. As a rule, when people talk of British imperialism they think of what the English have accomplished in the way of seizing and governing about a fifth of the world. But to annex and to rule countries that are lying more or less derelict and are inhabited by inferior races without any stable civilization or any great powers of resistance is not, after all, so wonderful a feat. Much more wonderful to my mind is the exhibition of imperialism which even the meekest of British tourists unconsciously presents and which profoundly affects communities as advanced and homogeneous and civilized as his own. Go, for instance, at this time of year to Dieppe, and you will find yourself surrounded by an army of English invaders and colonizers. If you will then take a quarter of an hour's run in a motor-car to Pourville, you will reach another settlement of the same kind; a little further on, at Fécamp, Trouville, and Etretat, there are yet others. All along this delightful northern coast of France, in fact, the English set up during the summer months a series of inexpugnable encampments. There is more than one French watering-place that has come into existence simply to cater for the English holiday-maker, that is really an English outpost planted on French soil; and their like may be duplicated indefinitely in Switzerland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, and Italy.

But whether he is thus specially invited, or whether he lights upon a spot already in the possession of "the natives," and has to elbow his way in, makes very little difference to the English immigrant. He comes, he sees, he conquers. He imposes himself upon the doomed locality and declines to be moved or intimidated. His language, his manners, his ways of doing things, his servants, his sports—everything, in short, that he is used to at home—accompanies him. A lodgment thus effected, his friends and countrymen pour in, each bringing with him his own little scrap of England. In time a regular English colony grows up, with its own churches, doctors, dentists, recreations, afternoon teas, golf-links, tennis-courts, and so on, all complete. Its inhabitants have little or no intercourse with "the natives"; they form an *imperium in imperio*, a small but compact world to themselves; they know, as a rule, nothing of the language or merely enough for the purposes of the casino, the restaurant, and the shop; they transplant not only their bodies, but their entire mode of life, to an alien environment, and take it for granted that the environment in question will not alone find room for them, but will accommodate itself to all their needs and whims. Patronize pretty nearly any casino at any French *plage* you please, and while the croupiers at the tables for baccarat, chemin de fer, la boule, and les petits chevaux, have the audacity to speak French, English is the language you will most commonly hear among the punters and the crowd of onlookers. On the golf-links and the tennis-courts it has a virtual monopoly, and the French who indulge in either sport, while treated by the English with the friendliest condescension, wear almost the aspect of intruders. It is they who are the foreigners and it is the English who are at home.

The phenomenon, indeed, is so common, is repeated in so many countries and under such varying conditions, that few people pause to ponder its significance. Wherever in Europe you find a place sufficiently attractive to make an English colony worth while, there you find the same matter-of-course, inevitable predominance of British fashions, games, and the general British scheme of things. If there is any exception to the rule it is Holland, where the English encounter a toughness of national character and fixed standards and codes of manners as hardy as their own, and where in consequence they make little permanent impression. Otherwise their authority is pretty well universal. The French, the Italians, the Germans, the Spaniards, the Austrians, and the Belgians alike succumb to it. Among all these peoples you will come across English fortresses intensely self-contained and intensely dominant. No other nationality exercises anything like their sway. The French residents, whether temporary or permanent, in Italy, the Italian residents in Germany, the German residents in Spain, have no influence at all in molding the social life of their adopted surroundings. But the English go nowhere without making themselves felt as factors in the daily round of the community. They may not be popular, but there is no question as to their power.

Wherein lies its secret? Partly, I think, in their determined ignorance of foreign languages. The dear old English lady in Paris who refused to speak French on the ground that "it only encourages them," represented an undying instinct of the British mind and temperament. The average Englishman who forms the rank and file of the tourist hosts is not, indeed, proud of knowing no tongue but his own, but he is not ashamed of it, and there is always a streak of resentment in his surprise at running across foreigners who do not speak English. "Not only will I not learn your language," he, in effect, announces to the peoples of the Continent, "but you've got to learn mine." Personally I am never more acutely conscious of the gulf between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin civilizations than when talking my normal atrocious French to a Frenchman. Whatever his estate or education, and however much you may butcher his language before his very eyes, a Frenchman remains helpful, polite, interested in your struggles, prompt to collect the *disjecta membra* of your sentences, and to extricate you from all difficulties. Your worst "howlers" raise not the ghost of a smile on his alert face; he sees what you are driving at with wonderful rapidity; he supplies the words you are searching for; he rescues others you are on the very verge of mutilating; he takes your attempt to converse with him in his own language as a compliment to himself and his nation, a compliment that touches him, one that demands from him whatever recognition he can give it.

But an Englishman under similar circumstances, even an Englishman of otherwise good breeding and instincts, has to keep a tight hold over himself to refrain from bursting with laughter when a Frenchman mangles English. He finds something almost irresistibly comical in words misused, misplaced, and mispronounced; it asks all his self-control to keep his hilarity from outward expression; and he will get away as soon as he can to relieve his emotions. An Englishman's French never seems to touch a Frenchman's risible faculties at all; a Frenchman's English appeals to an Englishman primarily as a screaming joke, which it needs all his politeness not to explode over. And those Englishmen who constitute the bulk of the tourist army are not very remarkable for their politeness. They take it—I am speaking of them, of course, as a body—as little less than an affront if their own outrageous French is not immediately understood and if they are not addressed in nearly perfect English. It is one of their strongest points that in this matter of languages they conscientiously decline to accommodate themselves. They bring with them stacks of money and they spend it freely; the Continent looks upon the traveling Englishman much as England looks upon the traveling American—as a millionaire unless conclusively proved otherwise; and in return for the financial obligations thus conferred the English demand that intercourse with the natives shall be carried on in English. The Continent accordingly learns English and adds from thirty to fifty per cent. on to the cost of everything an Englishman buys.

Then, again, as I have said, the English invaders insist on carrying England about with them. When they plant themselves on the Riviera or in the Canary Islands or in Switzerland or at a German or Austrian *bad*, or along the seaside resorts of Normandy and Brittany, it is not to adapt themselves to their new surroundings, but to establish a series of miniature Englands. Americans are often heard to boast, and with justice, of their adaptability. But by always identifying yourself with the life and modes of conduct and social arrangements of the localities you visit, you forfeit at the same time the power of influencing them. The American's adaptability means that he is easily denationalized, that he puts up with whatever is given him, that he receives a far greater impression than he creates. But the Englishman remains always English, stubborn and unyielding; when he goes abroad it is to Anglicize, not to be Frenchified or Germanized or Italianized; when he encounters anything he does not like—anything, that is to say, which is contrary to English notions—he kicks and kicks until it is changed to his liking; when he discovers something missing that an English resort or an English hotel ought to possess he insists on its being supplied; and the natives, fearful of losing his patronage, hasten to supply it. Nor is it only those who stand to gain financially who humor the Englishman's whims and allow him to have things his own way. The English colony is socially impressive; it invites imitation, two or three hundred English people, spending their money freely, living the life they are accustomed to at home, cannot help having an effect on local society; and their very exclusiveness heightens the desirability of admission into the wondrous circle. Wherever an English colony exists a Frenchman, say, or an Italian, finds he has a better time if he joins in its pursuits than if he holds aloof from them; and providing he speaks good English and is a sportsman, the English are complaisant enough to extend their fellowship to him.

But it is, of course, in the realm of sport that English example has had the most obvious effect. The slang of the English race-course has become part and parcel of almost every European language. The best training establishments on the Continent are manned throughout by Englishmen and English jockeys are in high demand on every race-course. Yachting, again, has been modeled as a pastime wholly on English lines. Golf only conquered the world when England first stamped it with her approval. If the English had not discovered it and taken it up, it would have remained the esoteric sport of the Scotch. As it is, it has spread everywhere solely because the English insist on playing it wherever they find themselves. It has long been the custom of the local authorities on the Continent to present the English colony in their midst with the site for a church. They now find themselves expected to provide the invaders with a golf-course on the same terms; and, what is more amazing, many of them comply. One could hardly quote a better instance of English supremacy in such matters than the fact that the Emperor Francis Joseph has placed a large piece of ground in the center of the Prater at the disposal of the Vienna Golf Club, rent free. The Horse Show at Olympia in London is only in the fifth year of its existence, yet already it is the most famous thing of its kind in Europe, and incomparably better than any similar show in the world. Lawn-tennis tournaments are now a feature of the season at every continental resort, simply because the English play the game. In the same way, but in a very different sphere, a Tetrazzini can sing for years in Europe without attracting any particular notice and only becomes a star of the first magnitude when London acclaims her as such.

Next to sport English influence is, perhaps, most visible in matters of dress and the smaller points of manners. The Austrian or the Hungarian aristocrat is never happier than when he is dressed up like an Englishman and is mistaken for one. The subalterns of the crack regiments in Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and Rome no sooner don civilian attire than they imitate the Englishman in dress and manner, wear English clothes, shake hands *à l'Anglaise*, turn up their trousers to the manner born, and drink Scotch whiskey. The tailors of Savile Row set the law in masculine fashions from China to Peru. In a few years I shall not be surprised to find that the London custom of "dressing" for the theater and the restaurant has established itself on the Continent. Concurrently, moreover, with the spread of English fashions in Europe, the popularity of England as a country to visit and reside in has steadily increased. To be ambassador at the Court of St. James's is the blue riband of the diplomatic service all the world over. Americans with social ambitions are far from being the only ones who regard a presentation at the Court in London as the first essential step. Under King Edward Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle became the supreme centers of cosmopolitan fashion. England, indeed, seems destined to be converted into the playground of the world. The foreign nobleman finds there a society in which he is lavishly entertained, made much of by the press, courted and flattered and deferred to by the people at large, and treated to a popularity and a sense of security he gets nowhere else. Small wonder that he returns again and again and revels in the good things spread out before him with such enticing abundance, or that he should make a point of showing attention to the English visitors and the English colonies on the Continent. With the upper classes in Europe eager to emulate Englishmen in all points of dress, recreation, and manner, and with the lower classes finding it a profitable investment to pander to English requirements, British predominance rests on a fairly stable basis.

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The Police Question

AN EXPOSITION OF THE PRESENT EVIL CONDITIONS WITH SOME PRACTICAL PLANS FOR ABATING THEM

By William McAdoo

Former Commissioner of Police for New York and Chief City Magistrate

PART I

THE author of this article is in a position to speak with authority, as well as justice tempered with kindliness, on the present distressing condition of the Police Department of New York City. He served two years as Police Commissioner, and in that position enjoyed ample opportunity for scrutiny of the police question, which he has since studied with deep and intimate concern as Chief City Magistrate. He is the author of "Guarding a Great City," the standard book on the police question. As Commissioner, Mr. McAdoo enjoyed the confidence of the police, whom he treated fairly though not indulgently, and he has continued in his present position earnest efforts for the permanent betterment of police administration.

The final instalment of this article will appear in our next issue.

ANY attempt to deal with the police question on a remodeling and constructive basis should be entirely impersonal, and the subject should be approached in a judicial, temperate, and impartial spirit. If all the crimes charged against individual policemen at the present time were proven in open court this would be only a symptomatic indication of what is the chronic trouble with the general police organization.

In the beginning under cruder conditions and rougher methods and baser politics, the police were shamelessly used for partisan purposes and subordinated to politicians. Promotions were sold for money and paid for to political leaders who considered them as a sort of property. Transfers and assignments followed the same evil course. A really honest and courageous policeman had little if any chance of promotion, and his official life was in danger if he attempted to do his full duty. To the victors belonged the spoils—the police belonged to the party in power.

A crook with a pull was a man to be respected. Graft was a vested interest, to be divided between the big police officials and the big men on the outside. Blackmailing lawyers notoriously plied their art on rich men who had to stand in with the police officials. Many a dollar came from Wall Street to Mulberry Street. Many a family secret was buried in the walls of this building. Professional ladies who threatened disagreeable lawsuits knew an easy way to get a settlement which was profitable to all concerned, and a tinge of humor was added to the situation by the fact that the rich man who paid the money thought he had been well served by his friends, who had, in truth, baited the hook that caught him. They were like the old-fashioned "firebugs" who started fires to show what good firemen they were.

It should always be remembered in dealing with the present police question that it was in this poisonous atmosphere that the older ranking officers of the force were reared and brought up. It was in this school that they were educated. The real police code of rules by which they were governed was driven into them by hard experience in those evil days, and they find it hard to unlearn in better times. The evil example of these men is a menace to the force, and I qualify that by saying that in spite of the environment there are good men among them. When they are successful and retire rich, the evil influence of their example is felt by every man in the ranks. "Why should I be honest and get no credit for it, when So-and-so retired with a fortune and is now a highly respectable citizen whose opinions are quoted daily in the newspapers?" A thousand get away with it where one is caught, and the voice of the tempter says to the policeman, "Don't be foolish; take your share of it."

Then, the ordinary policeman gets discouraged by so many bosses and so many systems. He is constantly being experimented upon, by all sorts of theorists. They invent new systems and try them out on him. He is vivisected in the interests of the science of government. He is shamelessly exploited in the interest of ambitious men. He has had single-headed commissions, double-headed commissions, and triple-headed commissions. He has been governed by boards, governed by nobody, governed by somebody—and damned by everybody. He has been working under all systems of platoons. He has been promoted, demoted, tried, condemned or acquitted, indicted and sent to jail occasionally, and applauded vociferously in the parades in May marching up Fifth Avenue. He has been dismissed a hundred times by commissioners and reinstated by the court with back pay and expenses. He has served under all kinds of administrations—dishonest ones, honest ones, ignorant ones, intelligent ones, theoretical and practical. He has been driven forward and pushed backward; ordered to suppress this crime and refrain from interfering with that one, never certain for one whole day who will be over him on the next, and always apprehensive after each election for Mayor that everything he has learned in the mean time he will have to unlearn.

Everything is chaotic and confused, and as to the men on the force, the majority are mixed up like tares with the grain, and the tares and the wheat grow together. As the tares are more conspicuous than the grain, a good many people believe the field is all tares. The situation could not be worse. And some man, for his sins, has to be Police Commissioner. In England they sing, "God Save the King." Why not in New York sing, "God Pity the Police Commissioner"? And in saying this I am not blind to the fact that it would be asking a good deal of God in the case of some of them who deserved something different from pity.

The public mode of treating the police question alternates between indifference and a hue and cry. A quiescent era in which the public pay no attention whatever to police conditions is followed by a popular outbreak on the discovery of some symptom of the chronic trouble. The New York public wake up some morning to find that the police conditions are not good, that things which they themselves have tolerated, if not encouraged, have produced bad results; they thereupon with one voice demand that this should be remedied before sundown and human nature made over again.

Are the police force as a body dishonest? On the contrary, under the conditions in which they have been brought up and exist, they are, in my judgment, a remarkably honest body of men. Subjected to the same temptations, it is very doubtful, considering their numbers, whether they would not compare favorably with high-class business men, politicians, reformers, professional men, including lawyers, editors, reporters, and even the clergy. It is always a marvel to me that so many men in the police service maintain their integrity and their high sense of honor. Are there grafters among them? Yes, certainly. How could it be otherwise—with the money being thrust upon them? They don't need to have collectors; the only question is whether they will receive it from those who have reduced breaking the laws against vice to a plain business proposition and in cold blood commercialized it. You have a right to assume that the policeman you see on the street is an honest, well-meaning, and faithful public officer. He represents the law in its most militant sense, and his word in or out of court should be taken in preference to that of all crooks and questionable characters; otherwise we might as well shut up shop and close the court-houses and be ruled by vigilance committees and Judge Lynch.

I am always sorry for the policemen on the occasion of violent outbreaks, when some of the big grafters on the force have been caught. The average policeman has one failing, begotten of environment and tradition; he has been taught, and it has been rubbed into him, that it is the unpardonable sin to inform on any other policeman. Thousands of policemen honest themselves will not come forward to expose the crooks and grafters who disgrace the force. They are to a certain extent terrorized by the big men at the top. There are a thousand ways to harass and annoy the informer. He can be sent to Coventry at once. I dealt extensively with this phase in a book which I have written on the police question. Many of the policemen are Irish-Americans, and the hatred of an informer is ingrown deeply into the Irish character, as any one can well understand who knows the history of Ireland. Then there is the same fraternal feeling among policemen as exists among soldiers and sailors. The solidarity and system of the police can be matched at West Point or Annapolis, and it is found among all men belonging to the same profession or trade. The policeman is essentially human and in no wise different from the other citizens from whom he has been recruited; only I think he is less of a grafter than many others would be under the same temptations and circumstances.

Is there any remedy for these evil conditions? Can some law be framed which will automatically correct these evils? I have never known of an automatic law. I have never seen any machine that did not require a successful engineer to run it. I don't care how well made a piece of enginery is, how thoroughly planned, it will not work well unless there is a competent and honest engineer in charge of it. I am convinced that the police machinery needs radical reconstruction.

The first and last trouble with the Police Department to-day is the fact that it has no permanent head. The Police Commissioner is a king on sufferance, with less hold on his office than the man who washes the steps of the building. He can be removed by the Mayor or the Governor at a minute's notice. He has no sooner signed his name to the roster than speculation is begun as to how long he will last. If he pleases the force, they are afraid they will lose him; if he offends them, they will join with the others to get rid of him. He is scarcely ever long enough in office to carry out one reform, however beneficial.

The Police Commissioner should be appointed for a term of ten years and removable only on charges after due trial by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. This will give him a tenure at least equal to that of a city magistrate. He works harder than, and has more responsibilities than, any one judge of our higher courts, and his salary should be fixed accordingly. They say it would be very dangerous to give one man such power and then secure him in office for so long a term; that it would be asking too much of the Mayor to hand it over to one man.

What about the President of the United States? He has the selection of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose powers are almost infinite, and they are appointed for life, and after they take the oath of office the President has no more control over them than the humble citizen. It is so with all the Federal judiciary; they are appointed for life. No Mayor, however able, even if he were a genius, can manage the affairs of this great Police Department and all the rest of the city government at the same time. It would be a great relief to him to have this department turned over to a thoroughly independent head. There are some people I know who do not want that to come about: the ulcerous condition of the Police Department is profitable to them. It makes for agitation and unrest, and gives an excellent opportunity for some men to exploit themselves into public view. Reputations can be made by opening the sore and showing how bad it is. The party in power is always handicapped by it. It is the biggest lever the outs have to get in.

Some time ago a gentleman in this city of high character and reputation undertook to bring about a condition of public sentiment in and out of newspaper offices to beget legislation for a Police Commissioner with the tenure of office here proposed. He was astonished and surprised at the opposition he met with and the quarters from which it came and the reasons for it. In other words, it was frankly stated that some people did not want the police question settled.

I have no hesitation in saying that the day an honest, courageous, intelligent, and experienced man goes to the Police Headquarters as Commissioner, with a secure tenure of ten years in office, the police question will be practically settled. A weak man would grow strong with such responsibilities and security. A strong man would grow big.

The storm-buffeted police ship would be at last in a safe harbor. The jargon of wild, conflicting cries would cease; order would come out of chaos, peace would take the place of confusion, and security succeed agitation. Why not have a permanent head? The men who command our army and navy are appointed for life. It is true civilian Secretaries of the President preside over these establishments, but they at least remain for four years. In London the Police Commissioner is one of the few irremovable officers of the United Kingdom. He is appointed by the King and cannot even be removed by Parliament. As a result you never hear of him, the machinery moves so smoothly.

The next far-reaching movement for the effective administration of the law in New York is that the District Attorney and the Police Commissioner shall work together in entire harmony and good-will. They must respect each other and each give to the other unlimited confidence. They must have no official secrets held from each other, there must be no jealousy or envy or competition at the expense of the public interest for their individual advancement. If the Police Commissioner and the District Attorney are harmonious, earnestly co-operative, vice and crime will diminish in New York. If they are divided, it will flourish. A division between them is treason to the people of this city. For instance, if the Police Commissioner finds himself unable to close the gambling-houses he can appeal to his brother, the District Attorney, who can use the most powerful weapon ever given to an officer, and with which Mr. Jerome showed that such places could be closed in a day.

With the Police Commissioner and the District Attorney co-operating in this or any other movement they would be invincible. If one of them has reason to believe that some subordinate of the other is unfaithful, they should mutually investigate, and they should both labor together. They should strive to eliminate the weak and inefficient instruments connected with their different establishments. At present the District Attorney is a constitutional officer elected by the people, and personifies the whole power of the State in this city. It is a most important office in the government of the people. Armed with his commission, he goes down to Center Street clothed with his appointment; his confrère, the Police Commissioner, goes up the same street to his headquarters. The District Attorney has a tenure of four years; the Police Commissioner is lucky if he has a tenure of four months. It is true the Governor can remove both; but that is a remote contingency, especially with the District Attorney.

As it is now, the District Attorney does not respect the Police Commissioner, because the office is changed so often, his hold on power is so insecure and the changes come around frequently. Reverse it, and give the Police Commissioner a ten-year tenure, and you will see a very different state of affairs. Starting at the same time, the Police Commissioner will officially outlive the District Attorney. His police policy will, therefore, be more permanent than that of the elected officer. However, there is one thing certain: these two

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officers must be made to co-operate, must be made to act in harmony, or there will be no real, efficient administration of the criminal law in this county. Any man or set of men who attempts to divide them is a traitor to good government.

On these two reforms hang all the Law and the Prophets, in my judgment, so far as the reconstruction of the police force is concerned. When you have got your Police Commissioner secure in the saddle, the Mayor having made a wise selection of a competent, honest man, other reforms can follow. To the new Commissioner should be given power to reorganize the force. The old and dishonest elements that came up from the bad school of the past should be gotten rid of as quickly as possible. It is impossible to make them over again, and they won't learn. They are out of sympathy with any radical reform, and they will try to thwart the Police Commissioner if he attempts to go forward. They are worse than Jonah, who only offended by his presence, while they transgress by their activities. I am sorry for the whale, but they should be kicked overboard. It is very discouraging to the honest policeman to see suave, able crooks of high rank attain positions of trust on the force, placed at headquarters and made inspectors of big districts, having the confidence of the Police Commissioner. Some of these men have long, bad records, and the majority of the police force believe them to be dishonest. They are connected with the old and evil traditions of the police force. It would pay the city to pension them off and get rid of them.

Take the Detective Bureau. There is an old, vitiated element in it that should be weeded out. Some of these men were collectors and ward men for former successful grafters, and they discourage the young men in the bureau who have to associate with them. When they are sent to a district under the present system their presence there is considered as a sign that the old practices will be in vogue. They are clever collectors for officers higher up, and will stand in with crooks if they get a chance. Taking them as a body to-day, the police of this city are infinitely superior to those of the past—clean cut, fine, wholesome-looking fellows; properly uniformed they make a most impressive appearance. Their moral betterment could be made just as secure as their physical, under good conditions.

It is not necessary here to go into the details of what the Commissioner could do, and what he would be likely to do if full power were given to him. I was opposed to the law allowing the Commissioner to reduce or disrate inspectors. I am convinced now, from a larger experience, and connected closely as I am with the Police Department through this office, that I was wrong, and that those who fathered this movement were right. Possibly under the changed conditions outlined above, a larger opportunity might be given to the Commissioner to demote all down the ranks.

It was difficult to reach the dishonest policeman by trial through the courts. His vested rights in office are hedged in and secured by many technical defenses. It is alarming and discouraging to see so many policemen returned to the force by the higher courts after conviction by the Commissioner.

With the right man at the head of the police, and secure in his office, and with the co-operation of the District Attorney, there would be no trouble about the courts. Public opinion would be so strong behind the Police Commissioner and the District Attorney that the courts would respect both and co-operate with them in every way possible. You will not get the best police conditions in New York until a policeman is considered by every judge and magistrate on the face of things as a thoroughly honest and efficient co-operator with him in the administration of the criminal law.

I have striven for that condition in this office, so far as the magistrates are concerned, with great success. The status of the policeman in the magistrate's court to-day is much changed for the better. My colleagues in the magistracy believe with me that to make the policeman self-respecting we must respect him and his office, and we must stand by him as against the criminal element with which he must necessarily be at war, and, above all, assume, in the absence of positive proof, that he is an honest and truthful official. We do not need to coddle them. Treat them justly, and, above all, lend no encouragement to the criminal and vicious element who are all too numerous in the community. Some of these dangerous and professional criminals have no more right, ethically speaking, to be at large than mad wolves or poisonous reptiles. After a certain number of years spent in the practice of their infamous profession they are irreclaimable, and have declared perpetual war against society, which can only be saved from them by their confinement. Imagine fining a professional pickpocket, instead of sending him to prison; or putting a burglar on probation, or suspending sentence on a highwayman!

(To be Concluded.)

Red Petticoats

A LUDICROUS INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ENCAMPMENT AT VALLEY FORGE

By Lillian Cronise Lutes

IF some one should ask you on what day the whole American army made a furious charge against a line of red petticoats, could you answer?

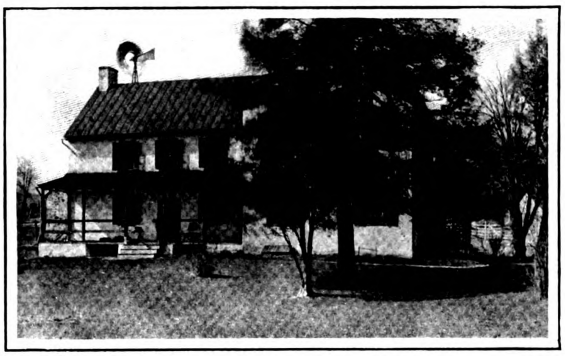
You never heard of any such engagement, but the historic fact remains, and the sortie constituted one of the most elaborate and brilliant maneuvers executed during the Continental Encampment at Valley Forge. Detachments were led by all the distinguished foreign generals, and the occasion was, moreover, the first opportunity offered to the gallant new inspector-general, Baron von Steuben, to make manifest the disciplinary improvement in the conduct of the troops, due to his long months of careful drilling. Notwithstanding their gallant and martial array, however, those who participated in the sally took so little pride therein that it is only through the memoirs of the ardent young aide who precipitated the attack that any record thereof has been preserved to posterity.

The long, weary months of the Valley Forge encampment were dragging to their close. In the wake of famine and destitution, disease was rampant in the camp. There were some sick in every one of the thousand huts that lent their rude shelter to the patriot army, and the best couch for which any of the poor soldiers could hope was a couple of armfuls of clean straw, while in many cases even this scant comfort was lacking. The situation seemed desperate; the hearts of all but the firmest were filled with despair; and even the bravest felt that only by some miracle of divine intervention could the cause of the colonies hope to triumph against the superior resources of the Mother Country. The 22d of April, 1778, was set apart, by order of Congress, for a special day of "fasting, humiliation, and prayer," and it was devoutly observed by the entire army.

One of the soldiers' huts at Valley Forge

Twelve days later a couple of couriers, foam-flecked and covered with the dust of many miles' hard riding, dashed through the camp at Valley Forge to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. They did not stop to answer the excited inquiries of the gaunt and haggard soldiers. Their mission was too urgent and too joyful, for to them had been granted the privilege of bearing to the general and his suffering army the glorious tidings that the God of Battles had been moved by their prayers and supplications, and that aid was assured from France.

No sooner had their news been made known than "suddenly the public distress seemed to be forgotten in the universal joy. Dinners, toasts, songs, *feux de joie*, and rejoicings were general throughout the army; satisfaction and happiness were depicted in every countenance." General Washington, whom no trial nor danger could move from his habitual and stately calm, now led the rejoicing and ordered a formal celebration of the good news. New heart and life were infused into the men; hope took the place of despair; everywhere was activity, and preparations went on apace for the great celebration of the morrow. His Excellency wished that Inspector-General Steuben should celebrate the alliance by a great maneuver with the entire army, and a sham battle was decided upon as the chief feature of the exercises.



The headquarters of Baron von Steuben

Upon the following day everything proceeded as planned. The preliminary maneuvers were successfully executed, and the army was divided for the sham battle. The attacking party, led by Major-General Lord Stirling, the Marquis de Lafayette, and Baron de Kalb, had withdrawn a considerable distance and were momentarily expected. Baron von Steuben's aide, the youthful Frenchman Duponceau, had been sent to reconnoiter, with orders to return immediately, at full gallop, as soon as the sham enemy should be in sight. The duties of scout in a sham battle are in no wise dangerous, and young Duponceau, full of the joyful spirit of the occasion, had ridden about a quarter of a mile, care-free and happy, when his pleasant reveries were put to a sudden end by the startling apparition of a long line of scarlet just appearing in the distance. Jumping to the conclusion that Lord Howe had heard of the French Alliance and had determined to risk all on a bold dash before French aid should arrive, he did indeed return to the camp at full gallop; but the cheers of his waiting comrades were stilled at the sight of his pallid face and staring eyes as he dashed into their midst shouting: "The British are upon us! A surprise! A surprise!"

Immediately jollification gave place to the serious business of war. Aides were despatched to the other division of the army to draw in with all haste. The value of Steuben's discipline at once became manifest. There was no confusion. Orders were executed with military precision and promptitude. The troops, waiting in readiness for a sham attack, were marshaled in the direction indicated. Duponceau acted as guide. The Continental troops pressed rapidly forward, their faces stern and set with their determination to prevent the British from gaining any advantage from their attempted surprise. Again the gleam of red was descried through the thicket, and the signal having been given the American army charged furiously upon—*a line of red flannel petticoats hung on a fence to dry.*

The spirit of jollification at once revived, and poor Duponceau, so lately the hero of the hour, was now the butt for the taunts and gibes of the entire army. Wretched over his mistake and confused by his unpleasant notoriety, his cup of humiliation overflowed when, at General Washington's banquet that evening, his brother officers continued their ridicule even in the presence of his commander-in-chief. But General Washington, probably feeling that no sham battle that could have been arranged would so thoroughly have demonstrated the depth to which the new discipline had sunk into the being of his soldiers, as this same impromptu and ludicrous sortie had done, came to his relief, and, to his surprise, the young aide found his first consolation in the kindness and sympathy of this same august general.

"Such was the conduct of that excellent man," writes Duponceau, "that I retired comforted and with my mind relieved from the heavy weight that pressed upon it."

Thus the incident passed and, except by the antiquarian or historian, its occurrence has been almost forgotten. Laugh as we may at its absurdity, we should yet remember that the same discipline that could at a moment's notice change a celebration into a sally enabled the army a few weeks later, at the memorable battle of Monmouth, to change rout and retreat into attack and victory, and that, after that winter's drilling on the hills of Valley Forge, "our army never again suffered defeat in an open field from an equal body of the enemy."

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The Telephone and the State

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE SYSTEM OF THIS COUNTRY AND THAT OF EUROPE

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

DOUBT whether in the whole history and romance of industry any invention has so quickly established itself among the necessities of life as the telephone. Men who are not yet middle-aged can remember when it was regarded as an interesting and ingenious scientific toy, with at the most a small career of usefulness before it as an appendix to the telegraph. That in the course of a single generation it would develop into the speediest, cheapest, and most trustworthy means of communication between people at a distance of hundreds and even of thousands of miles; that it would unite nations separated by wide spaces of the sea; that men in New York could talk to men in Chicago, and Londoners to Parisians; that it would not only compete with, but positively threaten to oust, the telegraph; that vast countries would be covered with a network of telephone exchanges as accessible and intercommunicating as the highway system; and that the time would ever arrive when practically every household would be in touch with every other household in a community spread over millions of square miles—all this would have seemed in the seventies, and even in the eighties, the most fantastic of dreams.

Yet all these things have come to pass. Telephone statistics are not easily obtainable, but I should think it fairly accurate to say that there are to-day some 15,000,000 stations in operation the world over. Of these North America, including Canada and the West Indies and Mexico, accounts for over 11,000,000, Europe for 3,000,000, Asia for 200,000, Africa for 40,000, South America for 100,000, and Australasia for 150,000. These figures do not pretend to be scientific. The uncertainty in regard to them is mainly due to the fact that in the United States, where the telephone is in infinitely greater use than anywhere else, many of the companies do not publish statistics. Under the Bell system there are over 6,600,000 stations, but for the figures of the independent systems we shall have to wait for the quinquennial census of the Department of Commerce in 1913. At the two previous censuses it was found that the number of independent stations approximated very closely to the number of Bell stations. I apprehend, however, that next year the Bell system will show a clear lead, and I have therefore roughly estimated the number of exchanges at work to-day in the United States at 11,000,000. In other words, over two-thirds of the world's equipment of telephones is to be found in the American Union.

It is worth while looking into these figures a little more closely. Of the cities possessing 10,000 telephones and over, considerably more than half are situated in the United States. There are, roughly speaking, about fifty American towns where there is a telephone to less than every ten of the inhabitants; in Europe there is only one, though that one, Stockholm, has the remarkable percentage of one telephone to every 4.3 of the citizens. London, with a population more than three times as great as Chicago, has fewer telephones; Paris is twice the size of Boston, but possesses little more than half as many telephones; Liverpool, three times as great as Los Angeles, has only a little over a third its number of telephones; Glasgow, twice the size of Cincinnati, has seven thousand fewer telephones; Birmingham, with a population of over half a million, has four thousand fewer telephones than Grand Rapids with a population of some 140,000; Manchester has fewer telephones than Louisville, though it is over four times as big; Moscow has fewer than Seattle, though its population is five times greater; Vienna, with four times the population of Detroit, has twenty thousand fewer telephones; Hamburg has ten thousand fewer than Cleveland, a city half its size; Leipzig, which is larger than Buffalo, has only about half as many telephones; Milan, with a population of well over half a million, has about a third as many telephones as Omaha with a population of 160,000; Breslau is considerably over four times the size of Spokane, and yet boasts five thousand fewer telephones; and Amsterdam, with a population of nearly 600,000, has fewer than Des Moines with a population of 90,000. In the whole of the United Kingdom there are only about as many telephones as in New York and Chicago; in all France there are fewer than in Chicago alone; in all Russia there are fewer than in Philadelphia; in Austria fewer than in Boston; in Italy fewer than in Los Angeles; in Spain fewer than in Toledo, Ohio; in Belgium fewer than in Kansas City; and in Hungary fewer than in Pittsburg. We may take the figures in yet another way. Roughly speaking, there is one telephone for every nine Americans. If the same proportion obtained in Europe, Denmark would have three times as many telephones as she actually possesses, Sweden three and a half times, Norway four and a half times, Switzerland five times, Germany six and a half times, Great Britain seven and a half times, the Netherlands eleven times, Belgium nearly eighteen times as many, France nineteen times, Austria nearly thirty times, Hungary thirty-seven times, Italy fifty-six times, Portugal and Spain about ninety times, Russia one hundred and five times, and Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and four times as many.

These are very remarkable figures. Their significance, perhaps, may best be judged when one remembers that at the time when the telephone was invented all the leading industrial nations were equally well placed for developing it and applying it to their own conditions. The United States had no natural advantage whatever; it had, on the contrary, the disadvantage of having to contend with enormous distances. That Americans as a people are readier to adopt a new invention and quicker to perceive its possibilities is, no doubt, true enough; but there was no technical reason why the utilization and expansion of the telephone should have proceeded so much more rapidly in the United States than anywhere else. Take, for example, another and more recent but equally sudden and equally revolutionary invention—the motor-car. Here again, owing to the swiftness of its advent, all countries were more or less on a level when they began to engage in the manufacture of automobiles. But in that case it was not America that took the lead; it was France, and even to-day there are no cars to be had quite so perfect and so finished as the French. I do not, therefore, think it will be claimed that it was any special skill in electrical engineering that made the United States so easily the pioneer in the telephone industry. Some at least of the improvements that have made the telephone a practical instrument and a profitable business have been not of American, but of British invention. Yet, as I have shown, the United States has easily outdistanced every other land in its development of this essential utility; and if a comparison could be instituted not merely between numbers, but between the efficiency of the telephone services provided in Europe and in America, the disparity, I believe, on the scientific and commercial sides, and particularly from the standpoint of the consumer's convenience, would be found to be even greater. Not only are there far fewer telephones in Europe than in America, but those that exist are, as a rule, almost ludicrously inferior in quality. There are great and famous towns in Europe at this moment where a plant and apparatus of the kind that went to the scrap-heap in America twenty years ago still obtain, where the obsolete magneto system, long ago abandoned in the United States for the central battery, is still adhered to, where the old flat-rate scheme of tariffs is still the rule, and where the single exchange districts, with relatively high rates for distant parts of the town, still holds the field, while throughout the length and breadth of England and the Continent there is hardly a single efficient long-distance service to be found.

Now what is the explanation of this extraordinary contrast? I do not think any one who has looked into the question can avoid the conclusion that the main reason for the all-round superiority of the telephone in America over its counterpart in Europe is that in America the telephone industry has been left free to expand in its own way and without official restrictions, while in Europe it has been in most countries a state monopoly. Both policies have their advantages and both their disadvantages. The United States, by permitting free competition in telephones, has suffered more than a little from the collision of rival companies and by the growth in some parts of the country of two or more systems, each supplying the same locality but refusing to one another any co-operation of facilities; and now that the laws of economic consolidation, greatly as I believe to the advantage of the public, have brushed aside the confusion of earlier days and have resulted in bringing most of the telephone business of the country under a single, unified control, the government necessarily finds itself confronted with a huge corporation which practically monopolizes a great public utility. In Europe, on the other hand, these difficulties have been largely avoided by making the telephone from the first a state enterprise; but they have been avoided, as we have seen, at the cost of furnishing the public with a meager, exasperating, and totally inadequate and unprogressive service.

On the whole I have not much doubt as to which side the balance of advantage inclines. The more, indeed, one inquires into the history of telephone development in Europe the more convinced does one become that, while a monopoly in private hands is often objectionable, it may be ten times more objectionable in the hands of the state, and that, while a country may incur some political risks if a public utility is left under corporate control, it suffers far more if the same utility is furnished by the state in an inefficient and unenterprising form. A well-run, privately owned monopoly is of greater benefit to the people than the same monopoly badly run and owned and operated by the state. It is always easier to bring a privately managed utility under the proper supervision of the government than it is to raise a state department to the ordinary corporation level of business ability.

In countries where the telephone has not been made a government monopoly the system of issuing limited licenses, terminable at the end of a fixed and usually too brief period and under indefinite conditions as to the repayment of capital, has had the effect of hindering the flow of private investment; and even in countries where the telephone has been taken over by the state the governments have shrunk from putting the necessary money into the business. All the European states lose money on the workings of the telegraphs, and they have no desire to incur further deficits in connection with the telephones. But if the American companies had been afraid to pour out money without any immediate return, if they had neglected to adopt new improvements even at the cost of rebuilding their entire plant, America would not to-day enjoy the best telephone service in the world. In almost every country where the telephone is a government monopoly you will find that it has not been carried beyond the tentative and experimental phase that America left behind two decades ago. More rigid and with less initiative than private companies, hampered by political considerations, unwilling to concentrate responsibility, less disciplined and less elastic in their organizations, the governments of Europe, with perhaps two exceptions, have made their administration of the telephones a synonym for all that is wasteful and incompetent. In his recent report to the stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company Mr. Theodore N. Vail declared that "there is hardly a telegraph or telephone system in the world now operated by any government which shows a profit, even under accounting methods employed, and not one that would not show a deficit under accounting methods obligatory upon private enterprise"; and that, "taking the kind and quality of service, the extent of territory covered, and the wages to employees, there is no service in the world cheaper than the telegraph and telephone service of the United States." A cheap service that is inefficient and unprogressive is far worse, from the standpoint of the public welfare, than a dearer service that is prompt and can always be depended upon. If a government could manage a state telephone system with the same skill and enterprise as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, we should all, I take it, be on the side of public ownership. But no government has yet come within a mile of such a standard—the United States government in particular falls several miles below it—and so long as that is so the advocates of public ownership have to meet an insuperable case.

As a mere outside observer of American conditions I get the impression that Mr. Vail's report, to which I alluded just now, is a very significant document. For in it the head of one of the largest industrial corporations in the country, first of all, publishes full particulars of the company's business; secondly, frankly states and discusses its general policy toward independent and opposition companies; thirdly, deals at length with the relations of the company with the public; and, fourthly, touches on the question of public ownership. All this marks a great and wholesome change from the days when corporations made a policy of secrecy and seemed to ignore the fact, or, at any rate, never dwelt upon it, that they owed any responsibility to the public. Mr. Vail, on the contrary, cordially admits that "our future success and prosperity depend upon the working out of the telephone and telegraph problem in a way that meets with the approval of the public as a whole." He believes that the public is fast coming to recognize that the ideal telephone service must be universal, intercommunicating, interdependent, and under one control—in other words, a monopoly, but a monopoly strictly accountable to the public. So far from opposing state or governmental control and regulation, he welcomes it, and he makes the extremely interesting remark that "in our relations with permanent bodies of control and regulation during the past year we have had so little in the way of difference or difficulty as to be almost negligible," while "wherever we have had serious difficulties with representative bodies or the public it has almost always been because those representing the public or legislative bodies were of a temporary nature." He draws from this the sound and incontestable moral that "all regulation and control of corporations serving the public should be by permanent bodies, judicial in their attitude, equitable in their purposes and actions, governed by a few simple laws based on the rights of the individual, the corporation, and the community, and applied after the fullest examination and consideration." That seems to me to be the healthy common sense of the "trust" problem; and, although the Postmaster-General, in his report last January, hinted at government ownership of the telephones and the telegraphs, I cannot understand how the American people, with the example of state operation of the European telephones before them, on the one hand, and, on the other, the achievements of the American Telephone Company, could for a moment conceive that they would be better off under public ownership than under their present system. I venture to say that a corporation that pays only reasonable dividends on its invested capital, that supplies a public utility on the amplest possible scale and in a state of unrivaled efficiency, and that is animated by the spirit that appears in Mr. Vail's report, is a corporation that renders the community a service beyond the scope of any government. Certainly an Englishman, grappling daily and even hourly with the embittering inadequacies of his own state-owned telephone system, can only envy Americans their good fortune in being exempt from any such experience.

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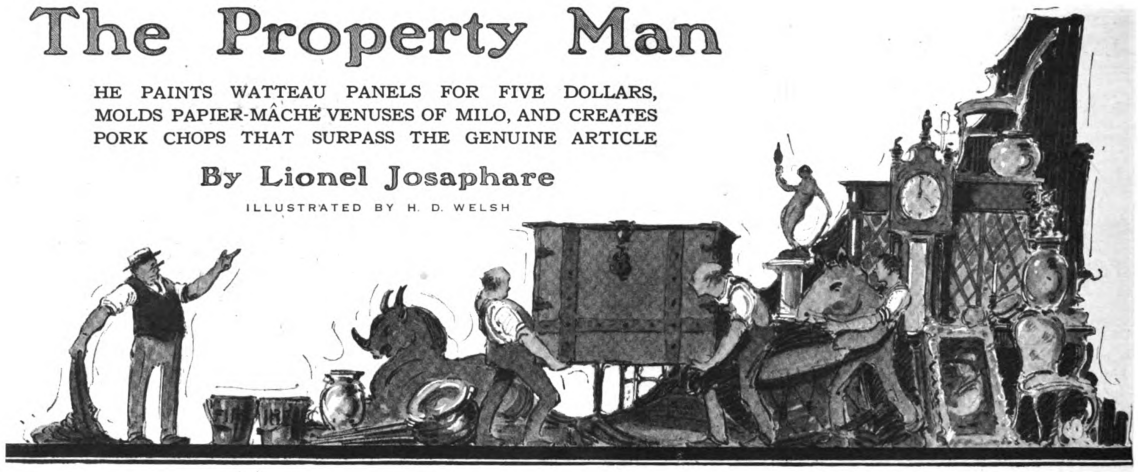
The Property Man

HE PAINTS WATTEAU PANELS FOR FIVE DOLLARS, MOLDS PAPIER-MÂCHÉ VENUSES OF MILO, AND CREATES PORK CHOPS THAT SURPASS THE GENUINE ARTICLE

By Lionel Josaphare

ILLUSTRATED BY H. D. WELSH



THE young and hopeful playwright is frequently told that his dramas do not meet the requirements of the stage. Transplanted from his imagination to the footlights, his big scenes have not the air of theatrical usage. Dramatizing a theory or a vision is a waste of time. What the young playwright should do is visit the property-room of a first-class theater. There he will get the right idea. There he will find true, practical imagination as revealed and represented by all the signs and symbols, the emblazonry, the garlands and statues and jewels, the plumes, prizes, and playthings, the baubles, luxuries, and treasure-chests, the trophies, tricks, and trumpery of the stage, surpassing

The realism grows with the distance

his own wildest dreams and even his fondest nightmares. These properties are the jumbled imaginations, as it were the machinery of past successes.

"Properties" is the word, and the property man is the wizard whom it is wise to consult.

Props, props, props. Merely an abbreviation of "properties," yet how significant. Props are the prop of modern stagecraft.

What are the best properties, and how do they look in private life? In every art there are conflicting opinions. In stage-settings the great dispute among the craftsmen is, Which are the best properties—the real or the imitation? Some managers buy their properties just as the characters of the drama would have made the purchases in real life. In other theaters the property man makes the properties; buys them when he must, but, being a genius, prefers to make them.

"Suppose," said one property man, "you want an $8,000 gold piano with panels of Watteau dancing figures. Any ordinary person with $8,000 could buy it. No ability necessary; just $8,000. But look at this. It costs us about $5 and is as good as the real thing—better for some purposes."

The difference of $7,955 was genius. Of course such a piano will not play, any more than a wooden sandwich will "eat." Yet the piano stands up and looks well, and the wooden sandwich, properly illuminated, will dazzle the eye.

While you cannot play a $5 gold piano you can sit on a property chair, confidently resting your center of gravity upon it as upon a chair in your own home.

"How is this for gorgeous furniture!" exclaimed the property man. It is the same as the set you would pay $2,500 for. We made it right in this shop for less than $500. Solid? Why, it has more strength than the genuine antique. That furniture will be used eight or nine times a week for a season of thirty-two weeks. Striking and setting the scenes, it will be handled more than five hundred times during the season and be in good shape for the next."

"But isn't there considerable fake on the stage?" was asked.

"Fake? There's more fake off the stage than on it. Sometimes we duplicate a $150 pair of vases for a few cents—just turn them out of wood, or mold them from paper pulp and paint them; but they look real across the footlights. If you can't tell a paper vase from the real it is no fake as far as appearances go. What I call a fake is a bookcase and books painted on a drop; or profile work, like an equestrian statue painted on a cut-out board."

Some managers would put a genuine marble statue in a drawing-room. Others would mold the Venus of Milo out of paper pulp. Such a Venus is hollow and not much heavier than a paper box. In this regard there are some traditions of the stage. In exteriors it is permissible to paint a statue on a canvas-covered board cut to outline. That would be unsatisfactory in a parlor.

In "Bought and Paid For" there is a bachelor apartment supposedly renting for $15,000 a year. The stage furnishings are worthy of such a rental. The old brasses, bronzes, carved ivories and carved woods, the tapestries, embroideries, and old prints all bear the trade-marks of makers that have a standing in the world of art. There is an $18 table-cloth, sterling silver, and cut glassware. By some this would not be considered genius. It is merely the proverbial capacity for taking infinite pains and being able to stand the cost—usually deemed a fairly good substitute for genius. Michael McNamee, one of the most artistic property men in New York City, is proud to say that every article in "Bought and Paid For" will bear scrutiny through the magnifying-glass that lies on the table of curios in the first act.

Every theater has its property-room. One of the big repositories is the Shubert Property House on Seventh Avenue, New York City. From it the many Shubert enterprises are supplied. It is at once a factory, a storehouse, and a museum of wonders. The place looks like a garret kept by Father Time for curiosities and souvenirs collected through the ages. The whole array is a history of the customs of the world from a theatrical standpoint. It is a department store of illusions. It could furnish the accessories of any home from ancient to modern times; could also equip a battle-field, a Mother Goose play, a butcher-shop, drug-store, grocery, bull-fight, or fairy tale. Set your drama in a humble tenement: the property man will consult his books and order the goods delivered at the stage door. Dramatize a story from the *Arabian Nights* and the property man will make every article, from the head of the wicked genius to the magic sword which, when rubbed simultaneously with the utterance of a magic word, brings about a crashing transformation scene. You may not believe in the power of magic swords. Nevertheless, write "transformation scene" wherever desired and the property man will see to it that the scene transforms on schedule time. This is a better sword than the genuine, by all odds.

It is agreed by all members of the craft that the property man must be a hard worker and something of a genius or wizard on the side. As one of them expressed it, "You've got to have the noodle." A noodle is a cerebrum and cerebellum working in perfect accord within a skull of good dimensions. Said another: "I'm a carpenter, cabinet-maker, painter, modeler, wire-worker, tailor, manufacturer of fruits, flowers, pork chops, candies, musical instruments, and such things. I can do everything. If there was anything I couldn't do I would lose my job. Nowadays the actor couldn't get along without the property man, especially the comedians couldn't. You'll notice that when an actor is getting the biggest laughs he is making use of something he carries or which is part of the stage-setting. It's the invention of the property man. The author of the play or the manager had the idea, maybe, but the property man carried it out. The comedian just goes on the stage and plays with our inventions."

Talents develop in unexpected quarters behind the scenes. There's Delaney, for example. He paints the "old masters" in "Officer 666." Delaney is a stage-carpenter. A visit to his shop found him engaged on two sets of old masters for road companies. Around him were Corot's "Dance of the Shepherds," a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Reynolds, a Meissonier, and a Gainsborough all painted by the hand of Robert J. Delaney, stage-carpenter, formerly scene-painter. Edgar J. Kellner, the property man, says that Delaney's old masters could be admired without going on the other side of the footlights. And he's right.

The pure-food department of the property shop is as interesting as the furniture and is usually made from the same materials: wood, paper, and canvas. Up in the Shubert Property House Jake Flamm, of the Winter Garden, exhibited some stage delicatessen. "Here's anything you want in the eating line," said he. "Here's a ham. You never saw a finer looking ham. Here's a bacon. Here's a pork chop. Here's a whole roast pork. Here's a melon—bread, cake, fruit, vegetables molded out of paper and painted exactly like the real thing. That's the head of John the Baptist. It was used by Lotta Faust."

If one stands off and admires a property pork chop with a sort of art-gallery pose the realism grows with the distance. To the audience when the footlights are glowing, with a mysterious blue light on the back stage and a spot-light on the pork chop, the chop makes the strongest kind of appeal to the imagination. To be present while Mr. Flamm enthusiastically held up the thing would have inspired any one, and induced any ambitious dramatist to write a play around a pork chop.

In his capacity as caterer the property man serves millionaires' banquets and railroad lunch-counters with equal zeal and food of the same quality. It has been said that some actors object to eating on the stage. This is the actor's prejudice, according to the property man. The playwright, too, sees in stage-eating nothing inimical to art, and frequently makes it the business of the actor to eat. The manager approves and compels the actor not only to eat, but to enjoy the food so vigorously that the last row in the gallery is hilariously entertained.

The disrelish of the actor is not hard to fathom. The property man's main idea is to make the food look natural across the footlights. When this is accomplished art is preserved. There are two sorts of stage food: the perishable and the non-perishable. The former is real food and, like all things real, grows stale in the course of time. The second sort perisheth not. Age can wither it, make it dusty, and rub some of the paint off, but custom cannot stale it. A plate of sandwiches may consist of both sorts. The real ones are eaten; the others are intended to go through the season. The better the imitation the more likely is the actor nonchalantly to pick up the wrong one. Even if no mistake be made most persons judge a sandwich by the company it keeps. Three pieces of wood, the middle one painted pink, and all three

The actor couldn't get along without the property man

neatly nailed together, constitute a non-perishable ham sandwich. "From the first row in the orchestra you could not tell it from the real," says the property man. The actor does not look at it that way. He prefers that the real and the ideal (the perishable and the non-perishable) ham sandwich be made by different men. Howsoever, the playwright, the manager, and the property man say he must eat, and eat he does smilingly.

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For Better Roads

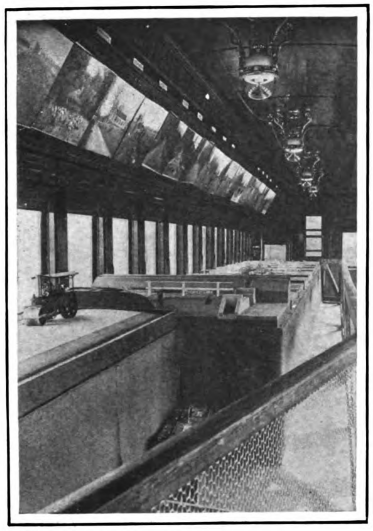
HOW THE GOOD-ROADS SPECIAL IS TEACHING THE SCIENCE OF IMPROVED PERIPATETICISM

By Worth C. Harder

The Good-roads lecture-car

THE Office of Public Roads at Washington, working with the leading railroad systems of the country, has instituted the "Good Roads Special," and is offering the country-road builders of the United States the best practical examples of road improvement that they have ever seen.

The Good Roads Special, now known throughout the entire South and many of the Middle Eastern States, is carrying to the isolated farming communities of the United States the most expert instruction available on how to "make dollars count." Methods of dirt-road construction, clay-road maintenance, the building of concrete culverts and bridges that will withstand rains and floods, and the improvement of country highways where experienced engineers cannot be employed, are being taught throughout sections of the United States where good roads have been a dream of the distant future.



The interior of the lecture-car

The special trains contain exhibits of everything from a rock-crusher at work in a stone quarry to the actual processes of building dirt, macadam, gravel, clay, or brick roads. Upon wooden bases that serve as foundations the experts of the Office of Public Roads have constructed accurate and fascinating models of the standard types of roads.

A single model will show the road scraped out for the foundation; the foundation in place; the successive layers of stone and filler; and the finished surface with a miniature road-roller upon it. Another model will show a dirt road such as the farmer works out his "road taxes" upon; with the well-worn ruts at one end, and the smoothed road surface at the other, where the split-log drag has done its cheap but effective work.

Rollers, scrapers, rock-crushers, culverts, bridges, drains, and gutters—everything that goes to make a good and permanent road—are displayed for the study of the country-road builder; and practical engineers and road-makers are at hand to show the visitors how work should be done.

The government's special trains include three, or in some cases four, cars. One is devoted to the models, with a railed passage-way at one side. Another is given over to lecture work. Here seats are arranged before a curtain on which lantern slides are thrown. The remarkable results that have been effected in road improvement are shown graphically, and road engineers lead the spectator through the actual construction of roads, bridges, and culverts.

"During the working part of the year $1,000,000 a day is sunk in the mud of American roads," said Logan Waller Page, director of the Office of Public Roads, recently.

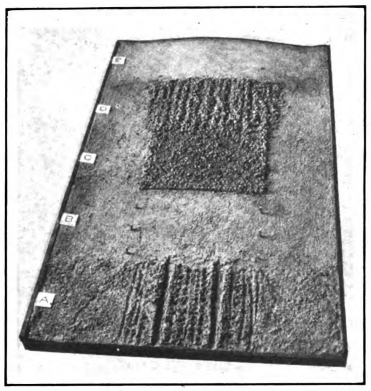
It is to reach the men who are sinking this money in bogs, ruts, and overflowed highways that the good-roads trains are being sent out through the country. The rural districts must depend largely upon the efforts of farmers and local supervisors for the upkeep of these roads.

The effective methods that experienced engineers and highway officials know from study and experience are usually unknown to the rural official. The split-log drag has been the salvation of many a country dirt road; but an education in laying permanent foundations, putting in cheap culverts and bridges that will not wash out, and in getting lasting results for the money expended, must be given the local road-builders if they are to put the country districts into closer touch with the markets, and reduce the hauling charges for the farmer.

"It costs twenty-five cents to haul a ton of farm produce one mile over the average country road of the United States," to quote Director Page again.

It costs but three-fourths of a cent to haul that same ton a mile on a railroad; and but 75–1000 of a cent to haul it a mile on the ocean.

Is it any wonder that American produce is often cheaper in European markets than in the United States?



A road model, showing (A) the old surface, (B) the surface shaped, (C), five inches of stone applied, (D) sand and clay added, (E) the finished road

A farmer 9½ miles from the railroad in this country pays on the average 1 1-6 cents more per 100 pounds to haul his grain to market at the near-by railroad station than the buyer pays to ship it from New York to Liverpool.

The average cost for hauling grain from the farm to the station, an average haul of 9½ miles, is 5.4 cents per 100 pounds; while the average ocean rate between the ports named is 3.8 cents. In fact, ocean rates as low as 1½ cents have been offered sometimes by steamship companies anxious for business.

"Our railroad, ocean, and steamship rates have gone down steadily in recent years," said Director Page, "while our common road rates have remained practically stationary, except in those sections of the country which have built hard roads.

"As long as these conditions prevail, we cannot expect the price of foodstuffs to go down. Railroad and steamship rates cannot be materially reduced. The only way by which we can expect any great reduction in the total cost of hauling is by the improvement of the wagon roads, or increasing the mileage of waterways."

The idea of the good roads trains originated over a year ago. An exhibit of the Office of Public Roads had been shown at a western exposition by the Department of Agriculture. When it came time to ship it back to Washington, some one conceived the idea of putting it into a special train, and exhibiting it through some of the country.

One of the large Eastern systems offered the train. It was hastily put together, and the road machinery was loaded on two flat cars, while an old postal car was fitted up as a lecture-room. Two experts from Washington acted as demonstrators. People flocked to the train from all surrounding towns. During the two months of its journeying one hundred and sixty-five cities and towns were visited, and more than fifty thousand people were given a practical demonstration of the best methods in road-building. Mr. Page then began to confer with other railroad officials. Duplicate, triplicate, and finally several additional sets of models were made, so that several trains could be on the road at once.

Mr. Page estimates that the average of twenty-five cents per ton for hauling on country roads can be reduced to ten or fifteen cents when improvements are general. New land will be brought into cultivation; prices will be lowered; and the farmers' returns will be far greater.

One bale of cotton and hard hauling

Eleven bales and easy going

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The Last Judgment

By Alice Garland Steele

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT was winter, and a gray, cold dawning. Above the docks a mist hung pendulous, ready to engulf the world. The Man, his chin thrust forward, his tongue in his unshaven cheek, leaned over the icy bulkheads and watched the water break in slow, monotonous, green swirls. Dirty water, that! Like himself, like life, for that matter—a sickening, dirty life that sapped something every time it broke against you, and left you, in the end, stranded. He was stranded, and as hungry as a dog, and as savage as the wolves that dogs spring from!

For a moment he made believe that he was going to end it all; the water, the mist, the silence—they would tell nothing. But he only made believe; he had too much fight left in him to drop out till the last round. The world had had him down and pummeled him, and up against the wall and throttled him, but he had choked back a taunt and cried, "Damn it—I ain't goin' to quit, not me!" And here he was, on the edge of things, ready to do his desperate worst when they called "Time!"

He stared at the pallid water, its sickly color spreading like a mask over his heavy, dulled features; his small eyes alone struck fire under dark brows. Finally he raised his head. "Not on yer life," he said.

He mentioned the fact briefly, but it meant new resolve, new challenge; he turned, toning up his sagging muscles, and strode off to where one of the smaller ocean-liners lay in dock, ready to slip out, in a few hours, stealthily, guardedly, to greet some new world. Well, she could have him, as a part of her crew or part of her cargo—it didn't much matter, except that as crew he'd have something to eat!

In a flash he was up the gang-plank, where they were running down loads of freight, cramming her as full as she could hold. The man had shipped once as a stoker on a boat that ran from St. John's to Galway, and he knew what it was to work below the water-line, so he said "Gee!" under his breath.

"Here, Johnnie—get busy." An officer was pushing him out of the way, mistaking him, with his bared throat and blue-flannel shirt, for one of the crew. The Man had a temper that grew ugly when he was handled; he drew his lips up in a savage line and started back, but need compelled him. In a moment he was rolling a barrel down into the ship's hold.

From then on Fate worked with him; the crew was short, and he signed on as stoker, agreeing to live underground in hot, overpowering darkness, lit only by the flaming eyes of the fires he was to tend, in four-hour shifts for nine days. Incidentally he was to be fed—clothes were needed as little as in the Garden of Eden—and when he landed, somewhere in the Southampton docks, he was to be the richer by six dollars.

Magnificent! That a mere piece of human flotsam such as he, with a canker in his heart and no soul to speak of, should be counted worthy of such a wage!

Ten minutes before the ship sailed he had his eye to one of the landward port-holes watching the tearful partings of the first and second. Among the former he saw a group of three—a middle-aged woman in a fur coat with her arms around a young man's neck, and a girl near who watched them wistfully, dabbing her eyes with a little ball of pocket-handkerchief.

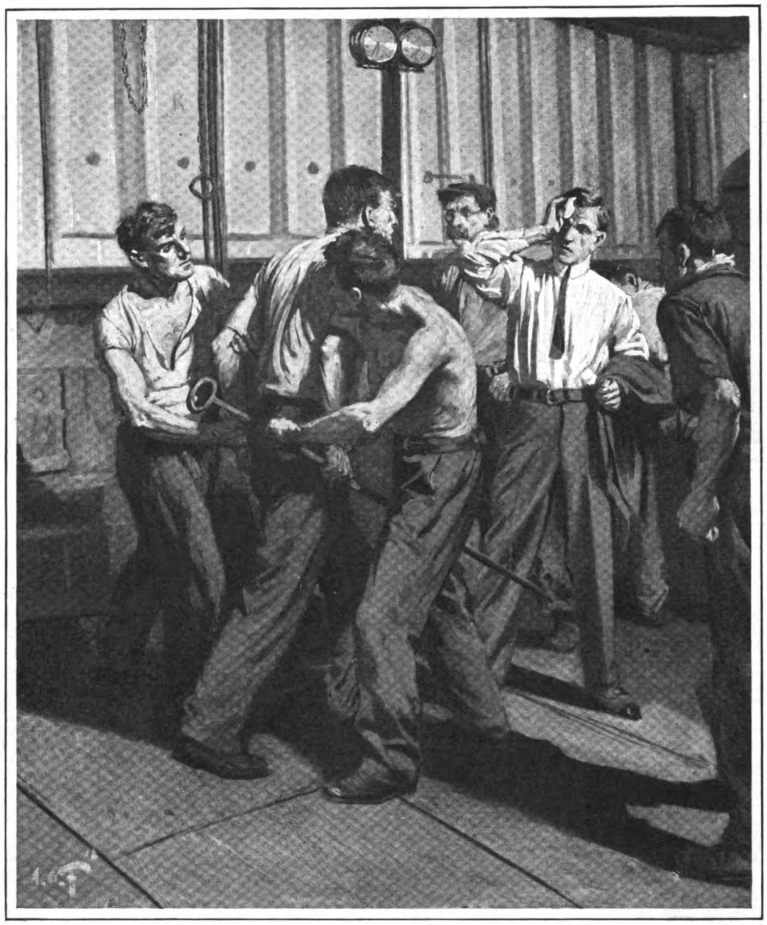
"His best girl," he commented, and spat slowly, thrusting his knuckled fists deep into threadbare pockets. What a fuss to make! What a world to live in, and what a set of fools! It was all the philosophy he knew. The race of man as he understood it was a thing born of accident, reared unlovely, to die unwept; the only joy he could tell you about was the joy of knocking somebody else under, the only virtue that of sticking to it when misery cried "quit." He listened a moment to loud orders, to the sharp intake of gang-planks and the grinding of chains; then he felt motion beneath him, and turned to his new world.

"Hello! I declare I've forgotten the way to the stoke-hole. Down this ladder, isn't it?"

Through the semi-darkness the Man could see a blond head, and recognized the young man he had seen on the dock a few minutes before. He pointed jerkily with his finger.

"Don't you swell guys know enough to keep out of *hell?*"

There was a steady silence. "Oh, I say!" It was a most cheerful rebuke, and it flirted as harmlessly above him as the young man's smile; the next moment he was alone again with the closely stacked freight.



The next moment two of the stooping figures had him by the wrists

He heard the engineer on watch yelling from the boiler-compartment, and laughed coarsely as he descended the ladder: "Huh—thinks he'll get it out of us that way, does he?" He was worming through the narrow passages of his steaming, smoking, underworld.

As he entered the long tunnel where the furnaces were his eyes made out in the gloom various figures stooping before greedy, open maws, maws that already took on the aspect of the monsters they were to become on that watery, ceaseless journeying; for to the stoker it seems ceaseless, and when at last it ends it is with a sense of shock, merciful shock, that brings with it light and air and the ability to breathe.

"Look here, you new 'un, you can't try any sneaking business here. Here's your job, and here's where you hang out, see?" An old hand flung the words at him sharply.

The Man drew in his breath, facing his brethren, then he dug his heels in the deck, thrust out his shoulders, and let them have it. For the space of three minutes curses flew from him with the ease and fluency of a native language, poured indiscriminately upon all the stooping figures within his reach; it was elemental, overpowering, and it made most of them gasp—then he took a rest!

"Oh, I *say!*" From somewhere at the end of the room a ringing voice protested, this time with a background of dead earnestness. There followed after it steady silence.

The Man laughed curtly, rudely, and turned with deaf ears to his special red maw. The grinding motion was increasing, they were slipping out far into the bay. Presently, out of the shadows stepped the lithe, tall figure that had accosted him in the hold, and a sudden, unaccountable antagonism sprang into being as he wheeled, his iron "pricker" in his grimed hand, to sweep his eyes over the face, a college-bred face, with light, damp hair above it curling into waves with the heat. Oh yes, he was one of your swell guys all right, and therefore fit for hating!

The other was wiping beads of sweat off his forehead with a linen handkerchief. "It *is* pretty rotten down here, and—hard to be decent! I can see that."

The Man blinked. "Huh—you're real clever, ain't you! How long you had your puppy-eyes open, anyway?"

The young man paused, flashing a look from deep-set gray eyes. "Long enough to know a bully when I see one!" and turned on his heel with cool contempt.

It stung the older man into a frenzy; primitive passions began to rise in his throat, battling for outlet; he was ready for a fight, anything! He raised his stoking-iron with silent, quick impulse—the next moment two of the stooping figures had him by the wrists—but there was a blue mark on the young man's forehead.

"You better get out of here, Mister!" they warned him, but he only shook himself a little and calmly went on mopping his brow. "Let the poor duffer alone," he said, carelessly; "it's not me he's angry with—it's the world!"

The truth of it staggered that low-browed other one. Sure, that was it—just dead, blind anger at everything! He blinked again, and turned his eyes slowly to the figures surrounding him.

"Only," asserted the cool young voice, "it's always a pluckier thing to fight fair—I learned that at football! Well, so long, boys!" And he was swinging up the steel bars of the ascending ladder into outer air.

"Say, what are you, anyway—a fool? That feller's old man owns half the stock on this line! Next time you get a grouch just pitch into your own furnace, or else get into the sea and cool off—take it from me!"

The Man said something under his breath, but with sublime indifference they had turned to their fires again. There's not much to be got out of swearing when nobody listens! It's playing to the gallery that counts with most of us. Besides, he was feeling hungry—he hadn't eaten since the day before, and his knees felt like giving way. The heat, unused as he was to it, turned him dizzy, and always underneath he could feel the churning of the waters, increasing now as the ship struck the open.

As he bent, pale through his grime, to the fires again, he had hard work to keep from tumbling over, rough-and-ready customer as he was, with the marks

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of a hundred battles with hardship and starvation upon him. After an hour of it he turned gropingly to the man nearest:

"For God's sake, gimme a swig!"

There is a masonry even in the underworld; he was handed a bottle half full of a thick, burning liquid with the sole remark, "The devil take you."

He finished it in two gulps, and thereafter stuck to his work doggedly, even finding a fascination in the leap and glow that confronted him through the square of iron, the little, licking tongues of flame, hungry like himself, reaching out almost to his hand, always and always to be fed. Finally, dazed and a trifle unsteady, he realized that other men were crowding down the ladder—his shift was over!

He ate, in the mess-room above, like the ravenous animal he was, and afterward turned into a bunk where one might find night any time of the day. It was the first bed he had slept in for weeks!

As he passed, three hours later, by the engine-room, on his way back to the furnaces, somebody shot up out of the smell of oil and the glare of the incandescent bulbs that swung through the opening.

"I say—did you ever see anything greater than the way a ship's built nowadays! Oh, it's you, is it?"

There was silence for the space of a minute, then the Man, snarling, went his lonely way. But behind him he heard the voice—

"Guess he's down on his luck, poor duffer! How I'd like to remodel the world! Oh yes, I would, McGee, I'd have a try! Say, what's this coiled cylinder?" The rest of it was lost in the roar and hum of the ship's machinery.

It was that way, as the Man discovered before three days had passed, always. The young man was everywhere. Old Trent's son, the captain and first mate called him, and the rest, officers and crew, were glad to look into his square gray eyes. He was everywhere on the ship, except with the cabin passengers, where he belonged; often, very often, he was in the engine-room with Scotch McGee, fussing his way into the secrets of mechanics with the interest of one who had taken a degree in hydraulics himself, and was going abroad to learn the ship-building business in Germany. He liked Scotch McGee, who talked good Presbyterian a yard wide.

And often he was down, for hot, vital moments, where the furnaces were, watching men stripped to the waist ply their feeding irons in the ghostlike openings. The nameless Man down there began to watch for him, curiosity and antagonism struggling with something else that he could not put into speech. He poked his fires silently, and spoke always into the dark, ever conscious of the blue bruise that was fading from young Trent's forehead.

"What the hell's he come here for—that's what I want to know!" He had found it, indeed, all kinds of hell himself—nausea and thirst and blindness, and a beating, pulsing blood that coursed through veins red-hot and bursting. That's what stoking does to you, that and a lot more! But you can stop just before you drop, and you are fed, and you can crawl into a bunk under the ceiling, and if you are not a high guy you can do without a steamer-chair and a view of the stars!

Speaking of stars, there weren't many that trip; mostly it was fog and the kind of rain that falls in winter, and topsyturvy seas, and officers with beards dripping icicles, and a first mate that swore you were all lazy, hulking dogs anyway, and that the coal wouldn't last if you piled it on that way, and that the women and children up-stairs set him crazy! It was a winter trip, anyway, and that took all the starch out of you before it got well set.

All this and a lot more the nameless Man in the bowels of the ship heard his brethren tell about. But what concern was it of his? He was just an ordinary bloke getting passage the best way he could, and he knew only one kind of weather—when the thermometer laughs in your face and stays at 120! So what does it matter if there's too much freight aboard, and the ship's an old one anyway, and ought to have been taken off in 1910, only the line is trying to squeeze a half-dozen more trips out of her! And what does it matter if you can cut the fog with a knife and leave it sticking there, or rip up the mate's shadow, when it *is* half-way clear, from a frozen upper deck? There's one good thing about bad weather—the women and children ain't running mad over the place! You see, the first mate hadn't any of his own—neither had the Man before the fires—you had to pay for those things, they were luxuries that his sort couldn't buy, any more than college and good looks and the right to travel first-class. But in the long run—in the long run, mind you—you were as good as the other feller, and if the ship went down you'd make just as many bubbles, and maybe more!

That's what the Man told himself the night the fog was so thick you could cut it! It happened to be sixth day out, and they were merry that night because the docks at Southampton were just about three days off. It was the grim, saturnine merriment that passes in the stoke-hole for the real thing. Old Trent's son had come down the ladder and handed round cigars, ten cents straight—that was the way he did things. He was a merry guy, young Trent—he bore the heat, and never seemed to notice it, but went around mopping his forehead and telling funny stories to the men. They were always saying, "You better get out of here, Mister," knowing just what he'd answer:

"Nix, boys—I'm about my father's business! I got to help this ship across." That was his sort! So there he was, yarning away about Scotch McGee and using English a feller could understand, when some sound from the upper world made him pause and turn his eyes to the ladder—it was the siren going lickety-split, and it seemed to have an echo, coarser and more far-away than itself. Then young Trent went on where he had left off.

He was looking, mind you, straight into the nameless Man's face, and when he got to the joke part of it he smiled, right across through the heat and gloom—smiled! Well, the man at the fires, before he realized it, had parted his lips in an all-fired grin, and could have choked himself for doing it—but it was a good joke! Foolish, wasn't it, that he forgot so easily the sordid tragedy of himself and his anger with the rest of the world! He grunted savagely, to change any soft impression he might have given, and shoveled coal into his fire-pit with devilish hurry, and young Trent went on with his stories.

"I'm going up in a minute, boys," he said. "I got to help a young lady keep her kid brothers quiet for awhile, but I must tell you about the Frenchman who tried to raise potatoes in Ireland—" The words were lost in a sudden, jarring shock that hurtled them all in an instant, before his eyes, to the ground! Young Trent, standing against a pillar, had somehow kept his feet—he was gripping it now, staring ahead of him at the prostrate men and the bright coals that had tumbled out of the fire-boxes, and were rolling like little red nuts across the down slant.

An Italian got up, shook himself and said, "Gee!" and felt in his pocket for the black bottle. A voice muttered, "Fog, I bet," and somebody said, "Oh, something struck her all right," and the Man who was nameless cursed roundly, "This is a hell of a line!" And the first voice answered, "You betcher life!"

All this while young Trent had stood staring, but now he made a little forward movement to a broken shovel and tinder-box that lay on the floor and began picking up the little red coals. "Quick, boys—she'll be on fire in a minute—*quick!*"

They tried clumsily to help, shouting directions to one another across the muffled roar of machinery and reversing engines—the siren was going like mad—and then quick as a wink there was another shock that tipped her sideways, a shock that gripped your heart-strings and shook them a minute and then smothered them with dead, blank silence—a pall of silence, as if in that instant the ship had died!

Young Trent, thrown face downward, rose on his knees. And then he became conscious that they were crowding and running, like panic-stricken sheep, to the ladders, under a shower of sea-water washing down from the decks above. He gained his feet with an effort, and struggling, panting, somehow breasted the rush and got before them, spreading his arms wide across the horizontal steel bars.

"Boys, boys, your fires—think of your fires!"

A fist struck out at him blindly, lifted by the Man who was angry with the world. Young Trent, with a sharp memory of football tactics, twisted about and gripped the Man well around the body.

"Listen," he breathed, and they heard each measured syllable. "There's no time—for any of us—to be cowards! Come back, boys, and haul your fires!"

He had relinquished his grip, and three of them followed him, the first of them the Man himself, with undershot jaws, and eyes that for the first time seemed wide open. Nobody said anything after that; they worked, standing in slowly rising sea-water, piling out the bright coals, to hear them sizzle and steam as they struck the wet deck.

The engineer on watch, coming in two strides down the ladder, saw them at work and started, with tense, drawn lips, for the boiler-room beyond; they heard him making for it, and paused a moment for breath, as he slammed to the water-tight doors. Suddenly the electric bulbs went out!

Young Trent took no notice, but went on spilling the little red heaps into the dark, but the Man, working next to him, began to feel worried. How much more of this, anyway, was he going to stand? *He* didn't sign on for no hero, or mean to drown like a rat in this here coal-hole! He was going, you betcher life!

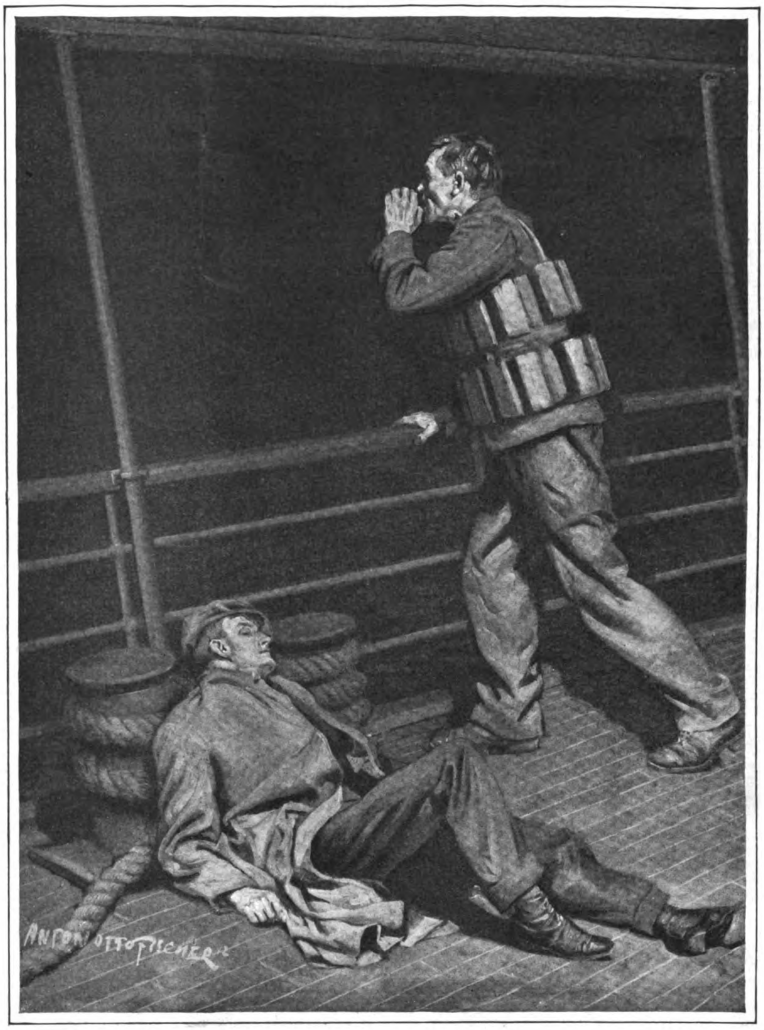
He turned, and in the gloom stared hard at young Trent.

"Oh, there's plenty of time!" Would you believe it? The chap was trying to cook up a smile! That was one way of being a high guy—smiling at the end of the world! For it *was* the end, the Man assured himself, and then, saying something wicked into the dark, he went on attending to young Trent's father's business! Trying to save a stove-in, overloaded boat from burning before she sank! Funny, wasn't it, a bloke like him doing a fool thing like that?

It was done. Young Trent threw his iron away and gave the word to scuttle upward; they heard the engineer still at it, turning off valves and twisting buttons, and young Trent, pausing, called back:

"Say, do you want a hand there?"

He was half-way up the ladder when the Man, on an upper rung, heard him descending again into the darkness and the black sea-water. He waited a moment, blinking, then he went down, too, not for any love of



"Hold her!" he shouted, but there was no answer

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anybody, mind you, but just to see how the thing came out. He stood there like a gawk, with water up to his knees, water that wouldn't stop at the neck of you, either! And maybe they were lowering the life-boats already! It wasn't *his* father's ship—if young Trent wanted to be a damn fool! He cursed softly into the blackness.

Young Trent, coming back, heard him, and looked at him a moment curiously as he swung up to the first bar. Then he flung the hair out of his eyes. "Come on, man!" he cried. "We're needed up there, I guess, next!" And the Man like an eel slid after him, with the engineer behind.

Oh yes, it was the end of the world all right!

Had there been any doubt of it, when they came up through the slanting hatchway, a ship's officer passing with a lantern would have settled it for them. Young Trent, ahead, called out to him:

"How's she going, officer?"

The lantern for a moment stopped swinging, as a hoarse voice answered:

"She's going down!"

You feel many things while a ship is going down, and most of them are wicked! You feel the despairing heave of her deck as it lifts and settles, each time a little lower, like a monster gasping for breath in its final agony; and you feel, in spite of the hoarse shouts and the sobs of women and the confusion of cries, that you are in a vast and terrible silence, worse than any sound; and you feel very much like a wild beast trapped in a jungle, with no way out. The Man felt that way, and, stronger than the leaden terror that was slowly crushing down his heart, was the impulse to fight, tooth and nail, for a chance to go on with his sordid, twisted life! After all, it was his life, and no one, while he had strength to deliver a knock-out blow, should take it from him!

"Come on," called young Trent. But the Man only thrust out his jaw and stared across, with blood-shot eyes, to the down side where they were lowering a life-boat. People were running stupidly about, calling to each other in the darkness. Suddenly the glare of light showed the Man their white faces, stamped with a set look of disaster, but it showed him also the white things they had tied around their bodies.

"Life-belts this way!" It was a steward calling clearly above the tumult, and the Man pressed forward and caught at one grimly, fitting it on with clumsy fingers. If a little thing like that would keep you up he was not going to miss it, you betcher life!

He pushed through the crowd about the life-boat, fighting for a place in the line, but it was only in time to hear an officer call "lower away!" There was another, swinging from her davits, and as they loosened her tackle he saw young Trent hand in a woman from the steerage with her child. It was already full!

The Man twisted quickly and blinked down at the black water, then he suddenly made a little spring for the stern as she swung by over the ship's side. "Here, none of that!" An officer knocked him under the chin with the butt end of a pistol, and at the same moment a hand reached over and gripped him from behind. He wheeled, blind with anger, to look into young Trent's set face.

"It's women first," said young Trent, steadily, and every man about him heard—but there was a quick catch in his breath. It was his father's line.

The Man, slinking back to the outer edge, dug his heels doggedly into the sliding deck. There was no law in his soul but the law of the jungle—the law of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Women first? That might do for ballrooms and swell guys, but for him—not on yer life!

He watched grimly for his chance, while they lowered another, a flimsy life-raft, this time, while from the bridge the captain shouted sharp, concise orders, like an officer under fire, to his men. Young Trent, pausing for a moment near him, spoke to a quartermaster briefly:

"What gets me," he said, "Elkins, is where she got off to—the ship that struck us. I wouldn't have the conscience of her captain for a million.

The Man swung around. "Wot good'd a million do you now?"

"That's so," said young Trent, staring back at him. "Only a few things count when you're—where we are."

And the Man demanded impudently, "Wot things?" But young Trent did not answer.

"I say not a darn thing counts," said the Man, but young Trent had turned at the sight of a little girl, alone, who was sobbing. "Here's another kid passenger for you," he called, and they made way for him while he lowered her quickly over the side to a place in the stern next to a colored stewardess.

"That's one of the things that counts right now," said a voice near him, but the Man chewed the cud of silence.

They did things quickly in that last hour; the crowds were thinning out—most of the boats were gone, there were only two or three of the lighter kind left. The Man, with his small, shifting eyes, realized that his chances were thinning, too. Some of them would have to go down with the ship, but not he—he didn't sign on for no hero!

He was still watching for his chance when suddenly it came. "Now then, in with you—she's likely the last to go!" Some one was pushing him from behind. The sudden flare of a rocket showed him the flimsy boat swinging, with its load of human freight, all men this time, ready to strike the waters below. In the bow he could see two stokers, one of them the Italian who had worked the fire next to his on the trip across—it showed him the little group of officers around the captain on the bridge, and the wireless man buckling his life-belt tighter, as he stood aloof to give the remaining passengers their chance. There was a gentle, steady sinking under him now—oh yes, she was the last to go, all right! He felt a sudden singing in his ears. He was staring around stupidly, looking for somebody—a moment ago young Trent had been hauling at the tackle, now he was missing! And he was not in the boat; the Man made sure of that!

The next moment the Man had slid, eel-like, from his place on the line, and was groping back over the slanting deck. He tried to shout, but something gripped his throat; he stumbled against the smoke-stack, where it rose like a phantom, blacker than the dark. Over by the companionway he heard a voice that drew him, and he made for it stupidly. Young Trent was staggering up the crooked stairs with a girl in his arms, a girl who cried out with a little muffled intake of breath, as one in pain.

"Now then," young Trent was saying, "we'll soon have you on top," and then, staring upward, he saw the Man's face. "Get her—under the arms," he panted, "she's—a cripple," and the Man, with a rough clasp, got her under the arms.

"You got to chuck the hero-act," he cried, savagely, "the last boat's goin'!" and young Trent tried to smile.

His left arm was hanging helpless. "It got jammed in one of the hatches," he explained, and the Man saw him stagger a little as if he were dizzy, as they dragged the girl along to the ship's side. Suddenly they lurched and young Trent fell to his knees, but he was up again on the instant.

"She's going," he cried, "but we'll get her off in time!" and there he was, leaning over the sagging rail with a long rope slipping through the fingers of his good hand.

For a moment he fumbled with it, as one who could not see plainly, and then suddenly he fell to his knees again, a limp heap against a hawser, staring across at the man with blinded, hopeful eyes.

"You got to finish this job yourself," he said, weakly smiling, and fainted.

The girl cried out, a little broken sentence like a prayer; her face gleamed through the mist like a white lily. The Man drew a long, deep breath and grabbed at the rope, where it coiled like a snake in young Trent's limp hand. For a moment he eyed her, where she stood, propped against a stanchion. He set his lips hard and swore a little as, with a dexterous twist, he ran a loose knot over her shoulders.

"Oh," she begged, "see to him—he is so brave—and there may not be time for us all!" But he only went on doggedly, "He'd 'a' said women first!" he muttered, and lifted her light figure over the railing. A thrill ran through him as he held her a moment, poised above the boat below. He felt suddenly the helplessness of all the women and little children in the world, and, like a Samson, rose to meet it.

"Save him!" she whispered, as the rope began to slide, and he nodded, holding it an instant taut to fling down to her.

"And you tell him, Missis, if—there don't happen to be time for the two of us—that I'd—like him to judge me by the finish—that's all!"

He heard her gasping, a moment later, in the arms of the men below. The rope dangled loosely. The boat was pushing off—he could hear the oars grate in the locks, and the knowledge struck him like a blow between the eyes! "Here you—hold her!" he shouted, but there was no answer; they were pulling away all right!

For a moment the Man saw red, then he shouted again, hoarsely: "Hold her, damn you—for old Trent's son!"

The words rang out above the waters, above the sounds on the ship of those who were left to go down, above the tumult in the Man's own soul! He was fumbling with the knots in his life-belt with haste that was almost frenzy, and yet it was queer how calm he grew when at last he had slipped out of it and buckled it about young Trent. There was a sudden grinding underneath, down among the engines. There were men down there still, men who would never come up or see again the light of the stars!

The Man was thinking of a lot of things as he made the life-belt fast around young Trent and gathered him up in his strong arms. He was going to fling him out, as far as he could upon the waters, out there where a flimsy boat hung off, and a girl with a white face prayed to the God above her—the God who owned the sea, since he made it, and whose hands had prepared the dry land!

The Man, working swiftly, thought of many things. Of the dock, that far-away jumping-off place—it was not to be the dock after all, but the deck of a stove-in liner! He thought of McCurdy's saloon on the Bowery, and of the many times he had gone hungry that he might get dead drunk; he thought of how soon it was coming now, the end which seemed somehow so like a beginning—but most of all he thought of young Trent, and of how, if the ships the wireless man had spoken only came along, young Trent could go back to his daddy and his best girl. It was worth it, giving him a chance to do that!

He gathered all his strength and cast young Trent out far from him, over the ship's side, listening doggedly for the splash that followed when he struck. Not very near the boat, but he could hear a voice cry out, and suddenly the oars began to work again and an arm shot out and reached down and then many arms dragged something upward!

The Man, watching, heard a cheer go up, a feeble cheer, led by a woman's voice. They were cheering for young Trent—why, no—damn it, they were cheering *him!* The Man's face went white with wonder, his eyes widened; something went to his head—the panorama of his bruised and wasted life—and something went to his soul—the leaven of God's spirit.

Funny, wasn't it, with death so near he could touch it, that he had ceased to be afraid! If young Trent would only remember him by this last thing he had done—if God would only judge him by the finish! The Man heard a roaring in his ears, but he lifted up his head for the first time in his life, and smiled as he went down under the rush of waters.

A Paean of the Danes

By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

Sunk by our quicken fire
We sottishly made feast;
Brute son and sullen sire,
Close kinsmen to the beast.

Out of the white lands of the North
Came down the foemen then;
The yellow-braided Danes came forth
And showed us the strength of men.

The twin horns in their gold war-bands
Gleamed, their blue eyes above;
They came, strong warriors with strong hands,
To teach our women love.

If there be men among us now
Frank-hearted, fearless-eyed,
If there be women large of brow,
Proud with their fathers' pride,

Strong to break down established things
And shake the old decree,
Praise them, whose boats with dragon wings
Swept in from the North Sea!

Long in the keel and low in the hull
And good sailors therefore:
The ships of Balder the beautiful,
And the God of the Hammer, Thor.

Praise the God of the Hammer,
For he is strength and power;
He has neither wonder nor glamour,
Nor the beauty of the flower.

But his thunders shake the rafter,
He has the strength of ten,
And he loves good wine and laughter,
The happy laughter of men.

He loves the smoke of the slaying,
Not the smoke of sacrifice;
Nor the sad sound *of* praying,
But the love in women's eyes.

And the hair of women drifting
He loves, he is glad therefore:
Praise him, the wine-cups lifting,
The god of the strong men, Thor!

When we were safe and slumbrous,
Sunk by our quicken fire,
There came fierce men and cumbrous
And gave us back desire.

Then was our sleep-time ended:
They kissed our women's lips,
Out of a strange land splendid
They brought the glory of ships.

We were dim-eyed with praying,
We had a rope for girth,
They showed us the joy of slaying,
And the wonder of the earth.

If we boast to-day of fatherland
And make no boast in vain,
Praise goodly men of sword-in-hand,
The Norseman and the Dane.

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Interludes

LETTERS THAT NOBODY WRITES

(From an Editor to a Would-be Contributor)

EDITORIAL ROOMS, THE MAGAZINE,
July 4, 19—.

P. J. SCRIBBLE, ESQ.,

DEAR MR. SCRIBBLE,—Our auditors find on a careful investigation of the situation that the reading of such manuscripts as you have been good enough to submit to our inspection from time to time has cost us in the estimated value of our readers' time, and without results, the sum of $248.98. It occurs to us that there might prove to be possible economies in this matter if we were to agree to pay you one hundred dollars annually for the next five years, if you, on your part, would consent to send us nothing more during that period. How does this proposition strike you? If favorably wire your answer collect, and we will send you a check for two years' payment in advance by return of mail.

Sincerely yours,
E. B. SQUIGGLETON,
EDITOR, *The Utopian Magazine.*

(From a Lonely Husband in Town to his Wife in the Country)

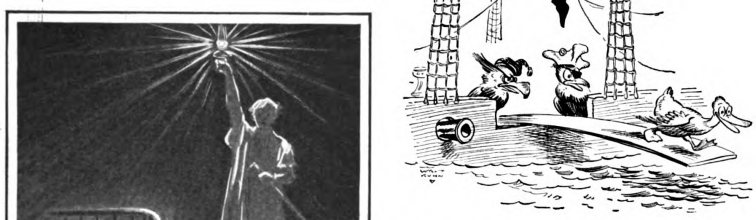
THE REDMERE APARTMENTS, *July 10, 19—.*

DEAR SALLY,—It was very dear of you to write so sweetly commiserating me over my lonely lot here in town, but don't you bother, dearest. I am having the best possible kind of time. The city is perfectly delightful, and something going on about pretty nearly every minute. I have just been retained by Miss Tootsie Flaxilocks, of the Gaiety Company, to secure a divorce for her from that brute Bill Dawkins, her manager, and inasmuch as I do not think it advisable to have ladies of her kind calling at my office, we have been considering her proper plan of action at little suppers at some of the summer restaurants, and would you believe it, my dear, even the treasured memories of my youthful days in Paris sink into obscurity alongside of the possibilities of New York in the way of pleasure. Then, too, dear old Sammie Hawkins, who married one of my old flames, has come north from New Orleans for the summer, bringing his charming little wife with him, and we have motored out to Dinglehurst-by-the-Sea three times this week for dinner, coming home in the moonlight, with Sammie driving and Mrs. Sammie and I in the tonneau talking over old times.

So don't worry about me, dear. I wish this might be a longer letter, but I am running for the Sandy Hook boat. Jim Whibbles, Tommie Perkins, and dear old Bill Simpkins are taking me off for a few hours down by the sad sea-waves. Your devoted

GEORGE.

P. S. You might as well take those rooms at the Mountain View until October 1st. If the pressure of business lets up I may be able to spend a week-end with you.



"GEE, WHIZ! WON-WONDER WHERE I AM. THERE'S STATUE LIBERTY ENLIGHTEN' WORLD"

"I SAY, MATE, THAT CAPTIVE DOESN'T MIND WALKING THE PLANK AT ALL."

EXPLAINED

"I WONDER why it is," observed Cadley, as he put aside his paper, "that these local politicians insist on nominating so many bartenders for the Board of Aldermen."

"Easy!" retorted the philosopher. "A candidate these days has to be a good mixer to stand any show."

HEREDITY

"CUTE little cuss," said Slabsides, gazing at Hawkins's baby, "but why the dickens do you suppose he's trying to get his toes into his mouth all the time?"

"Takes after me," said Hawkins. "He's trying to make both ends meet."

AN INSURGENT

"WELL, Binks," said Dobbleigh, "I suppose you will be a shining light at your wife's Fourth of July tea."

"Not on your life," said Binks. "I'm going to emulate those patriots of 1776 in Boston, and throw the tea overboard."

A HARD JOB

"I SEE from your letter-head, Bilkins, that you are the assistant treasurer of that company of yours," said Witherbee. "Have you got so much money it takes two of you to look after it?"

"No," said Bilkins. "We have so little it takes two of us to find it."

THE SPECIALIST

"CAN'T ye do somethin' to help a feller, Boss?" said the panhandler. "I haven't had—"

"Surely, my man," said the great surgeon. "Here is my card. Any time you wish to be operated on for appendicitis come to my office, and I'll attend to the matter for you—I can't help you in any other way, for I am a specialist."

NO SINECURE

"WHY do you keep pestering me for money all the time?" demanded old Closefist, as his son begged for a few dollars extra. "Why don't you go out somewhere and work for it?"

"Gee, Dad," replied the boy, "is there any harder work anywhere than getting a dollar out of you?"

ANOTHER DISASTER

"No, sirree!" ejaculated Bunkerton. "There wasn't any of that nonsense in my family. My father never thrashed me in all his life."

"Too bad, too bad," sighed Hickenlooper. "Another wreck due to a misplaced switch!"

THE PESSIMIST

"By Jove," cried Slithers, ecstatically, as he breathed in the fresh morning air. "This is a fine day for a tramp in the country!"

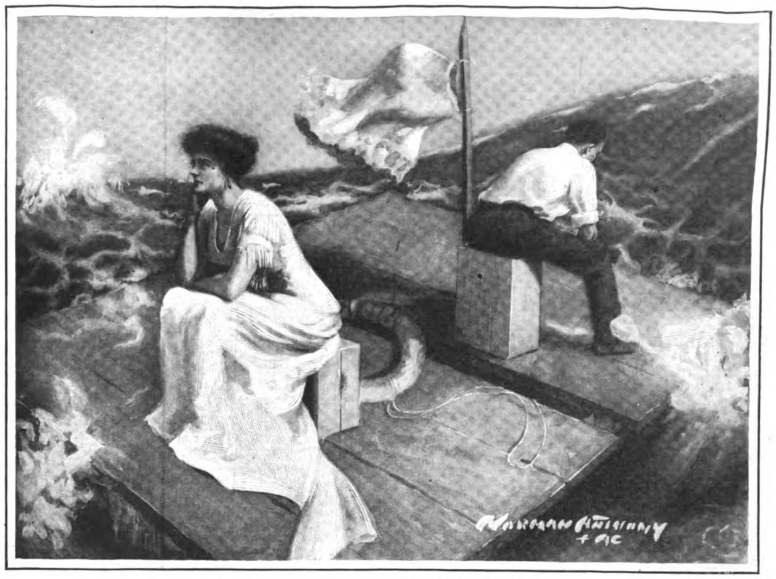
"Well what of it?" growled Blithers. "What good does that do me? I'm not a tramp in the country—I'm a hard-working son of a gun in the city."

A BASIS OF CONFIDENCE

"By Jove," said Wilkes, after the vaudeville performance was over, "it must take a lot of nerve for that man to lean up against a board while his wife hurled all those knives at him."

"Nerve nothing!" retorted Bilkes. "He's perfectly aware she couldn't hit him if she tried."

"LET'S TOSS UP, BILLY. HEADS WE GO SWIMMIN' AND TAILS WE GO TO SCHOOL. DARN IT! IT'S TAILS. "AW! LET'S MAKE IT THREE OUT O' FIVE."



AND NO ONE TO INTRODUCE THEM—THE DEBUTANTE'S TERRIBLE DREAM

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The Greatest of all Issues

THE THIRD-TERM CANDIDACY IS THE MOST MOMENTOUS PROBLEM WHICH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE TO SOLVE

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, perpetual candidate for the Presidency, who in the most solemn terms pledged himself never again to be a candidate and never again to accept another nomination, who employed methods to secure the nomination such as no other man has ever used, and is now resorting to every trick and device to gain the object of his insensate ambition, has always been an adept at drawing a red herring across the trail. Time and time again during the last ten years when cornered he has distracted public attention by dodging the issue and giving the public something more interesting for the moment to talk about. The average man and woman, like the child, is capable of only one thought at a time. Mr. Roosevelt knows that. Every one will recall the five-million-dollar conspiracy that filled a great many columns of the newspapers during Mr. Roosevelt's first term. Mr. Roosevelt, in his customary reckless fashion of bringing charges against the business world which he was unable to sustain and which were unsupported by any evidence, found himself in a tight place, and it was necessary to extricate himself with as little delay as possible so that he might be able to persuade the public that he was the victim and not the villain. Mr. Roosevelt sent for the Washington newspaper correspondents, and with much detail and circumstance—although, of course, in secrecy and under the pledge of confidence, so that he could not be held responsible for anything the newspapers might say—told them that a great plot of the "interests" had been discovered and that they had agreed to subscribe a fund of $5,000,000 to prevent his renomination. Five million dollars is a nice round sum, and it rolls well under the tongue, and there were people foolish enough to believe that the story must be true because the wicked interests were the plotters and Mr. Roosevelt was the lamb marked for slaughter. It was hardly a nine days' sensation, for its very preposterousness showed its absurdity, but by the time the public saw that it had been pulled into the side tent and had paid its money to see a fake the greatest showman on earth had produced something new, and a fresh audience with mouth agape thought it had been given its money's worth.

What between one thing and another, Mr. Roosevelt has been able to obscure the real issue of the present campaign, and that issue is the third term. Compared with that everything else is of minor consequence. The importance of the tariff need not be underestimated, the importance of the enactment of just and judicious laws need not be minimized, the importance of the economical administration of the government need not be regarded lightly, but all these things and many others on which patriotic men are agreed, even if they may disagree as to the methods to be followed to bring about reforms the necessity for which is not denied, are trifling compared with the overwhelming issue pressing for settlement. The American people stand at the parting of the ways. On the one hand is the straight and narrow road along which they have traveled for more than a hundred years, its path made plain by the beacon-light of the Constitution; its beams hope, inspiration, encouragement. On the other is the road that leads to the land of Vain-glory, to reach which the weary pilgrim must wade through the slough of despond, and when he comes to his journey's end he finds that it brings him to anarchy, confusion, and autocracy. Mr. Roosevelt has thrown the Republic into the scale to be balanced by his personal and irresponsible rule. Against the Constitution he measures his own unbridled and unrestrained lust for power.

A third term is in itself dangerous. The wisdom of the fathers who set their faces like flint against the continuance in the chair of the chief magistracy of any man for more than eight years no one can challenge. If the term is not limited by the unwritten law of the force of public opinion, the Presidency becomes not a delegated trust held at the favor of the people, but a grant in perpetuity that the people are powerless to revoke. That is an utter perversion of the principle on which the American form of government is founded. It is the first and easy step that leads to monarchy—not a limited monarchy, or a constitutional monarchy, or the form of monarchy divorced from the power of government, but monarchy absolute and autocratic; Russia before the Duma existed even in name; Rome in the time of the Cæsars; France in the Middle Ages. The time may come when the American people may desire to change their form of government, and while all the rest of the world is steering straight for democracy they may wish to substitute monarchy for republicanism; but in that case they will go about it in no devious way and with their eyes open. It is unfortunate that the men and women who are supporting Mr. Roosevelt are blind to consequences. They have been seduced into complaisance by honeyed words.

A third term is in itself dangerous, but if Mr. Roosevelt is permitted to enjoy a third term the injury that will follow cannot be measured. It is conceivable that an emergency might arise which would warrant sweeping aside all precedent and the defiance of the unwritten law so as to continue in office the one man possessed of the peculiar qualities to enable them to meet the crisis, a man of such proved integrity and unselfishness and patriotism that there would be no fear of his covertly seeking to establish a dynasty or to retain his power for life. There is no such present emergency to justify a departure from precedent. Neither at home nor abroad does the Republic face danger. It is threatened neither by invasion nor domestic revolution, except that revolution which Mr. Roosevelt has for years endeavored to bring about by inciting class hatred and inflaming the idle, the dissolute, and the unworthy against the industrious and those endowed with greater capacity. There is no particular kind of work that Mr. Roosevelt can do better than any one else. He is not the exceptional man. He was given seven years in which to prove his worth, seven unusual years in which to demonstrate his courage, his honesty, his capacity as a leader, his statesmanship. Those seven years were seven years of dismal failure. He proved that he had neither courage, nor honesty, nor capacity for leadership, nor statesmanship. He had not the courage to deal with the greatest question of his time, the tariff. He proved his dishonesty in a hundred different ways, from denying the acceptance of campaign contributions to denying instructions given to one of his ambassadors. He proved that he had no capacity for leadership by coming into office with a powerful, militant, and cohesive party behind him, and going out of office with his party in the minority, shattered into factions, fighting pitifully on the defensive when not engaged in fighting among themselves. He proved his weakness as a statesman by originating no constructive legislation and leaving no perdurable mark on the statute-books. He showed himself to be unstable, unbalanced, vain, contemptuous of law, unmindful of obligations, easily influenced, weak in the hands of his friends, strong only when his passions were aroused.

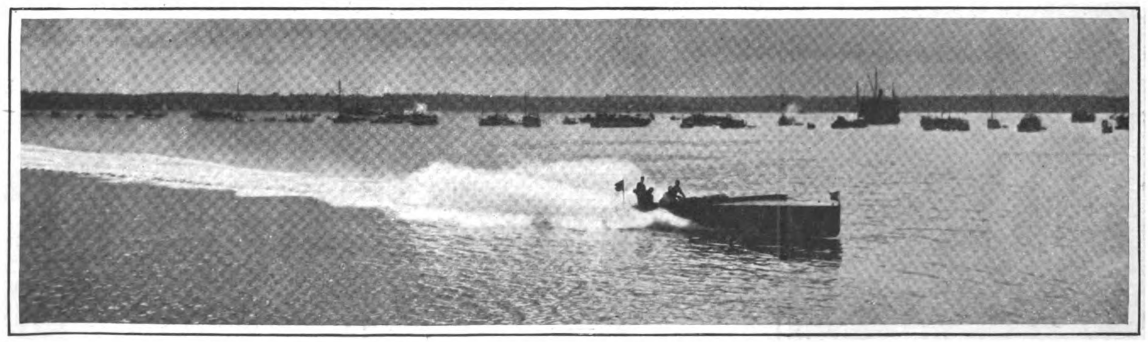
To put such a man into the Presidency for a third term under the peculiar circumstances of his election would be to invite chaos. It would be accepted by him as the popular mandate to cast off even the slight semblance of restraint that in the past he found it necessary to assume. It would be an invitation to unlicensed corruption and terrorism. The present as well as the future would have lost its fears for him. He would be superior to the people, the courts, and the Constitution. If Mr. Roosevelt were to be elected next November he might very well say that he was regarded by his fellow-citizens as a greater man than Washington or Jefferson or Grant, that he was held in higher esteem than any of his predecessors or any other man who has been connected with the government from the time of its establishment. He would feel, and not without reason, that anything he might see fit to do would have the approval of the public. That would be a dangerous state of mind for any man; it would be fatal with a man of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament. He has frequently shown that he has little respect for law when the law is inconvenient or interferes with his own peculiar ideas of what is right or wrong or proper, as he construes propriety. He has said that an executive officer may do anything that is not expressly prohibited by law, instead of being guided by the well-established principle of law that an executive officer may do only that which he is permitted to do by express sanction of the law.

Mr. Roosevelt's megalomania, his refusal to accept advice unless it chimes in with his own inclinations, his extreme and excessive belief in his own righteousness and wisdom, and his intolerance in pronouncing every one either dishonest or a fool who ventures to disagree with him, his cowardice in attacking those who cannot reply to him or are unable to defend themselves, his baseness in refusing to admit an error even when it has been proved by irrefragable testimony that he is wrong, his perpetual craving for the spectacular and the sensational, his love of brutality, his constant preachment of fighting and blood, his magnification of the material over the spiritual, his respect for brute force, and his contempt for what he has so often and so insolently termed the "weakling"—that is, the man to whom sympathy appeals and mere animal strength is not everything: these are the qualities, the passions, and the vices that have distinguished every dictator, every man in history who has aimed to destroy the liberties of a people so that he might intrench himself and defy attack.

The fear cannot be lightly dismissed that Mr. Roosevelt aims at dictatorship. That fear cannot be brushed aside as fanciful, for Mr. Roosevelt stands convicted by his own words. He has said that he desires to be elected so as to be able to put into operation those great and lasting reforms so urgently demanded by the public, and he has explained that the more than seven years in which he served in the White House were not long enough to enable him to organize the machinery of reform. If seven years were not long enough, surely no one will be so foolish as to contend that four years will be sufficient. It is clear enough that Mr. Roosevelt desires election now, in the present year, simply as a beginning, that in 1916 he will go before the people with the same specious plea—the right to complete what he began; and in 1920 there will no longer be concealment, for concealment will no longer be necessary. With the government in his hands, with the army and navy at his command, with a greater and, in many respects, more powerful army of Federal office-holders at his back, with his power unscrupulously exercised to pack conventions and manipulate primaries, elections would be a farce, the free will of the people could not be expressed, and the only way to rid the White House of Mr. Roosevelt would be revolution.

Mr. Roosevelt has not denied that he will seek re-election in 1916 should he be elected this year, or that his ambition will be satisfied without putting his popularity to the test in 1920. Mr. Roosevelt shows his wisdom by remaining silent. Any promise he may now make to the American people regarding the Presidency would be received with derision.

It is the menace of the third term that this election must decide. It is the third term that Mr. Roosevelt would like to have the public forget. It is the third term that threatens the American system of government and American liberty. It is the third term that every Democratic and Republican speaker should make the people remember. It is the defense of the third term that Mr. Roosevelt should be compelled to make. It is the third term that ought to make it impossible for him to carry a single electoral vote.



"MAPLE LEAF IV." CROSSING THE FINISH-LINE A WINNER

THIS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE ROYAL MOTOR YACHT CLUB OF ENGLAND, OWNED BY E. MACKAY EDGAR, TAKES BACK TO ENGLAND THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL TROPHY, BROUGHT HERE BY THE "DIXIE" IN 1907. SHE RAN THIRTY NAUTICAL MILES, OFF HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, IN 47 MINUTES 46 SECONDS. HER AMERICAN RIVALS RACED THEMSELVES TO PIECES.

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

The Romantic Mind, Etc.

SOME people regard an incident as a concrete thing of hard, unmistakable outlines which can be told but in one way, and that is as it happened. Others feel the most worried responsibility about everything they recount. They are perturbed for fear it should present a nude appearance and they dress it up as they tell it, frantically patting and pinning on bows. They do not at all feel that the incident was over when it took place. They regard it as having a new chance at success every time they give an account of it, and so what, seems to be inaccuracy of so extreme a kind as to verge on untruthfulness is really an amiable desire to lend to the drabest happening a hectic interest. Their taste is for the garish and opulent, and just as their money is spent in giving a glitter to life so is their tongue employed in doing the same. It would be lying if a literal-minded man indulged in any such perversions of fact. But a certain amount of such perversion is so natural to the romantic mind that anything else would for it be understatement.

Its speech is what it is just as its clothes are provided for the rare occasion and its emotions for blank verse. It is very hard for a person who would so have enjoyed being a character in a melodrama to be forced to live in the everyday world with its repression and gaucherie at display. The social reformer dislikes society as it is and tries to change it. The romantic mind dislikes it even more and tries with even greater persistency to change it. But the social reformer admits what he is, and places his ideal in the future. The romantic individual passes for an ordinary type of person and changes life while it is in the act of being lived. That is what makes contact with the romantic mind so exhausting to those not possessing it. One has to remember that the other is singing an octave higher because he finds it more comfortable up there, not because the occasion demands it of every one. It is not easy to sing duets under such conditions, but then dealings with the romantic mind never are easy. It persists in wearing vermillion mentally, no matter what the occasion, and we find it so difficult to attune ourselves to this that we either say it lies, which is crass of us; or else we regret the flatness of our response, which is nice of us, but unnecessary, for the romantic mind is made principally effective by the amazedly drooping jaw of its audience.

The sense of property is being absorbed until presently it will be like our tails, a mere rudimentary reminder of two joints. A hundred years ago old gentlemen actually got purple with rage at trespassing. It did not matter that the trespasser was a harmless pedestrian treading a wood road. He was not doing any harm to the wood, perhaps, but he was giving apoplexy to the owner of the wood by daring to walk on his ground without his permission. It genuinely mattered to the choleric gentleman. His sense of property extended to the farthest boundary of all that was his. It even went far enough beyond to lead him to dislike the people whose land touched his at the boundary line, and he relieved himself by going to law with them.

Fifty years ago big landowners found that their sense of property did not react hotly on slight and frequent provocation, and so they left more and more the duty of being incensed at trespass to servants, and even now no one can feel with such vibrating poignancy as a game-keeper the fact that an innocent stranger is on the wrong side of a fence. To-day, with the exception of a small minority who principally serve as picturesque souvenirs of a bygone age, the sense of property has shrunk to such dimensions that it only begins to work at the door of one's house. Some people do not feel it there and are only roused when you approach their stamp-box or rubbers—in such odd corners has a sense of property taken refuge.

We know how it ought to work, but it refuses to do so. We are dragged to a field by some incensed old-fashioned person, and we admit that we see a man with whom we have no acquaintance whatever taking birds' eggs from a nest in a tree that belongs to us. But it is of no use; we cannot get excited any more about that sort of thing. If we went to him and said with a great deal of noise, "That nest belongs to me," we should feel foolish, and the parent birds would probably expect us to feel foolish. To argue with the man about the morality of taking birds' eggs at all might be managed at a pinch, but then one cannot moralize with every stranger one meets, and, besides, the man is by way of being your guest for the time and you have a certain feeling of delicacy about criticizing his actions.

If he is not taking birds' eggs, but, let us say, gathering firewood, and if it is firewood that you could use as well as he, your sense of property may make you walk up to him with the intention of remonstrating. The spirit of the times being what it is, he does not take on a look of guilt, but perhaps says, "Good morning." You do the same, and then to avoid an awkward pause you remark that wood is scarce. He agrees with you, and in order to get away gracefully you make a remark about the weather and leave, hoping that he did not know who you were and feeling yourself to be an intrusive, prying person. You think him cool, but you admire such coolness and respect the untroubled simplicity of his attitude. If it did not occur to him that you were selfish, far be it from you to change his conception of your character. Try as one will, one's emotions will not respond to theory. They have a way of keeping abreast of the times that is surprising, perhaps, but as they do it quite on their own, with no help from us, we should at least give them full credit for it.

The Habits of the Snail

HOWEVER thick his shell, the snail fears the sunlight. In the hot days of summer he draws deep into his refuge. If the ground is arid and stony he bores a hole in the rock chosen by him as best suited to his needs. His work is slow and very hard, but he is a determined laborer and set in his ways. When he has prepared his home it is very dear to him, and while he travels a long way to find the food that he craves he always crawls back to his refuge, no matter how far from it he may be. Lodged in his retreat when the weather is dry, his volume diminishes because he loses a great deal of moisture. At such times, feeling his shrinkage, he seems to be attacked by a sense of weakness and, as if to escape from danger, retreats to the darkest hollow of his shell. When the cool nights and the rains come he takes water, swells to a considerable size, and, as if reassured as to his ability to cope with outside conditions, emerges from his summer hiding-place.

Much is yet to be learned of the mechanism by which the gradual extension of his feet, head, and tentacles is accomplished, but it has been learned by close observation that all the members lengthen in the same way gradually, like a glove being turned from the inside to take its proper shape and position.

The snail's locomotion is rapid, and he can work his way along because the sole of his foot closely adheres to the ground and gives him means of purchase. His foot is soft and viscous. Yet even so his way is hard when the road he runs is uneven, sandy, or pebbly, and therefore nature gives him means to prepare a path. On the forward part of his foot he has a gland whose product so oils the ground that a lubricated path is made for his ascension to the heights at which he aims. The snail's foot is a muscular organ of complex structure, with fibers that run in three directions—lengthwise, crosswise, and obliquely. The lengthwise muscles are the real walking muscles; they obtain their power from the nervous system. The power goes to the feet in the form of contraction waves. The action starts in the heel and runs forward, increasing as it advances. The contraction at the back drives the action through the locomotion muscles; at a point toward the front the nerve-waves cease and the convulsion sends the foot forward a few millimeters. The speed of action is variable; it depends upon the nature of the ground and upon the size of the snail. The little snail moves faster than the large one and the young one moves faster than the adult. There is a clear relationship between the sole of the snail's foot and the speed of its movement on the ground; the broad, short foot is slower than the long foot, but the foot increases in length as its speed increases, and it is increased in breadth by the play of its transverse fibers.

Mollusks would be easy prey for many animals were it not for their power to retreat into the depths of their shells. Solidly inserted in the shell, fixed to a spot near its axis by one of its extremities, the columnelar muscle ends on the other side in a fan-shaped screw whose spokes or fibers penetrate the mass of the foot, the head, and the tentacles. When the snail is frightened or in danger the governing muscle contracts and hauls the whole body into the shell's foot and head. As the body retracts a peculiar action takes place: the vascular cavities are partly obliterated, and the greater part of the blood recedes or turns back to the region of the viscera.

Although the snail runs away from hot sunlight, his body does not contract, nor does he give any sign of feeling of any kind when he passes from the darkness into the light. The organs supposed to be his eyes—the organs which are carried on his great tentacles—do not always prevent his collision with obstacles; and when his tentacles are amputated he moves on, apparently untroubled. Yet he examines all obstacles with his tentacles as carefully as if exploring them with eyes and finger tips. The infant snail, though it has no organ of observation, examines objects in the same cautious and inquisitive fashion, and in many cases, as if moved by sudden fright, snails retract before they reach the object they start to examine. Possibly the so-called "eye" plays an important part; possibly, as many have supposed, the temperature gives the animal its warning. It is doubtful whether the visual organ of such beings has anything to do with their easy movement through their world.

The Night Force in Banks

THE average worker is apt to regard with envy the bank employee, inasmuch as there is a popular notion that his hours are short and that he knocks off work at about three in the afternoon, unless, indeed, there should be a "mistake somewhere" that necessitates keeping all hands to "balance."

As a matter of fact, in certain of the largest banks, particularly those in New York, there is always some one at work. All night long, and on Sundays and holidays as well, these banks have staffs of men kept busily engaged in opening letters—thousands of letters—sorting and listing innumberable checks and drafts representing vast sums of money. These men "get things ready" for the day force. Were it not for the night man working constantly the day force would soon be overwhelmed.

Between five in the afternoon and nine the next morning there are at work in the big banks two shifts. They call themselves the "scouting force." Each bank has a big "drawer" in the general post-office, and every hour during the night messengers take from this drawer its accumulation of mail.

One large bank receives an average mail of three thousand letters a day, and of these two-thirds arrive during the night. These letters contain many checks and drafts from all parts.

As soon as they have been opened at the bank the checks are counted and the totals verified with the footings of the lists. The letters are then stamped—"proven in," as bank clerks call it. Then they are acknowledged by clerks detailed for the purpose.

A big task is the assortment of the various checks according to the books wherein they are to be entered. Sight drafts must be grouped according to the routes of the bank messengers; and everything possible is done to turn over the night's accumulation of mail in proper shape for the clerks in the morning.

Red and Black Rain

IN certain parts of Spain during last winter red and black snow fell. The phenomenon is explained as being due to the presence in the atmosphere in unusual quantities of certain mineral salts. History mentions a day when "the heavens rained blood." In the Middle Ages such an occurrence was accepted as predicting war or famine, or, at any rate, shedding of blood. The presence of a micro-organism seems always to accompany red rain. In volcanic regions gray hail is relatively common. In Sicily this has been observed very often, because the higher layers of the atmosphere are filled with ashes from Mount Etna. During the past century there have been black rains in England twice, and on both occasions the color was due to the presence of micro-organisms.

A curious fall of red snow is observed sometimes in the Alps in spring, but black snow is a rarity. This spring in the mountains that surround the Valley of Emmen snow of a dirty grayish black has been noticed. It formed a crust of some centimeters in thickness and extended over the white snow which had fallen on previous days. This strange occurrence has not been satisfactorily explained, but it is supposed that the volcanic ashes from Etna were carried by the winds and precipitated by the dampness of the air.

Rose-tinted Mountains

THE rosy light that tinges so beautifully the summits of lofty, snow-clad mountains before sunrise and after sunset is due to the fact that the yellow and red rays of light possess more penetrative power than the blue. The first-mentioned rays make their way through stretches of the atmosphere which entirely arrest and turn back the blue, and they do this the more especially if the air be laden at the time with extraneous particles that augment their opacity.

When the sun is below the horizon the red and yellow rays struggle on through the air as far as the snowy heights, dropping their associates by the way, and thus paint their fleecy surfaces with red and yellow tinted light. This roseate afterglow is very beautifully seen on the Jungfrau. The broad-based cone is suddenly covered in the deepening twilight with the crimson hue of the rose, and this gradually fades until the whole has vanished into darkness.

Natural Ear Trumpets

IT has been ascertained that the spiral horn of a wild sheep, when so placed that the ear is in the axis of the coil, makes the direction from which the ticking of a watch comes more easily discernible. Since the ear of the sheep is surrounded by the horn, it is inferred that the latter acts as an ear trumpet, not improving the hearing for distant sounds, but disclosing the direction of a sound. This would be useful in enabling the sheep to ascertain the exact points whence sounds come when there is a mist or fog covering its feeding-grounds.

Fluctuations of the Sun

IT would appear from the researches of the astronomers that the exact shape of the sun is not known. The generally accepted idea that the sun is a sphere is, some hold, at least open to question. Practically every series of measures shows departures from a spherical form. Of course the departures, considering the great size of the solar globe, are very minute. There seems to be a fluctuation in the shape of the sun corresponding in period with the sun-spot cycle. There are also indications of a fluctuation having a period of about twenty-eight days.

A FOOD CONVERT

Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve stomach trouble, keeps up the patent-medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to tonics is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash diminishes his power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an advertisement I tried Grape-Nuts food, and, after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonfuls as the cereal part of a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS

III.—THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION OF CREDIT

A LITTLE ten-mile railroad was once built to connect two towns up in the central part of New York State. It was a single-track affair and in the beginning only had one locomotive and three freight-cars. The opening of the railroad, however, resulted in a cement plant being started in one of the towns, and before long traffic increased so that it became necessary to buy more cars and another locomotive. After a while another cement plant was started half-way between the two towns and then business took such a jump that the road had almost to double up on its equipment. Better freight-houses had to be built, too, and more sidings, and within five years the necessity for double-tracking became urgent. When that was finished the directors of the little road found that they had a good, paying proposition, but they found, also, that they had doubled their original stake. And they're not through spending money yet. Population along the little road, now a feeder for one of the big systems, is steadily gaining, and every year what is relatively a large amount of money has to be spent to provide facilities for taking care of the increase in traffic.

What is true of the little ten-mile railroad mentioned is true in a greater or less degree of practically every railroad in the country. The two small towns at each end of the little road up the State are not the only ones which are increasing fast in wealth and population. The same thing is to be seen all over the country. Along the line of the railroads new towns are coming into existence, new industries are being established. Where one passenger wanted to ride only a few years ago, two must be accommodated to-day. Where one ton of freight used to move, provision must be made for hauling two tons or even three.

To take care only of this normal increase in business, therefore,—merely to keep abreast of the times—the railroads have got to keep constantly "increasing their facilities." That means in ordinary English that they have got to keep on adding to the total number of their cars and locomotives, that they have got to improve their terminals, extend their freight-yards, put in double-tracks and do the thousand and one other things necessary for the satisfactory handling of the increased volume of traffic. One of the vice-presidents of the New York Central recently put it this way: "The railroads were originally built through sparsely settled communities, with more or less heavy grades and severe alignment, across highways and streets at grade, with the greatest co-operation and solicitation upon the part of the public in order to obtain the railroad at all. The country highway has become a city street, the village has become a metropolis. The stations, both freight and passenger, have become inadequate and hemmed in on all sides by structures of great value. The volume of traffic moving requires easier grades and better alignment, and better physical conditions throughout. In other words, it is now an era, not of building, or capitalization for building, but of reconstruction and revision of the existing plant to meet a second stage in the growth of the commerce which the railroad has produced. These things must be done to handle the traffic with any degree of despatch."

To do them takes money and lots of it. As this particular traffic official stated, "freight and passenger stations have become inadequate and hemmed in by structures of great value." Extension of facilities under such circumstances is an expensive business. Real estate has gone up greatly in price. Rights of way which at one time could be had for the asking have now to be heavily paid for. And the same thing is true in all other directions. For a railroad to "increase its facilities" these days is for a railroad to spend a lot of money.

Mr. Hill estimates that just to keep abreast of the normal growth of their traffic the railroads will have to spend a billion dollars a year for the next five years to come. That, to some people, seems like an exorbitant amount, while to others, more familiar with the railroads and the extent of their needs, it seems very moderate indeed. But whether Mr. Hill's estimate is conservative or otherwise is beside the question. Whether he puts his figures too high or too low, the fact remains that a perfectly huge amount of fresh capital has got to be raised by the railroads every year simply to take care of their normal requirements. It may be that half a billion dollars is nearer the correct figure, or a billion dollars and a half. The material point is that the development of the country makes it necessary, if the railways are to be kept up, that many hundreds of millions of dollars of additional capital be annually invested in railway enterprise.

Were that generally understood, there would be less general surprise than there is at present every time a new issue of railway securities is announced. Instead of cynical remarks then about "further watering of capital" and "passing the hat" we should have people appreciating the fact that it is right and proper that a big volume of new railroad securities *should* be sold each year, and that unless a large amount of new capital *is* raised, the railroads are bound to find themselves unable to render the service expected and demanded of them.

With the country growing as it is and its transportation needs increasing at their present rate, the railroads have constantly got to have new money and that's all there is to it. To do anything which will prevent their being able to get this new money or even which will throw difficulties in the way of their getting it, is a risky piece of business. With a railroad, as with any business corporation, credit is everything. Do anything to hurt its credit, to spread the idea that money cannot safely be loaned to it, and a railroad's progress will be checked more effectively than in any other way. To make progress—to live, it might almost be said—the railroads have got to keep interesting new capital and on a large scale. Prevent their doing that, and it is about as reasonable to expect them to thrive as it is to expect a plant to thrive without water or sunlight.

Credit, moreover, it must be borne in mind, is about the most delicate thing in the world. To hurt the credit of a railroad or any other kind of a corporation, it isn't necessary that anything be actually done to endanger the corporation's solvency. Long before that stage, confidence in the enterprise may be shaken and the securing of new funds made impossible. The man with money to lend doesn't wait to hear that the prospective borrower is bankrupt. On the very first sign that the business is not as prosperous as it was, that "things are not going quite so well," he is apt to step back and tighten up the purse-strings. However prosperous a business still may be, no one wants to lend it money if the trend of its earnings is the wrong way. There are too many other more favorable opportunities for investment.

So that to say that the railroad's credit has been impaired by the treatment accorded them during the past couple of years is by no means to say that anything has happened to endanger their solvency. No fair-minded person can look over the current earnings statements of most of the big railroads and reason from them that money put into these enterprises would not be perfectly safe. That isn't the trouble. The trouble is that, by the way in which the railroads have been treated, their net revenue, at a time when gross has been running larger than ever, has been made to show a steady decline. To be perfectly honest about it, in the case of many of the big roads this decline in net could go a considerable distance further without anything like a danger-point being approached. But as has been pointed out, it isn't necessary to go anywhere near the danger point to kill off the interest of the lender of money and render him unwilling to make any further advances. Let the investor but see that revenues, large though they may still be, are on the down track, and railroad securities quickly lose their attractiveness. How do I know how far this tendency is going to carry? he is liable to ask.

That is exactly where we stand at present. An investment-house offers one of its clients a railroad bond which is attractive from the standpoint of income-yield and security—where there is, perhaps, an exceptionally wide margin of safety. The client considers the bond, but refuses to buy it on the ground that while the margin of safety is wide enough now, there is no telling what it may shrink to if the present treatment of the railroads is continued. The railroad in question may be earning all kinds of money, but its credit has nevertheless been impaired.

What is the inevitable outcome? Simply that the railroads, needing the money, begin to offer such inducements as will overcome the lenders' prejudice. We've got to have this money, says the finance committee, and if we can't borrow it at four per cent. we've got to pay five, and if we can't get it at five we've got to pay six—or whatever rate may be necessary. If the public won't buy our long-term bonds, we'll sell them our short-term bonds. They're the lenders and we're the borrowers. We need the money and it's up to us to offer such terms as will get it.

The "terms which will get it" have during the past year or so been either an exorbitantly high rate of interest or else the offer of a bond coming due within a very few years—in other words, what goes by the name of a "short-term note."

Very well, then let the railroads pay for their money and issue their short-term notes—what harm does that do? What harm? Very much more harm than most people have any conception of. Consider what it means when a big railroad begins to pay eight or ten per cent. for money—when it saddles itself with a fixed charge of that amount over a long series of years to come. Be times good or bad, this interest, amounting to eight or ten per cent. on the money borrowed, has got to be paid. There is no putting it off, no tiding it over till a more favorable time. The coupons come due and the money to take care of them has got to be found before there can be any question of dividends or even of necessary improvements.

Such a charge is a dead weight around the neck of any company, particularly of a company engaged in an occupation like railroading, which is under government supervision, and the profits derivable from which are limited by public sentiment if not by law.

Then, in the next place, alongside of the harm which the issue of securities on such terms does to the borrower, there must be considered the harm done the lender himself and, indeed, the whole great body of security-holders. Here's a great chance to buy a new bond netting me five-and-a-half or six per cent., says the investor, and proceeds thereupon to add to his list of other investments some of these new bonds. But does he imagine that all these high-income-bearing securities can be marketed without hurting the price of some of the bonds which he already holds? If so, he is going to find himself seriously mistaken. These new bonds are apt to be of high grade—of higher grade, probably, than some of the investments already on his list. Obviously their issue at a much lower price is going to tend to drag down the price of existing issues toward a similar level. And so, before long, the investor who welcomed the chance to buy the new bonds so cheaply finds that the harm they are doing to the price of his other investments more than makes up for any good he gets out of them.

The issue of short-term notes, too, even where the interest rate is moderate, is a bad thing from pretty nearly any standpoint from which you view it. Take the case of the borrower. The only reason he sells notes is because he can't sell bonds—at least on any decent terms. In a few years, he figures, when these notes come due, investment conditions are likely to be better, and it will be possible to sell regular bonds bearing a reasonable rate of interest. With the proceeds of these bonds, the idea is, the notes can then be paid off. Instead of the road having thus been saddled with a high fixed charge over a long series of years, the high interest only lasts until the notes come due and are replaced with bonds sold on a favorable basis.

Better than paying an exorbitant rate now for long-term money, without doubt, but still a makeshift form of financing at best. Present investment conditions are unfavorable to the sale of bonds, but is that any guarantee that conditions three years or five years from now are going to be any better? To assume that they are is all very well, but suppose that a few years from now it turns out that conditions are such that it is even more difficult to sell bonds than at present. Then what is going to happen to all this mass of short-term paper which will be coming due? Certainly the railroads will not be in a position to pay off the notes in cash. The best that could be hoped for under the circumstances would be fresh issues of notes sold to take care of those coming due—and themselves requiring to be taken care of only a few years further along.

Again, from the lender's standpoint and that of the general public, the issue of this great quantity of short-term notes is anything but a favorable development. The notes are not being sold, as we have seen, in order to raise money temporarily wanted, but in order to pay for equipment, terminals, double-tracking, and other improvements the cost of which is properly chargeable to capital account. The buyers of these notes, in other words, are not just lending money to the railroads for a little while. What they are really doing is to lend the railroads money for permanent improvements, the railroads figuring that at the end of two or three years they will be able to borrow another lot of money on easier terms and use it to pay off the original lenders.

Who are the original lenders, the buyers of the short-term notes now being sold? No very intimate knowledge of investment-market conditions is necessary to answer that question. Individual investors buy short-term notes to some extent, of course; but the real buyers, the buyers who take the great bulk of the issues, are the banks—the banks of every section of the country.

What we have, then, if you look the matter squarely in the face, is, the banks all over the country lending millions upon millions of dollars to the railroads for them to spend upon permanent improvements—surely a most improper use for bank funds. Money for that ought to come from investors—and would, had not the railroads' credit been hurt by the attacks made upon them. To finance the capital needs of the railroads or any other class of big corporations is no part of the bank's business. Lucky, indeed, can the country consider itself if money-market conditions during the next few months do not bring that fact forcibly home.

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Manufactured Enthusiasm

By Lewis Edwin Theiss

To paraphrase a clever advertisement that appeared some years ago, "You can buy almost anything in this great city, but where can you buy applause?"

Applause is as much a commodity as beefsteak or Irish potatoes. It has its recognized markets, its established prices, its buyers, and its sellers.

The worst offenders—if the use of purchased applause can be called an offense—are those temperamentally sensitive creatures, professional opera-singers. Applause is the breath of life to them. They must have it at any price. For "applause is the spur of noble minds; the end and aim of weak ones." Of course they much prefer the spontaneous approval of their audiences, but when they are unwilling to run any risk in the matter—and that is often—they provide beforehand for an enthusiastic reception "at so much per." They engage the services of a claque.

Vanity is as old as human nature; and the claque is almost as ancient as vanity. Away back in early times imperial rulers supported bands of sycophants to acclaim their virtues. Suetonius tells us that the Emperor Nero, when he acted, had his performance cheered by a special troop of five thousand of his soldiers called Augustals, who chanted his praises.

The recollection of this fact, it is said, led Jean Daurat, a sixteenth-century poet, to buy and distribute tickets for one of his plays to those who promised to applaud. To this day the practice persists and many actors spend large sums in this way to insure an enthusiastic reception.

But the claque as such—the trained band of professional applauders that any one can hire—did not come into existence until 1820, when it was established in Paris by M. Sauton and M. Porcher. They called it, "*L'assurance des succès dramatiques.*" Following them various *chefs de claque* organized other bands and entered into direct relations with theatrical managers. These chefs attended the last rehearsals of plays to learn where to applaud.

In France the claque has been developed to a much greater degree than in this country, where the *claqueurs* merely applaud. There the claque is composed of the *commissaires*, who learn the piece by heart and between the acts call the attention of their neighbors to its good points; the *rieurs*, who laugh loudly at jokes; the *pleurers* generally women, who simulate tears at pathetic passages; the *chatouilleurs*, who keep the audience in a good humor; and the *bisseurs*, who clap their hands and cry "Bis! Bis!" to secure encores.

Throughout Europe the claque is so powerful that practically all singers submit to its exactions, for it has developed almost to the point of being a blackmailing organization. But in "free" America it is commonly supposed that the claque is non-existent. The truth is just the opposite.

Last November at the Philadelphia Opera House a certain tenor was approached by a stranger, who introduced himself as the "captain of the claque" and agreed to insure the success of the tenor's performance for a consideration.

"How much do you want?" asked the singer.

"We usually leave that to the singer," replied the captain of the claque; but when pressed to name his usual price he said that an enthusiastic reception would be forthcoming at the artist's entrance, and the aria would be satisfactorily greeted for fifty dollars. Or for a smaller sum only the aria or the entrance, as the singer chose, would be applauded. He then showed a book in which were recorded the prices paid by various singers for applause. The book contained the names of many well-known songsters.

The newspapers got wind of the affair and tried to make a great "to do" about it, as though they had discovered something new. What had come to their attention was merely an outcropping of a system that had long been in operation. Naturally enough, most of the opera-singers interviewed held up their eyebrows in simulated astonishment at the news and denied any knowledge of the existence of a claque in America. But a distinguished contralto was more honest about the matter. "Certainly there is a claque in America," she said when questioned about it. "The various statements relative to this claque which have appeared recently in the daily press contain not a small amount of sanctimonious dissembling. In Philadelphia, as well as in Paris, Berlin, and London, not to mention New York, Boston, and Chicago, the claque is a well-established and well-recognized institution.

"While I never heard of an artist being hissed by the claque, I know that the gentleman mentioned in connection with the Philadelphia incident and other gentlemen in the same line of activity call regularly upon artists to offer them their services. And I know that all artists avail themselves more or less frequently of such services.

"Some artists pretend to scorn the claque. Those persons usually buy blocks of seats for obliging friends, whose applause, if not always timely, is at least enthusiastic and persistent. Why not be frank about it and call a spade a spade?"

Although it may appear to appeal only to vanity, the claque may nevertheless play a useful part. The public's unfortunate tendency to applaud whenever there is a pause in an unfamiliar aria is distressing to singers. Whenever such untimely applause starts the s-s-s-sh of the professional claque is sorely needed. On the other hand, an audience, after untimely applause, may refrain from further show of appreciation through fear of making more mistakes. Then the claque may give the people a timely signal, so that the services of a trained claque may go a long way toward making a singer's efforts successful and the opera as a whole more enjoyable.

Nor must it be forgotten that, altogether aside from the gratification it brings to vanity, applause enhances the singer's commercial value. For a singer's or an actor's rate of pay depends largely upon his or her popularity. Perhaps this fact accounts for the naïve remark of a popular songstress, who, when told about the proposed official claque, said that it showed a distinct advance in taste and appreciation on the part of American opera-goers.

One would hardly expect those connected with such a thing as a claque to take themselves very seriously, however. Yet some of them apparently consider their work as hardly second in importance to the singing itself. This fact was amusingly shown by a letter which got into the newspapers at the time of the death of Rachel, the great French actress. The letter was written to the actress by the head of the claque in response to Rachel's criticism that upon the creation of a new character, when it was important for the applause to be heard, the show of appreciation had not been so well sustained on the second night as it had been on the first.

"Madamoiselle," wrote the claquer, "I cannot remain under the obloquy of a reproach from such lips as yours. The following is an authentic statement of what really took place. At the first representation I led the attack in person not less than thirty-three times. We had three acclamations, four hilarities, two thrilling movements, four renewals of applause, and two indefinite explosions. In fact, to such an extent did we carry our applause that the occupants of the stalls were scandalized and cried, 'A la porte!' My men were positively exhausted with fatigue and intimated to me that they could not again go through such an evening.

"Seeing such to be the case, I applied for the manuscript, and after study I was obliged to make up my mind for the second representation to certain curtailments in the service of my men. I applied these curtailments, however, only to MM. ——, and if the *ad interim* office I hold affords me the opportunity I will make them ample amends.

"In such a situation as I have just depicted I have only to request you to believe firmly in my profound admiration and respectful zeal, and I venture to entreat you to have some consideration for the difficulties which environ me."

Vegetable Camels

No man need really perish for want of water on the great deserts of the United States. There are several forms of cactus that store water against a rainy season. They are the camels of the vegetable world. One form develops a great hollow leaf that absorbs moisture from the atmosphere. The other throws up a thick round stalk and holds the water in millions of cells. In periods of drought the plants draw on this stored supply. By tapping these cactus reservoirs sufficient water will drop out to save the life of a traveler.

Paradoxical Effects of Air Resistance

THERE has been installed in the Champs de Mars in Paris an aero-dynamic laboratory for the making of experiments relating to the laws of atmospheric resistance. In the course of his studies one eminent engineer verified a curious statement communicated some time ago to the Academy of Sciences—namely, that the pressure upon a square surface inclined thirty-seven degrees to the wind is one and one-half times stronger than that exerted on the same surface exposed at ninety degrees.

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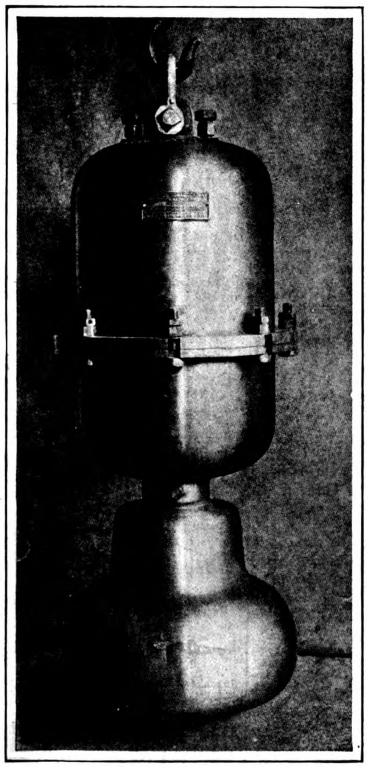
THE VOICE UNDER THE SEA

BY GEORGE MARVIN

THE loss of the *Titanic* has directed an unprecedented degree of attention to devices for safety at sea. The findings of the Senate Committee have crystallized the lessons of the disaster into a set of new recommendations, some of which have already been enacted into law, and similarly the British hearings tend toward the same obvious findings. It is as though the complete loss of the greatest ship ever built had been the price preordained for a new era in ship construction and the regulation of sea traffic. It was a price too dear, but a price so great that it has awakened the civilized world to insistence upon reforms which otherwise might have been indefinitely postponed.

Of all appliances wireless is dearest in the hearts of a grateful public, just as it is most familiar in their minds. Yet no less wonderful, in its more limited sphere, than the call of the electric spark is the voice of the bell under the sea. As yet submarine signaling has no direct commercial utility; it has never been profitably used for the sending of personal messages or the transmission of news over long distances. Its whole purpose consists in the avoiding of disasters at sea and the saving of life. Its radius has rarely exceeded twenty miles—not much more than the sea horizon on a clear day from the deck of an ocean liner—but within its radius it is even more true and reliable than the sometimes whimsical electric current, which must be tuned to be distinctly heard at a given place and may be deflected by currents of the air and atmospheric changes.

Think of the hopeless confusion that would follow if all the lighthouses and light-ships, buoys and beacons, were with one fell swoop wiped off the map. That is exactly what happens when, in a given locality, a thick sea fog obliterates all objects at sea



The bell that tolls for the living

or ashore. It is at such times that the submarine bells take the place of the lights and the beacons. No matter how thick the stormy night or impenetrable the enshrouding blanket of fog over the sea, fathoms down under its surface, in the depths undisturbed by wind or mist, the submarine bells, tolling steadily their code signals, are reaching out as a light does in clear weather to tell a ship where her danger lies in plenty of time to avoid it.

All up and down the Atlantic coast from "Lower Traverse No. 7" (as the chart reads), at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, clear around to "Heald Bank No. 81," off Galveston in the Gulf of Mexico, every light-ship and every important lighthouse on the ocean highways of steam navigation has its submarine signal bell station. In smaller numbers they beacon the less broken Pacific coast. They send out their warnings through the cold waters of the Gulf of Finland, the Baltic, and the North Sea; the shores of France and the jagged coast line of the British Isles are dotted with them. South of the equator steamers in thick weather make the mouth of the River Plate on their way to dock at Montevideo and Buenos Aires, by the three bells of the English Bank light-ship, and in far-away China river pilots listen for the submarine signal on North Saddle light at the muddy mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang.

In the Atlantic service practically all passenger-steamers are now equipped with the submarine signal-receiving apparatus, and in the other Six Seas the more important liners or coastwise vessels have them. If you should go into the wheel-house of one of these ships you would find among the engine-room telegraphs, fire-indicators, semaphore and electric signals, wheels to close the bulkhead doors, and other devices which it is the duty of the officers on watch to attend to, a small indicator box with two vulcanite receivers hung upon it, looking very much like some new kind of house telephone appliance. And that is, in truth, what the box really is. Just as the officer in charge of the ship, when by his observation readings or dead reckonings he knows he is coming near the coast or near a charted reef or rock, will take his glasses in clear weather and try to pick up the light or the buoy which will decide his course, so in thick weather or in fog, with the receivers of his submarine telephone pressed to his ears, he will pick up the insistent "ting-ting" of a warning bell by its code signal, and will be able to determine whether or not it is the point he is aiming for and thus be able to lay his course with the same accuracy as in clear weather.

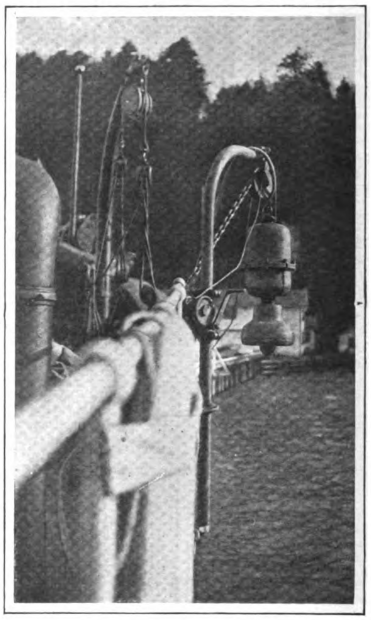
For example, all transatlantic vessels bound for New York try to make Nantucket Light-ship, for this is where they make their final turn southwestward and take their departure in laying a course for Fire Island and the Ambrose Channel buoy at the entrance to New York Harbor. When an incoming liner picks up Nantucket she can lay her known course thereafter with the absolute certainty of making Sandy Hook, and to be able to do this with equal certainty in fog, as well as in clear weather, by means of the submarine bell, means, in addition to the safety of exact location, a great saving of time and expense both for the steamship companies and for their passengers. Off Cherbourg, on the northern coast of France, where the big German and English liners take on board passengers from Paris and the Continent, the liner finds her tender in the fog by the call of her submarine bell, and thus may approach a dangerous coast and transfer her passengers, baggage, and sacks of precious mail in entire safety and without loss of time. Skipper Hagemann of the *Kronprinzessin Cecelie* has a record in the North German Lloyd line of having navigated his ship enveloped in a heavy fog entirely by submarine signals all the way through the English Channel, past the fatal Goodwin Sands until beyond the Haaks light-ship off the coast of Holland he ran, after five hours' continuous steaming by submarine guidance, out into clear weather again.

Unlike the aerial wireless, which pervades the atmosphere without—except by its own explanation—indicating its point of origin, the submarine wireless is self-indicatory. Its mission is to proclaim its point of origin, and to that end, with the idea of direction paramount, the system has been perfected.

That telephone hanging up in the wheel-house, by which the navigator gets the sound of his guiding or warning bell and lays his course accordingly, is electrically connected with a pair of small water-tanks. There the faint but distinct sounds are picked starboard sides of the ship, clamped to the inner side of the lower plates near the keel, and thus, in the larger ships, from twenty to thirty feet below the water line. In these tanks hang microphones, the termini of the wires running thence to the receivers in the wheel-house or chart-room on deck. The bell sounds, coming undeflected through the solid medium of deep sea water, pass through the skin of the ship, in what seems to the unscientific mind a wholly miraculous way, and enter the water in the receiving-tanks. There the faint but distinct sounds are picked up and, intensified by the microphones, are transmitted to the indicator box above, where the listening watch officer, with the receivers pressed to his ears, hears them much as we hear in a telephone booth ashore the preliminary jingle or clicking as "Central" summons our desired call. The small tanks are the ears of the ship, the wires the aural nerves, and the pilot the intelligence which transmutes heard sounds into resultant action.

On the indicator box switches enable the operator to listen alternately to sound picked up by the port and starboard microphones, and thus to determine by the relative loudness of the tone on which side the bell is ringing. It is an easy matter then to get the exact direction within one point of the compass by swinging the ship toward the side on which the sound is louder; when it is equally loud on both sides the ship is heading directly at the charted position marked by the bell.

The bells themselves which utter these signals so far under the sea differ principally from the bells one sees in church towers or in public buildings by being much smaller than the former type and many times thicker than all other bells. They are rung in various ways. On light-ships they are suspended over the side at a depth of not less than twenty feet and



A submarine bell ready to be lowered

rung with clock-work regularity by compressed air or electric mechanism. When the warning note is to indicate the position of a shore light, the bell is placed out on the ocean bed, where divers hang it—in deep enough water to clear all shipping—from a great steel tripod, where it is rung by electricity through a cable connection from the shore station. Sometimes it is necessary to mark the position of a rock or shallow bank, or indicate a channel far from shore or in a place where the generation of electricity or compressed air is impossible. In such places the bell is suspended from a buoy and the eternal motion of the sea, even on days when a "dead calm" prevails, winds up a mechanism which keeps the bell singing its helpful song of

"Shoal! 'ware shoal, ahoy!"

A grizzled mariner, passing the evening of his sea-faring days as a yacht captain, once told me the reason for the uncertainty of all air signals. According to this weather-beaten specialist, aerial signals cannot be depended upon with any degree of accuracy because of the fact that air does not transmit sound uniformly; it varies in density, and columns and bodies of air of different densities reflect and refract sound so that when heard it does not truly indicate the direction from which it comes, and it often skips over spaces where it cannot be heard at all.

Old fishermen, my friend the ancient mariner said, call this mysterious quality of sounds in the air "the ghost," a ghost which haunts well-filled sea cemeteries and has for many years driven the light-house boards of different nations to their inventive wits' end to find a means to lay it. Old Skipper H—— spoke of the loss—ten years ago, before submarine signals were in use—of the Pacific Mail steamship *Rio Janeiro*, which struck and foundered in a dense fog at the entrance to the Golden Gate within the range of audibility of four fog signals which had been kept in continuous operation. The few survivors of the 210 souls who went down with the ship attested that no sound had been heard in response to the ship's own siren within thirty minutes of the time she struck, though the fog-horn on Fort Point had been occasionally audible before that period until, when the ship was in the channel and could not anchor, the warning sounds suddenly faded away into the dreaded "ghost" silence.

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The Chemical Production of Life

EVERYTHING in nature is connected and in close relationship. The divisions established by man in nature, and classified by him as botanical, mineralogical, and zoological, exist in the mind rather than in fact. All the formations of animate or inanimate matter, every manifestation of the teeming life of earth from the rudimentary alga, the tiny moth, and the butterfly to the lion and the eagle is a link in the chain of life. In some cases it is difficult to distinguish the animal from the vegetable; the difference is imperceptible and so slight, so indistinctly marked that science hesitates to draw the line. The sea anemone and the sea chrysanthemum have all the grace and beauty of flowers and all the animation and mobility of animals: they look like flowers, but they are endowed with an organism which cannot be found in any form of vegetable growth.

Human investigation has classified life, but has not grasped all its mysteries. Near the far-off frontiers of life the explorer finds the enigmatical creatures which lie sleeping between the organic and the inorganic worlds. These are beings so small that they seem to be nothing but the moss upon the ground, creatures with transparent bodies lying like living lace on the tall grass and the rocks; and still lower are the invisible but formidable hordes of the protozoa.

One member of the family of the *vorticellidæ* produces a million young in one day, which mature and attain old age sixty minutes after birth and then rend themselves asunder, each part going its individual way to produce a family. Lower still in the vital scale is the first known form of organic life, protoplasm—a thing of no developed organs, a mass of living jelly. Protoplasm is the awakening of life; below it all is inanimate. Possibly the beginning of life is purely chemical.

The future will show how the creations of chemistry are related to living vegetable forms. There have been brought into existence weeds like algæ, chemical mushrooms, and very pretty flowers and leaves and plants, with stems like the stems of vegetable growth. If a small ball composed of sulphate of copper and finely powdered sugar justly proportioned is dipped in a liquid composed of water, gelatine, ferrocyanide of potassium, and salt, at a certain temperature, the artificial seed soon gives signs of molecular activity; it dilates, broadens, and then stretches upward to a height of thirty or forty centimeters. If the liquid is very much diluted the stem is shorter and less rectilinear, but its branches are more numerous and its ultimate form is a dwarf tree resembling a growth of coral. Vegetations produced by chemical combinations held in still more diluted liquid end their branches in knots resembling leaves or fruit. If distilled water is carefully superposed directly on a highly concentrated liquid of a certain composition exact counterparts of the mushrooms of the forests appear. The character of the final result depends upon the chemical nature of the composition. Nitrates help to develop pointed terminations and thorny stems; alkaline chlorides develop growths shaped like worms and other combinations give equally distinct results. Greenish growths resembling tufted herbs or vines are produced by iron sulphate in silicated solutions. Salts of manganese, chlorates, nitrates, and sulphates give strange results. One of the plants chemically produced is a mushroom coiffed with a yellow hat lined with black. The hat hangs on a small white column. In some solutions the seed develops and springs upward in long sinuous stems, and on the stems hang strangely shaped growths resembling fruit. All these productions are living; they show all the characteristics of life. They are born, they grow, reach their maturity, and die. As they grow they increase in weight, many attaining a weight hundreds of times the initial weight of the seed from which they sprang; and as their growth increases the liquid surrounding them diminishes.

Rhythm in Life

LIVING beings are rhythmical machines. Whatever the locality, the man who has known the Sabbath day knows when Sunday comes. However well balanced mentally, the brain-worker is troubled by interruption of his work. Absence, a journey, change of business, strong emotion, anything that stops progress even for an instant relaxes cerebral control, creates inaptitude, and produces the effect of incipient paralysis or intellectual ataxia. The brain-worker loses the thread of thought and the hand-worker loses his dexterity if he halts in his regular labor.

The basis of life is a series of harmonious vibrations, of ordered cadences. Every living being is a relatively well-regulated machine. Man is the best constructed of machines. Dogs show that they keep count of time. The lowest worms show the same kind of automatic instinct. The *convolutæ*, a species of worm that lives close to the sea, creep high upon the shore when the tide goes out. When the tide turns they hurry back to the depths. The strangest feature of the action of this species of worms is that change of locality does not cause them to forget their daily habit. When they are transported to a distance inland they continue to rise to the surface of the earth and to retreat into their burrows as they did when by the sea. If a few of the little worms are put into a glass jar in deep, wet sand, they will be seen through the glass sides of the jar rising from the depths to form plaques of vivid green upon the surface, resting for a time and then retreating into their depths. If their movements are watched it will be seen that their ascent corresponds to the going out of the tide, and that their descent corresponds to the tidal return. Yet there is nothing in the inland surroundings of the transported *convolutæ* to indicate the existence of the sea, nor anything to recall the sound of the water. The conduct of the *convolutæ*, beings of a very low order of life, seems to result from something like homesick remembrance of lost conditions. The effect of the unknown influence is a mechanical spontaneity like the striking of a clock. Low down in the zoological scale, they feel the tide in their place of exile and follow its movement even at a distance of hundreds of kilometers from their native ocean.

The Story of the Sextant

THE element of chance plays an important rôle in invention, and in no case is this more strikingly illustrated than in that of Thomas Godfrey, the American who improved upon the quadrant, or, rather, devised the sextant, the basic notion for which he got by noting the reflection of the sun from a pail of water.

Godfrey was a glazier by trade, but he had a taste for mathematics and was a man of some culture.

John Hadley had also invented a sextant, apparently a development of a suggestion of Newton's, found among his papers at his death. Godfrey anticipated Hadley by about one year, but for a long time his claims were not recognized, Hadley receiving the entire credit.

The glazier thus received his inspiration for the instrument that was to prove of such value to mariners. One day, while replacing a pane of glass in a window of a house in Philadelphia opposite a pump, he saw a girl, after filling her pail, put it upon the sidewalk. The observant glazier saw the sun reflected from the window on which he had been at work into the bucket of water. His mind quickly perceived the significance of the situation, and he was thus led to the design of an instrument "for drawing the sun down to the horizon," a device incomparably superior to any that had hitherto been used for the ascertainment of angular measurements.

The Value of Bees

IT has been estimated that the annual production of honey in the United States amounts to the value of $20,000,000. But, according to the Bureau of Entomology, their production of honey is not the most valuable service that bees render, since their work in fertilizing the blossoms of fruit-trees is worth more than $20,000,000 every year. Because of the recent development of contagious disease among bees, it has been recommended that apiculture be not popularized, but rather that it be confined to specialists having a sufficient financial stake in the business to insure proper attention to the health of the bees.

A Flirtation

NEX' time I 'mire th' Red Rose, he
Jus' better keep his hands off me!
'Cause w'en I went to go away,
Th' Rose, he wanted me to stay.
He grabbed right hold of my new dress
An' made th' lace all queer—I guess
My Mama, she won't let me go
Near him again if he acts so!

But w'en our gard'ner-man came 'long,
W'y, he stopped whistlin' his nice song,
An' he jus' made th' big Red Rose
Let go of me an' my bes' clo'es!
I 'spect he punished him real bad,
'Cause jus' th' fattest bud he had
He made him give me—so's that I
Can smell how sweet it is close by.
Our gard'ner-man—he'll "have to *see*
'Bout roses makin' love to me!"

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

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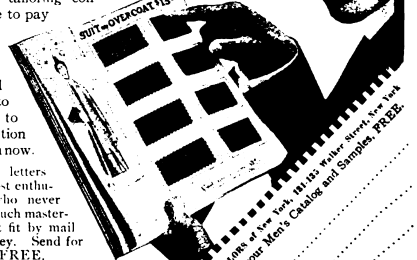

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Earth-eaters

WHEN the case is an isolated one the earth-eater may be a maniac; another name must be given when earth-eating is the habit of an entire population. The Laos of Siam eat earth. They have no excuse for the habit. The earth thus eaten produces no nervous or other excitement; it causes no craving of any sort; it has no nutritive value. The man who eats it knows by hard experience that it causes intense pain and prolonged sickness and that it leads to death.

The *geophagii*, or earth-eaters of Laos, eat earth as the Chinese smoke opium, because they have a passion for it. Possibly the people of Laos first ate earth during one of their terrible periods of famine, as the famishing natives of the Far East eat it when they find no rice; but however it began, the habit is strong at the present time, and it is the habit of both rich and poor. In that country the preferred earth is a clay found near rivers, which has the strong odor of the river fish. It is dried in the sun, grated and powdered, and wet to form a paste. The paste is covered with dry herbs and twigs, the whole arrangement is sunk in the ground, and the wood is fired. Thus the earth is "smothered," like the smothered chicken served by the Southern cook. When the operation is skilfully performed a light-brown mass resembling grated chocolate is obtained. This is then broken into bits the size of an English walnut and sold in the markets. Every inhabitant of Laos consumes several handfuls of earth daily, and the women, old and young, eat it in great quantities. The habit ruins the digestion. But the force of the passion is so great that the dirt-eater pursues his habit to destruction and begs for his clay even in the agonies of death. In some parts of the Congo dirt-eaters buy their preferred dainty as the American buys carrots and cabbages. There all kinds of earth are sold and eaten. The "connoiseur" buys the yellow earth taken from ground where coffee has grown and likes best earth of the color of yellow ochre and a certain gray earth. Both these varieties have a pleasing odor. The yellow earth is sold in little balls and amateurs eat it raw; the gray earth is broiled.

A GREENLAND SHADE TREE

THIS GREENLAND FIR IN DAUPHIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, IS TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD, ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR INCHES HIGH, AND COVERS AN AREA SIXTY FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE

Electric Bread-making

ELECTRIC baking-ovens are no new thing, but their use has not spread very rapidly, probably because of the cost or the difficulty of procuring the requisite current. In the little Swiss town of Kerns, where electric power is cheap, the electric baking-oven has been established in a most satisfactory manner. In a furnace less than eight feet long one hundred pounds of bread, in loaves of one and three pounds each, can be baked at one time and eight bakings can be made in twelve hours. The cost of the heating is a little more than one and three-quarter cents per pound of bread.

Birds' Legs in Flight

MOST birds of prey habitually carry their legs behind in flight except when about to strike their quarry. Water-birds also fly with their legs extended behind, and pheasants, grouse, and other gallinaceous birds do the same thing as they are well under way. But the perching birds, such as English blackbirds, sparrows, robins, and swallows, when in flight carry their legs drawn up in front. The habit of humming-birds is uncertain, although some have been photographed carrying their legs in front.

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Why It Is Hard to Swallow a Pill

IT is a matter of observation that the putting of a pill into the mouth of an inexperienced person is likely to result in a startling performance, also it has been observed that when cherries are eaten some care must be taken that one of the pits does not escape down the œsophagus. Why is it that the throat refuses the beneficial pill, tablet, or capsule and yet seizes upon a cherry pit, which is of no use to the human organism?

A similar condition is that of a musician playing well when alone and faltering in the presence of listeners. It has been advanced that fear inconveniences the nervous system, causing the musician to fumble and the pill-swallower to procrastinate.

If a person walking down-stairs takes account of every step he is likely to miss his footing, or, if he proceed to walk with unusual dignity before onlookers, he may give way to an awkwardness that is not characteristic of him.

In the habitual performance of any act the muscles acquire an automatic proficiency. When the same act is done with conscious effort a lack of experience in such conscious method interferes with the self-trained functions of the muscles. The musician who deliberately imposes his mind upon his playing, after letting his fingers become habituated to the keyboard, disarranges the performance. The man who runs from danger utterly relieves his legs of mental supervision; his one thought is to be away. Mental supervision of every stride would delay him. When a pill is taken into the mouth the voluntary effort to put the swallowing muscles into operation hinders the spontaneous action of the throat which would seize upon a cherry pit. If a man were accustomed to take cognizance of every morsel of food swallowed he would have no difficulty with a pill, even when taking one for the first time.

The Strength of a Child

MEDICAL men assert that, according to well-conducted tests, it is shown that the new-born babe is relatively much stronger than a full-grown man. The muscles of the forearm are astonishingly vigorous. A few hours after birth a baby suspended by its finger to a stick or to the finger of a grown person can sustain itself in the air for about ten seconds—in the case of particularly strong infants for so long a period as thirty seconds.

When four days old an appreciable increase in the infant's strength may be noticed, and the time during which it can thus sustain itself is about two and one-half minutes for ninety-eight per cent. of babies. The maximum is attained in two weeks. Few infants can "hang on" for more than one and one-half minutes, although it is of record that one exceptionally developed child remained suspended for two minutes and thirty-eight seconds by his right hand. After that he continued to hang on with his left for fifteen seconds longer.

Power from Sea Waves

AT a recent meeting of the British Association the question of economical production of power from tides and winds was under discussion, and it has been taken up widely by scientific journals in Europe. In France attention has been called to a system of utilizing the power of sea waves to actuate a dynamo which has been employed for some time past at the mouth of the River Gironde. An air-chamber is connected with a well which communicates with the sea at a depth below the level of the lowest tides. By the advance and recession of the waves changes of pressure are produced in the air-chamber, and a system of valves enables the resulting air currents to be applied to rotating a kind of turbine. It is reported that the apparatus works equally well in calm and in stormy weather.

Stone Microbes

THE decay of building-stones, according to more than one authority, is not due to wind action or other surface influence, but to internal disintegration resembling wood rot, and this is ascribed by some to a low organism like the fungi and the molds that cause the decay of vegetable substances.

A cure has been found for the stone disease, or at least a form of treatment that diminishes its ravages. The stones are treated with germicides, the best of which appears to be a mixture of sulphate of copper solution with bichloride of mercury and creosote.

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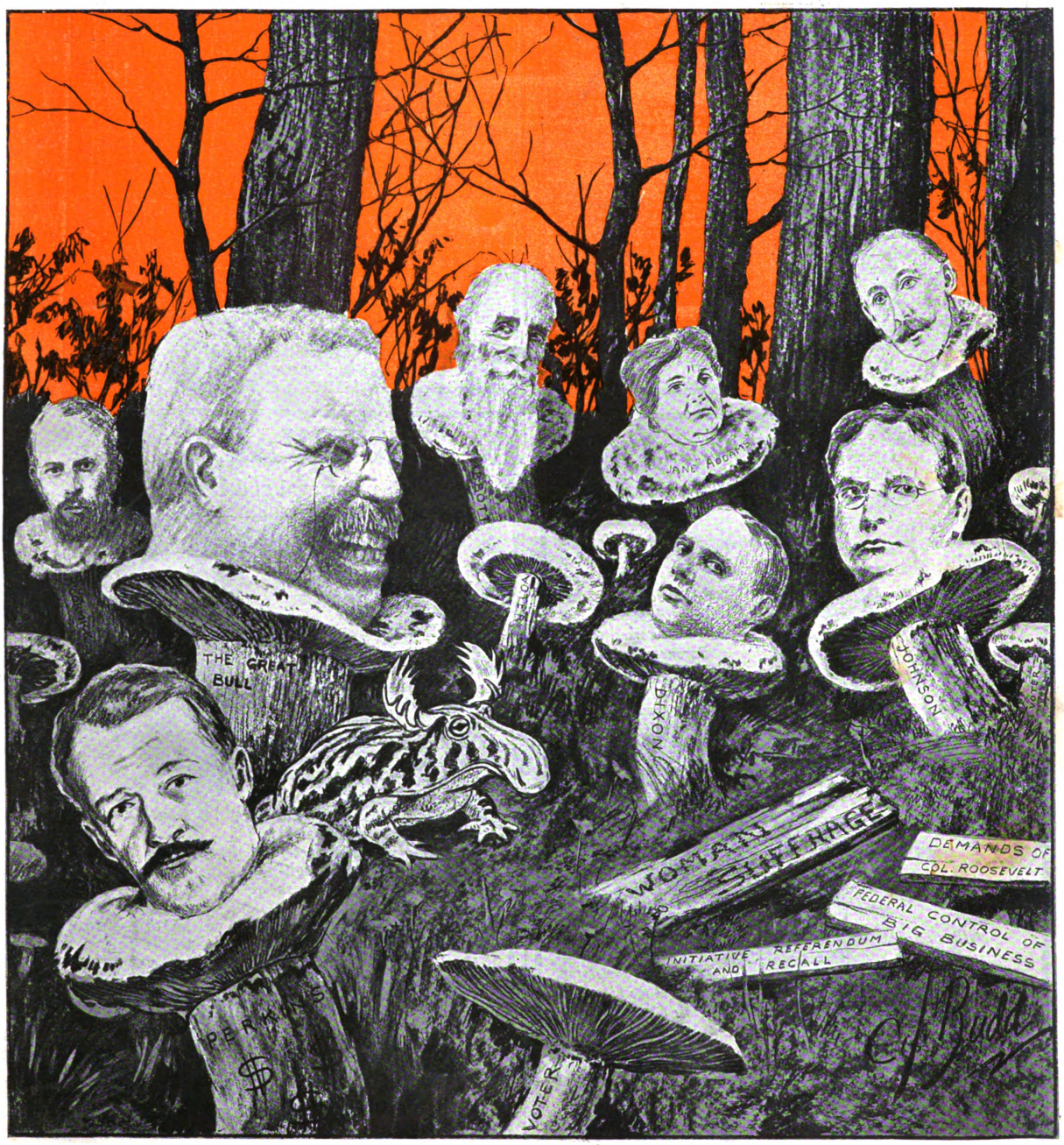
SEP 25

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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On American Education and Art

Mr. Bennett here turns from the more external aspects of our country and people which have engaged him in his previous papers and gives his impressions of Columbia and Harvard, and other schools where he saw American youth at study and play. Mr. Bennett's comments on American art will bring a shock of surprise to Europeanized Americans, who habitually declare that we have no art in America worth taking notice of.

The Fur Harvesters

Frank E. Schoonover has made a trip to one of the remote posts of the Hudson Bay Company, where each summer the Indians bring in their canoes heavy laden with the winter's harvest from their traps. He describes the picturesque scenes of the bargaining between white man and red, and the exchange of costly pelts of ermine, otter, and silver fox for the trinkets of civilization. Profusely illustrated with sketches and paintings in color by the author.

How Mark Twain Lost a Fortune

Albert Bigelow Paine tells of the period in Mark Twain's life when the great humorist became intensely absorbed in the perfecting of a type-setting machine. For ten years he poured his money into this enterprise until the amount totaled $190,000—and at last the dream of untold millions vanished. Other interesting experiences during this period are Mark Twain's walks with Stevenson in Washington Square, and the first visit paid him by Kipling, then wholly unknown to him and to the world.

Discovering a Lost Palace of the Incas

Professor Hiram Bingham, who headed the recent Yale Expedition to Peru, gives an interesting account of the search for the palace and stronghold of the Inca Manco, who fled from Pizarro. In the fastness of the mountains Professor Bingham came upon marble and granite ruins which correspond with startling accuracy of detail to the traditions and descriptions left by sixteenth-century Spanish chroniclers. Illustrated with many photographs.

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An American girl and a young professor of biology are thrown together during a motor-car trip through Tunis. In this land of the troglodytes Louis Closser Hale humorously recounts how by means of an old Roman anklet the professor proves himself more than a match for the girl, who thinks she will not marry him. With illustrations in tint by Walter Hale.

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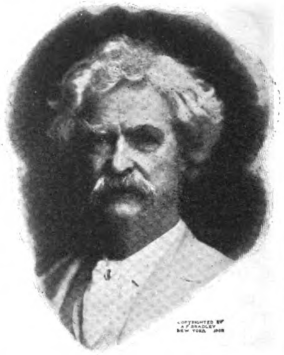

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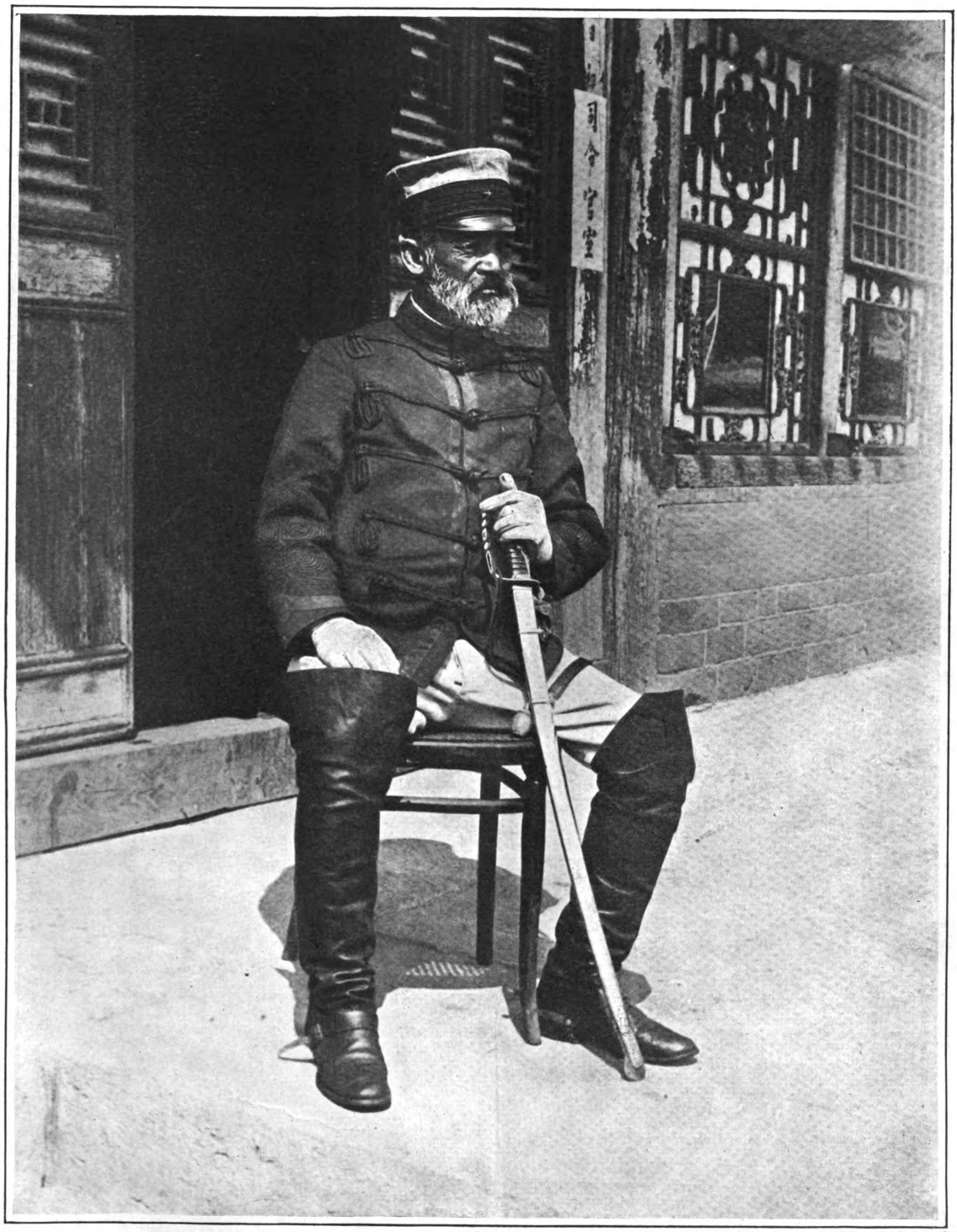
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVI. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 21, 1912 No. 2903



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HE DIED TO SAVE JAPAN

Count Marosuke Nogi, Japan's most famous general, who, with his wife, committed suicide on the occasion of the late Mikado's funeral, in accordance with Samurai tradition, in order to inspire his countrymen with reverence for the past and save them from the corrupting tendencies of modern life. As the gun boomed the signal for the cortege to start, the Count and Countess, carefully attired for the ceremony, stabbed themselves with swords. During the war with Russia General Nogi forced the surrender of Port Arthur after the most desperate fighting, both his sons being killed in the operations against that fortress

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Way of Safety

THE analysis of the national political situation presented in the September number of *The North American Review* necessarily involved so many considerations, arising from our complicated electoral system, that hasty judgments from impatient minds were inevitable. To many the mere possibility of JAMES S. SHERMAN becoming President of the United States, as a consequence of the unprecedented contest now being waged, seemed so horrifying as a malexpression of public desire as to be unworthy of credence or even of contemplation.

"Such a concatenation of impossibilities, such a Gordian knot of 'ifs,' 'buts,' and 'perhapses,' need not keep any patriot awake o' nights," was the verdict of the intelligent New York *Commercial*—which, however, hastened to add: "But it is clearly possible, and furnishes a curious commentary upon our complex constitutional law."

Such was the consensus of enlightened newspaper opinion. The pertinence of the hypothesis and the correctness of the conclusion were indisputable. "*If* Governor WILSON should fail to obtain an actual majority in the electoral college," was the sole contingency reasoned from, the only "if" involved. Theoretically, at any rate, in view of the circumstance that but one Democrat has secured such majority since 1856, the possibility suggested was one not to be ignored lightly; and yet, in the words of the New York *Times*, how could one seriously contemplate "the perpetration of the greatest joke of this or any other age," even though it be in truth one that "the fates might play."

Partisan journals found refuge in contradictory assumptions. The New York *Mail* quickly discovered that we had failed to include in the ROOSEVELT allotment several States, "any one of which would elect ROOSEVELT and, taking them all together, would give him a surplus of 71 over a majority." *Per contra*, the Paterson *Call* experienced no alarm, for the very simple reason that "the probability of President TAFT having a decided majority in the electoral college robs the effusion of all merit save that of ingenuity." Simultaneously the New York *World* refused "to worry over the big bugaboo" because, forsooth:

> He says truly that if enough electoral votes are received by TAFT and ROOSEVELT respectively the election of President may be thrown into the House of Representatives. He says truly that if the House fails to choose a President the Senate must elect a Vice-President who, in the event of failure to name a President, will succeed to the office. Beyond this we refuse to go. Why be scared to death when you have a sure thing?
>
> JAMES S. SHERMAN has no terrors for us. The present Senate would not elect him to a doorkeepership. "Ifs" will not count this year.
>
> The only question as to the result of the coming election is whether TAFT or ROOSEVELT will run third. A united Democracy, assisted by about one million disgusted and well-cured Republicans, and the split that has taken place in the ranks of the MARK HANNA party, should give Governor WILSON an almost unanimous vote in the Electoral College.

Clearly, in each of these citations, the wish is the father of the pronouncement, although common judgment would undoubtedly confirm that of the *World*, with due modification.

The less assertive Springfield *Republican*, while granting that "so fantastic and outrageous a result is within the range of possibility," was convinced that "the obstacles raised by public opinion would probably prove insurmountable before it could be reached." Enumeration of the obstacles follows:

> Assuming what the editor of *The North American Review* assumes, to wit, a WILSON plurality both in the popular vote and in the electoral college over TAFT and ROOSEVELT, and a division of the House as follows: WILSON 22, opposition 22, divided 4—the question arises whether public opinion would tolerate a deadlock which, if stubbornly persisted in, would deprive Governor WILSON of the Presidency and, through the action of the Senate, would place in the White House a man like Mr. SHERMAN, who had been nominated for Vice-President, not a little to the disgust of the vast majority of his countrymen.
>
> Public opinion would overwhelmingly denounce a deadlock that might make Mr. SHERMAN President. Defiance of public opinion under such circumstances would be exceedingly dangerous on the part of the House—dangerous not only to Congress as an institution, but also to our constitutional form of government, inasmuch as the final choice of SHERMAN would so discredit the Constitution of the United States that it would never recover from the blow it would sustain in the estimation of the people. Every conservative interest in the country having a stake in established institutions would consequently be forced to join forces with all the progressive and radical interests to prevent such a colossal mockery of popular rule from being perpetrated under regular constitutional forms. No House of Representatives could withstand the pressure that would converge upon it. Party lines would snap in a twinkling and, in our belief, enough Republicans could be found in the House to insure the election of the Democratic candidate for President whose lead by plurality in the electoral college and in the popular vote had been demonstrated.
>
> The four divided States, or three of them, could end the deadlock, provided one Republican member of the delegation of each of those States should follow the precedent of 1801 and decline to ballot. Public opinion would compel such action, especially with the unthinkable alternative of SHERMAN confronting the country.
>
> If Governor WILSON carries the country by a plurality both in the electoral college and in the popular vote, not even the Constitution of the United States could prevent him from being the next President. For the greatest force in the politics and the government of our time is the clearly manifested sentiment of the people.

While a judgment such as this, based upon discriminating interpretation of popular feeling, merits special consideration as contrasted with purely dogmatic utterances resting solely upon pleasurable anticipations, the fact remains that its real foundation is only an assumption which lacks even the credibility afforded by historic fact. JACKSON in 1824, TILDEN in 1876, and CLEVELAND in 1888 obtained popular pluralities without avail, and JACKSON was denied the Presidency despite his plurality of 15 in the electoral college.

The "four divided States" which "could end the deadlock" by voting for WILSON are Maine, Rhode Island, Nebraska, and New Mexico. Is it in any degree certain that "public opinion would compel such action" by lifelong Republicans such as Representatives HINES and GUERNSEY, of Maine, and UTTER, of Rhode Island, even "with the unthinkable alternative of SHERMAN confronting the country"? Is it not more likely, in point of fact, that the high-protection sentiment of their various districts would demand the contrary? And would not the same condition maintain in each of the State delegations comprising a majority of regular Republicans, so long as there should remain a possibility of installing their own candidate for Vice-President in the White House? The twenty-five States from which the Democratic candidate would be required to draw three are:

Regular Republicans.		Progressive Republicans.	
Connecticut	4	California	7
Delaware	1	Idaho	1
Massachusetts	10	Illinois	14
New Hampshire	2	Iowa	10
Pennsylvania	23	Kansas	8
Vermont	2	Michigan	10
Maine	2	Nevada	1
Rhode Island	1	Minnesota	8
		North Dakota	2
		Oregon	2
		South Dakota	2
		Utah	1
		Washington	3
		Wisconsin	8
		Wyoming	1
		Nebraska	3
		New Mexico	1

We do not undervalue Public Opinion as a potent influence. Nor in our judgment do we underestimate it when we express grave doubts of its power to compel the delegations from three of these regular Republican States to elect WOODROW WILSON President of the United States. On the other hand, it may be accepted as a fact that a majority of the Progressive Republican States would prefer WILSON to SHERMAN.

But would they vote for him?

This fetches us to the one vital change in the situation which has taken place during the past month. In the September *Review* we said:

> The Republican majority in the Senate is not only scant, but also nominal rather than actual. Premising that both Illinois and Colorado return Republicans, the total Republican vote would be fifty-two. If for any reason four of these Senators should abstain from voting, the Senate would be unable to elect a Vice-President. Now it is quite conceivable that ROOSEVELT might consider it advisable to prevent the election of SHERMAN. If so, it would be most surprising if four out of the so-called Insurgent Senators—DIXON, CLAPP, BOURNE, WORKS, BORAH, POINDEXTER, and the two new Senators from Colorado and Illinois—should refuse to act in conformity with his wishes, especially in view of the position which SHERMAN holds in their estimation as a pronounced reactionary.

Since these words were written six Senators—DIXON, CLAPP, BOURNE, POINDEXTER, BRISTOW, and CUMMINS—have declared for ROOSEVELT. This means, presumably, that they would not vote for SHERMAN, and that there would be no election of a Vice-President. If the Progressives in the House should act accordingly, by continuing to vote for ROOSEVELT and refusing to go to WILSON, Secretary KNOX would become acting President, and we should have another election during the forthcoming year. That this is ROOSEVELT'S hope is clearly evidenced by the following declaration in the columns of his chief newspaper advocate, the Washington *Times:*

> There would have to be new nominations for President. The State Legislatures which would be in session next winter would be appealed to, with more urgency than ever before, to pass primary laws. Congress, before passing the special legislation necessary to provide for the extraordinary election, would consider proposals from the Progressives to have a national Presidential primary; and without doubt this would be strongly supported by progressives in all parties and by a powerful sentiment from the whole country.
>
> In such a crisis, of course, the advocates of reform measures would find opportunity to press their cause. They would fight hard for every possible gain.
>
> It may safely be assumed that, in an extraordinary election in 1913, Mr. TAFT would not be the Republican nominee. It would have been demonstrated already that he could not win. The nomination of Colonel ROOSEVELT by the Progressive party would be a foregone conclusion, and the possibility of the Republicans also nominating him, and thus making him the candidate of both parties and paving the way for a restoration of the old solidarity of the Republicans, would attract wide attention. WILSON might or might not be nominated by the Democrats, but presumably he would be.
>
> It would be a political year the like of which has not been known or dreamed of in the country's history.

One of three happenings must take place in the event of no candidate obtaining a majority of electoral votes:

1. The election of WILSON, by the aid of the votes of Republican Representatives.
2. The succession of SHERMAN.
3. The temporary accession of KNOX, to be followed by another national election in 1913.

Whatever the final outcome, there could be no escape from chaos and confusion such as the country has experienced but once in its history. Confidence would be shaken; business would be paralyzed; demagogism would become rampant; constitutional government would be put to severest test; and American institutions would be gravely imperiled.

Clearly, ROOSEVELT would be a potent, if not indeed a determining, factor in a situation whose aggravation might easily end in catastrophe, and which can be averted only *by the election by the people* of WILSON—the only candidate who can possibly obtain a majority of electoral votes.

The Only Explanation

In the same sense that a vote for TAFT is a vote for SHERMAN, a vote for WILSON is a vote for MARSHALL. If the election for President fails in both electoral college and House, WILSON cannot be voted for in the Senate. The Democrats there can only vote for MARSHALL. Colonel HARVEY'S desire to make political capital against SHERMAN leads him to a positive misstatement.—*Pittsburg Post-Dispatch.*

We haven't tried to make political capital against SHERMAN. We don't have to. He has attended to that himself. Neither have we made "a positive misstatement." The *Post* is a lunkhead.

The Squirmer

Should Colonel HARVEY succeed in securing an answer from Colonel ROOSEVELT, is there anything in the latter's record, made some twenty or thirty years ago and continuously emphasized ever since—is there anything in the man's whole record that would lead Colonel HARVEY to place implicit trust in the veracity of Colonel ROOSEVELT'S statement?—*Utica Observer.*

Why, no, now that you mention it, we cannot truly say there is; but there is some fun in seeing him wriggle.

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Reading-glasses Needed

But there is another assumption, if one is in the business of assuming, that may as safely be made as any of the three foregoing ones—namely, that Mr. SHERMAN will not be able to command a majority of the Senate as at present constituted. If the Senate does not elect a Vice-President, then Secretary-of-State KNOX under the provisions of Presidential-succession law will become acting President. Colonel HARVEY thus does not go far enough.—*The Globe.*

Why, that is precisely what we said. Change your specs, neighbor, change your specs!

Remember the Senate, Gentlemen!

The really serious thing about the Maine election was OBADIAH GARDNER'S loss of his seat in the United States Senate. After next March it will be occupied by a high-protectionist Republican.

The Democrats have more than an even chance to elect the next President. They have a better chance still to control the next House of Representatives. Indeed, they are quite likely to have in that chamber a bigger majority than will be good for them. But they will not have any real control of the government, they will not be able to legislate, unless they have a majority in the Senate. They will not be able to keep their main pledge to the country and secure a genuine reform of the tariff system unless they have a majority in the Senate which is not merely nominal, but real and trustworthy. This was amply demonstrated the last time they were in power.

Are the Democratic managers giving due attention to this phase of the situation? Are they fully mindful that their true task is not merely to get a lot of Democrats in office, but to get Democratic policies adopted, and that this is impossible without the Senate? Do they see plainly that the Senate is now become practically the sole hope and refuge of the stand-pat protectionists, and have they taken account of the efforts that the protected interests will doubtless make to keep their hold on that body?

We sincerely trust that this extremely important matter will not be neglected. For the Democratic party itself there is one possibility worse than that of actual defeat in November. It is the possibility of a victory barren of actual results. The party can survive defeats, but it is doubtful if it could survive another lease of power fruitless of the benefits it has promised to the country.

Correct

My critics say I am in it only to advance my own interests. If that were my purpose I would fail.—*T. R.*

Yes, that will be the reason why.

Some Republicans Who Stay Republicans

We are glad to observe that in one more State the Bull Moose plan to take possession of the Republican organization and name has come to grief. North Carolina went overwhelmingly for ROOSEVELT in the preliminary campaign; and after TAFT'S nomination, ROOSEVELT'S managers there, headed by the Republican National Committeeman, attempted the same game that was played by JOHNSON in California. They undertook to carry the Republican State convention and name electors who would vote for ROOSEVELT. But the State Committee met the move promptly by confining its call to Republicans who meant to support the party's candidate in the nation. The convention lived up to the call, and the Bull-Moosers had to bolt and hold a separate convention of their own.

There will be a TAFT ticket in North Carolina, and, what is more, in the working out of poetic justice it is doubtful if there will be any proper ROOSEVELT ticket at all. For the bolting ROOSEVELT convention called itself "Progressive Republican," not Progressive, and in order to hold title to "Republican" it indorsed, not the Progressive national platform, but the Republican one. So ROOSEVELT must now decide whether or not he will run on a platform which he has repeatedly denounced—also whether or not he is himself still a Republican.

That situation is about right. Somebody down there must have a sense of humor as well as a sense of fair play.

What, Again!

We named for Governor of Maine the man the Progressives wanted, ROOSEVELT declared, and he wrote to me that he hoped we would not make a fight against him; that he was for me, and that he would come out for us after the election. I have just received word that he carried the State and that, in accordance with his promise, he had come out for the Progressive national ticket.—*Press Dispatch.*

If ROOSEVELT said I wrote him offering my support, it's a lie.—*Governor-elect* HAINES.

Well, well, well!

The Parties and the Money Question

It is impossible not to sympathize with such an utterance as this of President REYNOLDS, of the Continental and Commercial Bank of Chicago, made in an address on the currency problem before the recent convention of the National Bankers' Association:

The failure on the part of those prominent in shaping the policies of the great political parties to inspire in the members of those parties a patriotic desire to consider this and other great national questions honestly and fairly, on their merits, without respect as to whether or not it will make or lose votes for their party candidates, is causing a great deal of industrial and social unrest. If the time and thought given by some to the promoting of class prejudice and hatred could be devoted by them to an effort to promote qualities of mind and heart that would reflect fair treatment, justice, and equity, much of the contention which is now so prevalent would be dissipated.

The criticism is perfectly just. Any one who questions it need only read intelligently the planks of the several platforms dealing with currency and banking. He will not find a trace of statesmanship, constructive or other. He will find perfectly obvious efforts to bid for votes, particularly ignorant votes, and to bid for them by stirring up class prejudice. The Republicans began with a plank that is weak and vague and timid, notwithstanding the perfectly clear and perfectly well-known views of the candidate they were about to nominate. The Democrats followed with a plank that is utterly childish in what it proposes, and violent and ignorant in its denunciations. Quite the most charitable explanation of it is that its framers, including Brother BRYAN, had never taken the trouble to read what they denounced, for what they wrote shows plainly that either they were guilty of deliberate misrepresentation, or else they literally did not know what they were talking about. The Bull-Moosers followed with a plank equally ignorant, with an equally obvious appeal to class prejudice, and if anything a little more ridiculous in its pretense of a positive proposal. ROOSEVELT, in his speech at Providence, undertook an explanation of it which was itself, as the Boston *Transcript* remarked next day, "as clear as mud."

Yet we are quite sure that thoughtful men who have really studied this question would agree almost unanimously that it is fundamentally the most important now before the government. What is more, every well-informed public man knows that it is a question which Congress is practically bound to deal with positively, in some fashion, very soon after the election. Yet the several conventions have played with it in such a fashion that there is no way for the people to pass on it intelligently.

Away with Melancholy

The *Tribune* rejoices to hear from Beverley that "the turning of the tide has come and the Bull Moose is losing ground." Nevertheless, it senses on its own account that "the evidence is not overwhelming," and adds that "in New York City it is admitted that reports are unfavorable." The whistling Mr. HILLES should proceed forthwith to carry those few Southern States which, at latest account, he still held to be slightly doubtful.

Assumed

We have to take for granted that the *World* and the *Evening Post* are still in favor of the election of the national Democratic ticket.

Mysterious Ways

The Lord seems still to be looking after His own, in view of the Progressive nomination for Governor of New York, but the devil, too, keeps busy. If Brother MUNSEY hadn't made that great speculation in steel stocks on inside tips from Mr. PERKINS, he mightn't have had the money to add the *Press* to his collection of mouthpieces of the tripartite amalgamation.

Dix, Murphy, et Al.

The Democratic political episode at Syracuse was a cheap-John affair. Governor DIX'S obvious attempt to tuck Mr. WILSON into seeming approval of his candidacy was even more discreditable than Mr. MURPHY'S cunning effort to get his picture taken in happy and helpful company. Governor WILSON could hardly have acted differently. One is not obliged to be a goat even to avoid seeming rudeness. But the situation itself would never have arisen if the campaign management had possessed an atom of experience or capacity. The midst of a great campaign is no time and a critical State is no place for the rousing of unnecessary antagonism through the snubbing of individuals. If Mr. WILSON feels that Governor DIX'S renomination would endanger the national ticket, he has a perfect right to say so, and perhaps should say so, as in duty bound, frankly and manfully. But there is no reason why a Presidential candidate should permit himself to be dragged into factional quarrels at all, either to help a local aspirant or to gratify important newspapers. When it comes to campaign management, MURPHY does not seem to hold a complete monopoly of what the *World* calls stupidity.

A Voice from N. H.

The Nashua *Telegraph* thinks we may be correct in our "present view and forecast," but adds, hopefully:

Colonel ROOSEVELT with the aid of an immense and unprecedented "slush fund" did indeed make a sensational splash as the popular-hero candidate in the ranks of the Republican party. But is now so glaringly evident that the best of his original campaign supporters have refused to hold up his vicious hands in the effort to wreck the party of ABRAHAM LINCOLN under a mocking mask of fidelity and progressiveness, and his rambling platitudes and political tricks are so contemptibly shop-worn that he is doomed to the most humiliating defeat of his life, if a thrashing campaign is waged against him in every State of the Union.

The "best of them"? Yes, no doubt they have forsaken him. But what about the most of them? And when it comes to "a thrashing campaign," dear! dear! It is to laugh—or cry.

No Illusions

Have they (the Democrats) polled the factory workers of this immediate vicinity? — HARPER'S WEEKLY.

If they have they probably found thousands contented with their lot; men and women working in sanitary surroundings and at good wages; with plenty to eat and wear and perfectly happy.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

No, they haven't. They have found thousands upon thousands grimly awaiting the opportunity to show their dissatisfaction by voting the guerrilla ticket. Make no mistake! We know what we are talking about.

The Difference

The discussion of "WILSON'S second term" in HARPER'S WEEKLY seems to be about as wanton a waste of good printer's ink as anything the country has ever seen.—*The Evening Moose-Mail.*

It may be wasteful, but it surely lacks the wantonness involved in advocating a third term for T. ROOSEVELT or anybody else.

A Good Plan for the Bosses

Mr. STEFANSSON, who got back the other day from a four-year Arctic exploring expedition, brought the skins and hides of fourteen Barren Ground grizzly bears, a scarce animal, which the museums hardly know. He says these bears live on roots, grow very fat in summer, and hibernate when winter begins. They come out in the spring as fat as ever, but for two months before the roots have grown have very little to eat and live on their fat.

Is there not in this little story a good suggestion for the bosses? It is plain that we don't need them any more, except possibly for a month or two before and during election. If they could hibernate, beginning promptly on December 1st every year, come out, say, as early as June 1st in Presidential years—remember how useful Mr. BARNES was at Chicago—live on their fat a month or two, then root earnestly until Election Day, fatten in November, and subside for a long rest on December 1st again, it is possible that they would regain some measure of their old popularity. The trouble with the bosses is that they fatten too much—witness Mr. CONNOLLY'S shocking tale about Mr. BARNES in a recent *Collier's*—and don't hibernate soon enough or long enough.

Mr. CONNOLLY, by the way, seems to be out to make museum material of all the bosses. Recently he hung up Senator WARREN'S hide, then Mr. BARNES'S; whose next, we shall see. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S, perhaps.

Mr. Chapman at Coatesville

On page 6 our readers will find a remarkable bit of reading—Mr. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN'S address at the prayer-meeting he held last month in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, to commemorate the lynching that took place there last year.

It is an address to be read and pondered.

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Address of John Jay Chapman

at a prayer-meeting held in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, on August 18, 1912, to commemorate the anniversary of the lynching in 1911.

NOTE.—The explanation of Mr. Chapman's prayer-meeting in Coatesville, besides what he gives in his address following, is best given in these words of his own taken from a letter:

"I was greatly moved by the Coatesville lynching at the time it occurred, and as the anniversary came round, my inner idea began to force me to do something. I felt as if the whole country would be different if any one man did something in penance, and so I went to Coatesville and declared my intention of holding a prayer-meeting to the various business men I could buttonhole. Then there appeared an extraordinary thing—the outcome of the lynching, *i. e.*, that there is a reign of terror in Coatesville at this moment. If you speak of it you are suspect. . . . The daily local newspaper at first refused to mention the lynching in the notice of the prayer-meeting, but, finally, it was printed on the first page for two successive days. Every one in the city knew of it. A friend of mine came over from New York, and we did hold the meeting in an unused store—a prayer-meeting with Bible readings, addresses, prayer, silent prayer, and talk on the whole matter. Two persons came: one an anti-slavery old negress-lady, who lives in Boston and was staying in Coatesville; the other a man who was, I think, an 'outpost,' finding out what was up. We held the meeting just as if there was a crowd, and I delivered my address. There was a church going on opposite to us, and people coming and going and gazing, and our glass front windows revealed us like Daniel when he was commanded to open the windows and pray."

MY FRIENDS,—We are met to commemorate the anniversary of one of the most dreadful crimes in history—not for the purpose of condemning it, but to repent of our share in it. We do not start any agitation with regard to that particular crime. I understand that the attempt to prosecute the chief criminals has been made, and has entirely failed; because the whole community, and in a sense our whole people, are really involved in the guilt. The failure of the prosecution in this case—in all such cases—is only a proof of the magnitude of the guilt, and of the awful fact that every one shares in it.

I will tell you why I am here: I will tell you what happened to me. When I read in the newspapers of August 14th a year ago, about the burning alive of a human being—and of how a few, desperate, fiend-minded men had been permitted to torture a man chained to an iron bedstead, burning alive, thrust back by pitchforks when he struggled out of it, while around about stood hundreds of well-dressed American citizens, both from the vicinity and from afar, coming on foot and in wagons, assembling on telephone call, as if by magic, silent, whether from terror or indifference—fascinated and impotent, hundreds of persons watching this awful sight and making no attempt to stay the wickedness—and no one man among them all who was inspired to risk his life in an attempt to stop it, no one man to name the name of Christ, of Humanity, of Government: as I read the newspaper accounts of the scene enacted here in Coatesville a year ago, I seemed to get a glimpse into the unconscious soul of this country. I saw a seldom-revealed picture of the American heart and of the American nature. I seemed to be looking into the heart of the criminal—a cold thing, an awful thing.

I said to myself, "I shall forget this, we shall all forget it: but it will be there. What I have seen is not an illusion. It is the truth. I have seen death in the heart of this people." For to look at the agony of a fellow-being and remain aloof means death in the heart of the onlooker. Religious fanaticism has sometimes lifted men to the frenzy of such cruelty, political passion has sometimes done it, personal hatred might do it, the excitement of the amphitheater in the degenerate days of Roman luxury could do it. But here, an audience chosen by chance in America has stood spellbound through an improvised auto-da-fé, irregular, illegal, having no religious significance, not sanctioned by custom, having no immediate provocation—the audience standing by merely in cold dislike.

I saw during one moment something beyond all argument in the depth of its significance—you might call it the paralysis of the nerves about the heart in a people habitually and unconsciously given over to selfish aims, an ignorant people who knew not what spectacle they were providing, or what part they were playing in a judgment-play which history was exhibiting on that day.

No theories about the race problem, no statistics, legislation, or mere educational endeavor, can quite meet the lack which that day revealed in the American people. For what we saw was death. The people stood like blighted things, like ghosts about Acheron, waiting for some one or something to determine their destiny for them.

Whatever life itself is, that thing must be replenished in us.

The opposite to hate is love, the opposite of cold is heat; what we need is love of God and reverence for human nature. For one moment I knew that I had seen our true need; and I was afraid that I should forget it and that I should go about framing arguments and agitations and starting schemes of education, when the need was deeper than education. And I became filled with one idea, that I must not forget what I had seen, and that I must do something to remember it. And I am here to-day chiefly that I may remember that vision. It seems fitting to come to this town where the crime occurred and hold a prayer-meeting, so that our hearts may be turned to God through whom mercy may flow into us.

Let me say one thing more about the whole matter. The subject we are dealing with is not local. The act, to be sure, took place at Coatesville and every one looked to Coatesville to follow it up. Some months ago I asked a friend who lives not far from here something about this case, and about the expected prosecutions, and he replied that "it wasn't in his county," and that made me wonder whose county it was in. And it seemed to be in my county. I live on the Hudson River; but I knew that this great wickedness that happened in Coatesville is not the wickedness of Coatesville nor of to-day. It is the wickedness of all America and of three hundred years—the wickedness of the slave-trade. All of us are tinctured by it. No one place, no special persons are to blame. A nation cannot practise a course of inhuman crime for three hundred years and then suddenly throw off the effects of it. Less than fifty years ago domestic slavery was abolished among us; and in one way and another the marks of that vice are in our faces. There is no country in Europe where the Coatesville tragedy or anything remotely like it could have been enacted—probably no country in the world.

On the day of the calamity, those people in the automobiles came by the hundred and watched the torture, and passers-by came in a great multitude and watched it—and did nothing. On the next morning the newspapers spread the news and spread the paralysis until the whole country seemed to be helplessly watching this awful murder—as awful as anything ever done on the earth; and the whole of our people seemed to be looking on helplessly, not able to respond, not knowing what to do next. That spectacle has been in my mind.

The trouble has come down to us out of the past. The only reason that slavery is wrong is that it is cruel and makes men cruel and leaves them cruel.

Some one may say that you and I cannot repent because we did not do the act. But we are involved in it: we are involved in it. We are still looking on. Do you not see that this whole event is merely the last parable—the most vivid, the most terrible illustration that ever was given by man, or imagined by a Jewish prophet, of the relation between good and evil in this world, and of the relation of men to one another?

This whole matter has been a historic episode; but it is a part not only of our national history, but of the personal history of each one of us. With the great disease (slavery) came the climax (the war); and after the climax gradually began the cure, and in the process of cure comes now the knowledge of what the evil was. I say that our need is new life—and that books and resolutions will not save us, but only such disposition in our hearts and souls as will enable the new life, love, force, hope, virtue, which surround us always, to enter into us.

This is the discovery that each man must make for himself—the discovery that what he really stands in need of he cannot get for himself, but must wait till God gives it to him. I have felt the impulse to come here to-day to testify to this truth.

The occasion is not small; the occasion looks back on three centuries and embraces a hemisphere. Yet the occasion is small compared to the truth it leads us to. For this truth touches all ages and affects every soul in the world.

Correspondence

VOTES FOR WOMEN

ST. LOUIS, MO., *August 21, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Our German friend in the August 17th issue seems sadly unable to keep up with the procession, or is he merely asleep and unconscious of the fact that the world moves?

If it is "woman's instinct to accept the word of a man," why club her into submission as he has done through all the centuries? Why bind her later with hostile legislation? Why the English brick-bat? Why the world-wide feminine unrest?

If man's God-like "reason" can never, never understand her, how can he "reasonably" legislate for her?

He says that after ten thousand years of training "it will be impossible to eradicate the woman of her or to efface her nature." The ballot in that case can not harm her, and as to its effect on man—considering his slow advance from savagery and his present-day political corruption, stupidity, and inertia, it would assuredly be a blessing if woman through her ballot confronted him with something truly "capricious, unstable, and unexpected." These are the adjectives that have always been applied to every new idea, every new struggle for freedom! To reassure Herr Roff, however, we will advance the news that woman has political freedom in many different countries and if she has overturned or jeopardized the universe the shock of it has not yet had time to penetrate peaceful Beedenbostel, and likely never will.

If woman has no reasoning ability whatever and is only capable of memorizing facts, why for her man's multitude of schools, colleges, and universities of all sorts? It rather appears like a horrible waste of good taxes, but man's "reason" doubtless tells him what is best.

Since most men are married and, according to Herr Roff, chosen by feminine instinct alone, and since he says that she will if given the ballot choose officials in the same way, which are we to suppose—that the majority of men (being husbands) are worthless, or that the method of choosing being successful in the one case must necessarily be in the other?

Instinct may be defined as "the spontaneous impulse to act for the individual's own good; the natural sense of what is right and preferable." If we can eliminate the tedious, protracted process of reasoning and secure off-hand the righteous thing our souls long for, it is certainly a gift not to be despised. Yet has woman a monopoly of this? What new law of nature has he discovered whereby fathers bequeath only to sons, and mothers only to daughters?

Masculinity is not arrayed against Nature—her natural enemy eager to subdue her. What grade or manner of reasoning is it that induces one to so confidently assail the immutable and omnipotent?

Man, on the other hand, seeks to study her laws, to bring his life into harmony therewith, to utilize his knowledge of her to his own advantage rather than to be crushed by her laws because of his ignorance.

Women are not a mystery to one another, and will not be to man when he thinks the consideration of her worth while. He restricts her in every possible way, then wonders why his plaything or his drudge is not like him in every respect.

If, as he claims, she was a creature intended solely as a contrivance to safeguard his children, why not let her do well her one task? Being disfranchised, she has nothing to say about bad food, bad water, bad air, polluted milk, fire-traps, unsafe streets, hours of labor, and neither may she rebel at immoralities nor poor schooling.

With Herr Roff, as with many others, it is not a question of ability or right or fitness or necessity, but an outgrown, shameful sex-prejudice that deserves the condemnation of every right-thinking, progressive person on that side of the water as well as on this.

C. J. Hall, of California, said in a recent campaign: "It makes my blood boil when I see men vote at elections who can't read their ballots, can't write their names, can't talk our language, who sell their vote to the ward-heeler for a cigar, while our wives, mothers, and sisters, who had to study political economy and civil government and American history to get their high-school diplomas, stop at home and cook potatoes, and all because the man wears a waistcoat and the woman a petticoat. Have an educational qualification if you like, but let it apply to men and women alike." I am, sir,

LULU MACCLURE CLARKE.

NAME FOR NEW BATTLE-SHIP

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 24, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Why not name the proposed $15,000,000 battleship the "United States," in honor of every State in the Union?

Our forefathers christened the first launched of those six renowned fighting frigates the *United States*. This frigate of forty-four guns, the flag-ship of the fleet, was launched at Philadelphia, July 10, 1797, under the supervision of her commander, John Barry, Commodore-in-Chief, and at the head of the United States Navy. (For details see my book, *Commodore Barry*—Meany.)

The *Constitution*, forty-four guns ("Old Ironsides"), was next launched at Boston, September 7, 1797; and, later, the *Constellation*, thirty-eight guns, at Baltimore in the same year. The *Chesapeake*, thirty-six guns, and the *Congress*, thirty-six guns, were launched in 1799, at Norfolk, and the *President*, forty-four guns, in 1800, at New York.

I am, sir,

WILLIAM BARRY MEANY, M.D.

COMMUNICATED

MOOSE JAW, SASKATCHEWAN, *August 22, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—You are trying to ride a horse forward and backward, side to side and up and down. It can't be "*did*." That's what they say up here in the Moose Country. There are lots of dead Moose jaws up here, all victims of the same disease that is afflicting you. They bit off more than they could chaw.

I am, sir,

C. SCHWEITZER.

APPLICABLE

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *August 10, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—There is a Turkish proverb, "The tongue has no bones." Does not this apply very aptly to the candidate of the Third-Term Party?

I am, sir,

E. R. GREGORY.

The Red Herrings

"This talk of the tariff is simply a red herring across the trail to distract the attention of the people from the real needs of the situation."—*T. R., at Hartford.*

WHEN I rise from my couch at dawn
And turn the cold-bath water on,
The tub in which the bath's preparing
Is but another red, red herring.
The soap, the towels, faucets, too,
The tile wall which is in my view
Are all a jumble of red herring—
And on my ballot have no bearing.

When I pull on my pants and shoes
And coat and shirt, I get the blues—
They and the comb my bald spot daring
Are likewise scented with red herring.
At breakfast all my food and drink
Are herring-flavored, too, I think;
The clock my timid spirit searing
Is also tainted with red herring.

The silks wherein my Julia goes,
Her millinery and her hose,
And all the things the kids are wearing
Are tariff-perfumed with red herring.
The things the grocer sends to us
Are likewise fully tinctured thus;
The bedding gets its daily airing
But cannot lose that ruby herring.

It is not steak or chops or roast
Whereon as meat we feed the most;
It is itself, and seeming sharing
With its due portion of red herring.
When any one of us is ill
I scent it in the druggist's bill.
The pills and powders are all bearing
Their *quantum suff.* of that red herring.

T. R., although you do not care if
We try to bait you with the tariff,
It takes a lot more of four-squaring
Than just to call it a red herring.
When all one uses and one owns
Is filled jam full of herring-bones
Then he's excusable for swearing
At what you sniff at as red herring.

JEFFERSON TOOMBS.

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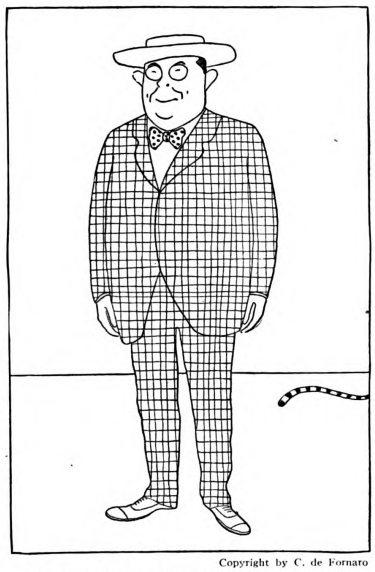
PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

WEEK ENDING *September 14.*

MAINE follows where Vermont leads. Maine, at one time the hope and joy of the grand old Republican party, where a slashing majority in September was always the harbinger of Republican triumph in November, has brought contentment to the heart of Mr. TAFT, who is easily pleased, and another bulletin from Mr. HILLES, whose idea of running a national campaign is to fire the heart of the faithful with a tabloid essay on the virtues of contentment. Shades of old ZACH CHANDLER and Blocks of Five DUDLEY and Mailed Fist MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY and lovable MARCUS ALONZO HANNA, how they must twist



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Mr. Murphy doesn't object to being the goat

and squirm if they know what's going on in this mundane sphere! We have become so refined in our political ethics that we look with scorn on those warriors of the past, and probably they were not exactly "nice" and lady-like in the methods they employed; but, at any rate, they were men of iron and knew how to strike, and when they struck they struck hard. Think of NAPOLEON issuing proclamations instead of looking after his ammunition, or GRANT contenting himself with writing despatches rather than seeing that his lines of communication were kept open and his troops fed! Omelets are not made without breaking eggs. Battles are not won without heads being broken. Presidents are not elected by statements being issued after majorities have been whittled down to the vanishing-point.

Maine points more surely to Democratic success than even Vermont, for there if the Bull Moose had not put a gubernatorial candidate in the field the Republicans would have been in a majority even although it was smaller than the normal; but in Maine, although virtue was content to walk hand in hand with vice, the best the amalgamated firm of Vice & Virtue could do in fighting the first round at Armageddon was to skin through with a beggarly thirty-five hundred or so; and the day after this unparalleled triumph the partnership was dissolved and Virtue once more goes on with its self-imposed task of smashing the vicious end of the partnership. Despite Mr. TAFT's satisfaction and Mr. HILLES's gratification and the Colonel's vision of that uprising of the people which has been his obsession ever since he made up his mind to destroy Mr. TAFT, it is as plain as a pike-staff to the ordinary man who is able to do the multiplication table that the vote of Maine will be counted in the WILSON column in November. If by a combination of Republicans and Bull Moose the Democratic candidate is beaten by only 3,500, it does not appear a difficult task to figure out what will happen when the Republican vote is split up between the two candidates and the Democratic vote is cast solidly for Governor WILSON. A careful examination of the returns does not show that any large number of Democrats were induced to consort with Vice or yielded to the allurements of Virtue. There were no wholesale desertions, there was no heavy falling off of the Democratic vote to indicate that the magic of the Bull Moose is all-potent in Maine and that the down-trodden people had been captivated by the cry of "social justice," or that they were willing to break away from party allegiance to swell the triumph of the third-termer. A great victory forsooth! A majority counted in hundreds, and mighty few of them at that, when it ought to have been reckoned in thousands. And the President goes out and plays golf with a light heart, and the always cheerful Mr. HILLES smiles the serene smile of confidence.

Probably by this time nothing is needed to convince the discriminating public of the sham and pretense of the ROOSEVELT campaign and the hypocritical protestations of refusing to form alliances with bosses or to play the game of politics as politicians do, but surely the last lingering doubt of Mr. ROOSEVELT's sincerity ought to be swept away after the Maine alliance. Despite his denunciation of Mr. TAFT and the men who are supporting him, notwithstanding his characterization of Mr. TAFT and his associates and advisers as thieves, liars, the despoilers of the people, and everything else that he can think of, Mr. ROOSEVELT is perfectly willing to join hands with the children of Satan whenever he thinks it will be for the temporary advantage of the angelic band whose harps are perpetually twanging his praises. To elect a Republican Governor so that the miserable loaves and fishes of petty State patronage may be kept among Republicans, Conservatives and Progressives alike, Mr. ROOSEVELT is willing to sacrifice every one of his principles, or, rather, what he has induced his deluded followers to believe are his principles. If he were sincere and honest he would have formed no alliance with his former foes; he would have fought them with his own candidate irrespective of consequences. But that would have been the superb indifference of an idealist and very unpractical, and above all things Mr. ROOSEVELT is a practical man. His idea of politics is to win, for that is the sole end and aim of politicians of his stripe. The professional politician, whom Mr. ROOSEVELT so typically represents, has neither lasting resentments nor enduring friendships. He fights with or against a man as the exigencies of that precise moment require, and, after the battle is over, he is always ready for a new deal. The FLINNS, the PENROSES, the WARDS are allies or foes, according as they are for or against him. Put the principle in one scale and a Governor or a local office or two in the other and principles may go hang so far as the virtuous Colonel is concerned.

The unfortunate passengers whom an unkind fate compelled to travel on the same train with the Colonel were bumped about in their seats because the Colonel was permitted to play at running the engine. He jerked out the "Johnson bar" too far. Ominous that, but any one who is so foolish as to ride on the same train with the Colonel may expect to be bumped about. Lucky if the passengers escape without having their necks broken and the train landing in the ditch. And yet there are people foolish enough to think it is safe to put the national engine in the hands of the Colonel with not even a professional engineer to stand by to keep a hand on the Johnson bar when the Colonel loses his head.

There is a new figure in the national gallery of political celebrities. The Honorable Suspender JACK MCGEE leaps into fame at a bound as the nominator of Mr. OSCAR S. STRAUS as the gubernatorial candidate of the Progressive party of the State of New York. The manner of the nomination is quite in keeping with the methods of the party, which must always be doing something theatrical to attract attention. The Honorable JACK is now entitled to take his place with the ABERNATHY Kids and Dynamite ED PERRY in the Colonel's museum of political curiosities, and who knows but what some time or other the Honorable Suspender may be a member of a tennis cabinet or sit among the elect at headquarters?

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No one has told what Governor Dix's feelings were

But while the method of the nomination was spectacular no one need think that the nomination of Mr. STRAUS is to be treated as a joke. In a Bull Moose convention a loud voice is often able to accomplish more than mere brains, and the Honorable Suspender did a good day's work for the cause of Bull Moose when he raised his voice and offered the Moses to lead

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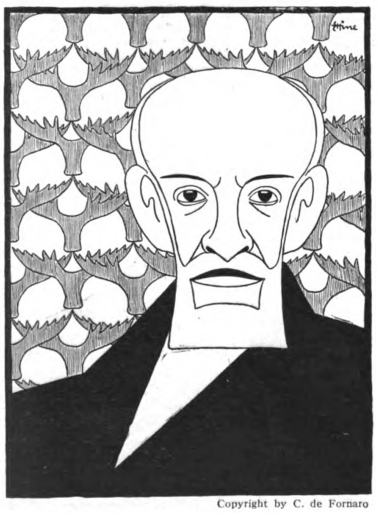
the Bull Moose out of the wilderness of PRENDERGAST and HOTCHKISS. Mr. STRAUS is a strong candidate, a very strong candidate, and both Republicans and Democrats will be hard pressed to find a candidate to defeat him. He is not invincible, of course, some of his very elements of strength are elements of weakness, but on the whole he is an admirable candidate to head the ticket, and only a man of equally high standing on the Democratic ticket can hope to defeat him. This is not a year when mere party regularity will count for anything. The people are going to scrutinize candidates carefully, and they are going to pay especial attention to associations and affiliations; even a man of the highest character may be weighted down if he is in the wrong company or nominated in the wrong manner. Governor WILSON recognized this by the very flattering compliment he paid Mr. STRAUS immediately after his nomination and his somewhat pointed remark that Mr. STRAUS'S nomination required that the Democratic nominee should be a man of equally high standing and representing the same ideals in politics.

It is not always easy to follow Governor WILSON'S mental processes, but reading between the lines it is perhaps not difficult to understand that Governor WILSON entertains grave doubts whether it might not be the part of wisdom to retire Governor DIX to the sweet solace of private life and have a new deal so far as the gubernatorial candidate of this year is concerned. It has perhaps been Governor DIX'S misfortune rather than his fault that he has not seized public imagination, a fatal weakness in an age of Suspender JACKS and ABERNATHY Kids and Dynamite EDS, nor has he done anything so conspicuously bad as to become notorious or so remarkably good as to become distinguished. To the average man he is somewhat of a nonentity, rather commonplace than anything else, well meaning but perhaps weak. It must be frankly said that he has been a disappointment. When he was elected two years ago he was ranked among the possible Democratic Presidential nominees, on probation then, with his future before him to make of it what he pleased or to be engulfed if he was not strong enough to make his impression. Long before the Democratic convention, even in the early days of the discussion of Democratic candidates he dropped out of sight, and his name ceased to be mentioned as a possible Presidential candidate. What strength he would bring to the national ticket as the gubernatorial candidate is at least problematical.

The two things are separate theoretically, but practically the same. It is of course possible for a State ticket to be defeated and the national ticket to be successful, but it is so rare that in the doctrine of chances it is hardly worth considering. The voter ought to be able to mark his ballot with such intelligence that he can discriminate between the good



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Mr. Straus is a strong candidate

man and the bad, but many things ought to be that are not. The average man votes "straight," partly because he is too lazy to make a lot of crosses when one will do, partly because he is timid about taking any chances with his ballot and running the risk of spoiling it, or by accident voting for the wrong man, partly because he lumps all candidates together, and if one is good he is apt to think all are good, or if one man is unfit then in disgust he throws the whole ticket overboard. This year it is almost a sure thing that the party which elects the Governor will also carry through the electoral ticket.

Governor WILSON evidently sees this. It might be said that he is more selfishly concerned about the electors than he is about the State ticket, but that would be to do him an injustice. It is his duty to be concerned about the State ticket and to use the influence that he is properly entitled to use in the selection of such candidates for the State offices that will not only insure their election, but also not be a dead-weight about the electoral ticket, for, as has already been said, the two cannot be treated separately, but as part of a harmonious whole.

Judged by what happened at the State Fair at Syracuse last Thursday, Governor WILSON has come perilously close to the breaking-point with Mr. MURPHY over the nomination of Governor DIX'S successor, which may have unpleasant consequences for Governor WILSON, unless the situation is handled with a good deal of delicacy. The Governor said nothing to which any one could take exception; it is rather what he did not say that has convinced Governor DIX'S friends that he does not look with any degree of satisfaction on the prospect of the Governor's renomination. Both the Governor and Mr. MURPHY were at the State Fair and both showed they were anxious to have the impression created that Governor WILSON fell in with their plans, but he was not content to sidestep; he deliberately turned his back on them if newspaper reports are to be relied upon for their accuracy. Both Governor DIX and Mr. MURPHY evidently hoped that the occasion might furnish an opportunity for intimate and confidential conversation, but Governor WILSON was otherwise too busily engaged to find time for more than a few passing remarks about the weather or the beauties of prize live-stock and that in the presence of everybody, so that no one could twist a meaning into the most ordinary commonplaces. Governor WILSON is reported to have left Syracuse angry. No one has told us what Governor DIX'S feelings were or the state of mind in which Mr. CHARLES F. MURPHY found himself after Governor WILSON'S train left. Still, it does not require a very vivid imagination to picture that scene or the exchange of confidences that followed.

Mr. MURPHY is probably in the curious position of being willing to offer himself up as the sacrificial lamb if Governor WILSON will apply the torch, but not being willing to offer to cut his own throat for the sake of providing the feast; or if you like to put it in another way, Mr. MURPHY doesn't object to being made the goat, but it has got to be made clear to all the world that he is the victim. Mr. MURPHY can't very well dump Governor DIX overboard, for that would be to accuse MURPHY of cowardice and ingratitude and not standing by his friends, and those things are Mr. MURPHY'S great assets in his political business and if he surrenders them he runs the danger of going bankrupt. But he can very well yield to a superior power—that power being the Presidential candidate of his party—without loss of prestige and without really forfeiting the respect of his followers. "I had to do it," he can say, with a show of reason and in explanation of deserting Governor DIX—"I had to do it because Governor WILSON demanded it, and he is entitled to have his demands complied with."

The play is rather pretty as the game now stands. Mr. MURPHY trying to force Governor WILSON'S hand so as to make him take the responsibility, Governor WILSON wanting to have Mr. MURPHY'S hand forced, but to have the pressure of public opinion rather than himself do the forcing. Between now and the time when action must be taken there are opportunities for a good many moves and countermoves, and on the outcome of the skill displayed by either or both players may hinge to a considerable extent the November result.

At Syracuse Governor WILSON said something that will have the indorsement of the average man. "I will tell you frankly," he said, "the people of the United States are sick of politics, tired of politics; they know down to the bottom of their natures that they are tired of everything except that which makes the public service look like public duty and the literal translation look like the translation of the public need into the public acts."

People are tired of politics. There is no use denying it, they are tired, deadly tired, which is one reason why they refuse to get excited now as they used to, and look upon politics as quite different from what they used to in the past. It explains, too, why they are trying to get other kinds of men in politics, why the politician of the former day is losing his occupation and men of new type are coming to the front. The public is beginning to realize that politics is less a game and more a duty, that something more than mere words is required when a candidate offers himself for office.

The Colonel and the Colonel's friends, if they have not proved themselves great statesmen, have at least demonstrated that they are marvelous financiers. According to the statement of the Bull Moose, only the paltry sum of $55,000 has been received from the faithful, and on that pitiful showing headquarters have been engaged (it is to be presumed rent is paid) secretaries, stenographers, clerks and other persons employed, huge quantities of literature distributed, and the Colonel's traveling expenses paid, for, alas! this is no longer the day of free passes as it was when Mr. ROOSEVELT was President, and the railroads cannot be held up for special trains and well-stocked dining-cars. We do not doubt for a minute that the statement of receipts is correct, as accurate as every other statement that issues from the headquarters of the Bull Moose, but we confess we should like to see an itemized statement of the disbursements. If Mr. ROOSEVELT has been able to do all that he has done on $55,000, why was it necessary for Mr. BLISS and Mr. CORTELYOU to collect a couple of millions in 1904 when Mr. ROOSEVELT was running for the Presidency and what was done with the money? Perhaps we shall learn when Senator CLAPP'S committee get to work at the end of this month.

It took Mr. ROOSEVELT a great many years to discover that there was such a thing as the tariff, but,

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He jerked out the "Johnson bar"

now having made the discovery, he is so pleased with his cleverness in having dared to pioneer that he has become almost garrulous in his tariff effusions. He is like a youngster in the days of his first love; the name of the beloved one is ever on his lips, and to any one who will listen he will tell of her charms. For seven long years Mr. ROOSEVELT remained dumb on the tariff, but he is now making up for lost time or he is as resourceful in finding remedies for tariff troubles as he is in everything else. Not content with telling the people about the tariff from platform and railway trains, he overflows into the *Outlook*, happily unconscious he is baking over last year's cold meats. In Brother LYMAN ABBOTT'S weekly campaign tract Mr. ROOSEVELT, who is a contributing editor when he isn't running for office, comes forward with a perfectly new and strikingly original idea for the reform of the abuses of the tariff, and it is most curious that no one else ever thought of the remedy before. Mr. ROOSEVELT would have a tariff commission appointed with "ample powers to enable it to secure exact and reliable information." It is truly marvelous that no one else is able to think of just the right thing except Mr. ROOSEVELT. There was President TAFT, for instance, who not only insisted that the right way to obtain information about the tariff was through a commission, but actually induced Congress to make an appropriation sufficient to enable that commission to go to work and to make a great many reports for the enlightenment of the public. It is true also that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S Progressive friends and admirers in Congress fought this particular piece of legislation, and it was only owing to Mr. TAFT'S insistence that the bill finally became a law; but that, of course, is a trifle. Mr. ROOSEVELT has now come out in favor of the commission and that is all-sufficient. A few more editorials from the Contributing Editor and Mr. ROOSEVELT will be claiming to be the sole inventor and patentee of the tariff commission.

But of course Mr. ROOSEVELT would not be satisfied with one remedy, and he has "a further means of disrupting the old, crooked, log-rolling method of tariff-making. All future revisions of the tariff should be made schedule by schedule as changing conditions may require." Truly wonderful that he should be able to see what the Democrats in Congress pointed out was the only logical way to revise the tariff. The majority members of the Ways and Means Committee kept themselves hard at work for several months last winter revising the tariff schedule by schedule, and the House passed several of these revised schedules, only to have them vetoed by Mr. TAFT. Still it must be satisfactory to Democrats to know that their plan has the approval of Mr. ROOSEVELT and is worthy of an *Outlook* editorial.

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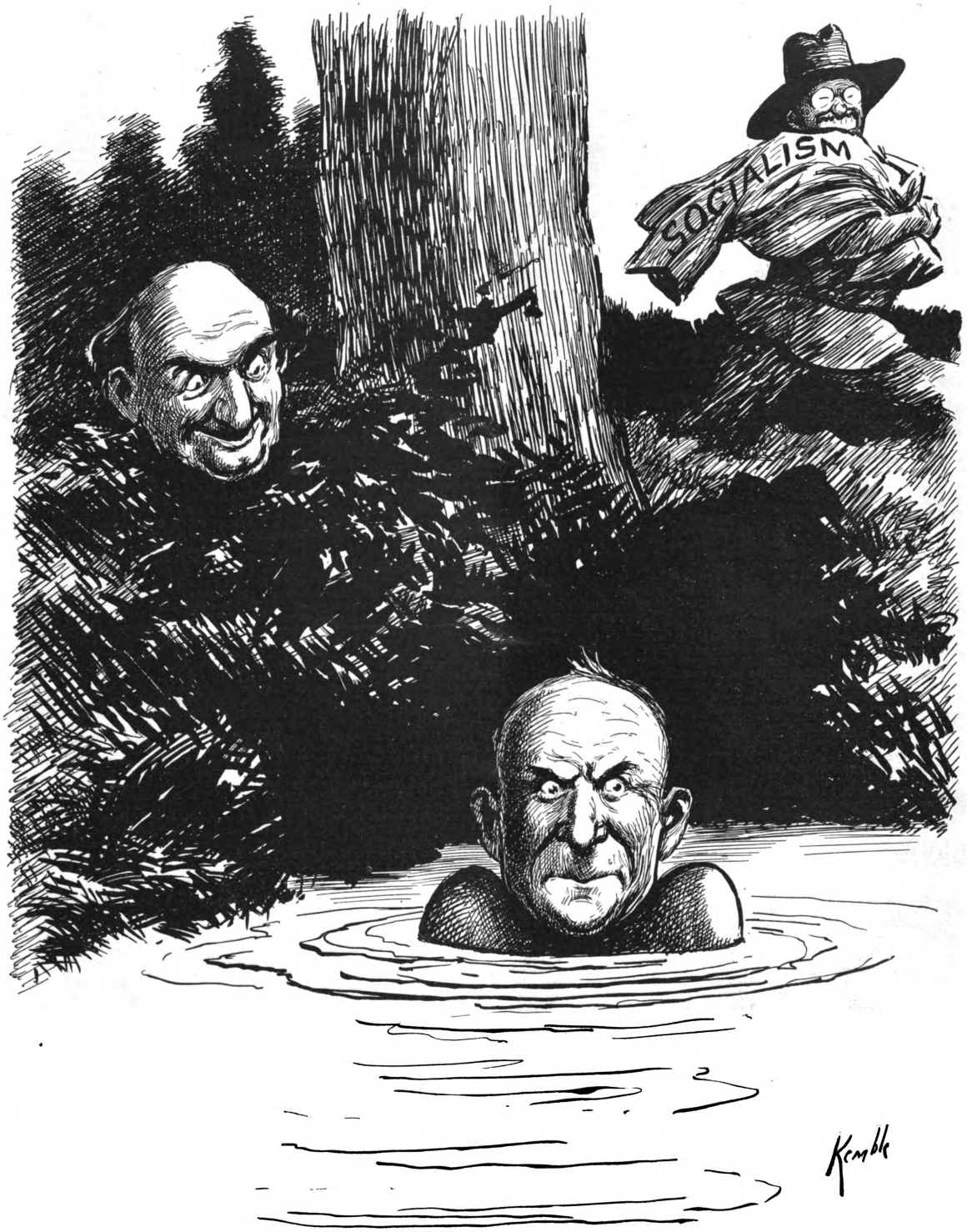

W. J. B.: "SAY, DEBS, HE'S HOOKED EVERYTHING THAT BELONGED TO ME, AND NOW HE'S GONE OFF WITH YOURS"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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The Police Question

AN EXPOSITION OF THE PRESENT EVIL CONDITIONS WITH SOME PRACTICAL PLANS FOR ABATING THEM

By William McAdoo

Former Commissioner of Police for New York and Chief City Magistrate

PART II

THE author of this article is in a position to speak with authority, as well as justice tempered with kindliness, on the present distressing condition of the Police Department of New York City. He served two years as Police Commissioner, and in that position enjoyed ample opportunity for scrutiny of the police question, which he has since studied with deep and intimate concern as Chief City Magistrate. He is the author of "Guarding a Great City," the standard book on the police question. As Commissioner, Mr. McAdoo enjoyed the confidence of the police, whom he treated fairly though not indulgently, and he has continued in his present position earnest efforts for the permanent betterment of police administration.

The first instalment of this article appeared in the issue of last week.

THE POLICE AND THE LAW AGAINST VICE

WHEN we speak of laws against vice, we mean those affecting gambling and prostitution. The former, in turn, includes mainly roulette wheels and betting upon horse-races, and, in a minor degree, the games known as stuss and craps. Next in police importance is the law against prostitution, which presents itself to the police as disorderly houses, street walking, and violations of the tenement-house law. Lastly, we have the excise law, regulating the selling of liquors under certain conditions and within certain hours.

I am safe in saying that at no time in the history of the Police Department has there been less blackmail collected from saloon-keepers than during the administration of Mayor Gaynor. The Mayor practically killed this form of police graft when he prohibited the so-called "plain-clothes men" from entering saloons. In passing let me say that no Mayor ever so zealously and with such a comprehensive and intelligent grasp of the situation wrestled with the police question as did Mayor Gaynor.

Now, the trouble about the enforcement of all these laws against vices and liquor-selling is this, that there is never at any time a strong, persistent public opinion united as to their enforcement under all conditions. Certainly not such a public opinion as would make a political party afraid to meet it at the polls; and, after all, the majority rules. On the other hand, it is a most dangerous state of affairs to have laws on the statute-books which the City authorities, especially the police, can allow you to break if you pay for doing so. It is, generally speaking, safe to assume that when a law, the violation of which is profitable, is not enforced, somebody in authority is getting paid for allowing it to be broken.

In the case of disorderly and gambling houses in times past, the privilege of breaking the law regarding them was a sort of police license, paid for with equal punctuality and certainty as the license paid to sell liquor. The majority of people believe that gambling and prostitution, which have existed from the beginning, will continue until some millennial period, and the same can be said with reference to the consumption of alcoholic drinks. These persons therefore argue: why attempt the impossible; why not segregate the disorderly houses and license the gamblers as well as the liquor dealers? Against such a proposition you have the united opposition of all religions, and if you advocated it you would be deserted in public by those who argue for it in private. Practically speaking, it would be impossible to pass such laws. They don't attempt to do so in London, but by a sort of common consent of the community the one vice is segregated and the other is tolerated under certain conditions. The difference between New York and London in this respect is not that there is more prostitution in New York and a greater amount of gambling—although I think the latter vice is more prevalent here than there, as money flows more freely—but that in London no one doubts the honesty of the police force or believes that they receive any money or levy blackmail on these forms of law-breaking, whereas the larger part of the community here believe that where these vices flourish the police are levying a heavy toll on those concerned in it. Then, too, in New York, as nowhere else, so far as I know, is the conducting of these vices so thoroughly commercialized and made a business proposition. Investigations made by me as a magistrate showed beyond doubt that large numbers of disorderly houses are owned by a group of men of infamous character, who place their property in the hands of ostensibly respectable agents and manage them with hired employees as openly and systematically as if it were a legitimate business. It is not necessary that these owners should ever put their foot in the houses in question. The hired manager, generally a woman, can even go to prison without discommoding the business, which runs on perpetually. If you want to close up these places you must strike at the owners as such, and the Penal Code offers ample remedy if all the authorities are united—which should include the police, the magistrates, the judges of the minor civil courts, and others.

I am looking out of my window as I write, in one of the uptown streets, between Fifth and Sixth Avenue. The block of houses under my view is most respectable and inhabited by citizens of reputation and wealth, sprinkled here and there with shops of fashionable dressmakers. Which do you think is the best-looking house on the block? Why, that one there, so carefully painted, so neatly blinded, the yard in such good condition, the roof newly painted; silent and dignified, quiet and orderly; on the outside a small sign reading that Madame V. makes gowns. As a matter of fact, there is no Madame V., and the sign is only misleading. You will be told upon inquiry that she removed from there long ago, and they had forgotten to take down the sign. The point is that this is the quietest, most orderly house in the whole block. The doors are seldom opened; there are no children or dogs or noises of any kind, and consequently no one in the neighborhood can complain of it. You certainly cannot call it a public nuisance.

About the time the theaters are well closed, a few eminently respectable gentlemen, who would shudder at the thought of publicity, gather here to spin the wheel or play their games of chance. Every one of them is known to the suave, polite, and, in his way, thoroughly reputable owner. You positively could not get in here unless you were well introduced. The place has been running for ten years or more. The proprietor has a good reputation in the sporting world. He does not live in the house. His family never hear of it.

The man is called a "straight man," thoroughly dependable. He is quite well-to-do; stands well with his banker; is the owner of much real estate. One story told to his credit is that one night he noticed a youngish man very much upset leaving the house. He inquired and found that the youth had lost a large sum of money. He sent for him and asked him how much he had lost. The man at first thought it an impertinence, but finally told him. The proprietor gave him back every dollar of it; told him he could not afford to gamble, never should come in the house, and earnestly advised him to keep away from all forms of speculation, including that which is considered legal and respectable. It was gamblers like this who resented so bitterly the invasion of the Rosenthals and the gun-men into the periphery of the "respectable" gambling district uptown. This house could run in defiance of the police. This is a bold statement, I know, but I would not go so far as to say that it would stand the combined attack of the District Attorney and the Police Commissioner, with, of course, the earnest approval of the Mayor. A "John Doe" proceeding by the District Attorney, with the names of those who enter the house, obtained by the police, would constitute a very formidable attack. An ordinary policeman could not win his way into this place, and the best costumer would find it difficult to present a counterfeit who should pass current among the well-groomed and well-conditioned men who go there.

The proprietor of this place, however, will pay to the police and to any one whom he believes represents the party which controls the city government. At an election he will share his money between the parties that have a reasonable chance of succeeding. He is a liberal contributor to campaign funds, but not, of course, in his own name. To insure a gentle and friendly relationship with the police, he will make voluntary contributions to the higher officials and possibly to the Captain of the Precinct and the District Inspector. It would be rude, discourteous, and ungentlemanly to be stingy in such a business, and would get one a bad reputation with those in power. Liberality in dealing with the officials is the palladium of the "business," and this man would feel very uncomfortable if he were not contributing to make life easier for those in authority. He will always employ the best class of lawyers, and among his patrons—but it would be rude and ungentlemanly to peer into such sacred inclosures, and, besides, one cannot always answer for his friends, and the best of us have failings.

Disorderly houses cannot be run quite so circumspectly as gambling-houses, although they sometimes invade select neighborhoods and manage to keep under cover with remarkable cleverness. There are houses of this character in the best neighborhoods, unsuspected and so close to fashionable churches that in the summer-time the inmates can hear part of the sermon when the windows are open. Sometimes these houses are not even carried on the police rolls, and their patronage is restricted to men of means and of social pretensions and oftentimes to well-known men in the business world.

The keeper of one of these houses, whom I had before me officially, assured me that the charges of her neighbors that the house was noisy must be discredited because she "catered entirely to the Wall Street trade" and her patrons were "gentlemen of the highest standing." Some of these houses have a wide reputation as high-class establishments of this character. Not only are they known here, but all over the country and in foreign countries, and they have been in business for many years. They are as well known as the leading hotels. As a general rule they all pay tribute to someone: they would not feel easy if they did not do so. As a police official expressed it to me once—when the police were making it hard for the gamblers—they were throwing their money in the air; they didn't know who to give it to, they were so confused by the different squads of police officials who were raiding them.

One of these disorderly houses is the most sybaritic of its kind in the country; the ball-room alone cost $7,000 for the furnishings. The woman is as prominent in the under-world as some of the leaders of society in the upper-world. She is a woman of marked ability, carries herself well, and is reputed to deal with police officials not only for herself but for her friends in the "business." The revenues, in the nature of things, must be considerable. As to this phase of police graft, however, I am compelled to believe that there is a good deal of exaggeration as to the amounts collected. The amounts rumored are large, no doubt, but they have been swelled by the imagination; and some of the sums named are out of all proportion to the gross receipts of the vicious business in which they are collected.

Coney Island in the summer-time used to be a most fertile field for grafting. Not only did the vicious resorts have to pay for the privilege of conducting their business, but certain brands of liquor and cigars enjoyed a compulsory monopoly, so that the total amount taken from such a field would be very large. I think I may claim some credit for breaking up this condition of affairs on the Island, which has never gone back to its former state, although there have been many attempts to revive the disgraceful conditions which hitherto prevailed.

When you come to discuss the lower order of disorderly houses and gambling-houses, the situation is changed. I had before me as Chief City Magistrate some time ago the owners of a row of disorderly houses on one of the Fortieth streets. It appeared to be a fact that they were managed by a syndicate or company of vile creatures, thoroughly unconscionable scoundrels. Under the common law a disorderly house is a nuisance and may be abated the same as a slaughter-house, and a nuisance is something which must annoy the neighborhood. Now, these houses do not annoy the neighborhood—on the contrary, the neighborhood wants them there. The saloon-keepers, the delicatessen stores, the dry-goods men, the landlords, the real-estate agents, purveyors of meat and drink—they are all friendly to these establishments. From a sordid, purely business point of view, they are a good thing. The neighborhood itself has a low standard of morals. There are no fewer than ten of these houses on one side of the block. If you should renovate the whole block, the decent people in the houses who took the places of the former tenants would be annoyed for years and years to come by people ringing the bell at all hours of the night and drunken men insisting upon entrance.

If the neighborhood could quietly vote whether or not to have these houses, they would be almost unanimous in their favor. It is very difficult, in such a case as this, to apply the common-law remedy against nuisances, and therefore the police resort to direct evidence. Their strongest weapon I believe to be a proceeding against the owner of the property. There are many things, however, that a Police Captain can do to make such places unprofitable, and a Police Commissioner must always suspect that something is wrong with the police where this vice flourishes. Of course, the law won't allow him to send for the proprietor and tell him not to pay the police anything, and he can't permit them to remain open without violating his oath of office. The only thing, therefore, that he can do is to enforce the law.

The same with pool-rooms in which betting on horses is carried on. They are popular with the wretched victims of the neighborhood, who always believe they are going to win back their losings and something more. Whenever a raid is made on one of these for violating the law, the neighborhood will stand by and jeer the police and sympathize with the proprietor.

The same is true of the numerous small games of chance in the coffee-saloons on the East Side. A vast part of the population of the whole city takes with great relish to gambling. A multitude of boys are throwing dice on the streets, and as they grow up they go into the larger games, which, in the poorer districts, are most destructive. They are the open doors to crime, poverty, and death, and bring great privation upon innocent women and children. They rot the moral fiber of the young man's character; they make him lazy and dissolute, and they bring him in contact with criminals, and his course is steadily downward. He either becomes a drunken, worthless loafer or a dangerous criminal. You see these victims on the street corners at all hours of the day and night, an offense to the eye, a nuisance, and a danger to decent people, men and women.

There is, as in all great cities, an army of depraved people in New York: the gambler, the prostitute, the pander, the keeper of the disorderly saloon or Raines Law hotel, the pickpocket, the gangster, the chronic rowdy, and the male parasite who lives on wretched

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women. They are a terrible aggregation with which the police have to deal. There are many surface indications that the regiment of pickpockets are officered and manned and their movements conducted with business discipline, the same as those who cater to the vices. They certainly show signs of a confederacy. They are promptly and always defended by clever lawyers. They appear to have a great deal of influence. They are the most difficult class to convict and the hardest to get to prison. They fight every inch of the way. They appear to have powerful friends. I convicted two women pickpockets after a fair, impartial, and painstaking trial, away back in the Christmas holidays, and they are not in jail yet, though I sentenced them long ago.

APPOINTMENTS AND PROMOTIONS

At present the policemen are appointed or promoted in the order in which they stand on the eligible list furnished by the Municipal Civil Service Commission. The quality of the policemen, therefore, depends entirely upon the scope of the examination by the Commission and the honesty of the examiners. Nearly all the policemen whom I know believe that the Civil Service examination does not bring out the best qualities for a policeman, even if administered with scrupulous honesty. The present head of the Municipal Civil Service Commission is a zealous and aggressively honest man, of marked ability. This no one doubts. But whether this mode of selecting policemen is the best is open to question. In London the Police Department selects men through its own methods—the character and adaptability of the man for police work is the prime requisite. Mere ability to answer questions or write a good hand is not considered sufficient.

There is no doubt that a man who parrot-like can answer a hundred questions offhand might otherwise be utterly unfit to be a policeman. He may not have the moral fiber, he may be physically deficient, or come from a bad environment, or his whole history may create suspicion as to his motives in getting on the police force. The examinations are written, and I have seen those who appeared before me who had made letter-perfect answers in writing but could not answer the same questions when propounded to them orally, and who hesitated and stammered over simple questions.

The Police Commissioner can deal in three ways in making selections and promotions:

1. He can take the men on the eligible list in the order in which they come and without question, thus throwing the whole burden of responsibility upon the accuracy of the Civil Service Commission and its efficiency in finding the best material. This means that the Lieutenant who is No. 1 on the list for Captain—without regard to any suspicion the Police Commissioner may have as to his honesty or ability—must be selected and made a Captain. He may be a man of very bad reputation among the policemen themselves, and outsiders may call him a grafter, but he must be promoted.

2. Do as I did while Police Commissioner. Select a voluntary committee of eminent and disinterested citizens; make an examination of the candidates in public. Tell all you know about the applicant to the committee. Confront him with any briefs you have against him; give him a full opportunity to be heard. Look him over carefully, examine into his history, and let the committee decide. This worked admirably with me. It must be remembered, however, that even with this system the Commissioner can reject only two out of five on the list.

3. The Commissioner can do this work himself in private. There is such universal distrust of policemen and promotions, and it is notorious that they were sold in the past as private property, that the best of commissioners will have his motives suspected. The rejected men will tell all sorts of lies about him. For his own sake promotions should be made in public in the way I have outlined so long as the present law prevails.

The best method, however, in my judgment, would be that the Civil Service certifications should only be one step; that after that the Department should, applying its own standards, having great regard to the record of the officer as to efficiency and honesty, make up its own eligible list. Or there might be a combination made by which the Civil Service Commission and the Police Department would act together in the examinations. If possible, they should be oral and in public. Letters recommending the candidate, or others denouncing him, should be read to him and be open to public inspection, and no back-door influences should be permitted. A Commissioner appointed under the conditions suggested in this article would probably find it necessary to make a radical reorganization of the Detective Bureau. I don't say this in criticism of the present Commissioner, but there is a good deal of bad material that ought to be got rid of, and some excellent material in and out of the Department should be available.

Why not let the Commissioner appoint men from civil life as detectives, men from outside who show natural aptitude for the work? The Detective Bureau should be absolutely and entirely cut off from the uniformed force, be entirely independent of them. There should be no such thing as a "plain-clothes" man. All plain-clothes work should be done by detectives, including the enforcement of the laws against vice.

It ruins a young policeman to make him a plain-clothes man. If he is put back in uniform, he has no interest in the work; he feels himself demoted, and he either becomes indifferent or spends most of his time trying to get back into citizen's clothes. He looks upon himself as a sort of staff officer and has no interest in the line work—the plain, monotonous duties of a uniformed patrolman do not interest him. The records of those men will show that they alternate between long periods of plain-clothes duty and short terms in uniform. The latter is looked upon as a sort of penalty. If all the detective work were done by the Detective Bureau, men would specialize in it and become proficient. They would enjoy security in making it their life-work, and their promotion and advancement would come in that branch of the Department in which they are engaged.

I am not foolish enough to believe that wisdom on the Police Question begins and ends with me, and my only motive in putting forward these facts and suggestions, which are the result of experience and thought, is that they may advance the public interest. I do so with some regret in that I have to differ with the opinions of others whom I highly esteem and whose convictions on public questions I respect, but I am earnestly convinced that the following steps are necessary at the beginning of an efficient and honest administration of the Police Department which will command public confidence and enforce the laws and beget security for person and property:

1. The Police Commissioner should be appointed for a term of not less than ten years, and be removable only on cause and after trial by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court.

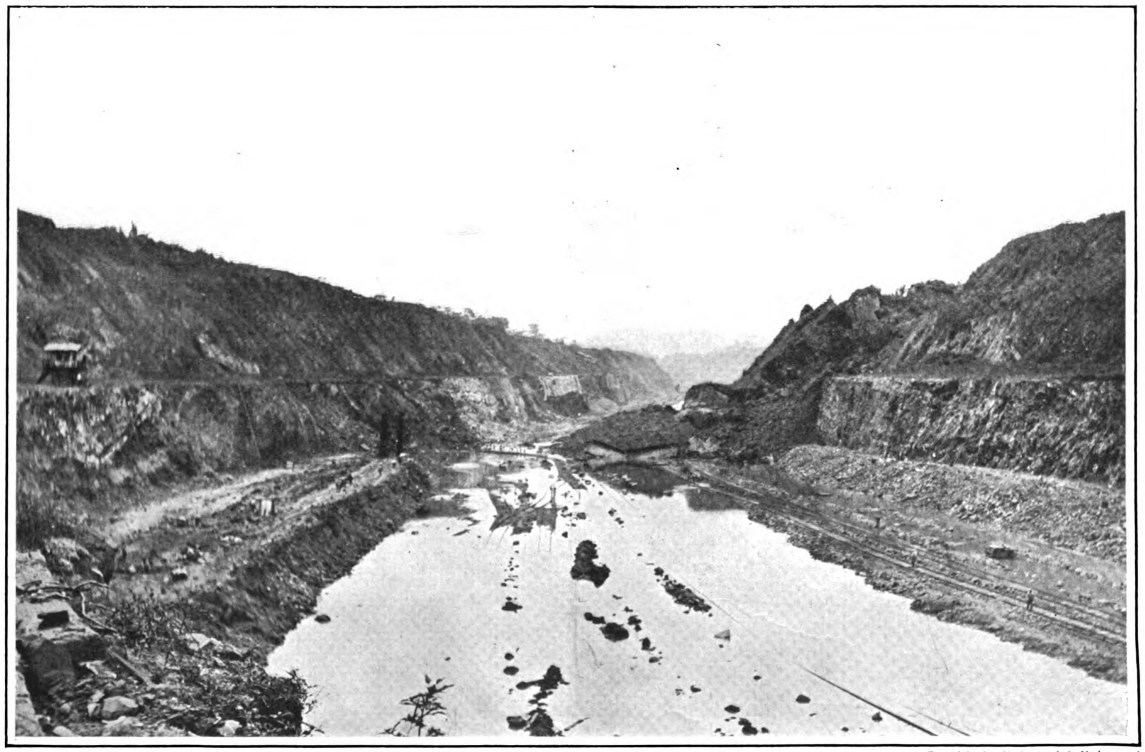
2. For an efficient and honest administration of the criminal law, there must be complete harmony and mutual confidence between the District Attorney and the Police Commissioner, in which even a laudable desire to excel in the public estimation on the part of each will be subordinated to the larger public interest.

3. The law reorganizing the Police Department should give to the Commissioner a radical and far-reaching control of the personnel of the force, including demotions in all ranks when he deems it advisable for the best interests of the service.

4. That earnest efforts should be made to establish the best possible detective service, separate from the uniformed force, doing away with all plain-clothes men, and having regard to minor improvements.

5. That the Police Commissioner should be given a larger discretionary power in the appointment and promotion of all members of the force, looking to the devising of a better system of examinations, having in view the adaptability and fitness of the applicant to be a policeman, aside from his answering written questions; and, lastly,

6. That all concerned should aim to restore the police force to the unreserved confidence of the public, which is the true measure of efficiency, and without which it cannot attain the ends for which it was created. I am convinced that, if the force were raised in public estimation, an enlightened public opinion would compel the hearty and earnest co-operation of all the courts and the press and beget a lively interest in questions concerning the criminal law itself, in so far as it appears to shield those who now make a business of exploiting vice and syndicating the criminal classes for purely commercial reasons. In that day, which I hope is near at hand, the exploiters of vice for profit and those who make merchandise of human weaknesses—greed, lust, and folly—together with the gangman, the pickpocket, the parasite and pander, shall stand before court and press, unprotected by power and with an equal chance for punishment with the murderer, the burglar, and other notorious offenders against person and property.



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FILLING IN THE PANAMA CANAL

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A SLIDE OF 300,000 CUBIC YARDS OF EARTH ON THE EAST BANK OF THE CULEBRA CUT, WHICH CARRIED AWAY A PORTION OF THE OBISPO DIVERSION. IT WAS SUCCEEDED BY A SECOND SLIDE SIX DAYS LATER WHICH THREATENED TO DESTROY THE DIVERSION CHANNEL. IT IS CLAIMED THAT THE CREST OF THE CULEBRA HEIGHTS IS MOVING TOWARD THE CANAL AT THE RATE OF TEN INCHES A DAY. THE OPENING OF THE CANAL MAY BE POSTPONED FOR TWO MONTHS AS A RESULT OF THESE LANDSLIDES

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THE SURVIVAL OF SORCERY

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT H. LYNCH

ON the surface of life there are few indications nowadays of the passion that has had such sway over all races of men since the beginning of the world—the passion to tear aside the curtain of time and peer at the secrets of to-morrow. No age or country has been of an outward temper less sympathetic to this always powerful curiosity. Especially has commerce in the mysteries of the unseen, a trade that formerly was able to surround itself with a picturesque solemnity, now fallen into the lowest repute. The whole subject is in fact dismissed almost wholly from speech and print, wherefore many persons are no doubt convinced that the belief in soothsaying is as outgrown as the belief in centaurs and hippogriffs; and it is taken for granted that such of the fraudulent fortune-teller breed as may have survived the repeated sweeping-out of the indignant broom of the law now recruit their patrons only from the grossly illiterate and superstitious.

Indeed, these are commonplaces. But they are scarcely true. The ancient desire for forbidden knowledge may be smothered and disguised, but it has not been destroyed. There is indeed a distinctly piquant interest in discovering how very generally this desire is still aflame, and in noting even its trivial manifestations. Human beings, even fairly enlightened ones, still secretly cherish, as they probably always will, a profound curiosity as to their personal futures and a belief that it would profit them were this curiosity satisfied. Moreover, this hunger for the unknowable is rarely tinged with apprehension. No normal person is able to assume that his own future is to be colorless and dismal, unworthy of the brilliant arts of prophecy. The healthier his egoism, the stronger his conviction that delights and triumphs are waiting in ambush around the corner of the years. It is the unexpected that he most confidently expects. At the same time, if rather more vaguely, he believes that the remarkable experiences that destiny has arranged for him are in some way susceptible of disclosure; that they are told in hieroglyph upon some invisible tablet that awaits only the really authentic soothsayer's vision. The diviner's immense advantage over his public has of course always lain in this, that it is so easy to accept marvels of which one is oneself the hero, and that one is so little likely to heed the manner of such revelation. Even the most bungling amateur palmist can always secure a breathless audience of one. Splendid auguries secretly appear so just, so apposite, when applied to oneself; so true in all but the tardy verification of time. All one's youth and confidence echo them with rapturous agreement. But prophecies that relate to others, or are of merely impersonal interest, find, oddly enough, a more reluctant credence; are more likely to encounter the hard challenge of common sense. Hints of triumph and glorious adventure in connection with one's friend, whom one knows to be timid and contentedly obscure, have a false and meaningless ring. One distrusts and loses interest.

The first adventure is made easy. There is always a beguiling friend who, while expressing the utmost horror for modern sorcerers as a class, can point the way to one stainless exception. After all, the beguiler will ingeniously argue, suppose that to a thousand frauds there may be only one that appears to be genuine; how much more interesting it is to give this one the benefit of the doubt! Which is, of course, indisputable. Furthermore, it is very little that one risks—an hour's time—a small fee; while the possible value of the interview is beyond calculation.

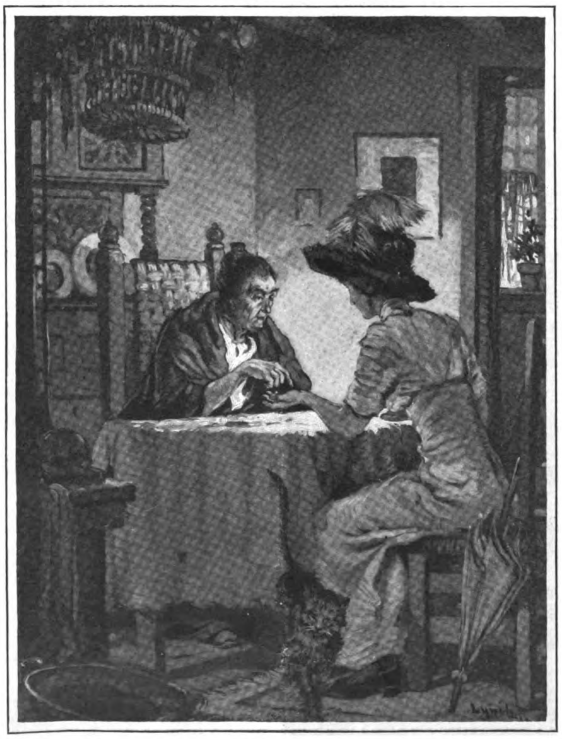
It may be that there is a chance of obtaining fresher and less shop-worn prophecies if one be recommended to a comparatively obscure soothsayer, rather than to one that has become frequented and fashionable. Those who follow the art of Apollo are of all sorts and conditions, but their proficiency is said not to vary in proportion to the cost of crossing their thresholds. For instance, frequent murmurs of dissatisfaction may be expressed with the business-like and extremely respectable sorceresses who make appointments weeks in advance through their secretaries and confidently charge five-dollar fees; while, on the other hand, an uneducated woman who lives alone in a shabby room and tells fortunes from tea-leaves for a twenty-five cent fee may achieve a remarkable vogue among connoisseurs in psychic matters. Divining through tea-leaves, although long recognized, is an obviously humble and unpretentious aspect of occult science. Cards have an almost equally low rating as an aid to prophecy. Palmistry is ranked higher, as implying more knowledge and intelligence on the part of the performer, but it must be admitted that it is rather out of fashion at present. Astrology has a strong lure and is much in favor, though few of those that affect to practise it can have mastered the vast amount of lore that belongs to the study of this ancient mystery. An accomplishment of high repute is that of recognizing the color and quality of a patron's aura. A contemporary school of occultists deduces significant facts from "vibrations" in response to certain notes in music. Bolder practitioners tell fortunes at second-hand if supplied with some object that has belonged to the person under analysis; or they may proceed inspiredly from an even slenderer basis. Unfortunately for her picturesqueness, although effects and properties are no longer considered necessary, the modern enchantress's outfit does not include a crystal ball; for there is great beauty and suggestiveness in the use of this object, at once an instrument and a symbol.

What, after all, do the members of this submerged guild really supply to the hardy adventurers who seek them out? In its broadest outlines, fortune-telling is probably always the same. The best that can be offered to youthful eagerness is a lover—a legacy—a journey—a letter. The most precious intelligence that an older woman can receive concerns the good fortune of her husband or her child. For it should not be supposed that the clientèle of any sorceress is made up entirely of lovesick maidens. Stout, elderly women with large commonplace families and individual outlooks that cannot possibly hold any hint of romance appear to find the universal pastime quite as congenial.

Habitual patrons of the art do, however, fall into several classes, as their own statements reveal. One is the orderly, unimaginative, but by no means unintelligent type who considers it prudent to invest five dollars yearly or half-yearly in a budget of comprehensive practical advice from an expert in prophecy—somewhat as she, at regular intervals, engages a seamstress and visits a dentist. She reserves the right, of course, to discredit, even to flout the advice after she has received it, as she would the diagnosis of a physician who has not inspired confidence; but in general it gives her a sense of security and administrative competence to have the next six months, for instance, plotted out in advance. If she pays the considerable fee that has been mentioned, she ought, of course, to get a fairly entertaining return; and if she is thrifty she should see that she gets a little astrology thrown in. Apart from the sheer glamour of the starry science, it is found that it greatly flatters the sense of personal importance to learn the bearing of the planetary courses upon one's individual affairs, and to discover how constant and how intimate this mysterious influence is. A woman of the type already outlined does not care particularly for repeated analyses of her temperament and character; but she listens eagerly to utterances as to the wisdom of her friendships, the soundness of her enterprises, financial and other, and the expediency of her "journeys"—a word that in occult phraseology acquires a new and thrilling value. She regulates her life, indeed, with a discreet if not a slavish reference to the soothsayer's chart.

Another and familiar class go more or less frankly as sensation-seekers. Their lives thwart or bore or burden them, and they demand an hour's vivid experience with its possible promise of better things to come. It must of course be an extremely literal interpreter of fate who will deliberately disappoint this responsive type of client, and cases must be rare where the starved, pitiful purchaser of emotional stimulus does not get what she pays for. Even the sound, old-fashioned prescription of a blond gentleman beside himself with love, and a dark lady, hitherto a friend, but on this account now become a jealous enemy, satisfies such hunger in the absence of any more original modern variant.

But it is for women who are themselves dilettantes in the occult and form a very modern, perhaps entirely contemporaneous, class of patrons that the enchantress learns to bring forth her most authentic wares. Cases are not rare where otherwise normal persons discover in themselves a trace of something beyond normal powers—a tendency toward automatic writing or clairvoyance or veridical dreaming, and it is these amateurs in sorcery who venture forth to test the power of the professional and compare their own with it. It may be because of hints acquired from these alert experimenters that the discovery of psychic power in a patron has become a stock form of flattery.



The sound, old-fashioned prescription of a blond gentleman

It may reasonably be wondered how those addicted to this form of diversion, merely as diversion, can invariably assure themselves of agreeable prophecies; and, if this be not the case, how it is that the darker predictions do not modify the holiday character of the experience. So far as can be learned, the professional seer makes little effort to lighten the gloomier truths that may be revealed to her. As a rule, she avoids the charge of insipidity by scattering disaster and disappointment with a somewhat lavish hand, some prophets having been complained of as scarcely humane in this respect. But the truth is that almost all oracle-seekers protect themselves against shock by an interesting psychological shield which the more sophisticated among them are ready enough to define and acknowledge.

"I take the thing only half seriously," a woman will laughingly explain. "The details of it interest me, but almost impersonally. I do find myself accepting many of the pleasant, especially the unimportant things that are said to me, and it is always amusing to trace how far they correspond with facts, as we know the facts. But a prophesied misfortune wouldn't affect me any more than losing a game of cards. My credulity would vanish in an instant. I should not lose an hour's sleep if disaster were predicted for my entire family."

This attitude, manifestly without logic or consistency, would also seem to imply an almost impossible mental agility. But as it is so widely typical it is probably independent of any mental process, and is merely the expression of some healthy instinct. At all events, it is so expedient that there need be no quarrel with it. It is doubtless well that, if the lure of the Sibyl cannot be resisted, her followers should be content to go as children, and to depart with no deeper, darker knowledge in their eyes.

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Why the Germans Lead

By Hubert Evans

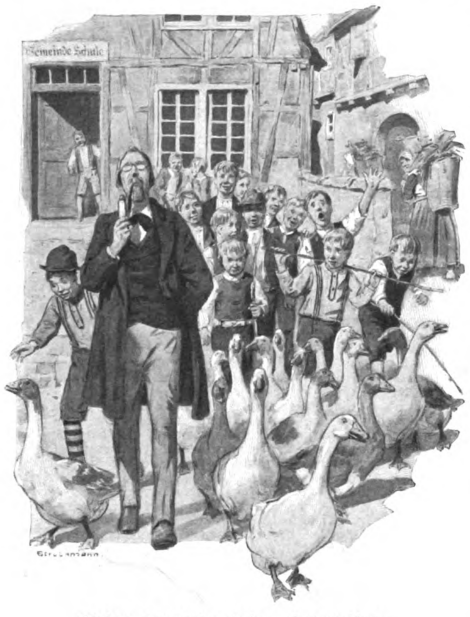
ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

AMERICANS who are so unfortunate as to get in a hurry in Germany complain that the Germans are exasperatingly slow. A Yankee cannot understand why it should take him two whole days to buy a little foreign exchange at a German bank. If he is paying double cable rates to gain a few minutes' time, it irritates him to watch the deliberate German official ponder over his message for twenty minutes before passing it along to be put on the wire.

It may be admitted that the Germans are slow. The nation as a whole is slow to abandon old ideas and ideals and adopt new ones. It has taken German educators a hundred years to get rid of their high philosophical notions and come down to business; at least it has taken the German people that long to "bounce" the old-fashioned school-teacher and put in his place the practical man with modern business ideas. Yet business men who compete with Germany in the markets of the world have had occasion to note the momentum of these well-ballasted, slow-moving Teutons. They have observed that when the German breaks into a foreign market he has the goods that are wanted and a financial and technical organization behind him that makes him irresistible.

An American manufacturer who had wondered at the success of his German competitors was struck by certain big, flaming, official-looking posters on the billboards and around public buildings in Berlin. He might have seen similar posters in every town and city in Germany. Twice a year these official posters summon the youth of the land to obligatory attendance at the trade and commercial schools. Indirectly they tell why the American or the English manufacturer finds in the German such a dangerous competitor. They reveal the secret of Germany's wonderful commercial and industrial prosperity and of her commanding position as a world power. To the philosophically inclined they suggest interesting reflections on the transformation of Germany from a nation of idealists and dreamers into a nation of materialists and doers.

There was something very seductive about the idealistic philosophy invented by the Germans just about a hundred years ago. It presented a picture of the world that was beautiful to contemplate. The "Absolute," a mysterious sort of nonentity, in some way identical with the totality of things (regarded as ideas) and yet different from its manifestations,



If they grew restive their teacher would declare a holiday and let them herd his geese

was an object to whet the intellect and excite esthetic delight. In the fierce glow of this all-consuming Absolute our finite experiences were fused, so to say, into nothingness. The things of this workaday world became unreal, unimportant; nothing mattered very much. Only metaphysical dreams were real and true.

This philosophy furnished the basis for pedagogical theory and practice. The school-master was a dreamer and the pupil a sort of Absolute in miniature whose many-sided nature was to be developed equally and harmoniously in all directions. Greek and Latin, the chief instruments of education, provided material so difficult to learn and so far removed from the living interests of the day that they offered every guarantee for harmonious development. The diverse and astounding pedagogical virtues attributed to these dead languages made them positively uncanny. Even the universities were places where this general harmonious development was continued, not seats of special training. The children of the public schools were not expected to learn much of anything. If they grew restive their teacher would declare a holiday and let them herd his geese or pull the weeds out of his cabbage-patch. At the age of thirteen or fourteen they were turned loose on the world to swell the ranks of unskilled labor.

The establishment of the new German Empire in 1871 marked the beginning of the end of this delightful state of affairs. When the Germans got together after the Franco-Prussian War and began to take stock of their national assets they saw that if they were going to compete successfully with the rest of the world and make good in their new rôle of world power they would have to modernize their educational system. Hitherto reactionary governments had suppressed popular education as being a dangerous thing. The inauguration of constitutional government made it necessary to fit the citizen to take his part in the affairs of city and state. The growing German industries clamored for workers with better technical training. With a rapidly congesting population Germany was changing from an agricultural to an industrial state. The land would no longer support the population. Economic efficiency, therefore became a national necessity.

Specialization, not generalization, now became the watchword in the field of education. Philanthropic societies and associations of employers vied with state and municipal governments in providing special training for boys leaving the public schools. The new German nation invested heavily in popular education. The investment paid; it was popular; everybody subscribed to it. Educational machinery was gradually hitched up to the industrial machinery of the Empire; the schools were enlisted in the service of the industries. The result has been the ubiquitous "continuation" school of today, an obligatory professional or trade school that is at once the youngest and the most important educational institution in Germany.

In this modern vocational school we have the spirit of twentieth-century Germany incarnate. It is here that the recruits for Germany's great industrial armies are assembled and drilled. Here the masses are trained for practical life. The hundreds of thousands of children leaving the public schools are no longer permitted to drift through life as unskilled laborers. The Fatherland needs them for greater things, for work that brings larger returns to the nation. Their economic value is recognized. They are taken in hand and directed into such vocations as seem to suit their capacities best. After spending three or four years in the continuation school they go to the army, where the state continues its rigorous discipline over them till they return home as hardened, mature men, to take up their life-work. It is significant that Saxony, the first German state to have obligatory trade-schools, is the most highly developed industrial state of Germany. Her trade-schools are still the best. She set the pace in this field of education, and no other German state has been able to overtake her. It was only recently that Prussia entered the race after Saxony had overcome the opposition of parents and employers to compulsory attendance and demonstrated that obligatory trade-schools were the salvation of the nation.

There is scarcely anything in all Germany so new and modern as the continuation schools. This whole movement has been a matter of only a few years, and in its present form the continuation school is a child of yesterday. These institutions receive from the nation more care and solicitude than is bestowed upon the children of the Imperial family. They are still in a rapid process of change and development. Their very success has encouraged further changes and more stringent legislation in their behalf. It is only a few years ago that an Imperial industrial law was passed giving communities authority to establish and maintain obligatory continuation schools for youths, thus making good the failure of certain German state governments to provide for such schools by state law. One of the last acts of the old Reichstag last December was to amend this law so as to make it apply to all girls employed in offices, stores, and factories, as well as to boys. The whole subject is still so new and fresh that every day the German press has some interesting item of continuation-school news—the opening of more domestic-science schools for girls, the establishment of training colleges for continuation school-teachers, the publication of new laws and ministerial decrees.

The obligatory continuation school was originally designed merely to supplement the work of the public school and to maintain some kind of discipline over youths during the critical years from fourteen to eighteen, prior to their enforced enlistment in the army. Later the principle was evolved that the education of a boy must be focused about his future vocation; and the continuation schools became vocational schools. The official posters announcing periodically the opening of these schools enumerate more than a hundred different trades or vocations, and summon each and every youth to appear at the school devoted to his particular calling. In the rural districts the continuation schools are organized as agricultural institutions.

Two general types of these schools may be distinguished: the workshop school and the theoretical school. The first type is represented by the famous schools at Munich which were organized by Dr. Georg Kerschensteiner, the great leader and reformer in this field of education. Connected with these schools are actual workshops, where the pupil handles real materials and makes commercial articles. The schools in Berlin well represent the second type. The plan of schools of this type is to keep a watch over the practical instruction the apprentice receives in the office, store, or workshop of his employer, and supplement and round out this instruction by means of lectures and demonstrations. In the words of a Prussian minister of state, the purpose of both types of these schools is "to equip the youth with the knowledge and skill necessary for the successful exercise of his calling and to make him an efficient man and useful citizen."

Indirectly one of our most distinguished American educators, Professor John Dewey, of Columbia University, has had an important part in fixing the character of these schools. Dr. Kerschensteiner acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Dewey for many ideas that he has carried out in them. The instruction has a social as well as a practical side. According to Dr. Kerschensteiner, these schools aim, in the first place, to develop in the boy efficiency in his trade and delight in his work, and the consequent virtues of conscientiousness, diligence, perseverance, self-control. In the second place, they aim to give the pupil an insight into the interrelation of the interests of all citizens of the Fatherland and early accustom him to place his skill and pleasure in work at the service of the community. The workshop school is an industrial community in miniature, reproducing as closely as possible the conditions of real life, the idea being that to learn social virtues one must practise them in social life. In their dealings with one another the pupils have the opportunity to develop all the virtues of good citizenship.

The instruction in these schools, to which two or three half-days in the week are usually devoted, is as varied as the trades or vocations represented. Some vocation, say that of the printer or the woodworker or the machinist or the merchant, occupies the central position in the course of study. The technical or commercial instruction in the main subject is distributed over three or four years. All other instruction of an esthetic, moral, or scientific character is a by-product of the vocational instruction, being deduced from the facts connected with the exercise of the calling in question. The pupil is taught

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the technique of his craft and familiarized with all business operations connected with it. Incidentally he is taught drawing, mathematics, bookkeeping, commercial law, and the art of writing good business letters. He is made acquainted with the history, significance, and present status of his trade or vocation and with all laws and regulations affecting it. Raw materials and implements and machinery used in manufacturing, also the means of obtaining the same, the cost of production, and the problems of transportation, are all carefully studied. The pupil learns where and how materials may be had most cheaply and where he can manufacture or follow his business with the best chances of success. He acquires a mass of chemical, physical, geographical, and historical knowledge that amounts to a liberal education.

The practical success of these institutions as regards both attendance and instruction is secured by the co-operation of employers. For instance, in Munich it has been the policy to bring the schools into direct connection with the several trades, to get some guild or association of employers behind every trade-school. Business men and manufacturers have a large voice in the councils of these schools. They furnish all the materials required in the school workshops and also many of the instructors. In Berlin, too, the employer must provide the pupil with all the required books and other materials of instruction; and he is held responsible for the school attendance of his youthful help. The law provides for fine and imprisonment if he fails to excuse his apprentices from their work promptly "so that they can bathe, change their clothes, and reach their classes in good time."

In a country where the Church is a state institution, the preacher a government official, and creeds instruments of political intrigue, religious instruction naturally fills a prominent place in school curricula. In a German state the head of the Department of Education bears the significant title, "Minister of Public Worship and Instruction." He is the custodian of religious as well as secular instruction. He not only sees to it that the German youth learns the three R's and the other school branches, but he makes it his special care that the school-boy shall acquire the particular kind of religious belief to which his family traditions entitle him, whether this be Lutheranism, Catholicism, or Judaism. From time immemorial Church and School have been bound up together in Germany, and the educator has been accustomed to take his orders from the Church. The Church loses no opportunity to maintain or extend its influence over the schools.

In view of this situation, it is a most significant fact that usually the continuation schools are not connected with the Department of Education at all, but are under the direct control and supervision of the Minister of Trade and Commerce. In the country they are connected with the Department of Agriculture. The Minister of Public Worship and Instruction has nothing to do with them, and religious instruction has no place in them (Bavaria still offers the most notable exception). To understand the full significance of this fact, one must remember that educational laws in Germany used to be contained in ecclesiastical ordinances. But here we have the practical man of affairs, the representative of the commercial and industrial needs of the country, issuing decrees to educators in defiance of the Church and controlling educational policy from the Ministry of Trade and Commerce. Here the break with the old educational tradition is complete. The most extensive and the most important part of the educational machinery in Germany has passed into the hands of the practical business man, to be directed in the interest of the business needs of the nation.

Ignorant home-workers in Saxony and Bavaria were producing incongruous, inartistic toys

These continuation schools, however, by no means exhaust practical education in Germany. There are other, more advanced, trade and technical schools of every conceivable kind maintained mostly by large firms and trade organizations and supported largely by public funds. Special technical courses are organized whenever and wherever they become necessary for the advancement of Germany's national commercial interests. Recently it was pointed out that ignorant home-workers in Saxony and Bavaria were producing incongruous, inartistic toys, and, consequently, receiving small pay for their product. Special schools were at once opened for them, and they were provided with pleasing, artistic models. As a result American buyers now have to pay for these toys twice as much as they used to pay. It has just occurred to the Prussian government that young fellows during their two or three years' military service should be continuing their training for the national commercial struggle. Accordingly regular business school courses are now being organized in the army.

This modern movement to fit education to material needs may be observed in every department of education in Germany, from the public school to the university. Last year the city of Berlin introduced manual training into the upper classes of sixty public schools, following the example of Munich, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Charlottenburg, and Schoeneberg. Thus a year is gained in training the German youth for the industrial race. In the high schools English and French, which have a commercial value, are replacing Greek and Latin; and the universities now admit on equal terms graduates of the modern scientific school and of the old classical school. The universities, too, have recognized the claims of business and have organized departments for the advanced study of commerce and business methods. These staid old institutions no longer have a monopoly in academic degrees. The higher institutions of technology and agriculture have been placed on a par with them and may now confer academic degrees.

And all this in the land of Fitchte, Schelling, and Hegel. Verily the Germans have backslidden. But the belated disciple of Fichte who feels that he has fallen upon evil days may take comfort. The situation is not so bad. The materialistic philosophy that is the driving power in modern commercial Germany to-day might well be described as a new kind of idealism—idealism applied to the actual every-day needs of life instead of to far-away abstractions. Let us call it the idealism of material things or idealistic materialism. Material success and well-being provide the means for the cultivation of ideals.

Football Fashions for 1912

NO game in the American category of sports is so sensitive to public opinion as football. None, aside from football, is so popular, despite the fact that but ten weeks out of the fifty-two are devoted to the game. When the big college elevens meet upon th field of play alumni demand action, thrills, and victory—if possible. At the close of the 1911 season it was apparent that the game as played under the existing code was far from satisfactory to player or spectator. No-score contests and small-score tie matches were common. It was decided that the regulation must be again overhauled in order that a better balance be reached, for it appeared that the defense had a decided advantage at all times over the attacking eleven.

The Rules Committee thereupon made an exhaustive study of the situation, and after some months of work the fourteen wise men who control the destiny of the sport now offer a new series of playing regulations that will produce radical, if not satisfactory, changes in the great autumn game.

Grouped roughly and in the order of their importance, the principal changes in the rules are:

Increasing the number of downs or trys at advancing the ball from three to four in which to gain the ten yards necessary to retain possession of the ball; increase in value of a touchdown; removing distance restrictions on the forward pass; the shortening of the intermission between the four periods into which the game is divided, and the elimination of the onside kick. As the result of these changes, others have been necessary. In place of the 330-foot-long playing gridiron, this season's field is but 300 feet long. A forward-pass zone of ten yards has been added to each end, behind the goal-line, in which a caught forward pass can be turned into a touchdown. This curtailing of playing territory necessitated a new rule calling for the opening kick-off from the forty-yard line instead of mid-field, and from the twenty instead of twenty-five yard line in the case of a kick-out.

It is the consensus of opinion among football experts that these alterations in the gridiron code will produce a new type of back-field player, increase in scoring, and, consequently, decisive results in a majority of the games. According to the expressed belief of the various members of the committee the ten-yards-in-four-downs rule will help the rushing or running game. Under the former rule a team to make ten yards in three downs had to average three and a third yards at a rush; with the defense certain that the forward pass must be made within a twenty-yard zone, and the onside kick outside that section to be legal or playable. This permitted a massing of the defenders within a given territory, where the secondary defense was always ready to back up the line. Under the 1912 rules but two and a half yards are necessary for a down in order to retain possession of the ball. This reduction of two and a half feet in the average necessary gain would not be so trying to goal-defending teams were it not for the accompanying conditions. With the unlimited forward pass taking the place of a restricted pass, and the onside kick eliminated, the difficulties of the defense are multiplied, since it is much easier for the waiting player to gauge the distance of a forward pass than a kick.

The defensive eleven will be obliged to keep one player well in the back-field for punts, as has been the custom heretofore. In addition, at least two other men must be fifteen to twenty yards behind the line of scrimmage to watch for forward passes, end runs, and rushers who succeed in passing the first line of defense. This leaves eight men to oppose eleven who have to average but seven and one-half feet per down—as against ten feet under the old system of attack. The unlimited forward pass also handicaps the defense seriously, since it will undoubtedly develop players who can shoot the ball for a distance almost equal to a punt.

The possibility of a forward pass will be maintained right up to the goal-line, because of the addition of the ten-yard zone back of the line which must be defended. There remains also the usual opportunities to score by line-plunging, end-running, and field goal-kicking. With this varied attack to face, the goal defenders will have five yards less leeway, inasmuch as the field has been reduced five yards at each end. The increasing of the value of a touchdown from five to six points, with the possibility of adding another point by a goal thereafter, equals or exceeds, as the case may be, the value of two goals from the field. It follows, therefore, that the team which possesses little in the shape of attack, aside from a field goal-kicker of exceptional merit, cannot expect to achieve victory *via* the field-goal route as was the case last season.

The forward pass is likely to be used more as a threatened attack than a reality, and with the reduction of the average gain necessary to retain possession of the ball there will come a revival of the plunging, rushing game from formations which will hold a threat of forward pass at all times. This will force the secondary defense to play well back from the scrimmage-line and will put a premium on the heavy, yet fast, smashing type of player, who was at the height of his development during the "mass"-play period.

Since there never has been a tendency on the part of player or coach to take chances of losing the ball through the desire to experiment with hazardous passing plays, it appears quite likely that every effort will be directed toward advancing the ball by end-running and line-plunging. This should produce a revival of the style and method of play in vogue some years ago, with the additional frills of a forward pass or kick from time to time thrown in for good measure. Scoring under these conditions should be far more frequent than in 1911, for the defense can no longer mass close to the scrimmage-line, once the twenty-yard mark has been passed, but must maintain a wide-spread formation right up to its very goal. Since football followers apparently desire scoring and decisive ending to all the games they attend, it would appear that the rules committee has satisfied an expressed desire in swinging the pendulum of strength from defense to offense.

Though the result will doubtless appeal to the average adherent of the large university teams, it will not bring joy to the undergraduate or alumnus of the smaller colleges. The light-weight, dashing team, backed by a clever goal-kicker, will not create the consternation or havoc among the big varsity squads that was the case in 1911. A fast, heavy back-field, assisted by a powerful line, will quickly outscore a clever but light combination depending upon trick tactics, kicking and forward passing, as the principal means of advancement. Viewed broadly, it would appear as though this was the year of the "steam roller" in football as well as politics.

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Mr. Bozeman's Transformation

By Henry Paradyne

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

WHEN Bozeman and Mrs. Bozeman moved to New York from Atlanta, they were much worried by tales they had heard about the high cost of living. Bozeman had been told that the $3,000 a year which he was to receive in his new post would not go nearly so far as the $2,000 which had supplied him and Mrs. Bozeman with all their needs in the Southern city.

"It's the rent, Bozeman," said one of his friends, as they bade farewell at the station. "You can't get anything to live in for less than $1,000 a year—unless you go to Brooklyn."

Bozeman did not know anything about Brooklyn. He did not know that that City of Homes, with its quiet, old-fashioned, shady streets, was considered *outré* by the residents of the other side of the East River. In fact, even had he known it, it would have made not the slightest difference, for Bozeman and Mrs. Bozeman had domestic tastes and did not love noise, glitter, and blare. When they found a modest apartment for $40 monthly, fronting upon a tree-lined, asphalt-paved street, through which no traffic passed after the evening hours, they congratulated themselves upon their discovery.

"Now we'll really be able to sleep peacefully, Anne," said Bozeman to his partner. "Look at the back—shops and factory buildings. It isn't fashionable round there, but just think! No night traffic, no children, no pianos or phonographs. Aren't we in luck?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bozeman, "and then consider the fine air we'll get, sweeping right through from the front to the rear. We can leave the windows open all night and yet it will be as quiet as the grave."

"As quiet as our home in Atlanta," corrected Mr. Bozeman. And for five nights their dreams were unbroken except by the faint rumble of the distant Elevated trains. On the sixth night Bozeman awoke with a start out of a confused dream, in which he had been trying to blow up the Metropolitan Opera House in the middle of "Rigoletto" with seventeen tons of dynamite. Beside him Mrs. Bozeman was sitting up, looking out of the back window, from which came the sound of an operatic chorus, ringing out above the clatter of machinery.

Clatter, clatter, clump went the mechanism, which seemed from the sound to be a cross between a multiplex printing-press and a rolling-mill, and the interstices between the sounds, so to speak, were completely filled out with *La donna e mobile*.

"What in thunder's that?" asked Bozeman, after stealing a hasty glance at the watch under his pillow, which showed the time to be five minutes past three.

"It's the shirtwaist factory," said Mrs. Bozeman, tearfully. "It runs all day while you're at the office. I suppose they've got a rush order."

Bozeman shut down the back window with a bang, and the sounds grew fainter. He tried to sleep again, but the room grew hotter and hotter—hot as only a humid summer night can be. Just as he was dozing into a sweat-bathed slumber he heard the window opened again.

"I can't breathe," said Mrs. Bozeman, plaintively. "We've got to have some air, William."

"We'll get it," answered William, grimly, as the devil's chorus floated out again, clear and tuneful and well defined. Whir! Whir! *Ah! che la morte ognara!* The clatter of the machines formed a perfect accompaniment to those dulcet Italian voices.

"I'll give them a piece of my mind to-morrow," growled Bozeman, as he settled down into a night-watch, which ended when the machines and chorus stopped simultaneously at half-past four.

On the following day he went round to the factory, penetrated a maze of machinery, wherein attendant devils in the shape of dripping Italians moved, and demanded to see the boss. By the time the interview was accorded him he had discovered that it was not a shirtwaist factory, but an embroidery-stamping concern.

"Hum! You seem to be pretty busy just now," said Bozeman to the swart-visaged son of the fig.

"Not so busee," answered the other. "You have an order?"

"Yes, I've got an order," answered Bozeman, "and it's this: You've got to clamp the lid on this hell's kitchen at eleven o'clock to-night, and every night, and keep it down. Understand?"

The Italian grinned pityingly. "Vairee busee," he answered. "Run all night, perhaps; maybe not stop at all."

"I'll talk straight to you," said Bozeman. "I've got the apartment at the back, and I sometimes sleep. You'll close up at eleven, prompt, or I'll take out a warrant against you. Now you remember that."

"Ah-h-h-h!" chuckled the Italian, drawing the tip of his right-hand fingers upward from his throat to his chin.

Eleven o'clock arrived, but there was no cessation in the outpour of sound. Twelve—one—half-past one. Bozeman and Mrs. Bozeman dragged their mattress into the living-room and passed the night on the floor.

"Did you hear that infernal racket all last night?" Bozeman asked his next-door neighbor the next morning, as they stepped into the elevator together.

"Sure! That's the stamping concern at the back. They keep it up for weeks in the busy season."

"For weeks!" echoed Bozeman. "How long have you been living here, then?"

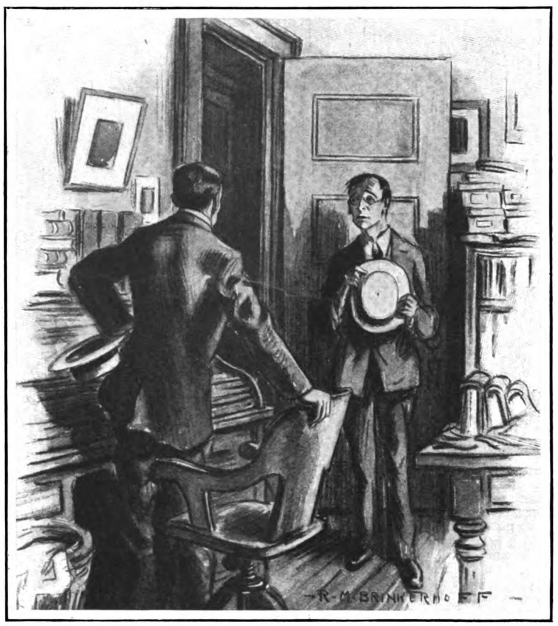
"We came two years ago last June," answered the other. "It's a little unpleasant till you get used to it, but Mrs. Cobb and I can sleep right through it now and never notice it."

"Well, I don't intend to get used to it," answered Bozeman, angrily. "I'm going to have it stopped right away."

"You're a Southerner, aren't you?" asked Cobb, with a shade of condescension in his voice.

"I am," said Bozeman, "and where I come from we wouldn't stand for such an outrage for a moment."

"Well," said Cobb, "I recommend you to go to the Brooklyn Board of Health and see what they can do for you. They're on Fleet Street—a large white building. You can't miss it."



"What can I do for you?—A little matter of divorce?"

Bozeman took a day off and went to the Board of Health. "You'll have to go to the Police Department on Mixer Street," they told him there. "We don't take them cases any more."

Bozeman went there. He found himself before a long and shining desk, protected by a massive rail, behind which, sleeveless, collarless, sat an ape-man with receding brow, beetling chin, and a pair of mustaches that swept down in the proud curve of a mouflon's horns.

"Whadyerwant?" growled Ape-man.

"I want to complain of an unnecessary night noise," said Bozeman, and for the first time his resolution showed signs of softening. "The Italian Embroidery Stamping Company, situated at No. 96 Enderby Street, adjoins the back of the apartment-house in which I live. They are running their factory until four o'clock in the morning: heavy machinery going, people shouting and singing. We find it impossible to get any sleep—"

"You'll have to go to the Health Board," growled Ape-man.

"The Health Board sent me here," Bozeman answered.

"They did? Well, what's the trouble? Who are you? Where d'you live?"

Bozeman supplied the necessary information, and Ape-man spoke again.

"There ain't no law in this country to stop a man earning a honest living," he said. "A man's got a right to work in this country."

"Then I can't do anything?" asked Bozeman.

"Not a thing," said Ape-man.

After fortifying himself with a cold drink, Bozeman went on a new quest. He was resolved to fight the matter to the end.

He made his way to a large building near the Borough Hall, in which, judging from the names upon the windows, all the lawyers of the borough had their abodes. Selecting one at random, he went up in the elevator and appeared at the outer office.

"What d'you want?" asked a smart boy, coming forward with a brisk, authoritative air.

"I want to see Mr. Tumble," said Bozeman, handing him his card.

"Mr. Tumble will be back from lunch in half an hour," answered the boy. "Sit down there."

About three-quarters of an hour later Mr. Tumble came in, and after a further delay Bozeman found himself in Mr. Tumble's presence.

"Sit down," said Mr. Tumble, politely. "What can I do for you, my dear sir?"

"Why, it's a matter of a nuisance," answered Bozeman. "I live at—" and went on to state his case. As he did so he felt his old resolution rising again. "I want to see this through," he said, after detailing his experiences with the Health Board and Police Department.

"I don't handle this class of case," said Mr. Tumble, rather severely. "I take only divorce and negligence business. Go and see Mr. Rathbone on the seventh floor. He'll take the case for you."

Half an hour later Bozeman had obtained admission to Mr. Rathbone's office.

"I want you to take up a matter which is quite serious to me," said Bozeman. "It is a matter of a night nuisance. There is a factory at the back of my apartment-house that runs night and day and robs my wife and myself of sleep. We—"

"How much rent do you pay?" asked Mr. Rathbone.

"Forty dollars," said Bozeman, and then he became conscious that Mr. Rathbone was staring at him with a quite unaccountable air of ferocity.

"I don't handle that class of case," said Mr. Rathbone. "I take only criminal cases."

"But who will take up the case?" asked Bozeman, desperately.

"Search me!" said Mr. Rathbone, and a minute afterward Bozeman found himself in the corridor, feeling about as tall as the lower panels of Mr. Rathbone's door.

After that a merciful coma descended over Bozeman. Subsequently he had a dim remembrance of wandering from floor to floor, tapping at lawyers' offices, interviewing stenographers, cowering in the presence of clerks and office-boys. It was about five in the evening when Mr. McGibbon, a young and kindly lawyer who received his clients on Floor 29 of the Burnside Building, rising from his desk to go home, perceived a trembling, shrinking creature standing between the door and his bookcase, holding a dusty hat between his fingers and looking at him with anguished eyes.

"Hello!" said Mr. McGibbon. "What can I do for you?—A little matter of divorce?"

"No," answered Mr. Bozeman, in a piping voice. "It's this way. I live in an apartment-house and there's a factory at the back which runs night and day. . . . I don't suppose you'll want to take the case, but I'm wandering around for my wife's sake."

"Sit down," said Mr. McGibbon, drawing up a high chair, into which Mr. Bozeman climbed. "Now be coherent and tell me all the facts again."

Restored to manhood by this unlooked-for kindness, Mr. Bozeman was enabled to give a fairly lucid statement of his troubles. "And I want you to send a man round at once to stop it," he pleaded. "Never mind if it's the law or not. Just frighten them so that we can get one night of sleep."

"Can't be done inside of a week," said Mr. McGibbon, shaking his head not unkindly.

"There is some way, then?" asked Bozeman.

"There is a way," McGibbon answered. "We can take out an injunction against the factory company. First you'll have to put up a bond of $250, though. Then, when we've got the injunction, we can begin an action in the Supreme Court to prevent any unreasonable use of the premises. If we win, your troubles ought to be over inside of a year. If the Supreme Court decides against us, you lose the bond and the factory can begin suit against you for damages. Do you want to put up a bond?"

"No," piped Mr. Bozeman, climbing down out of his chair. "I'm all in. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make any trouble. I apologize to everybody."

"You're not a New-Yorker, are you?" asked Mr. McGibbon, compassionately.

"No, just a Southerner," answered Mr. Bozeman.

"I thought so," the lawyer answered. "No, there won't be any charge. I've had a pleasant visit with you—and it's interesting to see a man being transformed into that amusing ape, the New York citizen. You'd better move."

"No, I won't do that," piped Mr. Bozeman. "It might make the landlord uncomfortable and hurt his feelings. We'll soon get used to it."

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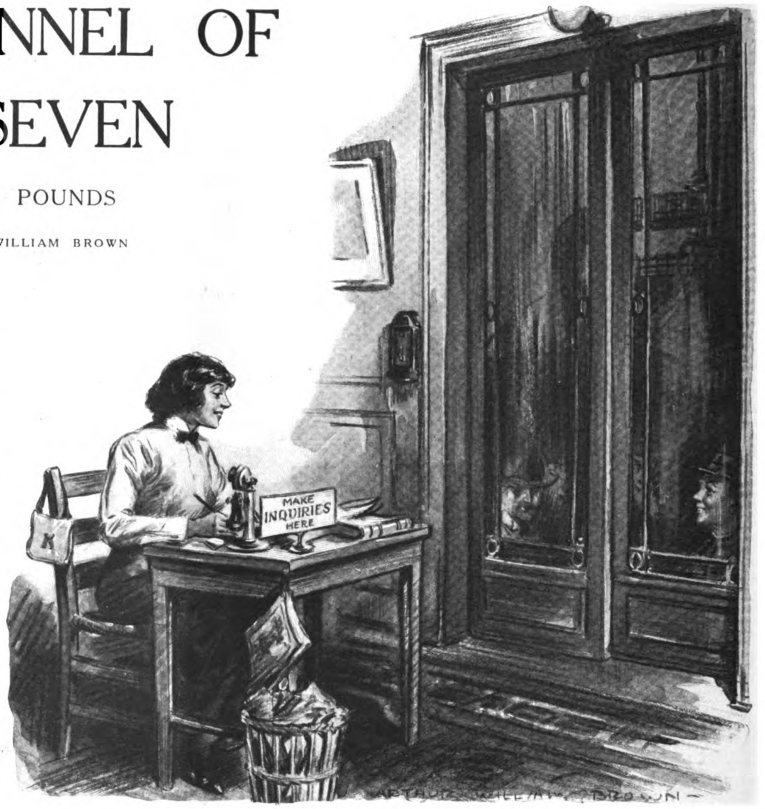
THE PERSONNEL OF FLOOR SEVEN

BY FRANCIS SIMS POUNDS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



UPON the desk the sign read, "Make Inquiries Here." Behind the desk sat Miss Doris Keene, immaculate of shirt-waist, perfect of coiffure, demure of manner. In front of the desk ran the tier of elevators, four in number, emptying their contents every sixty seconds or less outside the Hull Advertising Agency—seventh floor. In the lobby about the desk sat the many—the indiscriminate many—all comfortably chaired, each waiting to see "his man."

You were expected to stop at the desk, state your business, present your card. Whereupon Miss Doris Keene would read, weigh, and consider, perhaps answer, and turn over your card to be delivered to the proper sanctuary by the ubiquitous "buttons."

The personnel with which we have to deal consists of three persons—say, rather, personages—and only three. The first of these, taking up the list in order of precedence, was Miss Doris Keene, keeper of the desk and clerk of consequence. The second, continuing the enumeration in point of urbanity, was Horace Hazebrigg, operator, Shaft I. The third, completing the count in relation to recency, was Aloysius McCall, operator, Shaft II. So much for the personnel. Of course, there are two shafts yet to be accounted for—but they do not count. Because in Number III was Matthew Farrell, father of "buttons," and in IV was "old Dave" Garrity, seared and worn in the elevator service of the Barrington Building. Furthermore, because it was a fact that when Miss Doris Keene, demure and dignified, sat behind the desk of consequence, the gates of only I and II were to be seen from her chair. Matthew Farrell and "old Dave" might have been running elevators to Kingdom Come, so far as Miss Doris Keene was concerned.

This state of perspective came about by reason of a projecting corner of masonry which cut off III and IV from Miss Keene's view. Now, had Matthew Farrell been in I and "old Dave" in II—well, this story would never have been written. But Horace Hazebrigg was in I and Aloysius was in II.

Horace Hazebrigg was a youth of rare powers of courtesy and attention, a youth comely of feature and tall of stature, a youth solidly ingratiated into the good will of the Barrington Building.

Aloysius McCall was a young man in the process of ingratiation, a young man short of stature, red of hair, slightly bowed of extremities, and with a stutter. Aloysius had been in Number II for a week—a week marked by serious changes in the personnel of the lobby of the Hull Advertising Agency. Before the coming of Aloysius Number II had been a nonentity, as well as III and IV. And this was what took place—that is, before the coming of Aloysius: Number I would rise to Floor 7, promptly deliver its passengers, and stand a moment, gate half open, Horace at the wheel. The eyes at Miss Keene's desk would be downfallen. The car would begin to descend, and suddenly the eyes would ascend—just for an indeterminate moment; the lips would break into a smile—quite an imperceptible smile; the cheeks would faintly flush—only a transitory flush; and then Horace Hazebrigg's tall, slim stature would begin to disappear—would disappear below the level of Floor 7. At once the eyes would fall, the smile fade, the cheeks pale, dignity and impassivity assert themselves again.

But since the coming of Aloysius—well, there had been no raising of the lids—not even a temporary raise; there had been no smile—not even an imperceptible smile; there had been no flush—not even a transitory flush; that is, there had been none of these things apparent to the descending vision of Horace Hazebrigg. But to the blue, bleary eyes of Aloysius—

Not that this change came about through any inadvertence of the urbane Horace. In fact, Horace had been an unwilling victim to the exigencies of the elevator service of the Barrington Building. It seemed that upon the second day of Aloysius's coming there must be held in the sixth-floor auditorium the annual meeting of the Tri-State Credit Men's Association. This implied that traffic to the sixth would be extremely heavy. In the morning there had been but little interference with the regular schedule; yet at noon and evening, when the full rush of downcoming passengers was on, it behooved "Grouch," the starter, to see that one car at least ran express to sixth. With all the irony of Fate the word was passed to Horace, whereupon that gentleman's countenance fell from comeliness, and something like a groan issued forth from the ascending car. Even so, "Grouch" was an official consistently to be obeyed.

Morning and noon passed without incident. Afternoon came—late afternoon with the outpouring creditmen at 5:30. Faithfully and expeditiously, but not contentedly, Horace Hazebrigg rose and fell in the shaft of Number I. By six o'clock the passengers were thinning out; they dribbled away in twos and threes. Twos and threes! How did their number concern the anxious youth who lowered them like a flash to street level? In fact, what mattered at all, so long as there was confined to that six-floor cage he who would have bartered even the United States credit to have shot his car just once to the height of Floor 7?

Would she wait? This was the question which Horace asked himself over and over again. The Hull Advertising Agency was disbanded at 5.30. Invariably at 5.40 Horace Hazebrigg swung wide the gate of Number I to permit the entrance of Miss Doris Keene, demure and dignified, light of foot, punctual to the hour. In six months there had been no variance of this procedure: Horace, tall and upright, stanch at the wheel; the lady, quick and modest, tripping forth to the car.

"Good evening, Miss Keene."

A low reply—very low—"Good evening."

This to the eye and ear of the observer. At times, perchance, there was no observer. Then the car, blithely unaware of other floors, would descend certainly but not expeditiously, to street-level. Fortunately, upon these occasions "Grouch" was elsewhere. Neither had there been any Aloysius in Number II.

All of these things now passed before the vision of Horace Hazebrigg. Would she? Or would—?

Quick as a flash, when the last credit-man had been discharged, Horace ran express—not to say expressly—to the height of Floor 7. The car stopped with a jerk, the gate slid softly into its groove, the youth braced himself. One glance told the whole sad story—the desk was deserted, the lobby was empty!

For a long minute Horace stood, riveted to the wheel. Then, when consciousness asserted itself, he began to make excuses. Why should she? How could he expect it? It was after six. Still— A new thought. He stepped from the car. He stood before the desk. He stepped back. The sign was face downward. No need to "make inquiries here." Was this an omen? He approached the desk again. He scanned, without touching, every paper and pad and envelope that rested thereon. He peered even beneath the corners. Perhaps—? No. He turned and sighed.

Suddenly his eyes fell to the floor—fell to an object, a white object, lying in front of the shaft directly in front of the shaft of Number II. With a spring full of hope he caught the thing and drew it to him. A lady's dainty lace-edged handkerchief! With all of a youth's indefinable sense of appreciation he examined the texture. Favor of the gods! In the corner was "D." The blood throbbed in his temples, his hands quivered. He brought the soft, unsoiled linen to his lips; he drank deep of the delicate perfumery. Here was a reward far and above his present disappointment.

All at once a step sounded in the corridor. The youth pushed the treasure to his breast, dashed to the car, and lowered it full-speed to the basement. Thanks to the day's end, the credit-men were done with. To-morrow—

When he reached the basement Horace Hazebrigg was whistling. With the sliding of the door—Aloysius! Aloysius with a grin! Horace Hazebrigg stopped whistling. Aloysius spoke:

"G-g-g-et-in' d-d-down—e-eh?" Every stammering syllable breathed the spirit of insinuation.

Horace halted, his tall, slim advantage looking down upon the grinning questioner.

"No! I'm going up in an aeroplane—"

Aloysius stepped forward. A certain *retroussé* feature of his vivid countenance assumed a remarkable and insulting elevation. Then, free of impediment: "Slimmy!"

Slimmy! In a twinkling, Horace Hazebrigg's long, graceful fingers closed like wire about the other's throat.

"Say it again! Say it! Will you say it?"

There was no response from the odious larynx. Only the blue, bleary eyes spoke a repentance.

Horace released his hold.

"I-I d-d-id n-n't—"

"Down on your knees! Say 'Horace Hazebrigg.' Spell it!"

Aloysius conceived a ridiculous grimace. He began: "H-o-r-a-c-e H-a-z—"

"Enough!"

Horace's finger pointed to the door: "Now—go!"

Aloysius went.

The elevator service in the Barrington Building began promptly at 7.30. Quite as promptly the sign at the desk stood upright at 8. Exactly at five before 8 the keeper of the desk could be seen to darken the lower corridor with a slight, straight shadow, proceed to the ground tier, touch a button—the button. The touch, however, was seldom necessary. At any rate, it was not to-day. Two cars stood ready—two gates swung wide for the entrance of Miss Doris Keene.

Through some occult sense of vision it seemed that Miss Doris Keene was able to dispense with the ordinary sight of mortals. Else why that long march of corridor, pursued with unseeing, downcast eyes? Why that unerring disregard of the gap in Shaft I and the precise knowledge of a similar gap in Shaft II—a gap to her occult prescience seemingly more desirable? For enter into that gap, with full knowledge and purpose aforethought, she did. Whereupon a car shot skyward and left in silent wonder the comely countenance of Horace Hazebrigg.

What need to portray the heart-pangs that ensued? Mystery, humiliation, indecision, struggled and fought and died; were reincarnated, struggled, and fought and died again in Horace's anxious breast. Yet tragedies of the heart have no place in the mad whirl of business. There was work to be done in the Barrington Building. And not the least of this, in the mind of the imperious "Grouch," was prompt and efficient service to every floor of that building. More than once on the third day was Horace called to account for slow response to ground-floor bells, and for indiscriminate "jumping."

"What d'ye think this is, a game o' hide-and-seek y'er playin'? Ye'll wake up, 'Slimmy,' or I'll know sumthin'!"

"Grouch's density was to be excused, for he was past forty, and still beyond the wiles of winsome woman. Therefore, up and down, up and down, all day, Horace Hazebrigg, unnoticed of his agitation, like some caged exile, worked out his destiny at the wheel. At noon, even, he refused the customary lunch interval, satisfied to drag out this interminable existence as gloomily as possible. Just one hope loomed in the midst of despair, and that was the dénouement certain to come at the evening hour. Horace determined to be present then, cost what it might.

The moment arrived. The lady was ready, ready

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and waiting—waiting till the car in Shaft II should ascend from some subterranean call and reach the height of Floor 7. What though upon the instant of her readiness the car in Number I should rise gracefully and swing wide its door? Horace Hazebrigg stood humbly. He was waiting, too. Alas, he heard nothing, he saw nothing, save a trim length of skirt and a back of remarkable contour. Then in the lobby of Floor 7 a passenger appeared—a grim passenger, with the air of immediacy. To be sure, he must enter the waiting car, he must be lowered, Horace must lower him. All of which is in the order of events in a business lobby.

Whatever may have been the indecision of the day, there was now at least no doubt about the relationship of Miss Doris Keene, Aloysius McCall, and Horace Hazebrigg. The last named had before him a definite situation, which is in itself a reward for the pains of indefiniteness; he had, too, a problem to solve which would draw upon his most potent resources. The mustering of these resources demanded the better part of the next day. Horace pursued the mechanical feat of elevator-running in a truly mechanical way, and left to "Grouch" the verdict of dissatisfaction. There was no re-enactment of the previous day's embarrassing situations. Horace was a true warrior. To the victor, Aloysius, he granted the spoils, content to map out for himself the details of a successful campaign.

From the cloud of obscurity which hovered over his plans there broke on the evening of that day a ray of enlightenment. It came about in this way: Ever since that glad day of the finding Horace cherished in a secret pocket a certain lace-edged something valued by him beyond all treasure. From its resting-place it sent forth still its delicate essence, whereby Horace, with a slight inclination of his head, could inhale whenever he might the aroma of the gods! It lay upon that organ of his affections which of late had been so sorely troubled. Did it not lessen the ache and violence since Aloysius's coming? Was it not a treasure fit and meet for holy preservation?

Ah, there was the impediment to his plan! For that demanded the release of the thing he now most clung to. To be sure, if he won—well and good. But if he lost—all would be gone from him.

If he won? Here was the magnet which drew the steel of his resolution. Here was the temptation too tempting to resist. Yes, he would risk it! He would!

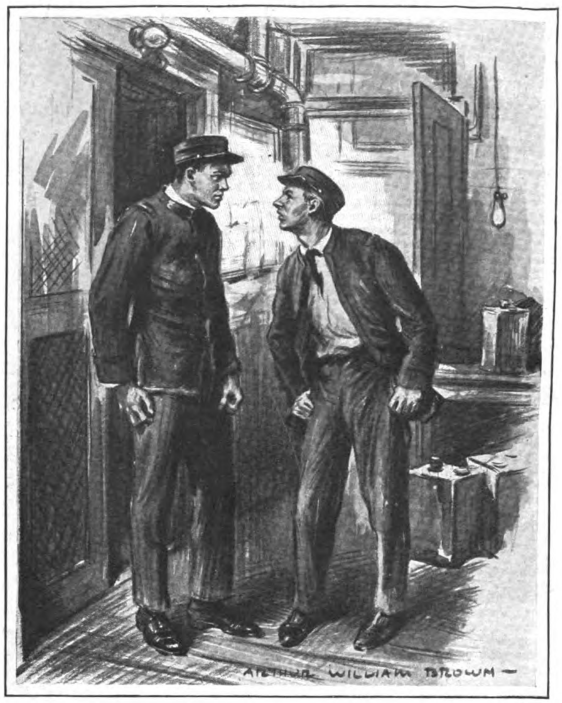
The morning of the day after found Horace Hazebrigg ready for his sacrifice. The Fates were kind. The juxtaposition of events favored well his initial move. At precisely five minutes before the hour the figure, demure and dignified, approached the desk. The lobby was silent. The cars were below—all save the car in I, which rose resolutely and free of traffic to the lobby of 7. The door slid softly into its groove, and Horace Hazebrigg emerged, bearing in hand his sacrificial offering. It was clothed in beauty. For Horace, fully cognizant of the preciousness of the gift, and knowing what great gain hung in the balance, had spared neither time nor toil in impatient search of house and cellar to find a receptacle befitting the gift and the occasion. He had found it. Even so early had the Fates been kind to him. It seemed that Mother Hazebrigg, in the way of all good housewives, had stored away somewhere a box of boxes. Just where Horace knew not. But after much dilemma, for he dared not ask questions, he had come upon it.

It proved to be one of those single-handkerchief containers, with holly leaves and red berries spreading a Christmas cheer over the surface. Inside, still present, was a pink tissue, and a red band to hold in the finery. Horace had feasted upon it in his solitary vigil, and had laid in with awkward, shaking hands the lace-edged whiteness. Then he had tied the red band, closed the lid (reverently), wrapped the whole in white tissue, and tied it about with yellow ribbon. It was indeed a good and perfect gift when he had done with it. And it was thus burdened that he entered into the presence of the desk of consequence. The goddess of serenity, at whose feet this offering was soon to be laid, happened for the moment to be preoccupied with matter of engrossing interest. Little did she ken the approaching hecatomb. Pad and pencil stayed not till the new-leather crunch of Horace Hazebrigg's footfall reached the very edge of her chair. Then indeed the pencil ceased its motion and the goddess raised her eyes—raised her eyes in human vision—and gazed upon and through the standing form of the gift-bearer.

"Miss—"

Horace Hazebrigg's words choked in his throat. His appeal reached not utterance. All that careful speech of rehearsal faded into abject nothingness. The goddess had frowned and the subject cringed. The gift fell from his hands, and flight beckoned him. Without stopping to gather the fallen treasure, without daring again to court the anger of the goddess, he broke in a wild dash from the lobby and immured himself happily in the cage of refuge. He was stunned, he was fallen; yet not too stunned nor too fallen to recognize the whir of another car rising to the height of Floor 7.

Horace Hazebrigg's campaign was ended. The Fates had smiled only in irony. Shorn of his treasure, bereft of the favor of the goddess, verily the last state of his heart was terrible.



Then, free of impediment: "Slimmy!"

The day was yet in its infancy, and before the blurred brain of Horace Hazebrigg loomed the hours which must drag out their excruciating minutes before the summons at the close. The anticipation was too vivid. There would be numberless calls to 7. There would be Aloysius. Therefore at the stroke of twelve Horace convinced the imperious "Grouch" that certain physical ills, quite unbearable, forbade his filling out the day. Upon which "Grouch" granted a grumbling dismissal, and rang for a "sub," while Horace fled homeward to live over in new severity the current events.

In the drama of life stands a courage far and beyond the heat of battle. To conquer self and to live down defeat—surely here is bravery of the highest order. It was some such conquest that Horace Hazebrigg had achieved. On the morning of the next day he entered the Barrington Building and brought to the world a calm and determined mien, though there were yet signs of the night's battle—heavy eyes and pale lips and nervous hands.

More imperious and more impatient than ever, "Grouch" was every minute on the ground. Furthermore, at 9.30 cause for his irritation was not diminished, for Number IV quite unexpectedly stepped out of the running. "Old Dave" walked from his cage and proclaimed proudly, "Trouble!"

It seemed that the clutch in Number IV suddenly refused its function and put the car in distress—to say nothing of danger.

The goddess raised her eyes and gazed upon the gift-bearer

"Old Dave" thus gave vent to his displeasure:

"Worn-out old system, anyway. It's worth a man's life to work in 'em."

And, still protesting, he shuffled into the basement.

The disabling of even one car was no little matter in the Barrington Building. It meant increased pressure on the other three. Yet, with great good-will, I, II, and III took up the added burden, and plied the traffic with commendable speed. To be sure, "Grouch" was not satisfied, but then—

The workmen had arrived and were still tinkering at the defective shaft. Aloysius was achieving a reputation in his new-found trade. The father of "buttons" was living up to the top of his reputation. But, above all, Horace Hazebrigg was showing the building the possibilities of his power and genius in the way of his chosen vocation. Even "Grouch" gave way in an aside to "old Dave":

"That 'Slimmy' can do it, when he wants to!"

Horace happened to be descending at the time and overheard. Whereat "Grouch" mustered a frown and turned diplomatically away. Nevertheless, the compliment—coming from "Grouch"—meant much to Horace, and at once added impetus to his already lightning-like speed.

At 10.30 the workmen in IV pronounced the work finished, and "old Dave" went on again. Not, however, without a word of warning.

"You'd better be lookin' into them others," he said, "or they'll be somethin' soon."

To this "Grouch" objected. "No time now," he said.

Fortunately, the call for extra work proved a saving grace to Horace Hazebrigg. The stops at 7 were quick and sudden. A ghost-like shadow, fast appearing and disappearing, Horace opened and closed the swinging door. Then the car would be off again. Miss Keene's desk, even with the bonus of occult power, failed to catch more than a gleam of Horace's tall, comely figure. Neither did Horace find it expedient to question further the insoluble problem of Aloysius's coming. After all, was not work the true panacea for the heart's tribulations?

Now it came about that just toward the morning's close Horace began to sense fatigue. It was not that he wasn't game, nor willing, but— Suddenly he found the wheel caught. He was just leaving 3, answering a call to 7. The car came to a dead stop. He was left between floors—and alone. He tugged anxiously at the wheel. He tried the reverse. The thing refused to move! What should he do? Would he force it? He called, he shouted. No response. He tried the reverse again—now with all his might. It gave way! At once the car moved—downward! Madly he brought the wheel forward. It spun round like a top! The car was still falling—fast—faster—fast as a shot! The boy groaned. His head was queer. He clutched the wheel, he stooped. Then—a shock—thunder—lightning—darkness—

The sense of hearing came first to Horace Hazebrigg's dawning consciousness. Roaring — rumbling — the sense of rapid motion. The subway, he thought. He was going home. A bell. . . . Again. Well . . . he would see . . he must. A blur . . . a glow . . . sight! Why, he was—where? These people? Was that "Grouch"? And "old Dave"? And—

Last came smell. Delightful—delicate—aroma of the gods! Ah . . . he drank again . . . Wonderful! That pocket . . . they mustn't see! He would—Not there? Where? O-o—h!

"Horace!"

"Dor-is!"

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Interludes

THE PROFESSOR AND THE BOYS

THE professor had for many years held slang in abhorrence. He had inveighed against it in the class-room consistently, unremittingly, and always with fervor, from the moment of his installation as professor of English at the famous university.

"Let me impress the fact upon you, young gentlemen," he had observed, earnestly, in his lecture on "The Necessity of Preserving the Language in all its Pristine Purity," "that a language which in the days of Milton and Shakespeare was broad enough and virile enough and sufficiently elastic for the expression of the noblest thoughts, of the most exquisite conceptions of the poetic fancy, as well as the most vigorous convictions of a stalwart conscience, cannot be otherwise than a wholly adequate vehicle for the more or less puny inspirations of the average intellect. Relegate slang to the limbo of useless things. Permit no parasitic provincialism to paralyze the pristine purity of your phraseology. Do I make myself clear, Mr. Slabsides?"

"I don't know about the rest of the bunch, Professor," replied Mr. Slabsides, "but I'm on. You want us to put peddler's prattle on the blink and phrase the pearly piffle of our pink matter in the patter of the main guys of Parnassus."

"Exactly, Mr. Slabsides," said the professor. "I could not have expressed the idea more lucidly myself. Now, the reason for this is sufficiently obvious to all of us, I think, especially so to those of us who are familiar with the conditions confronting the lovers of the English language to-day. The language is in danger, gentlemen, and every time any one of you permits the argot of the camp, the pernicious paragrammatics of a periphrastic public, to fasten itself upon your own vicarious vocabularies, you are guilty of an act of disloyalty to that greatest heritage of the ages, the English tongue. You as college men, presumably educated and actuated by the highest ideals, seeking that perfection which cultivation alone can give, are the trustees to whom the priceless gift of our tongue has been committed, and I hope you will prove faithful thereto. You perceive my point, Mr. Longears?"

"You betcha!" returned Mr. Longears. "We are the walking delegates in the Amalgamated Brotherhood of General Gab, and it is up to the whole gang to give the marble mitt to the phony punk of the slang-slingers every time it sticks the sniveling snoot of its sickening pseudology athwart the slant of our loquacity."

"Precisely," said the professor as he folded up his notes and placed them in his pocket.

The class then adjourned and the professor went home.

"Well, my dear," said the professor's wife as she poured his tea at luncheon, "how did the lecture go this morning?"

"Fine," said the professor, "fine—though once or twice the boys came within an ace of getting my goat, all right, all right."

THE COMMUNICATIVE FARMER

SOMEHOW or other Blathers had got twisted around in such a fashion that he had lost his way, and as it was getting late he gave up trying to reason things out for himself and accosted a farmer at work in a near-by field.

"I say, my friend," he halloed, "does this road go to Jorrocksville?"

"I reckon it does," replied the farmer, straightening up and leaning on his hoe.

"About how far is it?" asked Blathers.

"Oh, I reckon it must be abaout eight mile," said the farmer.

"Thanks," returned Blathers, starting off at a swift pace in order to get in in time for dinner.

Strangely enough, in spite of his speed and the fact that there were no byways to lead him astray, his meter showed fifteen miles reeled off and no sign of Jorrocksville yet in sight.

"Mighty queer," said Blathers. "That old cuss must have got things wrong. I guess I'll have to ask again."

So, drawing up alongside of an isolated general store, he addressed an aged wight sitting on a barrel in front of it.

"Excuse me, neighbor," said he, "but does this road go to Jorrocksville?"

"Yep," said the old man. "It's th' old pike and runs straight in."

"Thank you," said Blathers. "I was afraid I was on the wrong road. About how far is it to Jorrocksville?"

"Why, I cal'late it's a matter o' twenty-three miles, though some says—" began the old man.

"Twenty-three miles?" roared Blathers. "Why, I was told back up there that it was only eight."

"Well, mebbe 'twas, mebbe 'twas," said the old man. "Feller with a yeller chin whisker tell ye that?"

"Yes," said Blathers. "He was plowing a field next to a carmine barn with a patent medicine advertisement on the roof."

"Ya-as," said the old man. "That was old Mose Whibley. Fine feller, Mose."

"No doubt," said Blathers. "I haven't a doubt that he's a first-class citizen, but I don't see why he told me that on this road to Jorrocksville it was only eight miles when you say it's twenty-three. Why, I've come fifteen—"

"Ya-as, jest fifteen," said the old man. "Fifteen and eight makes twenty-three, don't it?"

"It does," said Blathers, impatiently, "but what has that got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the old man, "only on this here rud to Jorrocksville ye've got to head th' other way to git thar."

THE PUP: WELL, I'VE DONE MY BEST!

HE: I FIND IT HARD TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS.
SHE: BECAUSE THEY'RE SO FEW AND FAR BETWEEN?

NOT WHOLLY SATISFACTORY

"HASN'T anybody been able to invent a smoke-consumer that will work?" asked Slathers, as the train passed through Pittsburg.

"Not that I know of," said Bilkins. "I've got a boy who eats cigarettes, but I haven't been able to make him work yet."

PASSED

"WELL, Binks," said Dobbleigh, "I see that they have just had their Commencement up at your boy's college. How did he stand the examination of his mental luggage?"

"All right," said Binks, "they didn't find anything dutiable."

CURED

"I'M through sympathizing with the under-dog from this time on," said little Binks, ruefully.

"Oh now, Binksy!" protested Dorkins.

"Yes, I am," said Binks, "I just tried to help a dachshund out of a row with a bull-dog, and the beastly little cuss bit me."

A DEFINITION

"PA," said Willie, "what is a genius?"

"A genius, my son," said Mr. Knowitall, "is a man who can't collect enough of what the world owes him to pay what he owes to the community in which he lives."

SOME LOSS

"DID you lose much in that bank failure, Jim?" asked Hawkins.

"I should say I did," said Slabsides. "I had an overdraft of a hundred and sixty-three dollars in that bank, and gee! how I had to hustle to make good!"

BROWN, SMITH, AND JONES ALWAYS TAKE THEIR CHILDREN FOR A WALK ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON SO THAT THEIR MOTHERS CAN HAVE A MUCH-NEEDED REST.

THE WALK

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The Third-term Peril

FURTHER REASONS WHY THE ELECTION OF MR. ROOSEVELT THIS YEAR WOULD BE DESTRUCTIVE TO REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS

By A. Maurice Low

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

NO apology need be offered to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY if the dangers of a third term are again discussed, for only once before since the United States became a nation have the American people been confronted with such a momentous issue. Mr. Roosevelt's ambition again to occupy the Presidency is as vital in its consequences as the right claimed by the South to dissolve the compact between the States. If that right had been granted and the "erring sisters" had been allowed to depart in peace, or the cause had been won by force of arms, the Union would have been destroyed, the work of the fathers undone, the current of history turned. It is fanciful speculation to indulge in what might have happened had the South prevailed. Two republics on this continent would in all probability not have been the last word; it is not at all unlikely there would have been a third (students familiar with history will recall that it was seriously proposed that following the secession of the South and the establishment of the Southern Republic the West should also secede and set up a sovereignty independent of the North), perhaps a fourth as the country became settled and jealousies were aroused, and instead of there being on the continent of North America an Imperial Republic stretching from ocean to ocean, one of the great world powers, there would have been, as on the South-American continent, a series of republics each jealous of the other, each envious of the other's prosperity, each constantly fearing attack, each sleeping under arms. The specter of war or aggression would never have been dismissed. The great debt that all the world owes to the United States for having taught it the meaning of democracy would never have been incurred. Democracy, instead of having been the real thing, would have been a meaningless word, the sport of dictators.

The American people are to-day facing an issue equally as grave, equally as far-reaching in its consequences as that which was forced upon them in the sixties. Now as then the fabric of democracy is in danger of being torn into shreds by the hands that have been violently and impiously laid upon it. It is the first step that counts, in government as well as in morals. The American people are now asked to take this first step, to turn their back on the safe course they have followed for more than a century, and to voyage into the unknown; to abandon safeguards that, no matter what may be said, have worked as well as any institution devised by man, and to hand over power, unlimited power, power without restraint or check, to one man, and that man who has proved himself without restraint and who walks not in the fear of the law. Such an experiment would be dangerous, rash to the very verge of madness, even if the man were a Washington or a Lincoln, a man of character so high, of patriotism so exalted, of devotion so tested, of integrity so unimpeachable, of respect for the law and the Constitution so proved that the experiment, even although admitted to be dangerous, might be condoned because the emergency was so great that extraordinary risks must be incurred. To-day the emergency does not exist. There is nothing to justify throwing Constitution, traditions, teachings, the warnings of the wise into the scrap heap.

It is to be expected that Mr. Roosevelt should glibly say that he does not aim at being king, that "the king business" has no attractions for him; that people who talk about kings do not know what a king is, while he, out of the overabundance of his experience, does; that a king is a cross between a perpetual Vice-President and the leader of the "four hundred." Those are things easily enough said, and may perhaps fool a certain number of people who are led away by fair-sounding words, but they mean nothing. No common fakir who sells a bottle of water with a little coloring matter to yokels at a county fair is fool enough to tell them that he asks them to pay their dimes and their quarters for water and a harmless ingredient; he is knave enough to try to persuade them by his "patter"—and on his ability to patter depends his success as a fakir—that the remedy he is generous enough to offer them at a costly sacrifice is a cure for every mental and physical ill. Mr. Roosevelt's denials are idle because there is no sincerity behind them; they command no respect because they are destroyed by his past actions. A man is the substance "not of the ignorant future, but the stored past"; he is to be judged in the present by what he is, and in the future by what he has been. Mr. Roosevelt, having renounced the Presidency, having made a contract with the American people never again to be a candidate and never again to accept another nomination for the Presidency, who but the credulous or unintelligent would now place the slightest reliance on any promise that Mr. Roosevelt might make if he considered that promise was to his advantage? It is a regrettable thing to have to say that a man who has twice been President of the United States and is now endeavoring to be President for a third time is so devoid of reputation that a majority of his fellow countrymen refuse to accept his unsupported assertion, yet, nevertheless, it is a fact. No man who has made a promise of the greatest solemnity and then with an equal deliberation has broken it has any right to resent any imputation of his veracity. Mr. Roosevelt has no one to blame but himself.

It is a remarkable thing, a thing perhaps few Americans realize, that the American system of government and the present-day American trend of thought make it peculiarly easy for an American President to seize dictatorship if the safeguards surrounding the Presidency are once broken down. In every country in which there is a constitutional sovereign the great wave of democracy that has swept over the world during the last forty years or so has swept away the kingly power and destroyed the last vestige of the fiction of the divine right of kings. Kings reign, but few of them any more rule: the sovereign has become a figurehead, and while the scepter still remains in his hand it has become merely a symbol and the real power has been handed over to the people. The King of England, for instance, is crowned and anointed, but it is the Prime Minister, uncrowned and unanointed, with no fixity of tenure, who rules. Democracy has so circumscribed and narrowed about the sovereign, robbed him of the right to initiate legislation and deprived him of the power to veto it, that not even the ignorant are so stupid as to believe that the King does aught except as his ministers require.

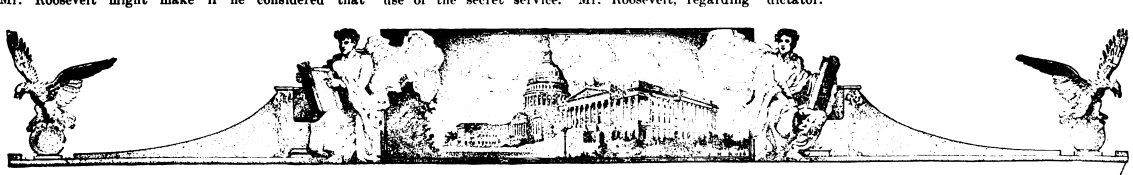
In the United States during the last quarter of a century or so the tendency has been in the other direction. The weakness of the American system of government is the absence of responsibility; responsibility for acts of commission or omission centers nowhere and can be unloaded from the shoulders of the executive to those of the legislature; there again it can be divided between the House and the Senate. The result is a growing feeling that some one must be held to account, and as it is easier to censure or praise one man than five hundred, the public has come to look upon the President as the one man. And the power of the President is very great, much greater than the public at large realizes, greater by far than that intrusted to any constitutional sovereign. While it is true that the President cannot in himself initiate legislation, he has the power to recommend it, to crystallize sentiment in favor of certain measures, to hold up to condemnation those men who oppose the measures which he advocates. There is a further curious state of mind in which the public has fallen during the last decade or so, and that is, that in any controversy between the President and Congress it believes that the President is always right and Congress is always wrong. The public is seldom discriminating and rarely if ever does it know the facts in connection with any dispute, and it is because of its haste to jump at a conclusion and to pronounce judgment on insufficient evidence that the President has the advantage. He is permitted the first word, and what the President says is given more space and treated with greater dignity than what Congress says. A message from the President is almost invariably printed in full, and those persons who do not read it at length get its substance through the headlines and the comment, and in that way the essence of what the President says is known; while what Congress says is always abridged, and in the condensation much of the force and vitality is lost. What still further strengthens the hold the President has over the popular mind is the very general but very unjust belief that Congress is a dishonest body, in league with the "interests," more zealous to protect the despoilers of the people than to defend the people from despoilment; and because the President is the champion of the masses he is driven to do battle with Congress.

Mr. Roosevelt knows only too well this feeling, in fact, it is bringing no unwarranted charge against him that he has done more than any one else to encourage this belief and to create the impression in the mind of the public that while he was always honest Congress was always dishonest, and that the reason he was unable to remain on good terms with Congress was that while he countenanced only such legislation as was in the interests of the people, Congress advocated measures that could not stand too rigid a scrutiny. A President unrestrained by conscience, his oath of office, or the rules of fair play can easily enough put Congress in a bad light. Every one will recall Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of Congress in his message of 1908 because Congress had properly called a halt on the President for his illegal use of the secret service. Mr. Roosevelt, regarding the government as his personal property, had perverted the secret service and made it an engine of oppression; had not Congress stayed his hand the methods of the Russian political police would have been introduced into the United States, no man would have been safe from domiciliary visits, no person's correspondence would have been inviolate, any man's liberty would have been at the mercy of a trumped-up charge. What happened then cannot have been forgotten. Mr. Roosevelt sent an insulting message to Congress practically telling Congress that it was a parcel of thieves and scoundrels, and that the reason why it sought to cripple the secret service was that Congressmen were afraid to be investigated by secret-service agents. To the average person there was only one inference to be drawn, in fact, no other conclusion was possible—President Roosevelt knew that Congress was corrupt, President Roosevelt wanted this corruption revealed, and of course had to employ the government detectives for that purpose, and Congress, aware of its guilt, naturally took every means in its power to tie the hands of the President.

There is further reason why the President possesses a power greater than that of any constitutional monarch. He alone of all rulers governing under a constitution is able to veto legislation, and that power of veto makes the President equivalent to two thirds of both House and Senate, for a bill that he has vetoed can only become a law after it has been passed by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses. In theory the British Crown has the right to veto legislation or to withhold approval of it, but that is merely a theoretical fiction, and legislation that has received the sanction of Parliament encounters no obstacle from the sovereign. But the President's exercise of the veto, as every one knows, is not a fiction, but a fact, and it is a prerogative freely used. There is never a session of Congress when bills are not vetoed, and, in the session just closed, President Taft vetoed tariff bills that commanded a two-thirds vote in the House and were backed by a majority of the people, but only failed to become laws because a bare third of the Senate was in opposition. The President's power over legislation, therefore, is greater than a majority of Congress and greater than a majority of the whole country; and yet even that does not tell the measure of his full power. His threat of the veto always hangs over Congress. It is sufficient for Congress to know that he will veto a bill if it contains certain provisions, or that he will veto a bill unless it contains provisions upon which he insists, for the bill to be changed in conformity with his demands. At every session the unexercised veto is more potent than the actual vetoes that defeat legislation or compel its modification to secure the Presidential approval.

The framers of the Constitution believed they were justified in putting this enormous power in the hands of the President because it was not their intention to make the President either the master or the servant of Congress, but to make the Legislature a free agent in its field and to leave the Executive uncoerced by the lawmaking body. But while the President has been able to retain his independence Congress has yielded to Presidential coercion and the "government" is now the President.

As President Mr. Roosevelt showed that even with all the limitations of the Constitution it was but a step to dictatorship, and that a President who held the law in contempt could with a stroke of his pen destroy the law. No dictator ever used power more arbitrarily than did Mr. Roosevelt when he ordered the dishonorable discharge of a battalion of Negro infantrymen, and declared these men forever ineligible to appointment in the civil service of the United States, thus depriving them of their civil rights. His action, of course, was illegal, and later he was forced to revoke it, but he did then what dictators have always done, acted on caprice or to gratify a whim or to seek revenge or to curry favor. He acted as a dictator and usurped the power of Congress when he signed the pension order of March 16, 1904, establishing an old-age pension for Civil War veterans. As a dictator he set the law aside when he gave his personal permission to the Steel Trust to absorb the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company. He was a dictator, and he seized the Isthmus of Panama. A dictator has always feared a free and independent press, so he used unconstitutional methods to try to secure the conviction of certain newspapers for libel. One might, if necessary, fill much space with a list of Mr. Roosevelt's illegal and unconstitutional acts, but enough has been said. And enough has been said to show the danger that will surely follow should the American people be so blind to their interests as to elect Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency and to substitute for the Constitution and the orderly process of law the unrestrained caprices of an irresponsible dictator.



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Wilson Against the Field

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS

An interesting speculation as to the outcome of the election is propounded by Colonel Harvey of *The North American Review* in the pages of the latest issue of that periodical. The problem is based on the belief that Wilson is certain of a plurality, but may not get the majority which is requisite. The lack of such majority in the Electoral College would throw the election into the House of Representatives and Congress would become the arbiter. The reasonableness of the failure of the people to elect is not to be denied in view of the very extraordinary triangular battle precipitated by Roosevelt in that fierce desire to beat his former friend at any odds, so virulently shown, for that is sharply suspected to have been his ulterior motive.

This would give the Bull Moose his chance, and no doubt his adherents would contribute to such a conjuncture of improbabilities as far as they could at the risk of any disturbance to the business of the nation. Such a concatenation of improbabilities, such a Gordian knot of "ifs," "buts," and "perhapses," need not keep any patriot awake o' nights. But it is clearly possible. It furnishes a curious commentary on our complex constitutional law.—*New York Commercial.*

Such a result would necessitate another Presidential election next year, from which catastrophe the country should be spared by choosing a triumphant majority of Republican Presidential electors next November whose choice in the Electoral College will be William H. Taft.—*Philadelphia Press.*

There are altogether too many "ifs" in Colonel Harvey's article, and the probability of President Taft having a decided majority of the Electoral College robs the Colonel's effusion of all merit save that of ingenuity.—*Paterson Call.*

If the election ever comes to the Senate the abstention of four Senators would prevent an election altogether, in which case, under the law of succession, Secretary of State Knox would, as Colonel Harvey points out, become President. But he would have to convene the new Congress in special session within twenty days, and Congress would have to call a special Presidential election in the year 1913. Which would give the Progressives another chance at the polls. There is a distant possibility that we shall have two Presidential years in succession.—*New York Mail.*

Colonel Harvey points out that on the basis of the Congressional vote of 1910 Governor Wilson ought to have 290 electoral votes, and, dividing the Republican States between his two opponents according to their apparent strength in each, Mr. Taft would have 156 votes, Mr. Roosevelt 63, while Maine, Nebraska, New Mexico, and Rhode Island, with 22 votes, are set down as "divided." His definite conclusions are that Roosevelt cannot be elected, that Taft cannot be elected, and that if Wilson does not obtain a clear majority in the Electoral College the campaign will have as its result the perpetration upon everybody except James S. Sherman or, possibly, Secretary Knox of the greatest joke of this or any other age.—*New York Times.*

This curious thesis is worked out with minute detail through the peculiarities of the law regulating the count of the votes and the order of succession, and the present strength and relation of parties actually existing in the two Houses of Congress, in the event that no candidate receives a majority of the electoral vote.

The Roosevelt support is made up of three classes: those who are down and out of the Republican party—the ex-office-holders—who think that if he gets back they will get back and are misled by the *ignis fatuus* that he may get back; those children in politics who take him at his word and will believe nothing, though it be proven against him; and the riffraff of excitement-seekers, who follow the circus of political tomfoolery and noise and divide their worship between the Ringmaster and the Elephant. No honest, intelligent working-man can be bamboozled by the stuff and nonsense trolled off by the Boss-boss of Bull-Moosedom. He will probably take two-fifths of the Republican vote from Taft. But he will not take one-fifth—nor one-twentieth—of the Democratic vote from Wilson and Marshall. If the total vote be sixteen millions, the *Courier-Journal* makes this guess as to the division:

Democrats	8,500,000
Republicans	5,000,000
Roosevelt	1,500,000
Socialists, Prohibitionists, *et al*	1,000,000
Total	16,000,000

The *Courier-Journal* has expressed the opinion, and it holds to that opinion, that nothing can defeat the Democratic Presidential ticket. Colonel Harvey's analysis is both intelligent and ingenious. But party lines, we think, will show themselves more distinctly than he allows.

Yet these speculations make mighty interesting reading and embrace much that intelligent Americans should know about and think about.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Of course this is all a weird possibility, but what a joke on us all would it be were "Sunny Jim" of Utica to be the next President.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

But this sort of speculation serves only for popular entertainment and is given to satisfy that class of people who like to solve puzzles and mathematical equations. Every prospect points to the conclusion that Governor Wilson will have a large majority of the Electoral College, and the chances for that result grow better with the progress of time.—*Nashville Banner.*

It is conceded that Woodrow Wilson will get a plurality of the votes of the Electoral College, but the opinion is expressed by Colonel Harvey, in an article in *The North American Review*, that the candidacy of Roosevelt may throw the election into the House of Representatives, which, voting by States, would not be able to elect, inasmuch as there would be a tie vote in that body, and that the Vice-President chosen by the Senate would then become President, and in that event the Hon. "Jim" Sherman would be the successor to President Taft; whereupon the Springfield *Republican* recommends that anti-Taft Republicans vote for Wilson in order that he may be given a positive majority in the Electoral College.—*Harrisburg Independent.*

This discussion of these possible contingencies has an interest, but the probability against such an exceptional situation is so strong there is no cause for apprehension. The political indications are already pointing to a majority for Wilson and Marshall in the Electoral College, and there are good reasons for believing that the Democratic ticket will increase as the campaign progresses.—*Nashville Democrat.*

So does Harvey discover a "danger" of Sherman, and at once eliminates him. The incident serves to call attention to the possibilities of no election by the people and to the Constitutional and statutory provisions for filling the vacancy. It will be admitted there are many possible complications, all of which might be remedied by appropriate legislation.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

Colonel George Harvey has it all figured out that if no candidate receives a majority in the Electoral College, and the election is thrown into Congress, that James Schoolcraft Sherman may be the President for the next four years. A man as gloomy as Colonel Harvey must be tempted a dozen times a day to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge.—*Kansas City Star.*

But fact is fact, and the tickets are realities upon which theory will work no change. If Colonel Harvey's analysis should prove correct, the last nomination to the Vice-Presidency of any but a man holding full Presidential qualifications may be presumed to have been made.—*Rutland News.*

It is argued that the triangular contest is likely to produce this unusual condition. It is possible, of course, but highly improbable, for an awakened American citizenship has no intention of dividing its strength to the danger-point. Some of the States that are being counted for Taft or Roosevelt will be found in the Wilson column. There is no reason, therefore, for apprehension that a shuttlecock is to be made of the Presidential office. Every day that intervenes between now and the election will add strength to the Democratic cause and its candidate.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Of course, no one seriously regards such a mix-up as more than remotely possible, for the reason that there is every assurance that Governor Wilson will not only have a majority of the votes in the Electoral College, but a good many to spare. The campaign, however, is just opening and there is no foreknowing what it may develop in the next two months. Up to the present the third party has developed no formidable strength and is at a decided disadvantage in a contest with the two old parties with an established organization and powerful prestige. Much will depend, of course, upon the following the Bull Moose will be able to draw from the two old parties and the percentage from each. It is generally assumed that Roosevelt's following will come mainly from the Republican ranks, but he may possibly draw somewhat from the Democratic party also. If the Bull Moose gain should come equally from the two old parties it would leave the advantage with Taft, the independent voters holding the balance of power as usual.—*San Antonio Express.*

Colonel Harvey's article on how Mr. Knox may be made President would have made interesting reading for the Secretary of State on his ocean voyage to Japan if he could have got it in time.—*Elizabeth Journal.*

"If it should turn out as George Harvey fears, and the House of Representatives should have to elect a President of the United States, what hall is there in Washington big enough to accommodate the Colonel and his red-bandanna army while they are at the capital bulldozing the electors?" asks the Philadelphia *Ledger*. But what is to prevent the Third Termer from holding a rump Electoral College meeting, declare himself the chosen President, and proceed to take the oath of office?—*Macon Telegraph.*

There is nothing preposterous about the deduction. But there is one immense "if." Woodrow Wilson is apparently so certain of an Electoral College majority that suppositions based on his failure are profitless. Moreover, if Marshall and Johnson are the two leading Vice-Presidential candidates in the Electoral College, as they are likely to be, the name of Mr. Sherman could not, under the restrictions of the Twelfth Amendment, even be considered by the Senate.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

There is a lot of truth and good sense in Colonel Harvey's analysis of the situation. He explains the Roosevelt appeal better and more vividly than the majority of other writers who have attempted the same task.

But it must be remembered that the Roosevelt appeal is an appeal of promises alone. It is easy to promise good wages, short hours, pensions, a chance for happiness and advancement for every one. Such appeals awake expectations which it is hard to fulfil.

Roosevelt is by birth, breeding, and disposition an aristocrat. He is in reality far more of an aristocrat than either Taft or Wilson. But he loves power more than anything else in the world. He knows that in this country the only way to political power lies, not in an assumption of aristocracy, but in an appeal to democracy. Taft is too honest to promise impossibilities and is always better in deeds than in words. It cannot be denied that Roosevelt's promises have appealed to many. But they will be the worst disappointed people on the surface of the earth if they expect that all these promises will be made realities.—*Rochester Times.*

But, after all, while these dissertations on "no election in the College," "no election in the House," and "possible choice in the Senate" make interesting reading and are well enjoyed, the fact stands out that the peculiar situations which the newspaper-writers create on which to construct their air-castle building will not present themselves.

Governor Woodrow Wilson will go into the Electoral College with a large and clear majority over Mr. Taft and Colonel Roosevelt combined. The Republican candidates will divide the Republican minority in the college. But the Wilson majority will be so unmistakable that possible elections by the House or Senate will be shown to have been but idle dreams.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

Colonel Harvey's ingenious exposition that a vote for Taft or for Roosevelt is, in effect, a vote for James Schoolcraft Sherman, while a vote for Wilson is precisely what it purports to be, cannot fail to increase the Democratic vote. The chance of Mr. Sherman's accession to the Presidency is not very serious, but the mere possibility of installing "Sunny Jim," nominated because he is the embodiment of standpatism, in the White House, is enough to scare thoughtful Republicans who are not hopeless reactionaries into voting for Wilson and Marshall.—*Philadelphia Record.*

And in such a contingency as Colonel Harvey supposes, the prospects are most excellent that our own Hiram Johnson would become President. And, indeed, that seems to a disinterested observer the most likely outcome of the present national political situation.—*Santa Barbara Independent.*

Colonel Harvey sees a remote possibility that Secretary of State Knox will become acting President pending a new election in 1913. Almost anything is apt to happen in these strange political times.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

We must admit that all these possibilities exist, as do also many others, if one has the inclination to work them out through calculations and combinations that are as curious as they are involved. The truth of the matter is, however, that they are not worth worrying about. It will be time enough to cross the bridges that are reared through these speculations when we come to them. The fact remains that if Governor Wilson carries New York State he cannot be beaten through any combination that is likely to arise or that may be considered as the remotest possibility; and the further fact stands just as surely before the people that Governor Wilson will carry this State if he is not betrayed by members of his own party.—*Utica Observer.*

Of course, Colonel Harvey does not really believe in this day-nightmare which he has projected on the screen of publicity by the light of his imagination. He concedes a plurality to Wilson, and we suspect that, if pressed, he would concede him also a majority of the electoral vote. The possibility whose awful aspect he presents to public view should be a powerful argument for making Wilson's election practically unanimous. Colonel Harvey insists that neither Taft nor Roosevelt can obtain a majority, which is reasonably certain, and that a vote for either might be a vote for Sherman. Is that not reason enough why Republicans, Progressives, and Democrats alike should unite on Wilson?—*Philadelphia Record.*

Colonel George Harvey, the editor of *The North American Review*, is apparently laying the ground for a prediction that Wilson and Marshall will be elected next November. In the September number of the *Review* the Colonel examines the entire outlook, going at great length into the situation which might throw the election of President into the House of Representatives, which might not be able to decide, and which might result in a deadlock in the Senate over the Vice-President, and in the end result in Secretary Knox becoming President by virtue of the Presidential Succession Act.

If the country votes as it did in 1910 for Congress, and if the Republican States divide between Mr. Taft and the Third Termer, as they now promise to do, there will be an election at the polls, and the result in the Electoral College is figured as follows:

Wilson, 298; Taft, 167; Third Termer, 66; majority for Wilson, 65.

The situation in the country is very unusual and this year predictions should be made with care.—*New York Herald.*

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

The Younger Dramatists, Etc.

THE younger dramatists have found a simple method of being diverting. They choose a trite dramatic theme, place it in homely surroundings, and then make all their characters react honestly to it. We are so unaccustomed to honesty that it is as exhilarating as high comedy and infinitely more thrilling than conventional stage indiscretions. The excitement of having escaped from the moralists, which long ago ceased to be any excitement at all, is exchanged for the extreme raciness of having escaped from the artificiality of stage conventions. The characters recognize no necessity whatever of being dramatic. They spoil one another's attitudes, they prick their own bubbles and are perversely flat, they threaten the situation that permits the play to continue.

A dozen times during a performance of any of the really modern plays—of course there are very few of them—the play has the narrowest escape from ending abruptly from the sheer naturalness of the characters. They refuse to feel insulted, or shocked, or down-trodden, or persecuted, or revengeful, or any of the other garish emotions. They are bored or amused or at most argumentative. They have a horrible tendency to be gayly interested in their own emotions which disperses the emotion instantly and leaves the dramatist in a precarious position.

The audience has all the zest of watching a contest between the author and his characters. It would be quite justified in taking bets as to whether it did not run a chance of being turned out of the theater before nine. At any moment some one may say, "Oh, well, have it your own way"; or some one else may sum up, "But, after all, it is just a common social phenomenon: it's quite in line with evolution"; and then no one will take any more notice of the situation and each character will return to his daily routine. It seems delightful luck if the author escapes any such outbreak of reasonableness. We laugh and congratulate him and ourselves.

Long ago we longed to know how great folk looked and lived and acted, and our curiosity has been satisfied. We are inundated with kings who nonchalantly wandered in and out of neat comedies. We know thoroughly the simple satins worn by the excessively rich; we have had great and decorative people *ad nauseam*. Now the diverting younger dramatists are giving us the one thing we do not know, and that is ourselves. The millions of usual people with homely ways and uncultured bluntness of sentiment are being shown themselves. When they see their own awful furniture and their own proper theories thinly covering their actual attitudes, and the attitudes breaking from cover so brazenly and simple and inconveniently, they are more amused than they have ever been before. If they do not admit it, that is because they have a theory that modern drama is not amusing; and if they cannot let it alone, that is because they have more honesty than theory.

There is a droll quirk in human nature that makes some of us feel a certain immodesty about talking interestingly in public places. If any one starts a subject of real interest we look uncomfortable and feel the conversationalist to be lacking in a certain sense of delicate fitness. We do not mind being interesting in the guarded privacy of a tête-à-tête, and we do not in the least mind being inconsequent and dull in public. In fact, when we are the latter we feel perfectly respectable and experience no qualms if the people at the next table look in our direction. Britishers exhibit this trait with trying frequency. It may be part of their rabid desire for privacy. To express an opinion where there is any danger of its being overheard is to give oneself away, and to strangers whom one knows nothing about. One must, if possible, look so blank that no observer could say with any assurance whether one possessed either mind or emotions.

One's conversation must maintain the same dead level of blankness, for to permit the man sitting next you in the car to know that you are interested in architecture or why you believe Spain to be a decadent country—why, hang it all! you might as well have the fellow to dinner. Men—who, in spite of tradition, are the real upholders of decorum—have this feeling much more strongly than women, and Great Britain, being the masculine country it is, is naturally the place where the feeling flourishes.

One always has a sense, when in a crowd of English people, that they are each waiting for all the rest to go before they say what they have it in them to say. That may be the reason why, when one overhears them, they are eternally uttering perfunctory comments on the weather. They have been waiting since the beginning of time for every one else to go, and now they have given up hope and they retain only the habit of inhibition.

There are people who like to be embraced at stipulated times, and if you embrace them at any other time for no reason except that it occurred to you as a nice idea, they do not know what to do with such a derelict of a demonstration, and feel quite embarrassed at having it on their hands. They like it when they are starting on a journey; then they expect it just as they are picking up their umbrella and bag. Or in the morning just as you enter the breakfast-room. Embraces taken in this way are parts of routine and can be fitted in quite comfortably. Whereas an isolated embrace is so emotional and requires some sort of spontaneous return and even perhaps an increase in intimacy. One never knows the precise amount of affection implied—it may be disturbingly much. This points the advantage of the early morning and railway kiss. They are so impersonal that the latter might be received from the porter without any one noticing the mistake.

The Sun as a Lighthouse-keeper

THE sun is the most trustworthy of lighthouse-keepers. The sun, or the heat from it, lights many hundreds of beacons along our coasts and waterways evening after evening and extinguishes them punctually every morning. They are guides on land and sea that never are touched by human hands from one month's end to another. The way in which the United States government, through its Lighthouse Board, has utilized the services of the sun and made that great lamp of heaven a faithful and unerring servant is most interesting.

The discovery of acetylene gas was the first step toward retiring the lonely keepers of the little lights in far-off places. Modern magic was not slow in recognizing the fact that by the application of certain well-known scientific principles the lighting of the great chains of beacons that girdle the coasts of the two seas and the Gulf and cover the Great Lakes and every navigable stream in our huge country could be much simplified. The United States did not become interested in the acetylene light and its automatically generating gas buoy until about six years ago and did not adopt it until 1908. Then the engineers of the Lighthouse Board devised some wonderful improvements, among them the utilization of the sun. In the last three years many hundreds of the old type of lanterns afloat and ashore have been superseded by this new device. About sixty of them have been installed in Alaska this year.

The self-lighting and self-extinguishing acetylene beacon is a very simple thing, but it depends almost entirely on the "sun valve," which is one of the most wonderful but least complex of the achievements of modern science.

In the first place, the source of light for these lone beacons is dissolved acetylene, which is stored under pressure in steel cylinders. One of these cylinders can be charged with enough gas to last a small beacon three years. Usually, however, in the case of floating buoys, a six months' supply is all that is necessary, as such buoys are overhauled and painted twice a year. Knowing the size of the flame and its hourly consumption of gas, it is very easy to compute how long a cylinderful will last and how often it will need to be visited. That is all the care the light will need. The sun valve does the rest.

The scientific principle upon which the sun valve depends is that light-waves become transformed in different degrees, according to the nature of the intercepting body. Sunlight upon dark surfaces is converted into heat and heat produces expansion. This expansion is especially perceptible in certain metals. In a carefully sealed and substantially mounted glass jar nearly a foot high and about one-fourth that in diameter a thick black rod is placed perpendicularly through the center. It is supported by three slenderer rods of highly polished copper. The big black rod is of copper also and is coated with lampblack to make it absorb light to the greatest possible degree. The supporting rods reflect light without absorbing it and do not expand or contract to the same extent as the largest rod.

The thick black piece of copper in the center of the jar is extremely sensitive to light and heat. As the sun appears and the atmosphere grows warmer in the morning this rod lengthens. It pushes down into the metal chamber in which the glass jar rests and touches the end of a lever. It presses down on this lever, which is controlled by a spring, and cuts off the flow of the gas to the lamp.

When the sun disappears from view in the evening and the temperature of the air falls the process is reversed. The rod contracts and releases its pressure on the lever, allowing the gas to flow upward to the lamp. The gas is ignited by a little pilot flame that is never extinguished. Thus the beacon is lighted at the proper time and is put out when it is no longer needed, although along desolate coasts it may never gladden the human eye for months at a time.

The engineers of the Lighthouse Board say that the precision of this device is almost incredible. It can be used with equal certainty in equatorial heat and in polar cold, for it responds with the utmost accuracy to small variations in temperature. It is used on lonely islands in the Pacific. There are nearly a hundred of these sun-valve beacons in Alaska. In summer they are aids to navigation and in winter they guide the travelers on dog-sledges over the frozen wastes.

The Lighthouse Board, which has charge of the construction and maintenance of lighthouses, light-vessels, lighthouse depots, beacons, fog signals, buoys and their appendages, and all the property that appertains to them, is now one of the divisions of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Before the creation of that department it was a distinct bureau of the Treasury Department. Its practical supervision is still in the hands of navy and army officers specially detailed to these duties by the secretaries of the navy and of war. Army men of the Engineer Corps look after the construction of important buildings, like those along the seacoast and the Great Lakes. This dovetails with the supervision by the War Department of the river and harbor works. Naval officers of the proper rank and experience are assigned as inspectors of the nineteen districts, and in the inland service especially they are substantially the executive heads. Their word is law. The position of chairman of the Lighthouse Board at Washington is a post of great dignity and importance and always goes to the navy. Admirals Dewey, Schley, Walker, Evans, and other sailors of renown have held this post.

The Lighthouse Service of the United States costs about $5,000,000 a year. The greater part of this sum is used in caring for the lighting of the coasts.

Breeding Market Horses

NOT only is there a greater demand for horses than there has ever been, but prices range high for stock really adapted to the market. Often breeders complain that when they offer their horses for sale they cannot get anywhere near the prices quoted in the market reports, and investigation proves that this complaint is well founded. Also, however, it develops that few of the smaller breeders understand the market classes of horses, and frequently much time, labor, and money is given to the production of a lot of horses for which there is but a poor market.

The principal factors that determine the market value of horses are soundness, conformation, quality, condition, action, age, color, and tractability. Market horses are classed into draughts, chunks, wagon horses, carriage horses, road horses, and saddle horses. The draughts must be broad, massive, ruggedly built, with great strength and weight. They should stand from 15.3 to 17.2 hands high, and weigh from 1,600 pounds up. Chunks are short-legged, thick-barreled animals, weighing up to 1,500 pounds, and about 15 hands high.

Wagon horses are those used for general business purposes, in the artillery, and in fire departments. They must have speed, great strength, clean limbs, and a strong quality of bone; they must be close-coupled, have a broad, deep chest, and good action. They should stand from 15 to 17.2 hands high, and weigh from 1,050 pounds for artillery horses up to 1,700 pounds for fire-department use.

Carriage horses, in the market classification, are full-made, round-bodied animals of high quality, fair speed, and a great deal of action. They must have the long, arched neck; small, neat head; level croup, and short, well-muscled back so greatly prized in cobs and coach horses. They should range in height from 14.1 to 16.1 hands, and weigh not more than 1,250 pounds. Road horses are distinguished from carriage horses by more litheness of build and greater angularity of form.

Saddle horses must have sureness of foot, ease of carriage, and gentle manners. To be sure of foot they must possess high withers, a short, strong back, and an abundance of energy. This general class is divided into more specific groups of five-gaited and three-gaited saddlers, hunters, cavalry mounts, and polo ponies.

The breed of a horse has comparatively little influence on his market value at the present time, the individuality and conformation of the particular animal and his market class being the things that count most.

"Waiter, some Post Toasties, and be quick about it."

You never see children play when they're not feeling well.

And how often they're sick when fed heavy, indigestible things.

Feed Children

Post Toasties

as often as they want them—

Then note how well they are—and how much they feel like playing.

They'll eat Post Toasties, the crisp, delicately browned, sweet bits of corn, three times a day—if you let 'em—for

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS

IV.—CURRENT TRAFFIC DEMANDS AND FREIGHT FACILITIES

THERE isn't a shipper of freight in the United States who doesn't want to see the railways increase their equipment proportionately to the normal increase in their business. Tonnage is increasing all the time and more cars and locomotives are needed to take care of it—nobody disputes that, the intelligent shipper least of all. The division of opinion comes over the question as to *how much* increase in facilities is necessary. The railroads, the shippers claim, want to buy too many cars and locomotives and spend too much money in other ways, taking it out of them (the shippers) in the form of high freight-rates. To this the railroads make reply that, far from spending too much money to take care of the normal increase in business, they're being regulated into a condition where they can't spend nearly enough. Just wait until the next time that business gets really active, they have been saying all along, and it will become quickly enough apparent that facilities and equipment have not been sufficiently extended.

There is every indication that the question will be put to the test in the very near future. Never before in the history of the country has there been such a volume of railroad tonnage in sight. There have been plenty of times when business has been better than it is at present, but never before has such a movement of general merchandise come coincident with the marketing of a bumper crop. For two years business has been conducted on a hand-to-mouth basis. Now, suddenly merchants all over the country have started in to restock their shelves. On top of the merchandise movement set up by that, what promises to be the biggest crop ever harvested has got to be moved.

It is to be a great test of what the railroads can do, or rather, of what they are at present equipped to do. It is to be a fair test, too, because it is in the railroads' interest to move the business offered them as expeditiously as possible. For over a month now, indeed, the railroads have been doing everything in their power in the way of preparation. Big shippers have all been approached with the request to hasten to the greatest possible extent shipments of heavy and bulky merchandise so as to clear the tracks for the movement of actual crop products. Shippers' associations have been urged to get their members to use all possible despatch in the loading and unloading of cars, so that capacity may be utilized to the greatest possible extent. In all the various branches of the transportation industry nothing has been left undone which might tend to facilitate the merchandise movement and obviate the danger of freight congestion—something the railroads fear more than do the shippers themselves.

That the railroads have tackled the problem of moving the big tonnage in sight in a whole-hearted way is plain enough. Whether or not facilities will prove adequate is, however, another question. It is only the middle of September now, with the bulk of the merchandise movement still to come, but already reports coming in from various traffic centers indicate that the supply of cars is beginning to run low. To a certain extent, of course, this may be due to the extraordinary efforts made to bring about as early a movement of freight as possible, and a response on the part of shippers which resulted in unusually active transportation conditions during August. But even so, the fact that by what is no more than a preliminary movement of freight practically the whole surplus of cars has been absorbed does not speak well for what is going to happen when once the main movement sets in in earnest.

The fact of the matter—and it is a fact which need not be taken on the authority of the railroads—is that during the past few years purchases of cars and locomotives have been kept down to the lowest possible point. The closing months of 1906 and of 1907 saw a serious shortage of equipment, but the year after the panic was naturally not a time for purchases on any considerable scale, retrenchment in all directions being then in order. Nineteen hundred and nine saw a more liberal provision for their needs on the part of the railroads, the second half of the year, particularly, when business seemed to be recovering rapidly, being marked by substantial purchases. The business improvement turning out, however, to be short-lived, the railroads soon enough began to cut down on their purchases. Just after that, the labor situation becoming acute, equipment buying was still further curtailed. Then, along in 1910, came the threat of a general strike, with the subsequent granting by the railways of general wage increases on the understanding that they would be allowed to recoup themselves by advancing freight-rates. From that time on, expenditures for cars and locomotives were further reduced, and when, in February of 1911, the right of the railroads to raise their rates was flatly denied, buying of equipment came practically to a standstill.

To get down to actual figures, the total number of freight-cars built annually since "1907" is as follows: 1908, 76,555; 1909, 93,570; 1910, 180,945; 1911, 55,931. That makes a total for the four years of 407,001, an average of a little over a hundred thousand a year.

Is that much or little? Mighty little, compared with the number built in previous years. As far back as 1899 there were built in this country alone (the figures for later years include the Canadian output) 119,886 freight-cars. From then on until 1904 the annual average was 141,652. Nineteen hundred and four was a year of depression and saw a big falling off, but the next year car construction was resumed on a big scale. Output in 1905 was 165,155. In 1906 it rose to 240,503. In 1907 no less than 284,188 cars were actually built. In other words, during the three years preceding the panic there were built 689,846 cars, an annual average of 229,949.

Figures of this sort make dry reading, but their importance is too great to be overlooked. Only too clearly do they show the extent to which the railroads have lately run behind on their purchases of freight-cars. That 1911, the year of the adverse freight-rate decision, should have been marked by a falling off in the number of cars bought is natural enough, but 1911, unfortunately, does not stand by itself, being the fourth year in succession in which the railroads' purchases of cars were far below their actual requirements. Think of it, an average of only 101,750 freight-cars built each year since 1907, when, in the three years preceding, the average was 229,949, and, as far back as the period between 1899 to 1904, it ran 141,652.

With locomotives it has been the same thing, though not, perhaps, to quite the same degree—a railroad has got to have new locomotives, however it may manage to get along with worn-out and patched-up freight-cars. Locomotives built during the past four years have been as follows: 1911, 3,530; 1910, 4,755; 1909, 2,887; 1908, 2,342. That is an average of 3,378—considerably less, it is true, than the average of the past ten years, but still relatively far better than the showing made by freight-cars.

From these figures showing the amount of cars and locomotives built during the past few years it is plain enough that the railroads face the record-breaking tonnage in sight decidedly short of equipment. Without doubt there are plenty of exceptions to the rule. Some roads are better off than others and have steadily provided for their growing needs. But with the total of equipment built so far below normal, that only emphasizes the position of those roads which have been unable so to provide for themselves.

That this condition of things is bound to make trouble when once the big merchandise movement gets into full swing is freely admitted in transportation circles. Some road, we will say, which has managed to keep up its equipment, hauls a large amount of freight to its terminus, where its journey is to be continued over some other line. However prompt may have been the service afforded by the first carrier, if the connecting line is short of equipment the movement of the merchandise may be indefinitely held up. The very fact, indeed, that two or three roads running into some important traffic center are well supplied with cars and bring in a large volume of freight is just what is apt to make trouble unless the connecting lines are equipped to do their share.

That is just what happened at Pittsburg five years ago when there was developed the greatest freight blockade in American railroad history. Over certain of the lines running into the city and which were able to keep up a free car-movement there came pouring a volume of traffic which the connecting lines found themselves entirely unable to handle. Freight, not a little of it perishable, piled up in such a way that conditions were developed making impossible even such a movement as the railroads had cars to take care of. Tremendous losses ensued not only to the shippers, but to the railroads themselves.

If that happened at the end of 1907, when for three years an average of 230,000 freight-cars had been built and put into service, how much more likely is it apt to happen this fall, the end of a four-year period in which the annual average output has been considerably less than one-half as great?

By no means is it said that congestion this year will develop at the same points as five years ago, or that its manifestations will be exactly similar. But that serious shortages of cars will be seen is a practical certainty. The railroads, as has been pointed out, have done everything in their power to start the movement as early as possible, and so minimize its force. But in spite of everything they can do a good deal of congestion is inevitable, especially a little later on in the season when cotton and corn are moving freely at the same time. We are bound, then, to get a condition of things when shippers will be bitterly complaining that they can't get the railroads to give them any cars and that there is unreasonable delay in the delivery of freight. As a matter of fact, if that is the worst that happens and there is no recurrence of the acute conditions of five years ago, we can count ourselves fortunate indeed. By preventing the railroads from increasing their equipment in proportion to their needs the country has put itself in a position where, if the railroad system breaks down and is unable to render the service expected, the country has only itself to blame.

How can a recurrence of the danger be avoided? In one way only—by such treatment of the railroads as will allow them to bring about the needed increase in their equipment.

What that needed increase is may be estimated as follows: Between 1890 and 1900 the increase in the business handled by the railroads (the measure is the number of ton-miles carried) increased 86 per cent. Between 1900 and 1910 the increase amounted to 80 per cent. To assume, therefore, that between 1910 and 1920 the growth in business will amount to 75 per cent. is conservative enough. Of that amount 32 per cent., say, might reasonably be expected to take place during the first half of the ten-year period.

Take 32 per cent. as the probable increase in the railroads' freight business between 1910 and 1915. What increase in facilities would be needed to take care of that amount of growth in traffic?

First, with regard to freight-cars. Assuming a continuance of the same increase in average capacity per car as has taken place in recent years, it will require an increase of 586,529 freight-cars to provide in 1915 a 32 per cent. increase over 1910 in total freight-car capacity.

From 1907 to 1910 the actual current increase in the number of freight-cars was at a rate which, if continued, will provide only 256,215 freight-cars by 1915, instead of 586,529, the estimate of requirements.

Next with regard to locomotives. Assuming that locomotives continue to increase in average size at the same rate as in past years, to provide by 1915 a 32 per cent. increase in total power will require an increase of 18,633 locomotives.

From 1907 to 1910 the actual current increase in the number of locomotives was at a rate which, if continued, will provide only 6,307 locomotives by 1915, instead of 18,633, the estimate of requirements.

So much for the increase in the railroads' freight business and the increase in equipment which is being made to meet it. Now how about passenger traffic?

The railroads' passenger traffic (the passenger-mile is taken as the measure) increased 35.4 per cent. between 1890 and 1900. During the next ten years the increase was 101.6 per cent. To assume, therefore, that the increase in the railroads' passenger business between 1910 and 1920 will amount to 100 per cent. is conservative enough. Of that amount 42 per cent., say, might reasonably be expected to take place during the first half of the ten-year period.

Take 42 per cent. as the probable increase in the railroads' passenger business between 1910 and 1915. What increase in facilities would be required to take care of that amount of growth?

To provide in 1915 an increase of 42 per cent. in passenger-carrying capacity over 1910 would require an increase of 9,839 passenger-cars.

From 1907 to 1910 the actual current increase in the number of passenger-cars was at a rate which, if continued, will provide only 5,557 passenger-cars, instead of 9,839, the estimate of requirements.

But may it not be that this low rate of increase in locomotive power and car capacity is being offset by an augmented rate of increase in yard and main track, making it possible for the railroads properly to handle the increase in freight and passenger business? A fair question enough, but, unfortunately, met by the reply that track construction is going on at a slower instead of a faster rate. If the average increase in construction of new tracks shown from 1907 to 1910 should continue for the next five years, the increase from 1910 to 1915 would be 39,652 miles as compared with 48,012 miles between 1900 and 1905. Track construction, in other words, instead of increasing at a faster rate, and thus furnishing an offset to the low rate of increase in total locomotive power and freight-car capacity, is increasing at a *slower* rate than was the case ten years ago.

From the figures given above, the only possible conclusion is that the freight and passenger carrying facilities of the railroads are not being increased in anything like the proportion in which the amount of business to be handled is increasing. With business quiet as it has been during the past couple of years, and not a very great volume of freight moving, the railways have been able to get along with the equipment they had on hand. How well they will be able to get along when business gets active and a really large tonnage of merchandise begins to move is something different. Of that the country seems likely to be given a practical demonstration in the near future.

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Counterfeiting Humanity

By Lewis Edwin Theiss

If the immortal Mrs. Jarley had known how the figures in her "stupendous collection of real wax-works" were constructed, she would have been more than ever certain that her "one hundred figures all the size of life" were the "delight of the nobility and gentry."

Dickens himself, you will remember, described those famous wax-works as being "divers sprightly effigies of celebrated characters that stood more or less unsteadily upon their legs, with their eyes very wide open and their nostrils very much inflated and all staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing." But Mrs. Jarley was sure they were "so like life that if wax-works only spoke and moved about you'd hardly know the difference."

"I won't go so far as to say," ventured that estimable showwoman, "that I've seen wax-works quite like life, but I've certainly seen some life that was exactly like wax-works."

If Mrs. Jarley were with us to-day she could find plenty of wax figures that are altogether "quite like life," for the art of counterfeiting humanity has made great advances since the days of Mrs. Jarley.

To-day wax-works are used for a variety of purposes. The United States army, navy, and medical departments make extensive use of them. Wax figures form part of the outfit of many recruiting stations. The quartermaster's department uses them to show army costumes. The hospital service employs them to depict surgical operations. Museums use wax figures. Shop-keepers use them for displaying garments. Various wax-works exhibitions are still popular. And in every exposition nowadays hundreds of wax figures are used to portray life in distant times and climes. At the Paris Exposition in 1900, at Earl's Court in 1902, at St. Louis in 1904, the popular Palais du Costume, which depicted characters and costumes of the last sixteen centuries, was nothing in the world but an enlarged and improved "Jarley's wax-works."

Like any other commodity, wax figures can be had "ready made" or constructed "to order." The ready-made kind are used principally in shop windows. The wax heads, arms, and hands of these—the bodies are made of papier-mâché—are cast in stock molds, just as ready-made coats are cut after stock patterns. They sell by the dozen and cost only six or seven dollars apiece. The made-to-order wax figure is cast in a specially made mold, accurately fashioned after the given model, and as carefully finished as a piece of statuary—which, indeed, it is. The very lowest cost for such a wax figure is twenty-five dollars, and from that sum the price runs as high as two hundred dollars. It all depends upon the amount of time and labor expended by the artist.

The sculptor in wax begins a new figure by making a sketch of his subject. When he cannot get a sitting from his subject he makes use of a photograph or a written description. Skilful photographers can give descriptions of people they have photographed that are amazing for accuracy of detail. From the sketch a clay model is made. When this has hardened it is covered with plaster to form a mold. Embedded in the plaster are strings, which, being pulled out just before the plaster is fully dry, cut the hardening mold in half, so that when firm it can be lifted off in sections.

Into this mold is poured in due time the wax, which it takes half a day to prepare. This wax must be melted and worked over and colored to match the complexion of the subject. Finally it is poured into the mold and allowed to harden.

The cast is first "trimmed up," all roughness and irregularities being smoothed off. Then the eyes are inserted. These are glass eyes that match exactly the shade of the subject's eyes.

Lastly the hair is put on. Strangely enough, this is a most difficult operation. For the hair of a wax image is not, as one might think, merely a wig laid on. To be sure, it is a wig, and it matches exactly the subject's hair; but it must be made to "grow." That is, it must seem to spring from the scalp and grow at various angles just as real hair does. So it must be put *in* and not *on* the scalp. The hair is inserted with needles, numbers of which are embedded in a wooden handle so that the hair ends can be forced into the wax several at a time.

The most difficult task of all is to make whiskers look natural. To make the beard grow naturally with the correct "grain," every one of the thousands of hairs, each one-quarter of an inch long, has to be inserted separately—a labor that occupies many hours.

Wax figures were in common use among the Greeks as far back as Alexander's time. Wealthy Greeks often ornamented their bedrooms with wax images of their children. And a class of artists in wax developed who became serious rivals of the sculptors and the bronze founders. In modern times, however, wax figures are used principally for exhibition purposes. Madame Tussaud was the originator of the wax-works exhibition. She was born in Switzerland in 1760, and when six years old was sent to Paris to be placed under the care of her uncle, M. Curius, artist to Louis XVI. Under him she studied drawing and modeling. In 1772 she opened the first wax-works in the Palais Royal. Figures of royalty comprise the principal exhibits of the wax-works of Europe. In this country the wax-works are more diversified. Any one who catches the public eye, be he murderer or President, is deemed a fitting subject for display. As interest in one character dwindles another figure must take its place, so that there is a constant changing of exhibits. It is interesting to note that in the leading American wax-works more than two thousand different figures were exhibited in twenty-five years.

Nor does the artist make these different exhibits by changing one figure into another, as Mrs. Jarley did to conciliate the boarding-school mistress, "by altering the face and costume of Mr. Grimaldi as clown to represent Mr. Lindley Murray as he appeared when engaged in the composition of his English grammar."

Wilhelm's War Treasure

We hear much of the perfection of the German military organization, especially of its preparedness for war, but little of what is perhaps its most extraordinary feature—namely, the Imperial War Fund. The Kaiser's war-chest is kept in the Julius Tower at Spandau. This fund was reserved from the French indemnity payment and, it is said, has so increased that it now amounts to sixty millions of dollars.

It must be remembered that this vast amount has been entirely withdrawn from circulation, so to speak, and that the community loses upon it in interest something like six hundred thousand pounds, according to English estimates.

Julius Tower forms the center of the Citadel of Spandau, that most important fortification of Berlin. Time and again Spandau has fallen into the hands of an enemy. During the Seven Years' War it was captured by the Russians; and from October, 1806, until April, 1813, the French held the fortress.

Julius Tower is constructed of solid blocks of basalt, and it is said that its foundations go down to a depth ten feet lower than the bed of the River Spree.

The Kaiser's war fund is reported to be kept in iron chests inscribed with the names and addresses of commanders of army corps and admirals of fleets. These packages would be immediately despatched to the commanders named in the event of war. Special sums have been set aside for commanders on the frontier in the vicinity of the outbreak of hostilities. There are also set aside special sums to be used for special purposes, such as the secret service. It is said that for the most part this treasure consists of ten and twenty mark pieces; but that there are, however, quantities of coins of all the great Powers, principally France, Great Britain, and Russia.

At stated times during the year all this treasure is opened, weighed, and counted by army officers specially detailed by the Emperor from all parts of Germany. It is a feature of the count that prior thereto these officers must give their word of honor that they do not know one another. Furthermore, although the war funds are in charge of a special officer at the Tower, he is not always advised of the proceedings beforehand. In such event, it is only when the Kaiser's special deputies have finished their task that this officer is called to check up the accounts.

The defense of the Tower is intrusted to the Fourth Grenadier Regiment and a battery of the Third Grenadiers. There is also stationed within the citadel the Third Train Battalion, which is ever ready to conduct the war treasure to the various destinations assigned it.

At irregular hours of the night the interior of the Tower is carefully searched for thieves. During this search the sentinels hold their arms ready to shoot any suspected person. At the very bottom of the Tower, on the water level, there is a guard-room, the inmates of which are detailed to prevent the possibility of robbers gaining entrance to the secret crypts by means of tunnels. Then there is a second guard-room behind the only entrance door. The purpose of this is to defend the entrance and staircase leading to the vaults.

Then, too, before each of the vaults sentinels are posted and other sentinels are constantly passing up and down the staircase. There is a third guard-room under the roof with lookouts in all directions.

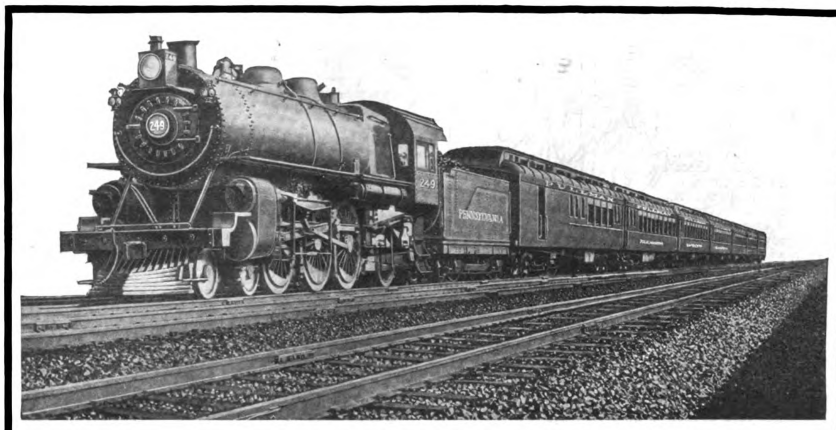
Steamboat Theaters

Steamboat theaters flourish on the Mississippi River and its tributaries, the Ohio, and the Missouri.

It is said that there are about fifteen of these floating playhouses. Each of them carries a well-equipped stage, a company of from ten to thirty actors and actresses, and has a seating capacity of from two hundred to seven hundred. The river theater carries no electric sign to inform the world of its attraction, but has instead a steam calliope, blasts from which summon to the landings people from the countryside who want to "see a show."

It is thought that nowhere else in the United States or abroad is the drama carried up and down the river on boats. There are many wagon shows in this country and in England, but these would find it difficult to attempt to cover the territory embraced by the river theaters. There are a lot of towns in the West that derive their whole dramatic sustenance from these floating playhouses — towns that have no railway connections.

The floating theater of the Mississippi is no new thing. It is referred to in *Huckleberry Finn*, as all readers of Mark Twain will remember; but the river theater of to-day is far superior, in appointments and attractions, to the similar institution of the past century.



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Hunting Guy Fawkes

It is 307 years since the British Houses of Parliament were searched and the barrels of gunpowder under the custody of Guy Fawkes discovered a few hours before the opening of the session. That discovery was not due to any special acumen on the part of the authorities, since it followed upon information sent them by letter; but there has certainly been no lack of vigilance since then, seeing that on no occasion for three centuries has Parliament been opened until its cellars had been searched.

The duty of examining the vaults and secret passages is assigned to the Lord Chamberlain of the Court, but generally it is the Vice-Chamberlain who conducts the search. His assistants are the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, the Clerk of the Board of Works, and an inspector of police. There is a lot of ceremony pertaining to the proceeding.

The four officers mentioned are preceded by four yeomen of the guard in uniform and fully armed. Through one corridor after another they tramp, peering into every dark corner until they finally reach the conclusion that no gunpowder has been stored in the cellars and that, therefore, it is quite safe for Parliament to meet.

When, during the reign of James I., the earliest searches were ordered, the guardsmen carried lanterns through the dark passages, and now, although the corridors and underground passages are thoroughly lighted by electricity, the good old custom is still respected by the guardsmen, who yet carry lanterns in their hands.

In the days of the Stuarts it was the custom, when the inspection had been finished, for the Lord Chamberlain to despatch a message to the King by a mounted soldier to the effect that it would be entirely safe for him to attend the opening session of Parliament. Nowadays the mounted soldier is no longer seen riding post haste to the King; but the Vice-Chamberlain still sends the traditional message to His Majesty by private wire, and the King is assured that there are no explosives in the cellars and that he will not be exposed to unusual risks if he chooses to meet his Lords and Commons. The King may not have the remotest notion of opening Parliament, but the message is sent just the same, and it is duly received and acknowledged.

The Bird's-nest Industry

One of the most important features of the export trade of Siam is the bird's-nest industry. According to the latest available figures, the shipments for one year amounted to nearly 18,000 pounds, the value of which was $110,000.

For the most part the Siamese nests go to China, Hongkong, and Singapore. The value of these nests lies, of course, in the fact that they are edible. They are considered a great delicacy in the Far East.

The nests are found in the islands off the Siamese coast and are the products of a species of bird pertaining to the swift tribe. The harvesting of the nests occurs during the period from April to September.

In the construction of the nest the female bird plays the leading part, although some assistance is lent by the male. About three months is consumed in the building of the first nest. It is taken by the hunters before the eggs are laid. Thereupon the birds proceed to the construction of another nest, which, however, is finished in about thirty days.

When this is taken the birds begin a third nest and again they take three months for construction. In this nest they are allowed to rear their young. But when the young have flown this nest also is taken.

Those nests which are taken at the beginning of the season are deemed to be the best in quality.

The Chinese not only hold these nests in high esteem as a table delicacy, but they contend that they possess high tonic properties.

For Building in Winter

The chief engineer of the street department of Paris has demonstrated by a long series of experiments the efficiency of anhydrous carbonate of soda as an agent permitting the preparation of mortar for building even in the coldest weather. The results are said to be superior to those obtained by the use of warm water, alcohol, sea salt, or any other mixture hitherto employed. Not only does the addition of the soda prevent the ill effects of low temperatures upon the mortar, but it causes it to set and harden more quickly than it otherwise would. The masons employing this process wear rubber gloves to prevent inflammation of the skin.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 29th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermiere de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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Pierlot

"Sans Sucre"

A natural champagne, produced from the juice of grapes of special quality and treated in a particular way. Fermentation is complete and natural; *and no addition whatever of alcohol, sugar, liqueur or other matter* is made either during preparation, or thereafter.

This ***Pierlot "Sans Sucre"*** is not only perfectly harmless, but possesses certain stimulative qualities which justify physicians in recommending it to patients suffering from diabetes and gout, and who derive actual benefit from its habitual, but, of course, moderate use. The beneficial action upon the system of the comparatively small amount of natural alcohol contained in this champagne is exactly the reverse of that of all other champagnes to which alcohol and sweetening matter have been added. Physicians are well aware of this fact. The amount of natural sugar, 0.36 per cent., as reported by Caswell-Massey Co., is an absolutely negligible quantity. Their report follows:

"We have analyzed a bottle of Pierlot Vin Nature Champagne, Sans Sucre, sent to us by you for that purpose, and we find it wholly free from added sugar, and without added alcohol; the actual amount of sugar being 0.36 per cent. Such a wine can be advantageously used in cases of gout and diabetes, where any but the very smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious.

"CASWELL-MASSEY CO., Ltd."

The *Sportsman* :—"It is a wine of good body and extraordinary flavor and bouquet, and wonderfully clean."

The *Irish Times* :—"Pierlot Champagne 'Sans Sucre,' which is now becoming so fashionable, is a drink devoid of evil after-effects."

The *British Medical Journal* says:—"A perfect champagne, absolutely free from sugar, yet light and agreeable in taste."

The *Lancet* states:—"It is a brilliant, sparkling wine, possessing all the agreeable qualities of a high-class champagne, and yet one that may be taken, according to our analytical observations, where strong alcohol and saccharin drinks are prohibited."

Prof. Dr. NOTHNAGEL, of Vienna:—"It may be taken with advantage by those debarred from taking any sweetened champagne."

Prof. FRESENIUS, of Wiesbaden:—"The result of my investigation has proved this wine to be free from added sugar, and without any added alchohol. It can be advantageously used in cases where even the smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious."

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Per Case of one dozen quarts - - - - - $37.50
Per Case of two dozen pints - - - - - 39.50

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Atlanta, Ga.	St. Louis, Mo., 2801 Locust St.	Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.	Winnipeg, Manitoba
Dwight, Ill.			London, England

Dangerous Fetishes

The Egyptians embalmed their dead for the purpose of preserving the bodies for the day of resurrection, placed three thousand years ahead; hence the most terrible calamities were to be visited upon the heads of any irreverent enough to interfere in any manner with the programme. The case is cited of the lid of a sarcophagus, now in the British Museum, which has engraved upon it the effigy of a priestess of Amen-Ra. This was discovered in 1889 and trouble began at once. The five men who found the cover died all within a short time of each other; the men who transported it from its place of discovery were likewise unfortunate in various ways, while the servant who took the object to the museum, the photographer who was called in to take a picture of it, and the archæologist who translated the inscription were one by one overtaken by a series of disasters.

The late Shah of Persia possessed a dagger which, according to tradition, would make invincible whoever concealed it about his clothing, but if once used the person using it would die by it. It is said that this dagger is one of the oldest in the Orient and has been "used" but five times in history—always justifying the prophecy that it would likewise cause the death of the user. In 1906 a business man in St. Petersburg acquired at an auction sale a collar for which he paid $10,000. It had been made 120 years earlier by a Parisian jeweler at the order of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Every member of the royal family who had worn this collar perished in the French Revolution, and the man who first purchased it fled to Brussels and sold it in that city to get money for his sojourn in exile. Subsequently it changed ownership frequently, always bringing misfortune to its possessor. Finally it was sold to a Russian prince for $20,000, and he gave it to the dancer, Tzukki. The dancer lost her health and was compelled to part with it, and it passed into the collection of Linievitch. This man died suddenly at Monte Carlo, and his heir lost the collar and everything else he possessed in play. The man who then purchased the collar (in 1906) lived in the greatest harmony with his wife and family, but almost at once developed acute mania and ended by killing his wife.

Similar cases may be cited and alienists attribute them to auto-suggestion or to self-hypnotism. A young nobleman who died in an automobile accident in Nice in 1903 had on his finger a ring bearing the inscription that at a critical moment in his life he would "lose his head." He did lose his head—or his life—by becoming confused at a moment when a slight turn to the right would have saved him. One very surprising thing was some years ago vouched for by M. Macé, at one time at the head of the Paris police. He said that at different times five dead bodies had been brought to the morgue, each one of which had a ring with this inscription: "All who have worn this ring have died miserably like me."

M'ri's Goin' Away

Yes, M'ri's goin' away.
Somehow the town won't seem the same.
'Twill be lonesome an' dull an' queer,
An' the evenin's—Lord, they'll be tame!
I can't think o' her not bein' here.
An' she says it's to stay!

Yes, M'ri's goin' away.
Are you askin' why I don't say
Somethin' that 'll sort o' put a stop
To her goin'? Me, jest a jay
With a weak heart that goes kerwhop
When she comes 'long my way?

Yes, M'ri's goin' away.
She never looked at me that way.
I wouldn't 'a' dared dream such things.
It was jest chummy, day after day,
An' year after year—but it stings
To think she's goin' away.

Yes, M'ri's goin' away.
Quit kiddin'! I wouldn't 'a' spoke
If I'd 'a' thought you'd called it fun.
I want you to know this ain't a joke.
Life in this town for me is done.
I ain't goin' to stay.

Yes, M'ri's goin' away.
It's ringin' an' roarin' in my brain
Till I can't somehow hear nor see.
What's that? She? Carin' for my pain?
She takin' notice o' me?
You look out what you say!

. . . . . .

Is M'ri goin' away?
Say, I got up courage an' spoke.
You might as well get killed as die.
She didn't look at it as a joke.
An' say—that is the reason why
M'ri ain't goin' away.

Alice E. Ives.

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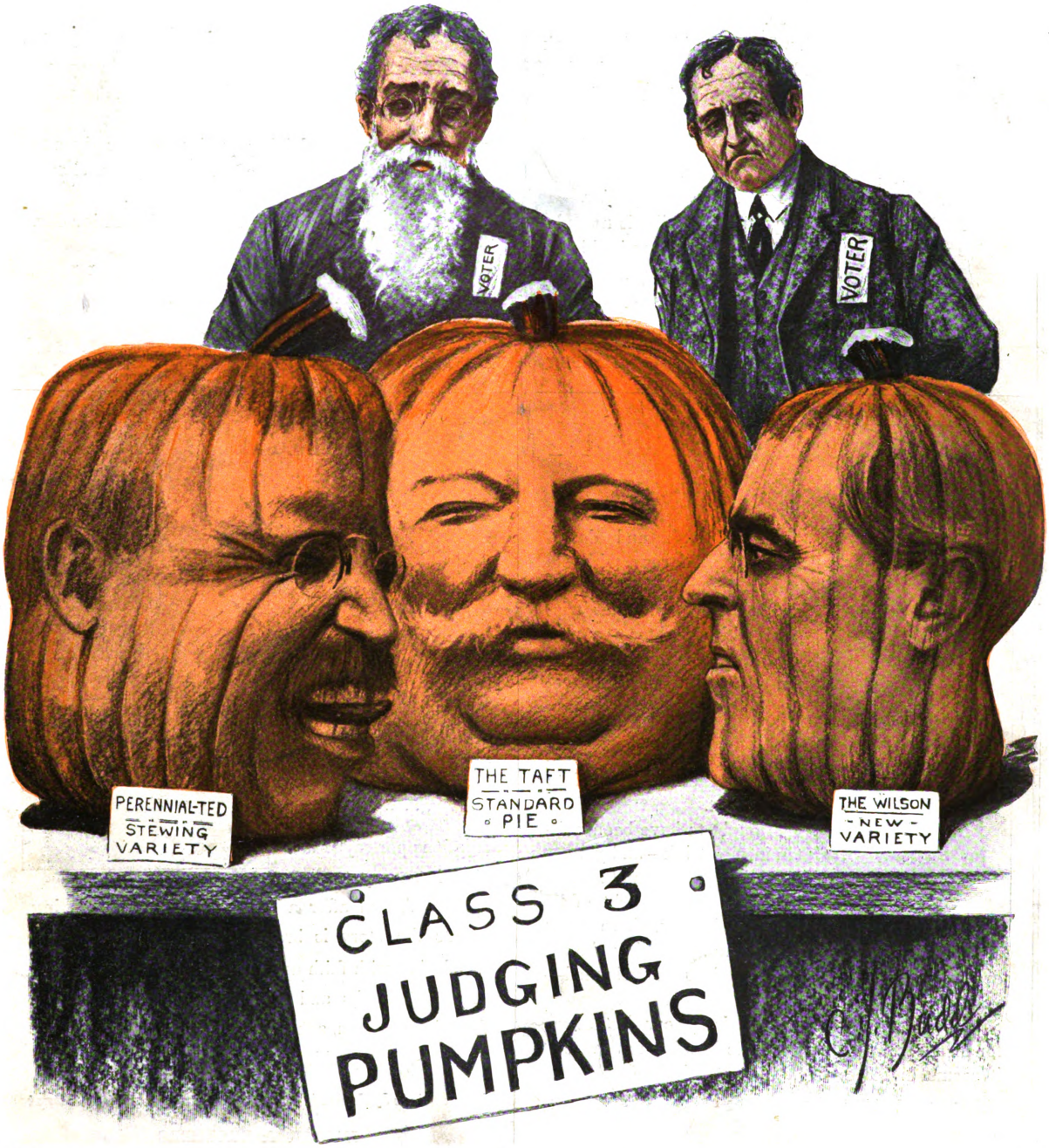
OCT 1 1912

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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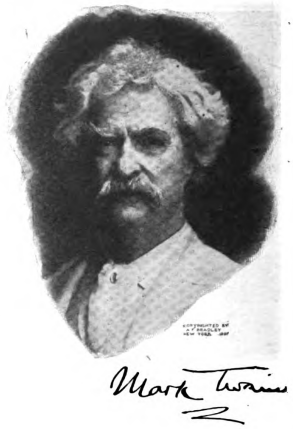
MARK TWAIN—A Biography

The Personal and Literary Life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE



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What intimate suggestion, what wise and frivolous comment, what charm of living quality, this has given to the work, only he who reads may say. Something of the flavor of this intimate clash of minds has been shown in a few chapters printed in *Harper's Magazine*. This was only a fragment of the delightful whole.

And above all—this picture of a life is no eulogy; there is no false hero worship. In his dedication Mr. Paine makes clear his fixed purpose "to write history rather than eulogy."

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By Mary King Courtney

VIRGINAL and dewy-fresh, all rosy with the soft radiance of delectable youth, this story comes tripping with laughter—a new kind, a new name. It is the fun of love, of iridescent love; the delicate tracery of coquetry, its text to-lean-upon-love-and-keep-your-humor-dry—a story that sings itself into one's heart.

It ought to have been written in violet ink—and yet beyond its laughter and its fun, beyond the moonlight of its tender witchery, there glow the passionate feeling, the ardent wooing, the daring—naked and unashamed—which mark the dawn of palpitant first love.

In spite of its sentiment it is a story first of all for men—women know so little how men are wooed it seems unfair to even hint at this book's secret.

Illustrated by Will Foster. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.00 net

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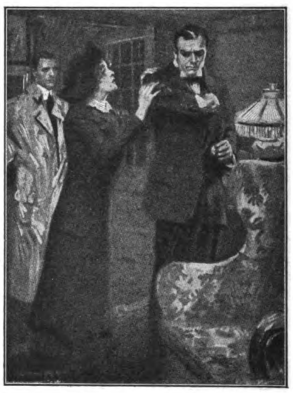
AS CAESAR'S WIFE

By Margarita Spalding Gerry

Author of "The Toy Shop," "Heart and Chart," "The Flowers," etc.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVI. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1912 No. 2910

THE DOGS OF WAR

These fabled animals are shown in this photograph of the Kaiser, which was taken during his participation in the recent maneuvers of the German army

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

We Call for Subscriptions

Will Professor WILSON make his position clear?—*Mr. Perkins in Mr. Hearst's papers.*

WHAT a smart chap Mr. PERKINS is! Joey Bagstock himself was not more devilish sly. Witness the undercut in the title which he so slickly hands to the Democratic candidate. Will business men take stock in a mere Professor as against the most practical man that ever protected good Trusts which gave up freely and gouged bad Trusts which wouldn't? Not much. One doesn't have to dip very deeply into Mr. PERKINS's well of thought to perceive that. Nobody can fail to nip the idea right away.

Well, the truth of the accusation must be admitted. No doubt about it, Mr. WILSON became a student first, then a scholar, and after a while a Professor—of political economy. About the time he achieved that position Mr. PERKINS was getting on, too. Having proved himself a most ingratiating and successful solicitor of life insurance, he was taken into the main office. Then he became a Promoter, and did so well that he was annexed as an adjunct to the banking business. Since he retired, or was retired, as the case may have been, from that, he has been looking after the future material and spiritual welfare of his children, along with BILL FLINN. Just now he is back at his old job of promoting, and, taking a leaf from his own Joey's joke-book, it is as Promoter PERKINS, we suppose, that he should be referred to. For ourselves, however, we must persist in regarding him as a thinker, gravely concerned by the trend of the affairs of the inefficient human race.

Now we ask, Why in all conscience bother about the views of a mere Professor, even though he has been president of a university and Governor of a State, unbeknownst to Mr. PERKINS, for the past seven years, when you have a real mind to draw upon? Mr. PERKINS makes no bones about declaring *his* position. True, he uses a good many words and sheds many apprehensive tears over the cribs of his little ones, but his position gleams through the mist like ROOSEVELT'S star of hope for the colored race. Having made his own pile, he wants an able-bodied partner to take care of it for him and his progeny. And the partner he has in hopeful anticipation is your Uncle Samuel, acting under the immediate personal direction of that most practical of loyal protectors of ill-gotten gains, THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Could anything be simpler or more desirable from the standpoint of a devoted father? Oughtn't we all to join in earnest endeavor to insure the gratification of this laudable ambition? We say yes, by George!

But how? Much as we wish to oblige and look pleasant, we really cannot adopt Mr. PERKINS'S naïve suggestion in its entirety. No doubt the proposed arrangement would safeguard the interests of the dear ones, but partnership should imply mutual advantage, and for the life of us we can't see what Uncle Sam would get out of it. That easy-going old gentleman is a sort of trustee, and has to look after a good many children who don't belong specifically to either Mr. PERKINS or Mr. FLINN, and whose fathers feel that they, too, may be neglected. The incorrigible farmer, for example, complains constantly because he has to pay thirty dollars more for one of Mr. PERKINS'S reapers than he would have to pay if he tilled the soil of France. He is willing to do the right and generous thing, of course, in return for Mr. PERKINS'S valued suggestions respecting social justice, etc.; but is it any wonder that he groans a little when he looks forward to the prospect of *his* children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren continuing to pay indefinitely a million dollars a year on stock which Mr. PERKINS and his associates took out of the Harvester Company's treasury for nothing?

Then there are the silly women who, according to the official reports, are working overtime, under wretched sanitary conditions, for very little wages, in Harvester factories. They have children, too, heedless beings, whom Uncle Sam has to consider occasionally. On the whole, we doubt if we can get unanimous consent to Mr. PERKINS'S plan to constitute the United States government a special policeman to safeguard his present accumulations and protect his cherished monopoly from possible competition. No, we can't do that. And yet something must be done. The father's cry for help is too piercing, too plaintive, too pitiful.

We have it. Let us raise a fund for the PERKINS children by popular subscription. It would not only be a charitable and Christian act; it would be cheaper in the long run to buy them off and be done with them. Every farmer could well afford to contribute, as well as the rest of us who have to buy the products of the farm at enhanced prices. Let's do it, by George and for GEORGE, too, and for his young ones. The *Outlook* would better receive the subscriptions, so that the Contributing Editor can put such proportion in the pay-envelopes as he sees fit, and keep such percentage for campaign expenses as he may happen to need. It is a perfectly splendid idea, as Acting Chairman MCADOO remarked of the plan to have banks collect campaign funds for DEBS, *et al.* Now for prompt and generous responses. Better make out checks to LAURENCE'S order. The Doctor hasn't been very well since he began to take three cups of coffee for breakfast, and Mr. MABIE is away.

P.S.—Include something in a separate envelope for FLINN'S twins, too. Let's do the job up brown while we are about it.

A Very Clear Definition

Meanwhile Governor WILSON has been making his position very clear indeed to the average understanding. It seems almost as if he had Mr. PERKINS in his mind's eye when he said:

> Definiteness in politics is the only thing that clarifies. Definiteness sometimes sends a chill down your back, because you know your own personal relations to the gentlemen mentioned, but, at the same time, it is a wholesome chill.
>
> It is like the chill that you get under the shower-bath; it makes your blood circulate and you are a better man and have a better digestion for having cleared your mind for the rest of the day.
>
> It ought to be in this spirit of good nature and of frankness that we should deal with the questions of 1912; and all that I have to suggest to you gentlemen is that there is this explicit choice to be made in 1912. It sounds abstract, but it is the parting of the ways; and two ways parting at a very slight angle may seem almost to run parallel with one another, but they are diverging, and the goal at the end of one of them is very distant from the goal at the end of the other one.
>
> Your direction is what you have got to choose in 1912. Now here is the choice: On the one hand, accepted and regulated monopoly; on the other hand, regulated competition which will prevent monopoly.
>
> I have studied history, and I dare not take the road that leads to regulated monopoly, because by regulating monopoly you adopt it, you render it permanent, you accept all the things by which it has been established, and by adopting it as inevitable you try to make the best of it and to see that it does as little damage as possible under the circumstances.
>
> Whereas, in the other direction, instead of leaving yourself tied up with this established domination, you take a road that by slow degrees only diverges from the other, but nevertheless presently men can walk with greater and greater freedom, can determine their own lives with the knowledge that while they are little they cannot be crushed by the fellow that is big.
>
> There is a difference between a big business and a trust. A trust is a big business that has an arrangement to get rid of a competition, and a big business survives competition by conquering in the field of intelligence and economy. I am for big business and I am against the trusts.
>
> You know these things ought not to have happened, but you feel that big business has come to stay, and you don't see how to break up big business processes and substitute better ones, and therefore, with a spirit quite uncharacteristic of America, you shrug your shoulders and say: "Well, perhaps the best thing to do is to submit and to regulate the thing if we can find men of genius to regulate it."

That is precisely the attitude which Mr. PERKINS and his political partner would like the American people to assume, but Governor WILSON has other views—to wit:

> It is futile to stand for the causes of our present wrongs and weakly propose to control and moderate the results, and yet that is all that our opponents suggest. They even propose to remedy the results by the very means by which they were produced, namely, the partnership of the government in the management of business. I, for my part, can never bring myself to accept the proposal that the government by regulation shall act through the trusts for the people. The contact between the government and the people in such a case is too remote and indirect. This is no way in which to restore the confidence of the people. It is only a way in which to provide the people with new guardians, guardians interested above all things in making a profit out of the guardianship, a political profit, be it observed, as well as an economic profit.
>
> The railroads, we all admit, are in their very nature monopolistic. We accepted that fact when we began to regulate them. Every economist knows the familiar proof that competition is not often feasible and is sometimes financially wasteful in the field of transportation when railways have been developed along the shortest and most serviceable lines; but they also know that this class of "natural monopolies" is comparatively small, and that there is no analogy between the regulation of railways and the regulation of artificial monopoly created by deliberate combination and agreement based not upon efficiency, but upon control of a particular product and particular markets.
>
> One of the things that I know is that about half the people in the United States are Democrats: I know that they are engaged in every kind of industry and that they could not unite to accomplish economic destruction without also deliberately accomplishing economic suicide. And I do not believe that half the people in the United States are going to combine to ruin the industries of the United States. Moreover, so far as I am myself concerned, I would call attention to a little utterance which I ventured to make upon accepting the nomination for the Presidency, in which I explicitly laid down the programme which I thought we ought to pursue with regard to duties. I said that that ought not to be changed except in such a way and at such a rate as would not in any way interfere with the course of sound business in the United States.

If Mr. PERKINS can spare a few moments from patriotic promoting of a third term, we humbly suggest that he chew on this a while and see if he can detect the difference between WILSON'S Plain Food for Sane Folks and ROOSEVELT'S Pink Pills for Pale People.

The Recall of Presidents

Of course ROOSEVELT thinks it would be advisable to provide for the recall of Presidents; he always has himself in mind.

Hot Air in Kansas

The following is from the press report of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S speech in Topeka:

> He insisted that Mr. WILSON'S knowledge of what he did when President was gained in the seclusion of the class-room at a time "when Mr. WILSON was still taking the position of an ultra-conservative and was being carefully groomed for the Presidency by GEORGE HARVEY and other representatives of the Wall Street interests."

It is difficult to see what difference it makes where Mr. WILSON acquired his knowledge; the important thing is that he got it, and has it still, as the Colonel is finding out, somewhat to his annoyance.

If, in the midst of his aerification of bleeding Kansas, the Colonel can derive satisfaction from designating us as a "representative of Wall Street interests," the pleasure, in the words of Mr. WEBER to Mr. FIELDS, is all his. No, not quite. A little must be spared to his seventh little Governor, the Hon. CHASE S. OSBORN, of Michigan.

The difference between the two seems to be that the Governor's moral obliquity is buried in his mental obtuseness, while the Colonel stands forth as depicted by DRYDEN:

> "A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
> Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon."

Huh?

An attentive reader sent the following quotations to the *Times* the other day:

> On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and one-half years and these three and one-half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and *under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.*—*Announcement by President Roosevelt at the White House on November 8, 1904.*
>
> Immediately after his election he publicly declared that he *would not accept the nomination for the Presidency in 1908.*—*Encyclopædia Britannica, Article "Theodore Roosevelt," by Lawrence F. Abbott.*

The attentive reader thought the declarations didn't jibe, and asked the *Times* for an explanation. The *Times* promptly gave it up, and sent

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a reporter to LAWRENCE,-whose "mind was very clear" on the subject.

Mr. ABBOTT said that he had been in London in May or June, 1910, when he was invited to write the biography of the contributing editor of *The Outlook*, and he had decided to accept. Mr. ABBOTT is president of *The Outlook* company.

"The very fact that I said what I did in the biography makes it evident that it was clear in my mind that the statement referred to in 1908 and had nothing to do with any future election," said Mr. ABBOTT. "Why, I never even gave a thought to what might happen in the future. I was simply writing history. I think Colonel ROOSEVELT'S statements in 1904 and 1907 were accepted universally as applying to 1908; the whole country so regarded them without considering any contingency which might arise in the future.

"The present campaign was not in anybody's mind when I wrote that article; I don't think the present situation had occurred to any one, not even to Mr. ROOSEVELT. What I wrote was simply my interpretation of what Mr. ROOSEVELT said; he had nothing at all to do with it."

We shall not cavil at LAWRENCE for saying that when he deliberately distorted a definite statement for encyclopedic use he was "simply writing history." His obsession has such a hold on him that we dare say he thought so. LAWRENCE isn't very bright about some things, anyway. But here is an odd circumstance. It was "in May or June, 1910," that ROOSEVELT, also in London, said that if the election were to be held in the succeeding November he would be the Republican candidate and would win. We quoted him to that effect in *The North American Review* for August, 1910, and he said that we were as many varieties of a liar as Mr. HEINZ makes of pickles. Regarding this familiar pronouncement as conclusive evidence of our fidelity to the eternal verities, we let it go at that.

And now who should suddenly appear upon the field of action but Brother Dr. MCKELWAY, who rises on the very day before LAWRENCE enters his gentle disclaimer to remark:

It has always been within the *Eagle's* knowledge that on the night of that Aldine dinner LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, president; WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, treasurer; and KARL V. S. HOWLAND, secretary of the Outlook Company, admitted and deplored the insuperable moral obstacle of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S renunciation of a third term to his renomination for the Presidency. So did Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT and HAMILTON W. MABIE on the same guarded occasion, but as the latter two have never, so far as known, said or written a word for a third term for Mr. ROOSEVELT, their case differs from that of their associates who have done so.

Now what do you know about that? Or, rather, what does LAWRENCE know about it? How in the *Outlook* could there have been a "moral obstacle" in ROOSEVELT'S "renunciation of a third term" if he had never made one and had only, according to LAWRENCE in the *Encyclopædia*, said he "would not accept the nomination for the Presidency *in 1908*"?

One word more and LAWRENCE may go. Who was it that said *in 1908*, "They'll take TAFT or they'll have to take ME!" Huh?

The Answer

Fact 1. TAFT cannot be elected.
Fact 2. ROOSEVELT can be elected.
Fact 3. WILSON might be elected.—BROTHER MUNSEY.

Ergo, vote for WILSON.

Philip, Sober

ROOSEVELT says:

The key to Mr. WILSON'S position is found in his statement that "the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power, not of the increase of it." This is a bit of outworn academic doctrine, which was kept in the schoolroom and the professorial study for a generation after it had been abandoned by all who had experience of actual life.

Mr. WILSON'S declaration is undoubtedly the "key of his position." It was the key, moreover, of the position of the American people when they recognized in their fundamental law that a majority, no less than a king, may become tyrannous, and enacted the great constitutional decree forbidding the taking of property without due process of law, guaranteeing equal protection under the law, safeguarding the freedom of speech and the press, and in all other ways preserving the personal liberties which they had won by revolution against the exercise of too great governmental power.

It was the key, too, of the position of GOUVERNEUR MORRIS as set forth by his biographer in these striking words:

He denounced, with a fierce scorn that they richly merit, the despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed and that public men have only to carry out its will and thus "acknowledge themselves the willing instruments of folly and vice. They declare that in order to please the people they will, regardless alike of what conscience may dictate or reason approve, make the profligate sacrifice of public right on the altar of private interest. What more can be asked by the sternest tyrant of the most despicable slave? Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism."

"Sounder and truer maxims," declared the biographer, "never were uttered."

Read again. "The despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed. . . . Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism."

"Sounder and truer maxims never were uttered."

So wrote the biographer, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

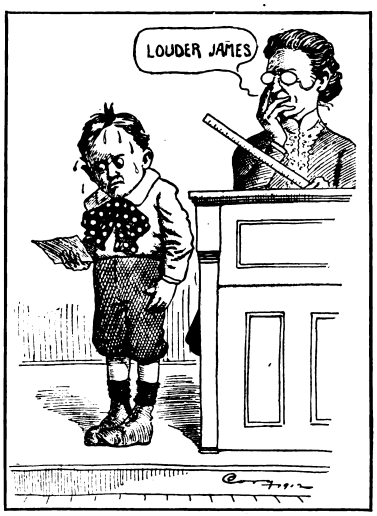
Penalized for Quitting

Despite the loud claims it makes of having contributed to the ROOSEVELT campaign of 1904, the Standard Oil Trust continues to manifest its love and admiration for Colonel ROOSEVELT by fighting him bitterly in and out of season. It becomes more evident day by day that whatever the trust paid, it didn't get what it paid for.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Quite so. It got the double cross because it didn't take Mr. BLISS'S advice and come over a second time.

An Interesting Exhibit

We present herewith one of the funny pictures furnished by the talented Mr. CORY to a syndicate of newspapers:



THE TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD

WHEN TEACHER INTERCEPTED THE LOVE-NOTE YOU TRIED TO PASS TO YOUR LITTLE SWEETHEART AND MADE YOU READ IT ALOUD TO THE WHOLE SCHOOL, WASN'T IT SIMPLY FIERCE?

We clipped it from the columns of our highly esteemed contemporary, the Newark *Star*, published every morning, except Sunday, and edited by the Hon. JAMES SMITH, Jr.

Taking Time

Finally President TAFT, it was learned, sent word last night to Chairman HILLES and to his associates that the Republican national campaign would hourly improve.—*The Sun.*

Why not minutely or even secondly?

Looking Forward

Have the Democratic directors yet awakened to realization of the fact that the first actual result of their vagarious endeavors was a serious defeat? Did they especially enjoin the speakers who went into Maine to impress upon their hearers the necessity of returning a Democratic Senator if Democratic policies are to be given a chance? Did they see to it in advance that the strongest possible candidates were nominated for the Legislature? Did they even know a Senatorship was at stake? Do they understand that their party must now gain six Senators in the coming elections to obtain a bare majority in the Upper Chamber? Are they giving special attention to the States in which, if at all, these gains can be made?

If so, why did they not induce the Presidential candidate at least to write a letter to the folks in Maine earnestly urging special exertions for Senator GARDNER? If so, why did they permit him to cross Illinois, where *two* Senators are to be elected, without saying a word on this important subject?

If so, why are they scheduling him for Nebraska and leaving out the adjoining State of Colorado, where *two more* Senators are to be chosen?

It is all well enough to hitch a great party to a star even though stupidity on somebody's part condemns the star's car to bumping about at the tail-end of freight-trains; but a National Committee is supposed to do more than rainbow-chase a President into office, only to let him be hamstrung by a hostile Congress after he gets in.

Having already lost one, the Democrats to secure a majority must not only hold their own hereafter, but must gain six Senators from the following States:

Colorado (2), Illinois (2), Delaware, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Wyoming.

Obviously it is no easy job. Is anybody on it?

Mr. Hilles at Work

Hello! WILSON is a traitor. Mr. HILLES made the startling discovery last Sunday. TAFT having carried Texas and the election being over, the Republican chairman took up his well-thumbed copy of the *History of the American People*, and his eagle eye lit like the business end of a wasp on the following paragraph:

The proclamation, when it came, was no law, but only his (LINCOLN'S) deliberate declaration of policy for himself and for his party; and changed, as he meant that it should change, the whole air of the struggle and of politics as well.

Mr. HILLES threw up his hands; he was shocked. Then he took pen feverishly in hand and wrote:

It is safe to say that not even the most radical unreconstructed Southern man would attribute to LINCOLN this motive, which it remained for the historian WOODROW WILSON alone to discover, that LINCOLN abolished slavery to further his own political ambitions and those of his political party.

Yes indeed, it is quite safe to say that. It is equally safe, possibly, although preposterously silly, to say that WILSON wrote that LINCOLN issued the Emancipation Proclamation to "further his own political ambitions," when he never wrote anything of the kind. What he did write and what Mr. HILLES quotes — namely, that President LINCOLN seized the opportunity to clarify the whole situation by adopting a war measure to solidify the moral sentiment of the North,—is the exact fact. President TAFT put the case quite clearly, on the same day that Mr. HILLES had his fit, in these words:

Mr. LINCOLN suffered greatly by the criticism and abuse of those who thought he did not act quickly enough in issuing the Emancipation Proclamation, and later from the attacks of those who thought the act was a great mistake. Now, as we look back upon it, we realize that his selection of the time was most fortunate. He delayed action until he could take it as a war measure under the Constitution and could defend what he did as within his lawful power as commander-in-chief of the army and navy in the prosecution of the war.

The emancipation did not free all the slaves. It could not free those who were in territory not within the arena of war, but after he had issued this proclamation the completion of the steps needed to secure the abolition of slavery as a constitutional amendment was a necessity and only a matter of time. It is right, then, that LINCOLN should be held up in history as the man chiefly responsible for the freedom of the negro.

If Mr. HILLES had seen this first, he might have been spared his spasm. Even so, we dare say nothing could have prevented him from adding that "apparently, if he could," Governor WILSON "would close every American mill and buy in foreign markets, because, in the first place, he is an aristocrat born and bred, and because he wants the American people to buy where they can buy the cheapest."

It is pretty terrible, no doubt, that one should want the American people to buy where they can buy the cheapest, but that one should wish so "because he is an aristocrat"—*i. e.*, the son of a hard-working, under-paid Presbyterian minister—is incalculably worse.

Mr. HILLES has our sympathy. Moreover, as everybody is remarking these days: "Poor Mr. ——!" Never mind who.

The Great Denier

Everything about Mr. ROOSEVELT is more acceptable than his denials. They look like a mistake. Of course he never did anything wrong, but if his wicked detractors can keep him denialing all the time, the effect is about as good as though he had really been caught. Mere charges wouldn't have much effect if it weren't for his bull-rush fashion of meeting them. "Just as I am without one plea," looks to be his true policy.

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The Languishing of Literature

THE traffic of all art is with form. Sculpture deals with bulk and form; painting with color and form; music with sound and form; literature with words and form. It is wholly idle to say, as so many half-educated men do to-day, that literature is thought, is substance, is matter, or information, or a picture of reality. Our magazines are fairly dripping with these things. Never before in the world's history have so many opinions attained print and currency, has so much of the material of existence been set to words, have so many news and information items been scattered to the far corners of the earth. Yet no one will question that literature is languishing. One may turn over all the magazines of last month and find in one only a faint suggestion that such a thing as beautiful diction and lovely form exist. Even this suggestion is but an echo.

Partly this is due to the fact that the greed for bulk and novelty is mastering us. Each man feels that if he has not heard "the latest," as the phrase runs, he is "out of it"; partly it is that the world at just this period is strangely pressed for time. Beautiful living and beautiful thinking require some leisure. Beauty has never yet been created in haste. But leisure comes very high, and the average writer must keep up with the runners and snatchers or starve.

However, here and there, in out-of-the-way places, an haphazard one has the luck to live withdrawn and broider dreams, or choose bits of reality and endow them with fair forms and lovely words. There is no literature contained in such a statement as: life is short and one must not expect to be happy always. This is mere information or statement of fact, but the lady of all desire, in the drama, speaks literature when she says to her lover, "The dawn and evening are but a little while, the winter and summer pass quickly, and what way would you and I have joy forever?" Would it be literature to say, "You shall die and be dust before that string is untied, or the bowl broken, or the pitcher at the fountain or the wheel of the cistern broken?" Yet change the cadence of the phrases and you have, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was." The change is a mere matter of cadence and of adding qualifying epithets to the objects named. The newspaper tells the story of an old beggar woman who, trying to be admitted to the almshouse, suddenly inherited a fortune. She was totally unable to understand its use and glad, after some sad experience, to give it all away in return for the almshouse shelter. The incident is sad and instructive, but it is the mere raw stuff of life until the poet takes it and says:

"Look, if a beggar in fixed middle life
Should find a treasure—can he use the same
With straitened habits and with tastes starved small,
And take at once to his impoverished brain
The sudden element that changes things,
That sets the undreamt-of rapture at his hand
And puts the cheap, old joy in the scorned dust?"

The change here is a mere change of words in which the tale is conveyed. When SHAKESPEARE, the greatest artist of all in mere words, wrote, "When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought, I summon up remembrance of things past," does any one question but that he was thinking of the sweetness of repeated s's, m's, and n's in two five-footed lines? Else why not say quite simply, as would a modern writer, "When I think over the past." Thought, information, substance are but the raw material from which the writer cuts out his lovely word patterns and invents his phrase cadences.

The flaw in our modern American writing (and surely no one will question but that there is more bad writing in our land than anywhere else) is that the writers have come to think that the raw material is itself adequate. Comparatively few of our writers can distinguish between a verb and a noun. Miss IDA TARBELL, for example, does not hesitate to use such horrible grammar as "positioned" for placed or put. Even such English writers as ARNOLD BENNETT have adopted the unpleasant Americanism "humans" for human beings. Indeed, the poor, abused parts of speech are so mixed up and substituted for one another, so flung pêle-mêle into the pot to be boiled down into an undistinguishable mass that it is out of the question to parse or to put into grammatical order an average page of an average magazine. One would have to say, for example: Humans—adjective, misused as noun and set in the place of the subject of the sentence; or "positioned"—noun misused as verb to help out depleted vocabulary of writer who will not take time to think up the word "put."

It was a tendency of the "Romantics" in the beginning of the nineteenth century to coin words and scorn rules. Then VICTOR HUGO called them to remembrance by writing, "The more one despises rhetoric, the more profound should be one's respect for syntax." In the sad dearth of beauty about us, what joy there is in finding an author who can say, "There's no safe place for love on the ridge of the world." The use of the "ridge of the world" there is as arresting as the "flaming ramparts of the world" or the "hid battlements of eternity." It is the same writer whose folk have the ridge of the world on their lips who tells us of the "selvage of the wood"; or of the "finest story you'd hear any place, with great queens in it, making themselves matches from the start to the end, and they with shiny silks on them the length of the day and white shifts for the night." It is the artist's imagination that riots there, choosing words, never carelessly from a meager vocabulary, but from a rich and copious store; it stirs the blood of the reader and awakens far associations. Again he touches the vagrant heart when he writes of "all the roads spread out over the world," and gives in few words all the suffering of over-conscious insight when his old man boasts, "The like of me has a store of knowledge that's a weight and a terror."

It is safe to hazard that the reason for the present decrepitude of literature is the haste and the need of life. To write for a living means to renounce literature, witness the deterioration of the work of so great a genius even as KIPLING. No one would be likely to assert that his later product compares in vitality and beauty with the earlier work. Those who have made lasting beauty out of words have lived lonely and spared themselves the goods of this world. In the main, they have escaped the comforts and consolations of human ties, deserting their families like SHAKESPEARE, shifting responsibility like SHELLEY and BYRON, or having none like FRANCIS THOMPSON and SYNGE. The most of such are married to a note-book in which they jot down fine phrases, felicitous words, or varying cadences of phrase. TURNER sketched sunsets on his cuffs rather than let them escape unnoted. PATER compiled a vocabulary to catch and reflect the particular hue of his own mind. It is the special work of the artist to train the sensibilities to make fine reactions against the somber nullity of circumstance. Out of copious perceptions and indrawn brooding he must spin the stuff of new life, making the "commonest things interesting by recognition and wild and wonderful things by surprise." But most of all it is the artist who sees life large and unbroken. Though he choose out his figure and draw him with beautiful lines, yet he never loses sight of the background from which he is forcing the figure to stand forth, and for him at all points it melts again into its own background and connects with surrounding life. Before the artist is stretched the radiating, iridescent atmosphere of life in which to draw new and beautiful lines. It is the pervasive sense of vastness that gives the artist such phrases as "the bar of heaven," "the ridge of the world," "the battlements of eternity," "the flaming ramparts of the world."

Correspondence

BETTER MEN WILL MAKE A BETTER WORLD

SELMA, ALA., *August 18, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th you admonish each of us to be his own President-maker. Will you be specific and tell us in just what way the election of Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Wilson, or Mr. Taft would help lighten the load the average man or woman in our industrial army is now carrying? How would the lot of the thousands employed in the bowels of the earth in Pennsylvania or Ohio or Nevada, chained to their tasks without prospect of deliverance, be ameliorated by the good or bad fortune of any political party? Will not all of us have to continue to do battle against the odds that beset us in the world-old struggle to swim and not to sink? What system of rewards and penalties is proposed to take the place of that now dominant in society, to wit: that brains and industry and frugality shall climb to the top and ignorance and weakness and sloth gravitate downward? After it is admitted that all are entitled to equality before the law and equality of opportunity, which millions do not get in this land of freedom, what other purely political arrangement, or method of taxation, or distribution of earnings can be inaugurated at Washington that will materially improve the condition of life for the great bulk of the people?

Mr. Roosevelt vociferates eloquently about social and industrial justice, and about putting more of the benefits of the tariff into the pay envelop of the workingman, all of which evokes our sympathy and approval, but lacking the practical details, sounds too much like calling up spirits from the vasty deep, which do not always come after the political wooer lands into office. Neither will the outcry against corrupt bosses arouse rebellion or permanently benefit the State, for history abundantly proves that men do not overthrow their rulers because they are corrupt. It is a part of the irony of history that Louis XV. died in bed, while William the Silent and Lincoln fell the victims of assassins.

Mr. Taft and Mr. Wickersham seem to hold to the old theory that Nature has provided an all-powerful automatic regulator called competition, which will evolve order out of chaos, pull prices down and fill the consumer with joy unspeakable, if it be allowed to have its way. Yet about the only people now freely competing are the small retailers, many with their heads just above the water, the farmers to some extent, and the unskilled working-class competing with one another for the privilege to escape trampdom. The combinations have absorbed commerce and the labor-unions labor. Mr. La Follette says 10,000 trusts were formed while Mr. Roosevelt was President.

Gross defects in our political institutions are admitted. Many of them are wasteful and unjust, vicious and oppressive, and every movement to correct abuses should be encouraged, but the final remedy will not be found in changing the machinery of democracy, or in ousting one set of men of a certain political allegiance to give place to another set of men with a different allegiance. Good government, according to Aristotle, is that of one or of a few or of many, for the sake of all. A democracy where the many rule for the many alone, may be a deadly engine of oppression; it may trample without appeal on the rights of minorities, and in the name of the common good establish and enforce an almost unconditioned tyranny.

The philosophic politicians of the French Revolution thought that society was at their disposal to be molded into any form, independent of its vast development and inherent impulses, capable of moral regeneration merely by legislative enactment. But the old world moves slowly and the wise observer knows that most of the evils that afflict mankind are not due to the defects and limitations of the law, nor to faulty political or economic arrangements, but are due to the imperfections of human nature itself, and the remedy will be found in better men and better women. Society is the best its constituent units will allow it to be. The social organism is the sum of all its parts. No political organization is going to answer all our grievances, for what is good for one man or one class of men will bring ills to other classes of men. What is good for a community as a whole may bring temporary loss and a sense of injustice to thousands. However, we are assured by Emerson that through the years and the centuries a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly streams. Let us learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting.

I am, sir,
F. T. RAIFORD.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING

FREDONIA, N. Y., *August, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It may be noted in passing that while the Terrible Roar is standing at Armageddon fighting for the Lord, Boss Flinn is standing at Pittsburg fighting for the devil like the devil; Timmy Woodruff is over in Brooklyn fighting for he doesn't know what; and Jimmy Garfield and Giff Pinchot are somewhere fighting to keep in the public eye and on the payroll. Let the good fight go on!

I am, sir,
H. C. D.

The Political Zoo

THE EL-E-PHANT

THE EL-E-PHANT'S a noble beast when he's in prime condition,
But somewhat surly when the feast shows signs of intermission.
He's rather sot in all his creeds, and 'mid all noisy clatter
He stands four-square on his past deeds, like any old stand-patter.

He loves to dwell on other days, reflecting on his record;
On how he's won a lot of bays, some of them slightly checkered.
He's rather sluggish, having fed too well on public curry,
And moves too slowly, it is said, for those who're in a hurry.

THE DON-KEY

The DON-KEY, like the EL-E-PHANT, is quite a noble critter.
He hasn't got much use for cant, and truly hates a quitter.
His ears are large, his will is strong; he thrives in stormy weather,
And when 'tis fair he struggles long to hold himself together.

He seldom gets his portion full up at the public manger,
And in his hunger terrible is sometimes dubbed a danger.
He loves the EL-E-PHANT to smite, and never was a slicker
Old champion when in the fight the greatest need 's a kicker.

THE BULL-MOOSE

The BULL-MOOSE is a nature fake, made up of creatures sundry,
Who keeps the public wide-awake with noises loud and thund'ry.
He views with hate, and wrath, and scorn, all *dolci far niente*,
And feeds thrice daily from a horn, called PERKINS' HORN OF PLENTY.

The EL-E-PHANT and DON-KEY he doth greet with blatant snorting,
And o'er the land and o'er the sea is constantly cavorting.
He's partly lamb, and partly ram, and partly kanga-rooster.
His motto's *"I don't givadam! I'll do whate'er I chooster!"*

THE RACE

These three are lined up for a race. The Mammoth has the inside—
Though there is that about his pace that indicates the thin side;
The DON-KEY has the outer course, and judging from his prancing
He thinks that he's a battle-horse to Victory advancing.

Yet have a care, ye Riders, not to be of winning certain—
There is no telling really what will happen at the "curtain."
You doubtless both are Gentlemen, but, sirs, the race is rocky
Against a crazy BULL-MOOSE when it's ridden by a JOCKEY!

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

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PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

WEEK ENDING *September 21.*

CAPTAIN KIDD is dead, but his spirit lives. The admirers of the Colonel have explained him by saying he is a reincarnation; he is the twentieth-century embodiment of all the great figures in history from MOSES down, but with peculiar fatuity they have failed to recognize the real man. And yet not so peculiar, after all, for the Bull-Moosers carry their heads in the clouds, which is the reason they so easily trip over the feet of clay of their idol. Captain KIDD is once more with us back in his old business, doing business in the same old way, cutlass in hand and his gang of bold buccaneers at his back ready at the word to make any unfortunate captive walk the plank. The Colonel, that universal genius, who really ought to be a colonel of horse marines, for he can splice the mainbrace as neatly as he can run into an ambush and be rescued by colored troops—the Colonel, then, as he strides the quarterdeck and looks up admiringly at the skull and cross-bones, lives up to the dishonored traditions that made him notorious in a former incarnation.

Governor MARSHALL very properly described the efforts of Mr. ROOSEVELT and his crew to steal the electoral vote of Kansas as piracy, and he was not beside the mark when he said, "Never has the black flag of piracy floated above the political seas as now; never was it saluted with so much honor." After the "psychological" exhibition at Chicago and the attempts to corrupt Southern delegates, we ought not to be surprised at tactics that would meet the approval of the strong-arm man as well as the light-fingered gentry; but the Kansas steal is just a little bit worse than anything that has gone before. Mr. ROOSEVELT has said that his platform is "thou shalt not steal," and he lends himself to a movement to filch the name and property of his opponent.

In Kansas the men who call themselves Progressives have stolen the Republican emblem on the ballot and claimed the title of Republican so as to put the ROOSEVELT electors under that designation. If the courts permit this fraud the Republicans of Kansas are disfranchised, for the only "Republican" electors they can vote for are not the men who will support Mr. TAFT in the Electoral College, but those who are pledged to vote for Mr. ROOSEVELT. Knowing they are in a minority in Kansas, afraid to meet the issue squarely, the managers of this party of high morality and hypocritical pretensions have resorted to a trick to fool the electors and steal the vote of a State. There has been nothing quite so disgraceful in American politics since the time when Mr. ROOSEVELT'S former political associates stole the Presidency.

Mr. ROOSEVELT cannot plead ignorance or pretend that he is powerless to control his lieutenants. Mr. ROOSEVELT is the party; he is directing his own campaign; he has from the beginning assumed full responsibility and nothing is done without his knowledge and consent. No, Kansas is not an accident; it is a symptom; it is typical of the humbug and hypocrisy that have marked the third-termer's campaign from the beginning. He was able to be a candidate only at the expense of his honor, a little thing, of course; but, still, to most men honor is more than anything else. He could only become a candidate by repudiating his solemn declaration never again to be a candidate or never again to accept another nomination, but that obligation he tossed aside as lightly as he turned his back on friendship, loyalty, and good faith. He pretended that his candidacy was necessary to purify politics and to preach morality, and he lends himself to a political trick so iniquitous and an action so immoral that it would have shocked even the hardened conscience of a TWEED.

There is no escape for Mr. ROOSEVELT. He stands stripped and naked in all his hypocrisy. His followers may sing "Onward, Christian Soldier" and shout their willingness to follow TEDDY wherever TEDDY leads, but decent men can give no countenance to theft. To steal the vote of a State is robbery, to hope to profit by preventing the free exercise of the expression of the people is to commit treason against the State. Mr. ROOSEVELT has encouraged this crime.

From Lincoln, Nebraska, comes the report that ten per cent. of the signatures to the Bull-Moose petition filed with the Secretary of State are the names of inmates of the State penitentiary or the State insane-asylum. How very appropriate!

Mr. ROOSEVELT has so often distorted the statements of other men when they were inconvenient or suppressed part of what they said or wrote, so as to convey a meaning foreign to their intention, that it is not at all surprising he should resort to his old tricks on the Pacific coast and put in the mouth of Governor WILSON words he never uttered. At San Francisco a week ago the third-termer said that Governor WILSON had declared, in his speech before the New York Press Club, that "the history of liberty is a history of the limitation of governmental power,

William G. McAdoo, who is managing Governor Wilson's campaign during the illness of Chairman McCombs

not of the increase of it." and using that alleged quotation as a text, he sneeringly observed that "this is a bit of outworn academic doctrine which was kept in the schoolroom and the professorial study for a generation after it had been abandoned by all who had experience of actual life." Governor WILSON did not use the words attributed to him by the reincarnation of Captain KIDD, at least not in any account that we have seen; but what he did say was that the people wished "to clear their government for action by making it free, and then, when it is free, they wish to use it, not to serve any class or any party, but to serve civilization and the human race." This was the key-note of the speech, and on that theme Governor WILSON dwelt at considerable length, developing it, amplifying it, making his position so clear that it could not be misunderstood. His position is exactly the opposite of that attributed to him by Mr. ROOSEVELT. It is a contradiction in terms to advocate setting the government free and arguing in favor of limiting the governmental power; the one is the antithesis of the other. There was really no reason why Mr. ROOSEVELT should have misquoted Governor WILSON to a San Francisco audience, no reason at all except that the habit to misrepresent has so grown upon the third-termer that he now does it unconsciously. Realizing that, we feel more inclined to pity Mr. ROOSEVELT than to chide him; and our reproof is always gentle and tempered by the pang of sorrow.

If there is one thing we admire about the Colonel more than another—and there are several things about him that win our profound admiration—it is his extreme modesty. "I have been a reader and a student all my life," he told a Los Angeles audience with becoming reticence, "and have read many books, but the things I have learned and which enabled me to form my views on the problems of to-day come not from books, but from thirty years of hard work among men." Presumably he was so hard at work for seven of those thirty years that he never had time to think about the tariff while he was President, or to order the prosecution of the Harvester Trust, or to find out the virtues of woman's suffrage until he was a candidate for the Presidency for a third term and women could be cozened out of their votes. Contemptuous as the Colonel now is of books, we should like to have him read this passage from *Hazlitt;* it might not be time entirely wasted:

"His understanding is the dupe and slave of his momentary, violent, and irritable humors. His conscience is at the mercy of the first provocation he receives, of the first whim he takes in his head; he sees things through the medium of heat and passion, not with reference to any general principles, and his whole system of thinking is deranged by the first object that strikes his fancy or sours his temper. Whatever he finds out is his own, and he only knows what he finds out. He is in the constant hurry and fever of gestation; his brain teems incessantly with some fresh project. Every new light is the birth of a new system, the dawn of a new world to him. He is continually outstripping and overreaching himself. The last opinion is the only true one. He is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. Why should he not be wiser to-morrow than he is to-day?"

There may be a question about his wisdom, but he never could be more modest, or more truthful.

Governor WILSON has been going strong through the Middle West and talking in plain fashion to his audiences, who evidently like that kind of talk and are willing to hear as much of it as the Governor can give them. At Logansport, Indiana, he paid his respects to one of the G. O. P. derelicts. There was a time when former Senator BEVERIDGE believed that destiny with outstretched hand was leading him to the White House, but destiny either got tired of the job or took up with a more promising *protégé*, and Mr. BEVERIDGE is now content to be a humble follower working in the Bull Moose pasture with visions of perhaps an embassy, or even—for anything may happen on a pirate ship—a seat at the captain's table. Mr. BEVERIDGE was perturbed that if Governor WILSON is elected President he will be "boss controlled." To allay this fear, which really must be very disturbing to Mr. BEVERIDGE when he thinks of the unbossed third-termer, Governor WILSON said: "The way you can tell whether a man is going to be controlled by the bosses or not is to judge whether he is in reach of a boss or not," and then the Governor gave this concise definition of a boss:

"A boss is a political agent of certain special interests, who see to it, through him, that people they can control are put in office, and that laws they don't want are kept off the statute-books; and the men who do that are the men who are interested in the great monopolies of this country."

Having given the definition, it is a pity Governor WILSON did not follow it up with a practical illustration. "For instance," Governor WILSON might have

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added, "the special interests that put Mr. ROOSEVELT into the Presidency by subscribing to his corruption fund did not want the tariff reduced, so Mr. ROOSEVELT, although he was in office for more than seven years, kept a revised tariff law off the statute-books." Governor WILSON'S long experience in the class-room ought to convince him that the easiest way to convey knowledge is by a concrete example.

Crowds are deceptive. Nothing is so easy as to draw a crowd, nothing so easily throws even the best-balanced man off his feet as the presence of a large, enthusiastic, and cheering audience. "There has never been such a turn-out at a political gathering since JACKSON spoke," one self-important committeeman, recalling hoary tradition, tells the candidate; "you made the circus look like a lawn *fête* of the First Baptist Church," another tells him, and the candidate would be less than human and more than mortal if he didn't believe it and wasn't able to convince himself that the whole village or town or city was unanimous for him. Making due allowances, therefore, still it is not without significance that Governor WILSON has had rousing audiences on his tour, some of the veterans going so far as to say that the enthusiasm for the Governor exceeded that when Mr. BRYAN was in the height of his fame and could sweep an assemblage off its feet by a mass of uncooked platitudes delivered in a sonorous voice. There is curiosity, of course, to see and hear Governor WILSON, curiosity because he is the candidate of his party, because of the dramatic rapidity with which he has come to the front, because of the things he has done and the courage he has shown, because he peculiarly appeals to popular imagination and offers the people not only promise, but brings them inspiration, and after curiosity has been satisfied he makes a higher appeal. He talks common sense and his words ring true. The good impression he made in Pennsylvania has been deepened by his tour of the West. There is no complaint this year on the part of political managers that General Apathy is in the saddle. The people are keen to be enlightened and are doing their own thinking.

The third-termer complains that Governor WILSON is following "an outworn philosophy." To a man who has thrown honor into the scrap-heap and regards truth as a joke and honesty a discarded virtue a great many things besides philosophy must seem to be "outworn," but the great public stubbornly clings to the fundamentals.

The management of the Republican campaign thus far has been characterized more by leisurely indifference than aggressive fighting, but whoever conceived the idea of putting ex-Congressman J. ADAM BEDE and J. M. HARLAN on the trail of the Bull Moose deserves well of his party. The Bull Moose, we are given to understand, is "annoyed," which is not surprising when such things as these are said to cheering audiences by Mr. BEDE under the very shadow of the Bull-Moose tent:

"Colonel ROOSEVELT said here yesterday that the bosses will be beaten two to one in November. There can be no doubt about it. First of all, he himself, the most ambitious of bosses controlling the biggest corruption fund ever used in American politics, the hero of the HARRIMAN slush fund and the beneficiary of the Standard Oil, United States Steel, and the Harvester Trusts, the big Bull Moose of the short-grass country, and the exalted leader of the herd, dehorned, denatured, and disgraced, will bite the dust to roam the plains no more forever."

And Mr. HARLAN adds to the Colonel's annoyance in this fashion:

"Mr. ROOSEVELT is having much to say about discredited politicians. I don't know of any politician who stands to-day more completely discredited than THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Look at this record in his own State. Abusing the prestige of the popular favor which he enjoyed when he returned from Africa, with scarcely a moment's delay he brushed aside every other leader, seized control of the Republican party, dominated absolutely—yes, bossed—the State convention, dictated the nomination for Governor, wrote the party platform himself, and ran the party to defeat. You all remember the fiasco. ROOSEVELT lost even his own precinct, so well had his neighbors come to know him. He lost his own ward, his own county, his own Assembly district, his own Congress district, and his own State. All these went to the Democrats."

To have these things said in a State whose people regard him as a heaven-born leader is enough to make the Bull-Mooser annoyed.

To G. W. P.: No, it is not true that Colonel ROOSEVELT has promised, if elected, to beat the sword into a plowshare, but he will give the International Harvester Trust the sole monopoly of reaping the whirlwind he is now so industriously sowing.

An Anxious Moment

UNCLE SAMMY: EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO, CATCH A—

Senator LODGE—the dear "CABOT" that once was to the dear "THEODORE" that no more is—having recovered from his sore grief, is now about to re-enter the world that is the poorer since he covered his face and sat in the desolation of despair. Or if that metaphor is a trifle obscure, then let it be known to all men that Mr. LODGE, having been told by his very dear friend, Mr. ROOSEVELT, that "under no circumstances would he be a candidate for the Presidency" and Mr. LODGE presuming to speak as one with a message, it was a bitter blow when Mr. ROOSEVELT threw his hat in the ring and proclaimed himself an unreliable and untrustworthy friend. Mr. LODGE was so overcome by the shabby trick of which he was the victim that he took no part in the contest between President TAFT and Mr. ROOSEVELT before the Chicago convention—when even the most acute intellect was unable to hazard a guess as to the outcome—and only recovered when the nomination of Governor WILSON put beyond peradventure the result next November. Mr. LODGE is now about to enter the campaign, and he is to preside over the Republican State convention in Boston next month, although when Senator CRANE and his allies were battling desperately to hold Massachusetts in line for President TAFT Mr. LODGE sat in his box, his hands in his lap, thereby avoiding either to have to turn his thumbs up or down.

As the presiding officer of a Republican State convention, it will be interesting to observe whether Mr. LODGE is governed by party loyalty or swayed by the memories of a dead friendship, for the chairman of the convention is expected to sound the key-note; and how Mr. LODGE can give the call to arms without exposing the perfidy of the pirate who is attempting to wreck the party to which Mr. LODGE owes allegiance will tax to the limit the ingenuity of even a scholarly politician or a political scholar. It will, perhaps, be even more interesting to listen to the wild bellowing that will come from the Bull-Moose corral, for has not the fiat gone forth that any one who does not assist in turning the Republic into a dictatorship is a thief, a robber, a second-story worker, a liar, a boss, a crooked politician, and one of Lucifer's pet children? If "dear CABOT" were to tell all he knows about "dear THEODORE" the revelations would only be exceeded by LOEB suddenly becoming loquacious.

In the face of every discouragement President TAFT retains his cheerfulness and behind the blackest clouds is able to see the magic colors of the arch of promise. The President has recently told a reporter for the New York *Herald* that he considered the results in Vermont and Maine "encouraging," and he explained: "There are indications that elsewhere ROOSEVELT will draw as large a vote from the Democrats as from the Republican ranks in many localities. This is the vote of those with socialistic tendencies, which would go to WILSON if it did not go to ROOSEVELT." To most persons Vermont will appear a Cadmæan victory and in Maine, if the vote is as evenly balanced in November as it was a few weeks ago, both to Mr. TAFT and Mr. ROOSEVELT the fable of the man and his boy who carried the donkey will have a special and particular meaning. There is nothing in the Vermont election that should give the slightest encouragement to Republicans, because, as the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have already been told, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S vote came entirely from the Republicans, and the Democrats increased their vote. If the Vermont ratio should hold good throughout the Union, Governor WILSON would carry the vote of every close State—that is, every State where the normal Republican strength is between sixty and seventy per cent. of the total vote cast. Nobody except a confirmed rainbow-chaser would figure the result on that basis and regard Vermont as settling the contest, but Democrats are justified in seeing in the Vermont election a hopeful sign, while to the Republicans it ought to be indicative of the coming smash. Maine, a wavering State, has swung back from its Democracy of two years ago to the Republican column, where it is usually found, and if Republicans and the wreckers of the Republican party should enter into an unholy alliance in November Mr. TAFT could undoubtedly count upon the electoral vote of the State, but with Republican electors in the field the issue is in no doubt.

Mr. TAFT has frequently said that he is not a politician and knows little about the political game, and he is on somewhat shaky ground when he assumes the rôle of a political prophet, but his foundation is firmer when he says, "I feel that we are on the eve of a period of budding prosperity such as the country has seldom seen before. Judging from the savings-banks' statements, the iron and steel business, and the demand for labor, I can see no reason why this prosperity should not continue." With that conclusion every one will agree. Business is not only good now, but is going to be better. The menace to business has been the uncertainty and irresponsibility of Mr. ROOSEVELT and all that he represents. The panic of 1907 was a ROOSEVELT panic, a panic as unnecessary and as unjustifiable as the destruction of a house by fire because a stupid man goes hunting a gas leak with a lighted match. Business has no fear of the election of a Democratic President and a Democratic majority in Congress. Business has not been paralyzed because of the legislation enacted by a Democratic House, nor will it be when the measures of a Democratic Congress are signed by a Democratic President. What business dreads is uncertainty, favoritism, agitation, the attempt to create personal or political capital by juggling with the law or the non-enforcement of laws. The business world knows the law and is content to observe it; what the business world cannot know are the vagaries of an irresponsible mind, nor can it estimate the impulses of a lawless executive. When Mr. ROOSEVELT'S little flame flickers out on the fifth of next November business men will breathe easier, and a mighty impetus will be given to legitimate business.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to where Mr. ROOSEVELT stands on the tariff, if he stands anywhere, as a great many people have imagined the tariff is too slippery to afford him foothold, but we now have an authoritative declaration that removes any further doubt. In his announcement concerning the purchase of the New York *Press*, Mr. FRANK A. MUNSEY says he supports Mr. ROOSEVELT, "who stands for the economic policies for which this paper has always stood." The New York *Press* has always stood for the highest kind of a high tariff; it was established by a man who was a beneficiary of that tariff which ever treated with such distinguished consideration the textile industries of Massachusetts and reduced the wages of its operatives to the lowest point of starvation. This will be good news to the tariff reformers of the West as well as the heavily burdened working-man of the East. It is fair notice to them that Mr. ROOSEVELT'S election means a perpetuation of the system devised to enrich the favored manufacturers at the expense of the people.

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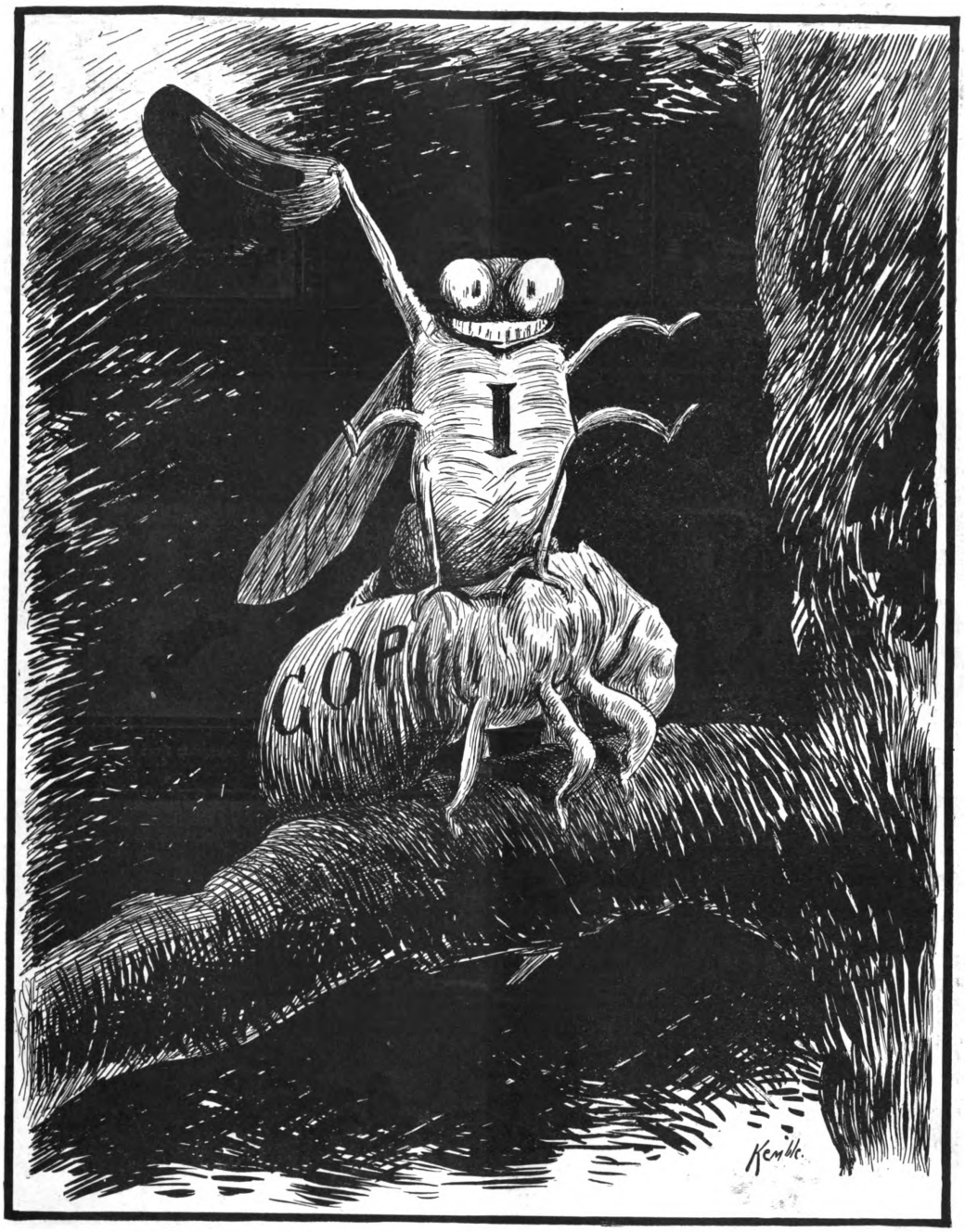

THE NATIONAL PEST

APPEARS REGULARLY EVERY FOUR YEARS

(*Species Cicada Rooseveltia*)

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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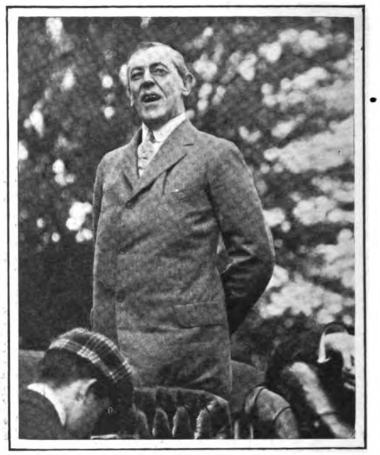
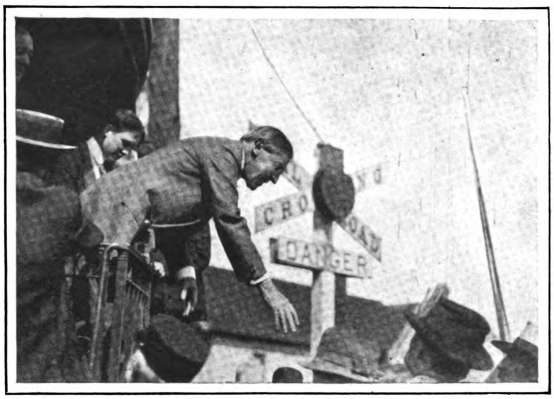
Addressing a crowd at Bradford, Ohio

A remarkable gesture of restrained enthusiasm



A characteristic expression of resolution



Welcoming the citizens of Marion, Indiana

Greeting a Sioux City delegation from an automobile

A serious speech to students of Morningside University at Sioux City, Iowa

GOVERNOR WILSON IN THE WEST

Snapshots of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency made during his recent tour

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Driving Back the Arctic

By Carroll L. Riker

In this article the author, who has accomplished several successful engineering feats of magnitude, propounds a stupendous plan for altering the climatic conditions of North America. By the construction of a breakwater jetty across the Grand Banks off Newfoundland, to prevent the Arctic current from mingling with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, he claims that the Polar ice can be melted and the regions bordering upon the Arctic Ocean made inhabitable

IF the Gulf Stream could flow unbroken past the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where it now is broken and dissipated by the icy Labrador current, climatic changes would be effected that would double the land value of the Northern Hemisphere. Arctic winters would then be unknown. All the land in the Northern Hemisphere north of New York would have a better climate than is possessed by New York to-day.

The question whether the Gulf Stream can be carried unbroken farther northward is not hard to answer. The work can be done. Moreover, it can be done at a cost of two hundred million dollars.

To those who object that the project is visionary I submit a few references to *some* lesser visions that have become established facts. In 1873–74 I built the first refrigerating warehouse in the world at 51 Dey Street, New York. That was the beginning of the cold-storage system of to-day. On the steamship *Celtic*, on August 22, 1874, I sailed from New York with the first shipment of American meat, fruit, and poultry, ever sold in Europe—the beginning of the transatlantic business of to-day. The same year I designed, built, and operated the first practical ice and cold-air machine in this country, with a capacity of twenty tons per day. In 1887 I designed and built the largest and most powerful pumping-dredge ever yet produced. United States Government printed reports state its average capacity to be and that it delivered 1,500 cubic yards of solid material per hour thirty feet above water level, to which level it delivered a block of granite weighing 1,300 pounds. It filled the Potomac flats below Long Bridge, Washington, D. C., at a cost of about one half the government's estimate and appropriation—a saving on the entire work of about one million dollars, as per printed report.

These were all originally considered visions.

I have had much experience in matters pertaining to the ocean. The steamships *St. Paul* and *Otranto*, when upon the beach, were placed in my hands for removal. The subject of ocean deposits and interzonal transportation of heat by ocean currents have long engaged my attention and have been the subject of many experiments in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Let us, then, examine without too much prejudice this plan for a gigantic national betterment.

What is the Gulf Stream? Maury thus describes it:

"There is a river in the ocean—the Gulf of Mexico its fountain, its mouth is in the Arctic Ocean, its current more rapid than the Mississippi—the most majestic flow of water in the world, which transfers more heat than would a stream of molten iron, the size and velocity of the Mississippi. It is the 'Gulf Stream.'"

The Gulf Stream, nature's great conveyor of excessive heat from the torrid to the frigid zone, is now robbed of that heat when but half way on its journey, by the ice-cold Labrador current meeting it, head on, in the shoal water on the Great Bank south of Newfoundland.

Protection can be afforded by an induced current deposit, extending eastward from Newfoundland across the shoal water upon the Great Bank, cast thereof, ultimately forming a jetty that will intercept and turn the Labrador current eastward, converting it from a disintegrating current into a parallel escorting and protecting one.

That the immensity of these two great absorbers, conveyors, and regulators of nature's heat (each having a distinct mission unfulfilled) shall be fully understood; that the matter may be presented upon its merits, and as far as possible, with an agreed state of facts, descriptions of these currents are quoted, literally, from the most eminent authorities.

Lieutenant J. A. Pillsbury, U. S. N., in 1890, after three years in charge of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Steamer *Blake*, Gulf Stream Investigation, writes:

"It is difficult for the mind to grasp the immensity of this great ocean river. Its waters are characterized by a deep blue color, great clearness, and high temperature. The moisture and varying temperature of the land depends largely upon the position of these currents. The Gulf Stream is the greatest and most mighty of all terrestrial phenomena. The observations taken at its narrowest point were between three and four thousand in number, surface and subsurface, and a calculation of the average volume passing Cape Florida in one hour gives the enormous sum of ninety billion cubic yards. One begins to think that all the wonders of the world combined cannot equal this one river in the ocean."

Accepting Lieutenant Pillsbury's figures as correct, this mass of water takes from the torrid zone and delivers into the temperate and frigid zones more heat in cooling from seventy-five to fifty-five degrees than could be produced by the burning of two million tons of coal every minute, an amount of heat which is almost inconceivable. His figures do not include the waters of the Antilles current, which join the stream later and are amply sufficient to compensate for any discrepancy as to volume or temperature.

In the United States Hydrographic Charts of Circulation of Waters of the Atlantic Ocean, 1911–12, Lieutenant John C. Soley, U. S. N., retired, states:

"The most wonderful current on the globe, the Gulf Stream, which carries its waters northward in unbroken volume, easily distinguished from the surrounding ocean by the difference of temperature and by the deep blue color. It is not only the warmest, but the deepest of all the great ocean currents, and wherever it flows serves to regulate all the processes of nature. The warm waters spread on the northern seas reaching up to Iceland; to the east coast of Greenland, where it flows into the Arctic basin; toward the northern shore of Spitzbergen and past Nova Zembla; into the waters of the British Isles and around them into the North Sea, materially modifying the climate of Great Britain and all northern Europe.

"The Gulf Stream is the most important and the best known of all the current phenomena because of its great length and expanse, its color, temperature and velocity, and its climatic effect on the lands bordering the entrance to the Arctic Basin, and in a lesser degree on the countries of southern Europe. The color of the water is purest blue, its temperature, highest in the Gulf of Mexico, is maintained above that of the surrounding water even after it reaches northern regions, and its velocity is so great and regular that it is always an important economic factor in navigation. But for the heat which the Gulf Stream brings to the realm of the North Atlantic Great Britain would be as sterile as Labrador and Scandinavia would be uninhabitable, while it contributes to the temperature of the region of the Arctic Circle more heat than comes to that region by direct influx from the sun."

This great world artery of heat is met and opposed by the cold, ice-bearing Labrador Current, describing which Pillsbury states:

"The Labrador Current sweeps down from the Arctic along the eastern coast of Greenland and from Baffin's Bay and passes the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, bearing with it vast fields of ice and enormous bergs, reaching the Gulf Stream.

"The intrusion of a large body of cold water running in a southerly direction between the Gulf Stream and the American shore is a phenomenon of so much importance that the Labrador Current must be considered with the Gulf Stream, whose conditions it affects materially. The Labrador Current pours into the Atlantic enormous masses of cold water which flow southward along the American coast in a great current, which is quite as important as the Gulf Stream itself.

"This interference is most remarkable where the polar current first meets the Gulf Stream south of Newfoundland and over the Grand Banks in a never-ceasing struggle for the mastery with varying results, depending on the seasons, in which the winds often hold the balance of power, and the struggle is marked by the appearance of cold and warm bands extended across the Banks."

If there were no Grand Banks the Gulf Stream would need no conservation at the hands of man, for if it met its cold enemy in deep water each current would go its way unmolested, neither suffering any great change through the presence of the other. The Labrador Current would then pass far beneath the Gulf Stream in waters more than sixty times as deep as the shoal in which they now meet.

The Great Bank, upon which it is proposed to build this jetty, and upon which the two now meet, lies southeast of Newfoundland, and is in general nearly circular in shape, about three hundred miles in diameter at its top, a great plateau or sand-bank, practically level on top, rising from the vast depths of the ocean (about 15,000 feet below), until there is only from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet of water over it.

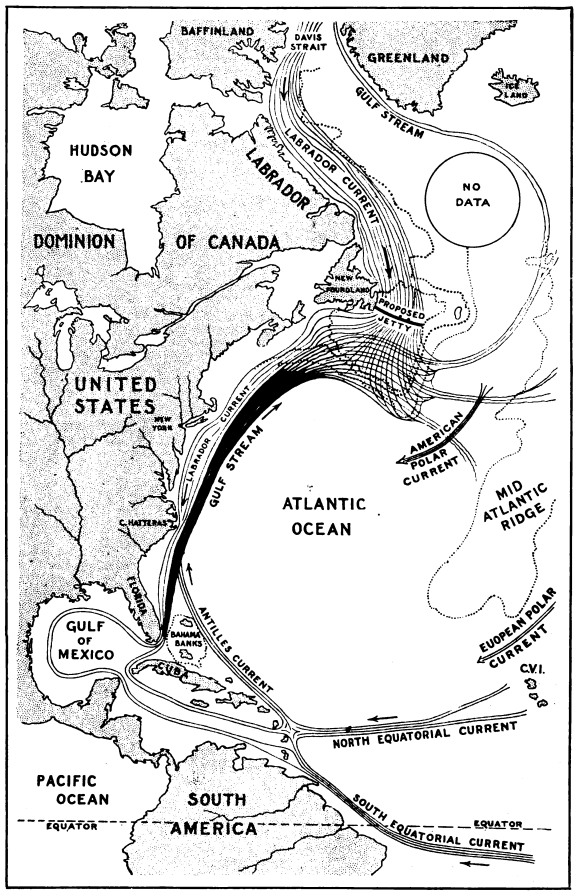
It is covered generally with a fine, shifting sand and gravel, like a beach, with somewhat more sedimentary deposits in places and with coarse gravel, sand, mud, stone, iceberg deposit, and with rock projecting above the sand in its northern part.

At and near the site of the proposed jetty there are but few spots in this vast but shallow area on which, if the *Titanic* had sunk perpendicularly head first, one-third of her length would be under water. Her propellers would be higher out of the water than the tops of the highest buildings in New York project above the streets. Over an area of about ten thousand square miles, it is much shoaler, from which, although two hundred miles from land and apparently in mid-ocean, it will be seen the depth is not very great. Thus we see that these two currents meet in a head-on collision on a shallow battle-field comprising some seventy thousand square miles.

The ice-cold Labrador Current (as described) now passes Newfoundland, headed south, sweeps westwardly around Cape Race and over the Grand Bank with considerable velocity, in a shallow, southwesterly stream, about two hundred and fifty miles wide and about two hundred feet deep, that occupies the whole depth and meets much of the waters of the warm Gulf Stream flowing rapidly in a directly opposite direction, also occupying nearly, if not the whole depth.

As a result of this meeting and the shoalness of the water in which it occurs, a part of the Labrador Current is projected in a northwesterly direction by the collision, while the Gulf Stream is forced more or less to the south, depending largely upon their relative velocities.

The effect is as if two giant trees were hurled



How stream and current neutralize each other to-day

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against each other top to top, their branches and boughs interlaced in dire confusion. But, driven by the irresistible surge behind them, the two ocean rivers at length thrust each other somewhat aside, the Labrador Current going partly to the northwest and the Gulf Stream for a time rebounding toward the south.

A large part of the cold water of the Current here mixes with the warm water of the Stream. Some underrunning it rises through and mixes with it at other points, greatly reducing its temperature, and a part here at times goes under the Stream into the deep water of the Atlantic to the south after producing uprisings and cross-currents and continually mixing with the Stream from beneath.

The Gulf Stream has here received a staggering blow from which it never recovers. The eddies, cross-currents, and revolving motions thus created, principally in and because of the shoal waters, are the beginning of its end. To this meeting Maury refers:

"It never overflows its liquid banks until it crosses the fortieth degree of north latitude and then, overflowing its liquid banks, it spreads itself out for thousands of square leagues over the cold waters around."

Much of the heat of which the Gulf Stream has been thus deprived half-way on its journey would probably be retained by it until well within the frigid zone, which needs that heat, and the torrid zone the frigidity or capacity for absorbing heat which the Labrador Current would take from it, and which were neutralized when here exchanged by the two currents midway, benefitting neither their destination nor their battle-field.

The immediate effect of the clash is the production of almost continuous fog on the Banks, and the carrying of icebergs south into the path of transatlantic steamers. If the Gulf Stream ran unbroken a few hundred miles farther north it would melt the bergs where they originate and before calving. The offspring of these two great currents are the mongrels into which the Gulf Stream soon divides, they becoming aimless wanderers, without force or effect, compared with its previous irresistible majestic sweep, and thus enfeebled wholly unable to cope with the head-on southeasterly opposing flow of the European Polar current after its projection to the surface as it surmounts the great mid-Atlantic backbone, four hundred miles south of the Farraday Hills.

Assuming the speed of the ice-cold Labrador Current at one mile per hour, which is less than its average over the site of the proposed jetty, two hundred miles long, averaging, say, two hundred and fifty feet deep (the course for twenty-five miles crossing the deeper Cape Race channel), we have a flow of about fifty billion cubic yards per hour, or more than one-half that of the Gulf Stream passing between Bemini and Cape Florida, which chills the eastern coast of the United States and Canada, producing our late springs and frequent fogs.

It would require the burning of more than one million tons of coal per minute to heat this mass of ice-water from thirty-five to fifty-five degrees.

The Gulf Stream issues from between Bemini and Cape Florida, having a velocity exceeding three miles per hour, forty miles wide and 1,200 feet deep, at a temperature above seventy-five degrees. The ice-laden current of brine, with an average temperature below thirty-two degrees, beginning with its fiercest attack and head-on charge upon the Grand Bank, never ceases its attack upon it to its issuing source, and, passing beneath it between Bemini and Cape Florida, even enters and chills it in its very cradle, the Gulf of Mexico.

Question: How shall the integrity of these two great streams be preserved so that they shall be of the utmost service to mankind?

Answer: By inducing the Labrador Current to make a sand bar of its own deposits, eventually raising it to the surface of the ocean as a neck of land to keep them apart, in the shoal waters upon the Great Banks.

Again I seem to hear the exclamation, "visionary!" But the idea is not visionary. On the contrary, it is exceedingly practical if we will but consider the facts in the case as can be demonstrated.

It is proposed to construct this jetty principally by the scouring action of the Labrador Current, which will form a natural deposit of about three thousand to one, against and about any such obstruction as a narrow backbone of rip-rap (broken stone) to be laid easterly from Newfoundland, in the shoal water upon the Great Bank, to its easterly extremity, about two hundred miles, that will deflect the south-flowing Labrador Current (as described) into an easterly one of considerable velocity, whose lower, heavier stratum will sink, when its momentum is overcome, into the deep water of the American polar current, and with it proceed, as that branch of the polar current now does, southward through its channel, the great American Valley, in the bed of the Atlantic, east of the Grand Bank, that extends from the Telegraph Plateau on the north to the torrid zone, and more than two miles beneath the Gulf Stream.

The lighter top, fresher water, with its freight of ice and bergs, having a natural tendency to the east and north, as do all lighter strata, will not tend to lose its easterly momentum, as does its heavier stratum, but with the heavier part will meet the Gulf Stream at the end of the jetty in a parallel flow, protecting it on the north side in their easterly journey together, long after the cold saline and heavier stratum has lost its momentum and sunk, and until its ice has melted and its fresher water has been assimilated by the ocean or until it is lost in the north.

It seems that the proposed jetty would be but the re-establishing of a part of the original and very recent coastal conformation of that part of Newfoundland, as appears to be indicated by the Virgin and East Rocks, and other impediments almost or upon the line of the proposed jetty.

Excellent material and natural facilities for constructing the rip-rap core or current impediment for the jetty are at hand in the greatest abundance. Nature has provided these at great elevation, as loose strata, easily handled rock and as rock of sedimentary and other formation having the proper specific gravity, and also the water with which through proper conduits from some locations to sluice them into place for harbor and near-by construction or into large hopper barges for distant locations.

Nature seems to favor this undertaking in nearly every way, offering by the agency of water, also provided by high elevations, in some cases to bring the rock down to the location desired by gravity, and also in every instance to quarry the rock, to transport it up-hill against gravity, set it up in place just where directed in the dam better than man could. Again, by the agency of water in the form of current and wave action, quarrying and producing rounded sand and gravel, then elevating it from the ocean depths up-hill to the apex of the dam, placing it against the directing and obstructing rip-rap core, and in building the beach to high-water mark, only requiring a center core, or, as it were, a rock fence to guide her in her task. And the deposit will be greatest during the winter months when man's work will be discontinued.

In comparison with the difficulties at Panama nature here is truly kind. There the slides into the cuts of the mountain-sides at Culebra, where the blasted rock-like material when exposed to air or water quickly turns to mud, will likely continue to ooze from the sides of the cut like cream from a layer-cake. The dam at Gatun rests on a foundation in spots no stiffer than sausage, with its possibilities. The under-water removal of millions of tons of hard coral and calcareous rock in both approaches before any large vessel can reach either end of the canal, with a never-ending tendency to fill with silt after completion, with fair possibilities of an earthquake, and an unhealthy climate, all make comparison of nature's attitude most striking.

The magnitude of this proposition at first thought is appalling, but the better it is understood the simpler, easier, and surer of construction it appears.

Let us now consider the effects of building the jetty or sea-wall which shall separate the two mighty currents and keep them from thwarting each other. The channel over the Grand Bank thus vacated by the Labrador Current—more than two hundred and fifty miles wide—would be occupied its entire depth by the Gulf Stream, whose position would always be fully four hundred miles farther north than it now is at times. It would follow the one-hundred-fathom contour from Cape Hatteras, approaching much nearer the coast of New Jersey than now, passing both sides of the Georges Shoal and Sable Island to the jetty upon which it would strongly impinge with a great tendency to upbuild it, scouring much material from the Grand Bank upon it, extending the top of the Grand Bank eastward, and delivering much round sand into the American polar current, to again make its rounds by way of Cape Hatteras to the Grand Bank if not deposited on our eastern coast, as it probably then would be en route.

The Gulf Stream, occupying the entire depth over the top of the Grand Bank, would largely eliminate the present bands of cold water rising there; through on the eastern side, and flowing south of the Flemish Cap (where between which and the end of the proposed jetty there is now in effect a partial such continuation under water. It would pass eastward for seven hundred and fifty miles over water fifteen thousand feet deep practically uninterrupted until it met the disturbing influences of the Farraday Hills, rising to within one thousand feet of the surface about a thousand miles northeast of the birthplace of the present mongrel currents, and more than half-way across the Atlantic, in the latitude of the Scilly Islands, and entirely escaping from its second most powerful disintegrating influence, that part of the ice-cold American polar current projected upward under the Stream by the great south toe of the Bank and elsewhere, in its accelerated westward sweep toward Hatteras.

It will be in these very deep waters east of the Grand Bank that it will pass over the heavier bottom part of its rival on its downward way, and, under escort and protection of the lighter and ice-laden half of its old rival fully three hundred miles north of the opposing European polar current (which it now encounters head on), it would reverse the center of its sweep toward the pole, delivering its heat to those countries now requiring it and establishing a steamer lane free from fog, ice, and icebergs four hundred miles farther north than at present. The saving in time would be valuable; in safety, incalculable.

The possible climatic effects upon the northern hemisphere by such a proposed conservation of the heat of the Gulf Stream are beyond conception. Referring again to Pillsbury's estimated flow of ninety billion cubic yards per hour passing Cape Florida, the heat passing north at that point, estimated between seventy-five and thirty-five degrees, would melt eighteen billion cubic yards of ice per hour, equivalent to about eighteen hundred square miles of ice ten feet thick per hour, or an amount of ice of that thickness equal to the entire polar sea, estimated at two million square miles, in less than forty-five days.

When it is remembered that the northern mongrel branch of the Gulf Stream now reaches as far north as Greenland with a temperature of fifty-three degrees, it seems probable that if only one-quarter of its initial heat when so protected reached the frigid zone it would melt every vestige of ice upon the northern hemisphere during the summers, and so attack Jack Frost in the rear, by establishing a warm polar sea in the winter, as to make Siberia and British North America desirable residential countries at all seasons, and greatly reduce the winter temperature of the temperate zone here and in Europe.

There can be no doubt that the temperature of all northern Europe and America would be greatly tempered and benefited. The withdrawal of the Labrador Current would stop the north scouring counter-current or eddy along the United States coast, which has conveyed whole farms, now in the ocean along the New Jersey coast (for which there are deeds on record), to the south toe of the Grand Bank. A general natural reconstruction of the whole coastal line would ensue from Florida to Newfoundland. The new eddy or south-setting counter-current formed by the Gulf Stream would be too far off shore to become a factor until several million acres of stolen land had been restored to the coast. Our former coast is now represented largely by the shoal waters of the continental shelf, and its soil is now part of one great pile about three miles deep, the Grand Bank. The restitution of this soil would remove less than eight feet off the top surface of this great pile about fifteen thousand feet deep. This would be redeposited on the coast of the United States—six million acres of shore front averaging fifty feet deep.

During the same period the one-hundred-fathom line off the Diamond Shoals and Cape Hatteras would probably recede an aggregate of fully thirty miles under the scouring action of the Gulf Stream and its counter-current. There seem good reasons to believe that the Labrador Current's capacity for reducing heat, when also thus conserved, would flow to the torrid zone, materially lowering the temperature of those waters and thereby the climate of the regions bordering upon them to an extent undreamed of. That would produce comparatively a more uniform temperature between the zones, and maintain a more uniform zonal temperature. The initial temperature of the Gulf Stream would be materially reduced thereby, but be more than compensated therefor by its increased volume and acceleration.

The effect of the jetty upon the Labrador Current, by keeping it in its proper course, would be to unite it with the lower part of that current now intercepted by the Grand Bank. In its united form it would attain a greater speed than when divided and the upper part as now in constant conflict with as powerful a current as the Gulf Stream moving in an opposite direction. This increased flow would be augmented and accelerated by the increased temperature and lesser weight of the top or warm current in the frigid zone, where very slight differences produce great effects, possibly producing a slight depression in the present height or level of the polar sea and thereby increasing the flow through the Bering Strait. There would also be a slight increase in the ocean height about the Antilles.

It seems probable that the melting of the heavy ice-cap covering Greenland and other lands bordering on the polar sea, with or without such withdrawal of polar waters, would influence the inclination of the northern hemisphere more directly to the sun by reason of the greater weight of the Antarctic ice-cap at the south pole, and therefore greater centrifugal force or tendency of the south pole to assume the periphery in our solar orbit and thus add materially to the heat of the Northern Hemisphere, producing an area of perpetual day as far south as Scotland, for a long season, with no corresponding long night.

When the effects of this Arctic flow are fully understood it will certainly receive the world-wide attention it deserves, especially when attention is drawn to the fact that during the period of less than twenty years between the dates of surveys (shown by recent United States government charts) in a channel about twenty-five miles wide, just east of Cape Race, the depth has increased more than one-third—from four hundred and twenty to five hundred and seventy-six feet. This is equivalent to the cutting away of a dam the height of a man reaching from New York to Chicago. Through this clear space ice-cold water is now pouring at the rate of more than one mile per hour where none passed twenty years previously. The Strait of Belle Isle should be closed excepting a passage for vessels. It is imperative that something shall be done in the near future to stay this northern flood, and a thorough and accurate survey should be made at once. There are good reasons to believe that the depth is increasing elsewhere upon the line of the proposed jetty, but there are no recent accurate surveys for comparison.

Another apparently unnoticed fact, which may possibly be a coincidence, is that during about the same interval the flow of water through Bering Strait, which is only about fifty miles wide and about two hundred and twenty-five feet deep, has changed from a current setting out of the Arctic Ocean into the Pacific with a velocity of one-half mile per hour to a current from the Pacific into the Arctic at a velocity of two miles per hour, which would be the natural result of the scouring away and increased flow of water over the Grand Bank at the point of location of the proposed jetty after a certain depth has been attained or any increased flow of the lower strata.

Gigantic as this great undertaking is and attended with such enormous benefits, the moderate cost of doing the work is surprising. The figures I give here are the net result of detailed and careful calculations.

To draw correct conclusions for the performances of these two currents under the proposed new conditions that can be verified, the cause which underlies and controls their movements must be established.

The cause now generally ascribed, which is set forth by the United States Hydrographic Office, 1912, is readily proved incorrect: "There are two classes of currents in the ocean, the temperature or surface currents, and the compensation or subsurface current. The two great forces of density and gravity are the equalizing influences which regulate the movement of the waters between the equator and the poles. It is the energy of the sun which regulates the temperature, also regulates the specific gravity, directs the expansion or the contraction of the masses of water, and governs the whole system of oceanic circulation. The disturbance of equilibrium, by altering the temperature and specific gravity of the water at different points on the earth's surface, first produces expansion of the waters in the tropics with a continuous tendency of the warm water toward the Poles, but the existence of a continuous current in one general direction involves also the existence of currents of reaction or compensation, so that the equilibrium destroyed by a flow in one direction may be restored by a flow in the opposite direction."

(Continued on page 24)

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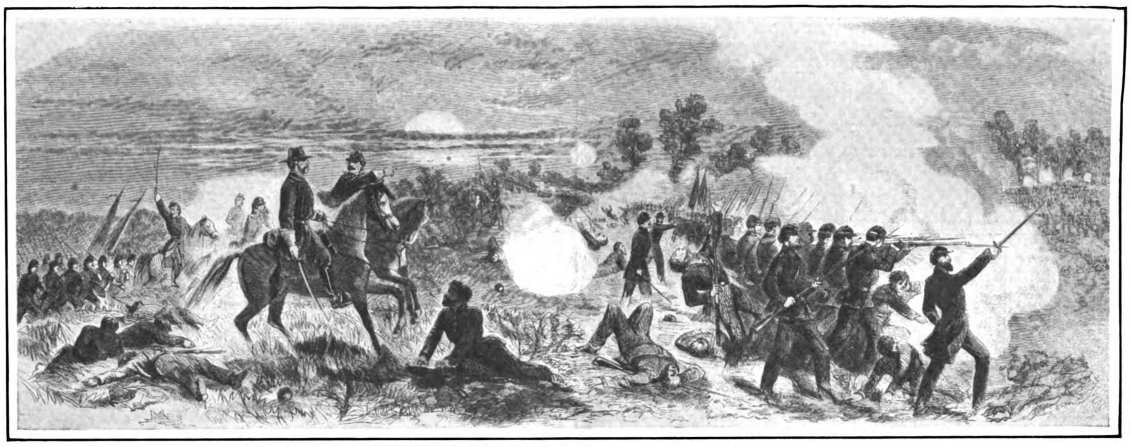
The Hardest Battle of All

HOW LEE'S MEN FOUGHT McCLELLAN'S AT ANTIETAM FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

By James Barnes



General Burnside holding his ground at Antietam against a fierce Confederate assault
From a wood-cut in a contemporary issue of "Harper's Weekly"

ON the 17th of this month occurred the fiftieth anniversary of Antietam, the first battle to be fought on Federal soil and the bloodiest single action of the war.

East of the Alleghany Mountains the Federal armies, from the day of Bull Run in July, 1861, to September in the year following, had tasted nothing but failure and disaster. The utter incapacity of the Union generals, the successive defeats and retirements, had left the magnificent organizations of the Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac demoralized and disheartened. The collapse of the Peninsula campaign, owing to McClellan's over-caution, lack of promptness, and initiative, had given General Robert E. Lee time to weld his much smaller army into such a wonderfully mobile fighting force that it appeared irresistible. In his able lieutenants Jackson and Longstreet he had found born strategists and leaders of men. In the North the military departments were torn by the constant bickering of those in authority and honeycombed with petty jealousies. No wonder the cry soon rose: "Abraham Lincoln, give us a man!"

On the second of September President Lincoln turned to the only man who was acceptable and available in the impending crisis, and by a verbal order—for no other seems to exist—reinstated General George B. McClellan and committed everything to his hands. In this he had chosen well and wisely. A past master in details of organization, in less than two weeks McClellan had accomplished wonders. Out of the wreck—in which the Army of Virginia disappeared—emerged the new Grand Army of the Potomac, magnificently equipped, well fed, its ranks replenished and forgetful of the habit of defeat, full of hope and energy. If it had had a second Lee to command it the story of the war would have been changed, few if any of the invaders now across the Potomac would have escaped, Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, and every prominent Southern commander would have been prisoners of war, Richmond would have fallen before the end of the month.

But one man saw clearly the great chance, and he a civilian—Abraham Lincoln. How it must have torn his soul to see that opportunity slip by! Blundering misjudgements, the stupidity, timidity, and incapacity of those high in authority were the reasons for the failure.

Lee had invaded Maryland and encamped near the town of Frederick. Although accurate figures are hard to obtain and reports are conflicting, he had with him, all told, not over forty-three thousand men, if so many. McClellan led out from the vicinity of the national capital, by his own figures, nearly ninety thousand, and there were within less than a two days' march twelve thousand more that should have been united with him. With his habitual over-estimation of the enemy, McClellan had in his mind multiplied Lee's forces by three. But on the other hand, in the face of Lee's accurate knowledge of the fact that he must be outnumbered almost two to one, the Southern leader had the temerity to divide his forces.

There was a reason. At Harpers Ferry lay a body of twelve thousand Federal troops, waiting, as it happened, a fair prey to Lee's strategy. Lee knew McClellan's weakness, but was unaware of the sudden and marvelous reorganization and rehabilitation of his army. Boldly he despatched Jackson and the divisions of Generals McLaws and Walker to capture the Harpers Ferry garrison.

It was confessedly a mistake to have left the twelve thousand at this point, and, to do him justice, McClellan had demurred at their remaining, but General Halleck could not come to a decision. He issued no orders for their withdrawal, nor did he give proper directions for the defense of their position. On the fifteenth, after a series of military errors on the part of Colonel D. S. Miles, who was mortally wounded, and General Julius White, on whom the supreme command devolved, Harpers Ferry was surrendered early in the morning with over eleven thousand men, seventy-three pieces of artillery, and thirteen thousand small arms. There were also gathered in stores of clothing, shoes, and blankets, that were welcomed by the ragged and barefooted victors.

But now to military students comes the almost incomprehensible part of the affair. On the 13th there was found in Frederick and brought to McClellan the written order sent to the Confederate General D. H. Hill detailing these movements; thus McClellan was informed positively that Lee had divided his army. On this same day the Confederate commander, now to the west of South Mountain in Pleasant Valley, was told of his adversary's slow approach from the East on the two passes through the range. He was probably also aware by this time that his own plans had been known. His position was precarious, but, undismayed, he met the emergency.

Lee despatched a message to McLaws to divert from the attack on the Ferry part of his force and seize on Cromptons Gap—the pass nearer the Potomac. D. H. Hill received instructions to hurry back from Boonsboro and defend Turners Gap, the only other way through the mountain; Longstreet was countermarched to his support.

A little more hurry, a little less caution, a little of that often needed quality of impetuosity on the part of McClellan and his subordinates, who seemed to have taken their cue from him, and the Confederate movement would have been too late! As it was, after many tentative trials, the crests were carried by Franklin at Cromptons, and Burnside at Turners Gap, late in the afternoon of the 14th. Great bravery had been shown by both attack and defense—but the superiority of numbers told.

Early on the morning of the 15th the Federal army was on the western slope. Pleasant Valley lay smiling before it. Longstreet and D. H. Hill, by a march of ten miles in the darkness, had retired on Sharpsburg. Six miles to the south of the Federal left wing the garrison of Harpers Ferry was still holding out, encouraged by the sounds of their hoped-for rescuers' guns. A night march of Franklin's troops would have compelled a raising of the siege. Long after daylight the victorious troops on the mountain listened to the sound of the conflict that soon diminished and died away. Before any decided movement had been made, Harpers Ferry had fallen. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender, Jackson, in obedience to orders, marched to join Lee at Sharpsburg.

The Southern commander-in-chief was on the defensive now and in great danger; but he records that the news of Harpers Ferry, received about noon, "reanimated the courage of his troops." The only forces that were with him were the divisions of Longstreet and Hill, tired from their constant marching and shaken by the hard handling they had received the day before. Jackson was south of the Potomac, hurrying up in the direction of the Shepherdstown ford; A. P. Hill and the divisions of McLaws and Walker were collecting their spoils miles away in the River Valley.

It was McClellan's second chance. He had but to advance quickly and two-thirds of Lee's army would be out of any conflict that might follow. But believing yet in his fortunes, Lee fairly challenged a meeting, apparently not counting the odds nor the fact that, strategically, he was worsted.

Delays, confusion, cross purposes on the march, now held back the Federal armies. If McClellan had any intention of assailing—and it is averred he had—the opportunity passed by.

On the 16th Lee formed his thin line of defense in a strong position in a crescent to the east of the town of Sharpsburg, fronting the deep little valley of Antietam Creek and the heights that rose beyond it; the winding Potomac was to the northwest, west, and south of him and his line of retreat into Virginia lay open at Shepherdstown ford.

All the morning Lee watched the shining line of McClellan's great army marching up to join Richardson's and Sykes's divisions that had arrived on the slopes the day before. Scarcely a mile away the blue hosts deployed in great masses on the hillside. The creek, sluggish and deep, but crossed by four bridges—three of which were on Lee's front—lay about half-way between the two armies. Only Franklin's command was absent from McClellan, who had with him at the time some seventy-eight thousand effective men. Opposed to them in a drawn-out line were certainly not more than nineteen thousand at the utmost, and Lee held back no reserve—every man was on his battle front.

By two o'clock of the 16th the crest of the hills was lined with the Federal artillery, but no advance was made until the afternoon, when Hooker crossed the Antietam unopposed about four o'clock and, practically unsupported, began a battle of his own.

It was another lost chance. If the Federal Army—even deducting a large reserve—had been moved forward in one simultaneous attack that day, Lee would have been annihilated before sunset. It is doubtful if he could have made good a retreat with a fraction of his forces. But it was not in McClellan's nature to grasp opportunity by the throat and force conclusions; he let it pass by him. The divisions of the Confederate Generals McLaws and Anderson joined Lee on the morning of the 17th, and D. H. Hill arrived opportunely in the afternoon. It was as if they had been waited for by their enemy.

To recount the various and separate engagements of broken and isolated commands that made up the battle of Antietam would take up more space than such as this article would allow. McClellan's general plan was well conceived, but late, as usual. Blunder followed blunder, delay followed delay; it was attack and repulse, charge and countercharge. Slaughter and fierce fighting marked the day. Lee moved his troops from one point of his defenses to another, with swiftness and skill he shifted his splendid fighting forces, depleted but never demoralized. Fortune wavered and varied, ultimate exhaustion was soon due; the desperate challenges of fate began to tell. The losses mounted up to awful figures. The blue-clad troops engaged left twenty per cent. dead and wounded on the field; one regiment, the Third Wisconsin of Gordon's Brigade, suffered the appalling loss of sixty per cent. At one time, when Franklin's column had come up, tired from their long march, but full of fight, McClellan had but to give the order and he would have rolled back the Confederate center. But the order was never given.

All this time nearly thirty thousand splendid troops lay practically inactive—the magnificent Fifth and Sixth corps and the cavalry were to all intents and purposes spectators of the scene.

When darkness descended and the fighting waned, each army held its ground. Although a resumption of hostilities on the morning of the 18th would, if McClellan brought up his fresh corps, have changed history, nothing was done. In the night hours of the 18th Lee forded the Potomac and entered Virginia. When, on the morning of the 19th, McClellan advanced, there was none to dispute his passage.

Both forces had suffered fearfully. South Mountain and the battle of the 17th had cost McClellan 14,794 men, with many officers and generals. At Antietam the total footed up to 12,469 killed, wounded, and missing. The Confederate losses must have been scarcely less.

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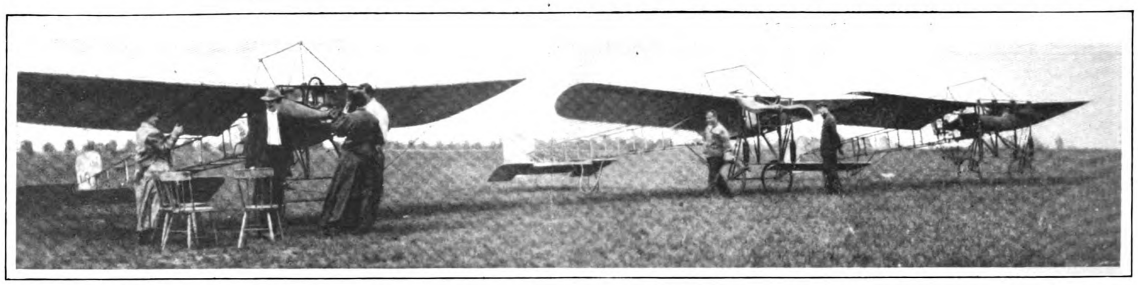
Fledglings in Near-flight

By Edward Lyell Fox



Fledglings and their machines lined up for flight. On the left is Miss Harriet Quimby, whose recent tragic death added one more to the long roll of victims of aviation

DAY was fighting its way in uncertain, streaky lights over the Long Island plains. It came, violet and pink, cutting the mist with flaming arrows, glowing, transforming vague shadows into houses, trees, a wire fence. Then, lifting suddenly, the mist disclosed to us the Aviation Field, near Garden City—the rows of long shed-like hangars, the grand-stands, the smooth turf studded with the white posts of pylons—our destination.

We had passed the night at a friend's house and had risen before the sun. This unwonted act was necessary, he had explained, if we were to see the fledglings learning to fly. Of course we had protested, begging for seven-o'clock clemency, but he had been obdurate, declaring:

"I brought you fellows down here to see the stunts at the Flying School, and there's more doing just after dawn than at any time during the day."

So we had yielded. All of which explains why daybreak found us trudging up the road toward the big Aerodrome that fronts Nassau Boulevard. As we entered the field and hastened toward the hangars we saw two green doors thrown back and the wide frame of a biplane appear in the aperture.

"Hurry!" instantly exclaimed our friend. "That's one of the machines they use for the fledglings. They must be getting ready for a lesson."

We broke into a trot and quickly became a part of the curious little group that had gathered around the motionless aeroplane. Peering into the engine was a young and rather good-looking man, and talking to him was the teacher—older, shorter, and more wiry—a man with dark piercing eyes like a bird's. Then the young man straightened suddenly, and we saw he wore a 'varsity sweater with the black letter "P" sewn on the chest and a black leather helmet suggesting the football field.

"His name is James," whispered our guide. He came down here to learn to fly after he left college. The other man is Kellum. He used to be with the Wrights, a star flyer. Now he's teaching, and seldom goes up in the air."

"But why do they have these lessons so early in the morning," lamented the other man who had come down from New York with me.

"Because the air is calmer—easier to fly in," explained our friend. "Besides, few people are up this time of the day, and there's no danger of running down spectators who crowd out on the field."

Now the young man in the sweater and football helmet had jumped into the driver's seat. We saw him grasp the controls rather theatrically, shouting to the mechanicians, "All right. Start her up!"

Two men in blue overalls laid hold of the wooden propellers. Others grasped the tail of the machine and dug their heels in the grass with the evident intent of holding it a captive. The teacher put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

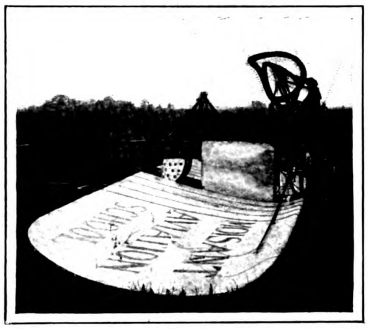
"Remember now, James. Don't leave the ground! Just cross the field and shut off your engine at the other end."

He nodded to the figures in the overalls. Instantly they twirled the propellers, casually at first, as if expecting no result. Then they whirled them harder, and a feeble coughing emanated from the engine. Harder, harder, and the cough grew into a grumble, a snarl, an angry roaring. Then the motor began to explode freely and the two propellers slashed the air. Now we saw the machine was trembling—an inanimate thing, suddenly given life, swaying slightly, eager to spring forward. Behind the propellers the grass was blown flat; the men were clinging to the tail, pulling as one does in a tug of war. The explosions increased in volume; a bluish smoke drifted between the planes. Then we saw the instructor wave his hands, and, releasing their hold, the men fell face forward and the machine jumped across the grass. Down the field it hopped, gathering speed with every turn of the propellers.

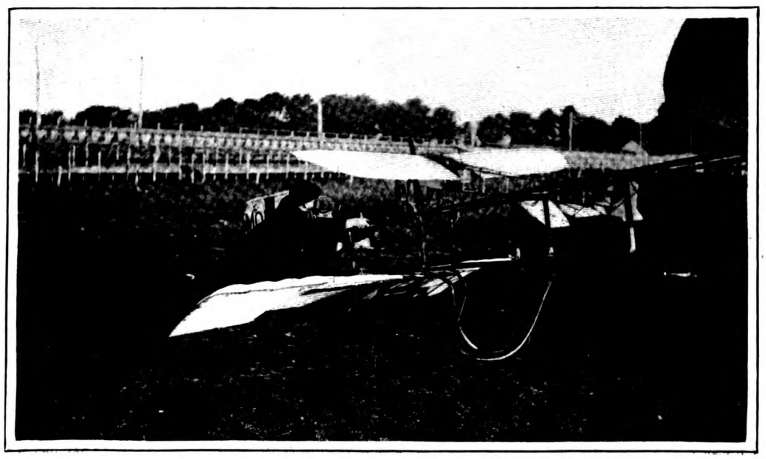
"That's what they call 'grass-cutting,'" explained our little information bureau. "After they teach a fledgling the principles of the aeroplane and his mechanical knowledge is perfect they let him drive over the grass. He spends days at this and later weeks at simply lifting a few feet and coming down."

"Why is that?" we asked.

"Grass-cutting is to give the fledgling the instinct for control and to accustom him to the 'feel' of the machine. Before he acquires these things any attempt to fly would be dangerous and foolhardy. That pupil James, for instance, would no more attempt to leave the ground than you. Some day soon the instructor will tell him he is equipped to, and then he will, but not before.



The sad end of a fledgling's flight—in this case without serious results to the occupant



Pupils holding back a machine until the signal to let go is received

We turned to see what had become of James, the "grass-cutter." Far down the field, the biplane was bumping along, headed for the fence. The roaring of his motor was borne to us.

"Why doesn't he shut off?"

It was the instructor. He looked worried. Then we heard him exclaim:

"Oh! He's going up!"

Vividly against the spreading gold of the Eastern sky we made out the silhouette of the aeroplane as it rose slowly from the ground. James, we concluded, was the dark dot that rested motionless amid the gray tracery of cross-pieces and planes. Farther and farther he went, headed apparently for Garden City. We heard the instructor groan. Then we were startled to see one of the wing tips rise above the other, the machine bank and turn, cross level with the horizon, and, turning again, come swimming back toward the field. Louder and louder grew the droning of the engine, and before we realized it James was over our heads.

"Come down! Come down!" shouted the instructor, forgetting that his voice would be drowned in the roaring of the cylinders.

But the machine only turned and swooped down the field, crossing the horizon as it had done before and soaring back toward us. Again the circuit was completed. James's mastery of the biplane was perfect; the turns were wonderfully executed; a level keel was kept. The mechanicians were talking excitedly and gesticulating, marveling at the superb driving. Off by himself, however, stood the instructor—silent, thoughtful. He knew that James was unfitted to be swooping above the field; that only a kind Providence must be guiding the machine for him; that it was a serious breach against the discipline of the school; that other fledglings, seeing James's success, would venture into the air and possibly be killed; that he would have to expel James.

Then, as we craned our necks to follow James, we saw him waving frantically with his left hand. We fancied it a signal of triumph. He hummed overhead and down the field. The instructor's eyes narrowed. Suddenly one of the mechanicians darted to his side.

"Hurry!" he shouted. "Run down the field. He's trying to tell us that he wants to come down, and he wants us over there to stop him."

Already the figures in blue were swarming over the grass. The biplane was descending.

"Shut off your motor!" somebody yelled. The cylinders continued rumbling, however, and, swooping down, the machine dashed across the grass. How those mechanicians did it is beyond me, but they threw themselves on the tail and with their weight managed to bring the machine to a stop. Still the engine was roaring and the propellers hacking.

"Shut off the engine! Shut off!" yelled the mechanicians.

Then one of them reached in and moved the throttle, and the mad whirling of the propellers ceased. We watched James. He rose stiffly in his seat, and, stepping out, sank to the ground—a man exhausted. Congratulations on his wonderful flight were being poured upon him when the instructor, scowling frankly, shouldered through the group.

"James," he snapped, "what did you go up for?"

"I couldn't stop the motor when I got to the other end of the field," he replied, weakly. "I broke the throttle cord. If I hadn't gone up, I would have smashed into the fence. It was my only chance."

"Nonsense," ex-

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claimed the instructor. "If you'd simply pressed your foot against the brake it would have cut off the magneto and the engine would have stopped!"

James looked at him in wide-mouthed amazement.

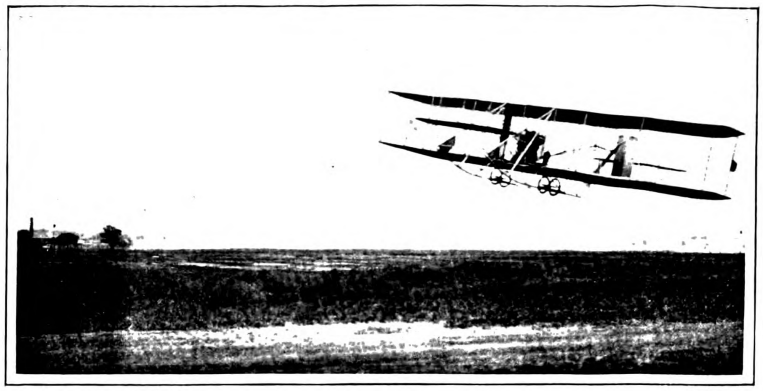
"So I could," he grinned, sheepishly. "I never thought of that."

Whereupon the instructor cast his hands overhead in a gesture of helplessness.

Such was the incident we witnessed one morning at the Aviation School near Garden City. It happened in Spring when the fledglings begin to stretch out their pin feathers. Oddly enough, like young birds, the learning aviators attempt to leave their nests on the ground with the coming of spring. These nests are most of them located on Long Island. There is the Wright-Burgess School, the Moisant School, the Queen School. To them goes the man who would become a fledgling, then a bird. For $500 he receives tuition. This $500, however, is in most cases only a beginning. There are items of breakage that mount high. Every time he smashes a part of the machine it goes on his bill, and unless the fledgling be lucky the totals are apt to run high. Think of wrecking a machine worth $5,000! Some of them do. Also there is a bill in life and limb to be paid. Accidents are bound to occur at the schools. At one I know of two men were killed last year and twenty badly injured. This is an unusually disastrous record, however, for the instructors are so careful that only some condition that they are powerless to guard against can cause an accident.

In most cases the instructors, like the one who had James under his wing, are retired aviators. They are men who were sensations when aviation was in its beginning and who withdrew from active flying because of accidents or a feeling that some day a fatal accident would overtake them. For teaching the fledglings they often receive $200 a week, and sometimes more. There is Welsh of the Wright School. In addition to a high salary he receives a special fee every time he leaves the ground in an aeroplane.

There is a shaft raised to the lost hopes of aviators near Mineola. It's called the "bone-yard," and consists of a pathetic-looking heap of smashed and splintered aeroplanes. Here, piled and tangled, lie the remains of machines upon which men have spent hundreds of dollars and hundreds of hopes. Some of them flew and fell; others never flew at all. Still others, showing excellent workmanship, were thrown on the pile because their builders had under-estimated the cost of construction and had gone "broke" with the work but half finished. Under the pile you will find the frame of a fantastic thing, built by a young Japanese. It smashed on the first flight. The inventor's money was gone, and to-day you will find him in a shed near the field, turning out wonderful aeroplane workmanship—for somebody else. Near it is the broken dream of Müller the old German—a machine built to follow the lines of a bird that did not exist.



Ten feet from the ground and on a line for the fence

And I recall the case of a little Frenchman—Loray. For a year he had worked around the hangars as a master mechanic, getting big wages. He lived miserably, almost starving himself, saving nearly every dollar he made. His goal was the purchase of an aeroplane. Finally enough was added to the little stake he had brought with him from France to buy a second-hand machine. I remember well the morning Loray first appeared with it; how he swaggered among his mechanicians and, climbing into the driver's seat, gazed proudly about him; how he rose skilfully into the air and then—

A sudden current took the machine, overturned it before he could manipulate the planes, and drove him down to earth. It crashed and splintered into countless fragments. Fearing Loray had been killed, we sprang forward, and then he scrambled out of the wreckage and stood silently watching the machine. We felt sorry for him. All the weeks of starving and scrimping had gone for naught—all the money he had in the world lay strewn there with the tattered canvas and jagged wood. Then we saw he turned impatiently on his heel. Coming toward us, he grinned with splendid nerve, and exclaimed:

"Well, I go back to my mechanician's job, and make more money to buy a machine."

The Cuban Cigar and its Maker

By Sydney Brooks

CUBA, like the United States, is in the throes of a Presidential election, but what does it matter? What does anything matter—anything political, I mean—in a country that each year produces $100,000,000 of sugar and some $45,000,000 of tobacco? Cuba's prosperity and Cuba's future rest on too solid a basis ever to be destroyed by any commotion between the ins and outs. The cane will sprout and the tobacco plant blossom whether General Gomez is re-elected or not, whether the Liberals fail or succeed in composing their differences, whether Señor Zayas fulfils his ambition to become President or whether General Menocal is installed in the Palace. There will be plenty of hubbub and excitement, no doubt, before the issue is decided; even in the United States, I believe, a Presidential campaign is not altogether a time of quiet thinking, sober action, and restrained oratory; the café's will buzz, the Prado will seethe with gossip, the newspapers will proclaim the fatefulness of the crisis; but whatever happens, Cuba will still remain Cuba, with the most fertile soil in the world, and secure in its ability to produce an incomparable tobacco and the best and cheapest sugar that is grown and manufactured anywhere. Even politics cannot ruin Cuba; the word, indeed, is as inapplicable to the "Pearl of the Antilles" as to France or America itself. Under whatever form of government, the island will always draw from its soil an inexhaustible power of recuperation. The formal and external edifice may change, may be overthrown, may be rebuilt by new hands and in conformity with an alien design; but the foundations on which it rests are indestructible. What, above all else, one carries away with one after a visit to Cuba is the memory of humming mills in a heavy molasses-laden atmosphere, of billowing plains of sugar-cane, of endless trains puffing with their loaded cars through the green fields, of men in white riding stiff and straight on their nimble little ponies around the plantations, of swarthy, wiry workers in the field cutting the cane with three strokes of the machete. Or else it is the memory of acres of cheese-cloth, of drying-sheds and curing-barns, of palm-leaf bales of the precious herb, of whitewashed factories, of deft, instinctive fingers moulding and shaping, of an unerring eye judging and sorting, of a roomful of engrossed artisans, or, rather, artists, plying their craft in silence at their benches while one of their number reads the day's paper aloud. Sugar and tobacco—these are the realities of Cuban life. Destroy them and everything else—the towns and the railways, the banks and the stores, all urban and rural existence—is brought to a stop. Preserve them and everything else is preserved with them.

It is only since going to Cuba that I have felt myself worthy to be a smoker. My present claim to enjoy a Havana cigar with a quiet conscience is that I have watched its evolution almost from the seed. I have stood among the tobacco plants as they grow under cheese-cloth or in the open fields. I have seen the leaves cut and hung in rows up to the very roof of the great curing-barns. I have seen them heaped together to sweat and ferment, sorted for size and quality and strength, and baked in huge sheets of pith from the relative palm-tree. And these bales I have followed to the vaults of the factory, where they are stored sometimes for a couple of years to allow the sap of oil of the leaves to penetrate their every fiber. On the completion of this maturing process I have stood by while the leaves were plunged, a handful at a time, into a tank of clear spring water to restore their pliability. I have seen them then taken to the stripping-room and the central stems removed preparatory to a further brief period of fermentation in cedar barrels; and I have tried in vain to understand the incommunicable instinct of eye and touch and taste that guides the blender in reaching the particular ideal of flavor, strength, and quality he has in view. And having seen all this I feel emboldened to testify that even Mr. Kipling's handsome declaration that "a good cigar is a smoke," fell below the mark. Just as cigar-making is not a business, but an art, so a good cigar is something far more than a smoke. I should rather call it a salad. Yes, even with the fear of the professional humorist before my eyes, I should rather call it a salad. It is a compound of leaves not from one plantation, but possibly from a dozen, and not of one year, but of several; and the task of selecting these leaves so as to produce the wished-for effect, of choosing the parent blend, and of seeing that this blend predominates with slight but distinctive variations in every one of the hundred or the two hundred shapes and sizes into which a given brand is manufactured, is among the most anxious and delicate in the whole industry—an industry that, at every stage, from the seedling to the finished cigar, asks an extraordinary degree of deftness and discrimination.

One sees the perfection of both qualities at work if one strolls, as I have strolled, through the Havana cigar-factories, through the rooms, above all, where the cigars are actually rolled. In these sunny, white-washed halls, slashed by parallel rows of desks, filled with workers of all hues, there is not a trace of machinery to be seen. A block of maple, a small curved knife, the "wrappers" that form the outer skin of the cigar under a damp cloth on the left, the "fillers" that form its body on the right, and between them the dusky Cuban artist, with generations of trained aptitude behind him—that is all. It is perfectly right, I must again insist, to speak of him as an artist. Without a mould or binder or any pattern to follow, he turns out his fifty, seventy-five, or hundred cigars a day, all identical in shape, size, and weight. And he is an artist in more than the exquisiteness of his touch and the sureness of his eye. Working by the piece and highly paid, he enjoys a few days off and takes them when he pleases, and while at work he insists on being amused. His amusement takes the form of being read to aloud. At every cigar-factory in Havana you will find a reader, engaged and paid by the cigar-makers themselves, standing in an improvised pulpit near the centre of the room and regaling his audience with the daily paper or a novel. Some of these readers receive as much as $40 and $50 a week, and not a few of them were elected as members of the first Cuban Legislature. But besides this there is another indulgence that the Cuban cigar-maker demands for himself—the right to smoke at his employer's expense so long as he is at work. Every morning six high-grade wrappers are handed to him for his own use, and in them he folds as much as he likes of the filler supplied him for the day's work. The cigars thus made and consumed are said to cost the Havana tobacco industry a sum of close on $2,500,000 a year. It is an old tale of how Gustavo Bock offered to make his employees a present of his factory and plantations if they in return would give him the cigars they rolled for themselves. Very sensibly they declined the offer.

From the makers' benches the finished cigars of a given brand go to the sorting-room. There under a strong and steady north light—all the work in the Havana factories, by the by, is done by daylight—they are examined for imperfections of length, thickness, and quality, and graded in heaps according to the color of the wrapper. The untrained eye will detect perhaps half a dozen variations of shade where the expert's sees a hundred. Once past the ordeal of selection, the cigars are stored in huge cupboards of cedar wood until their accumulating quantities or orders from abroad sound the hour for packing. But even when snugly pressed in their boxes their troubles are not necessarily over. Tobacco absorbs moisture and odors with a greed unequaled by sponges or by milk, and a careless or ignorant importer or retailer may ruin in a few days the careful work of months. All this and much more I saw and had explained to me. But the best of my experiences in Havana was to talk to the heads of the great factories and to find them poking a scornfully good-humored finger through nearly all of the average smoker's most cherished theories. The average smoker believes that a dark wrapper means a strong cigar and a light wrapper a mild one; and he is absolutely wrong. There is no connection whatever between color and strength. Squeezing cigars and smelling them are equally fallacious as tests of quality. So, too, is the color and firmness of the ash; the notion that the whiter the ash and the longer it stays on the better the cigar, is altogether erroneous. The best Havanas burn with a clear steel-gray ash, and its duration and length are mainly determined by the size of the pieces used in the fillers. Then, again, the men in Havana insisted to me that a spotted cigar meant less than nothing so far as quality, whether good or bad, was concerned; that the barometer affects cigars far more than the thermometer; that the silky-looking wrapper is as much to be avoided as the veiny one or the one that is oily in patches; that cigars should neither be so soft as to yield readily to the pressure of the fingers nor so dry as to crackle; that most of the talk about "condition" is pure ignorance, the Americans being right in preferring a moist cigar, and the English equally right in preferring a drier one—the vital point in each case being the proper period of recovery from the sea-sickness that cigars contract as easily as their smokers, a period that varies with the length of the voyage; that except for the expert, who has given his whole life to the business, there are virtually no outward indications that can be relied upon in choosing a cigar; and that for the average man, anxious to find out whether a given Havana is of good quality throughout and will burn well, the only test is to smoke it.

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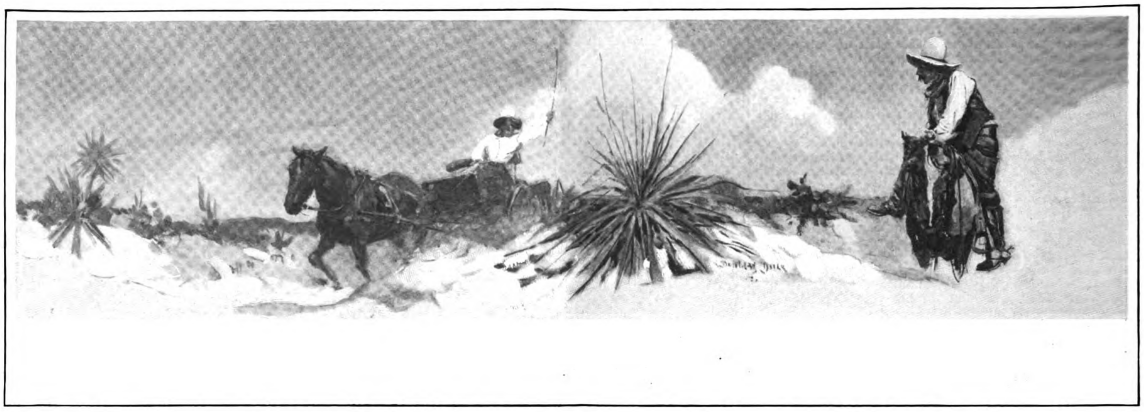

The Stool of the Priedieu

By Brevard Mays Connor

ILLUSTRATED BY D. DUER

THE heat brooded over the white waste that was Arroya with the palpable heaviness of stone, robbing the uneasy wind from the Gulf of all its freshness and flattening out not only the shadows, seemingly, but all animate life as well. Besides the dizzy dance of the heat waves walling the prairie around, there was but one moving thing—the blue smoke curling from the station agent's pipe, that was caught by the wind, hurried in a thin stream out of the window, and then dissipated itself in the white glare of the midday sky.

The agent himself leaned back against the wall, aching lids resting wearily on pasty, unshaven cheeks. God had forgotten Arroya. It was a byword among men, and therefore decencies such as shaving were unnecessary.

Far out in the blazing hell a low rumble burst into being from the womb of silence, announcing its birth with a long quivering shriek. Without opening his eyes the agent reached up and tugged the cord that let down the red "stop" sign across the track, and still with closed eyes he raised the flask that lay in his lap to his lips, half draining it before he set it down. In Arroya no one even drank with decency.

The rumble that had increased to a roar was augmented by two short, angry blasts and the grind of the brakes, and No. 4 grated to a halt. The rotund little conductor hopped off and glanced irascibly up and down the platform.

"Where the devil are your passengers? Where the devil are they, Tom? Ain't it enough to make us stop in a place like this without keepin' us waitin'?"

The agent opened his eyes lazily and sent another thread of smoke up into the midday sky.

"Is Doc on the train, Pat?" he drawled, thickly.

"Yeh, she's back in the chair-car somewhere. Want her?"

The agent nodded and the rotund little conductor tripped gingerly over the smoking boards, mopping his beet-colored face.

"Oh, Doc!" he called. "Oh Doc—a call for you."

A groan answered him from the depths of the coach.

"Vot—in Arroya? O Lord!"

"It's mighty mean, I know, but—"

"Don't be so imbatient; I'm coming," and Dr. Brandt climbed down the steps and with the wisdom of long residence immediately sought the shade.

"So long," called the conductor, and waved his hand and jerked aboard as No. 4 puffed out on her trip to the southern edges of civilization.

The worthy doctor straightened her crumpled linen dress with a jerk, shaking off what she could of the white alkali dust. It was drought year in Arroya, a place of droughts, and the white, clinging dust was everywhere.

"Vot is it, Tom?" she asked, impatiently.

The agent stretched, the yawn carrying his voice into an upper register.

"Only a greaser—hum. Some trouble over a girl at a dance last night, I believe. He's lying out in the cactus somewhere with a hole in him. Juan is coming with a rig in a minute. He'll tell you."

Dr. Brandt leaned back against the wall despite the resin drops studding the surface of the cheap pine boards, and fanned herself until her carved gold earrings vibrated in sympathy.

"A greaser! Now, ain't dot der limit! And I hoped to be on my south porch to-night with a pitcher of ice dea! Ach, dis is der devil's country!"

"If you mean hell, it's worse. I can't see how you, a woman, can stand it, and especially being a railroad doctor, jumping all over the country, night and day."

She sniffed audibly.

"Voman? I'm der best man of de lot of you, and you know it. Vhy don't you get married?"

The suddenness of it brought his head forward with a jerk.

"Me? Say, if I hated a girl enough I might do it."

"Vell, you got to do it—or get out."

"Why?" he growled, suspiciously.

She turned like a flash and, reaching through the open window, brought back the half-empty flask.

"Dis is vhy," she grunted, and with one sweep of her powerful arm crashed the glass into a million splinters against the rail. The agent sprang to his feet, horror on his pasty face.

"Aw, Doc—"

"Don't you 'aw' me. Ain't dis place bad enough widout dot you should take to whiskey? Ain't it?"

A spasm of the weak's blinding rage crossed his face.

"You didn't have the right," he stormed.. "You didn't have the right to break it. That was my last drop. What business is it of yours to come butting into my affairs? You ain't God Almighty."

"Shut up," she commanded, sharply, facing him with firm lips and capable arms akimbo on her ample hips. "God has forgotten Arroya and I've got to do der best by him I can. Vot would you boys do widout me, hein? Vot would you have done when you lay oud

The girl ran to him, half in fear, half protectingly

on der peninsula wid der typhoid if Dr. Brandt hadn't come across der bay in a storm, hein? Ain't I got der right, hein? Ain't I?"

Her greater fire subdued his, and his eyes fell.

"You was a nice young feller when you come here, Tom," she went on, relentlessly, "and now look at you."

"It was my last drop," he whined, and then the pity of it broke him and he bent his head, strangling on a sob.

"Stop dot blubbering," she commanded, but more kindly. "I'll see Carlyle to-morrow and have you oud of here by this time next veek. Stop dot blubbering. Here comes Juan."

An ancient vehicle emerged from behind a wood of giant cactus, and at sight of her the youthful driver stood up with a whoop and lashed the somnolent beast in the shafts into a degree almost approaching motion, and thus they swung up to the station.

"Ah, doctor padrone," and Juan swept off his battered sombrero. *"Como se halla vm?"*

"Muy bien, Juanicita."

The little fellow's white-toothed smile completely covered all gaps in his raiment, and the doctor smiled back as she asked him the way she should go. Juan, swelled with the importance of his information, explained at great length, with many expressive gestures, and then all over again.

"And I would go with the good doctor, only the grandfather, he's is not well," he concluded, in his rapid, sibilant Spanish.

She nodded and, throwing her bag into the seat, hoisted her ample frame into the one Juan abandoned with the sinuous swiftness of a lizard. *"Adios,"* she called.

A shamed smile sweetened the station agent's face.

"Adios, and if you aren't God you're a blamed good substitute, doctor."

"Si-si," agreed Juan, who understood not at all. *"Adios, señora."*

As she drove off the heat pulsated up into her face under the stress of the Gulf wind. Only the lizards seemed to have the power of action. The carrion crow that hovered high in the blue distance poised on motionless wings. Here and there a jack rabbit hoisted inquisitive ears above a cactus clump, and every huisache-bush sheltered its covey of panting quail, whose faint "bob whites" sounded like the delirious cry of thirst in the desert.

Glancing straight ahead with unseeing eyes, Dr. Brandt groaned in spirit as she regretfully called up visions of the south porch, with its protecting vines, the tinkle of the ice in her pitcher of tea, the one chair that seemed especially constructed for the exigencies of her breadth of beam, and especially of the books in the tongue of her fatherland. And, instead of all that, here she was jogging through a purgatory that would have baffled the descriptive powers of Dante, far from the soft things of life, far from the sweet. She was a fool for ever having come to such a country; she was a fool for ever having taken up medicine, a tyrant that demanded unceasing service; and, as she condoned her martyrdom and grew wroth, the lines about her mouth softened and a dreamy look crept into her eyes. It was wonderful to serve, and to serve in the cause of life was the most wonderful of all.

These contrary emotions stirred her into quite a heat as she strove to defend and attack both at one and the same time, and so when she heard the hurried beat of a horse's hoofs behind her, she turned her resentment on the stranger who was so cruel as to drive a beast at that pace on so hot a day. When there came a hail from behind she merely turned and, making sure she did not know the man, nodded and once more turned her back upon him. But he was not to be so easily quelled, and, riding alongside, grinned familiarly.

She had made up her mind not to like him before she had ever seen him, but the smile justified her in her own mind, which was a marvelously strange thing, for her ready laugh was known the length of the Gulf Coast, as was her love of mirth in others. His lips, however, were thin and pale, and his eyes were close set above a long, sharp-ridged nose. All his features resembled those of the fox, even his hair and eyebrows, sandy red in color, assisting in that impression.

"Goin' out to see the Mex, Doc?" he inquired.

She nodded cool disapproval of his familiarity. True, every one, whether he knew her or not, called her Doc; but this man—well, she was hot and cross,

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and she wanted her Schopenhauer and tea behind the vines, with the laughter of the Judge's girls floating across the lawn to her.

The man did not seem to realize the affront, but rolled a cigarette coolly as they jogged along side by side in silence. Finally he looked up.

"You ain't very crazy about goin' out here, are you, Doc?"

This brought an immediate reply.

"Vell, who vould be? Do you think it is fun to be taken off a train and have to ride five miles through hell?" The man chuckled to himself, ignorant, perhaps, that the good doctor was inclined to be emphatic when under a stress.

"And just to see a Mexican," she went on. "Do you think I'm crazy about staying here till five in der morning—in Arroya?"

"That's right," he mused; "No. 6 is the next train up. But say, wait a minute. Didn't you know the inspection officials go up this afternoon?"

The doctor looked at him incredulously.

"That's right," he assured her. "They'll pass through Arroya about 3.30. If you get through quick enough you can flag them and get home just about as soon as you would on the regular."

"Is dot so?" and the doctor heaved a great big sigh of relief. "Vell, if I hurry I make it." Pulling her horse to a stop, she actually smiled on him—the well-known Dr. Brandt smile. "Come over and ride with me. You can lead your horse; it's too hard talkin' through dis dust."

This, mind you, was merely a concession to gratitude, not a sign of lessened dislike. She had made up her mind not to like him, but of course something was due in return for the information. He accepted the invitation with great alacrity, and, leaning back, puffed away comfortably at his cigarette.

"Vot are you doing oud in dis part of the country at dis time of day?" she asked, stirred by sudden curiosity.

He smiled—the thin-lipped smile that had first confirmed her dislike.

"Doctors and the law can't ever rest, can they? I'm the deputy sheriff."

Her eyebrows went up, and then she broke out: "Your name is Purcell."

"Pete Purcell; yes, ma'am."

Unconsciously she shrank away, though not in fear. No one had ever accused her of too little courage.

"I've heard of you," she replied, dryly.

He accepted it, with a self-conscious grin, as a tribute, evidently.

"More'n likely you have. I'm known pretty well through these parts for making the greasers come to time. I'm proud to say there ain't a man around here that doesn't hate me."

"Nor a woman," she thought. Heard of Pete Purcell, indeed! Within but a few months his name had become as much of a byword as Arroya, and his reputation as unsavory. A newcomer to that part of the country and holding his office through his sister's husband, sheriff of the county, he was notorious for his cruelty to whomever it might be that fell into his clutches—for his cruelty and for worse, as Dr. Brandt had heard with her own ears; for men told her things they never told but to other men. The revelation of his identity made her ponder deeply for a moment and then turn a searching glance upon him.

"Vot are you coming oud here for? There is only the man and his girl, hein?"

"That's all."

"Humph! Are you goin' to arrest der man for getting shot?"

"Of course not. I'm goin' to get the girl that done it."

"Der girl?"

"Sure. She shot him—jealousy or something. You know how these yeller-bellies are."

She pondered again, the result bringing a slight frown between her heavy iron-gray brows.

"But do you think he will prefer a charge?"

He grunted scornfully and spat into the road.

"What difference does that make? I've got to teach 'em they can't go around pottin' each other an' keep it in the family. It sets a bad example," and after a slight pause he added, "I wonder what she looks like."

"Vot difference does dot make?" she demanded, sharply.

"Oh, none; none at all—only more interesting. I tell you, some of these little yeller gals are swell lookers, ain't they?" As if conscious of her close scrutiny, he turned the subject with an easy smile. "Ain't it hot today? People never appreciate what we public people have to go through to keep this old world a-runnin'."

"Some appreciate it too well," she growled. "Here's vere we turn. Once again to der left and we're dere."

He tossed his cigarette away with a chuckle.

"Much obliged, Doc."

"Vot for?"

"Why, for bringin' me here. I've been tryin' to locate this couple all day, but they burrow out in this cactus so an ordinary man hasn't a show of findin' them; an' their friends stick closer than thieves. Who told you—what you stoppin' for?"

"Get out of dis buggy; get out!" she commanded, boiling with anger. "You low-lived, sneaking cur! Get out of here!" Not waiting for him to move, she seized his arm and shoved him to the ground. He turned on her, livid.

"It's a good thing you are a woman—"

"Sure; if I was a man I'd smash your face, Mr. Pete Purcell. And it's a good thing I'm not a young voman, eider, from what I've heard of you. You ain't fit to associate with decent people, takin' advantage of honesty like dot, you—you—" And, unable to find the word in English, she fell into a torrent of German, under which he shifted and reddened. "Himmel!" she gasped, and lashed her drowsing beast.

The tangled masses of cactus and huisache grew thick to the edges of the dim track that wound always, first right and then left. The heat was intensified threefold, for the wall of verdure shut out the wind, and the doctor's ruddy face was beaded with perspiration as, plying the whip, she vented her anger on the now galloping horse. There was the beat of hoofs behind her and Purcell's voice snarled through the thick-flying dust:

"Think you can lose me, eh?"

"You can't lose a buzzard," she shouted back over her shoulder, and lashed the beast again.

Suddenly she pulled up sharply. The road had come to a dead halt at a rotting rail fastened to two even more decrepit posts. Beyond the post a narrow path shot back into the cactus. Side by side they hitched their horses, and, with the doctor leading, darted into the path that led straight to a blank wall of a low, thatched-roof adobe hut.

Striding around the corner, the doctor paused at what she saw through the open window. This something was a girl—unmistakably a girl, even though her face was hidden—kneeling beside a couch. The loose slip that she wore did not hide the soft curves nor the virginal mold of the slender neck. She turned as the shadow darkened the room, but as soon as she saw the doctor joy ousted the fear in her face and she was at the low door to meet her, her hands outstretched, her full red lips parted. Dr. Brandt took the quivering hands and held them tight as the girl fell back at sight of the second comer. But she could not prevent the anguished cry that followed.

At the exclamation the man on the couch started up, and the girl ran to him, half in fear, half protectingly, as Purcell stooped beneath the low lintel and gazed around the room with a sneer.

"Well, well," he smiled; "here we all are." And, marching over, he bent down and looked the girl in the eyes.

"Come avay from my patient," stormed the doctor. "Do you vant to kill him with excitement?"

"Greaser," scoffed the sheriff, and seated himself on a low stool beside the door. "You'd better get busy, doctor, if you want to make that train."

"You tend to your own business," she answered; and, turning to the girl, asked her in Spanish for hot water. There was a certain grimness in the way she shook off the clinging dust and rolled back her loose sleeves; and, though she still wore the deep line between her brows, her hands were gentle as she bathed and dressed the wound. She was whispering a word of cheer to the feverish sufferer, for the wound was not dangerous, when a shrill cry made her turn. In a corner hung a crucifix and a tiny plaster Madonna, and before these stood the girl, warding Purcell off with outstretched arms.

"Vot are you doing?" demanded the doctor, angrily. "Leave dot girl alone."

"Who's botherin' the wench?" growled the deputy. "I'm lookin' for that gun, and I've got a good hunch it's over here. Get out of my way," he ordered, grasping the girl's arm.

"You fool," cried the doctor. "Dot is her holy place. Have you no more decency dan desecrate it?"

He only growled, but as his fingers felt down the girl's arm his lips widened in a smile. "Why," he cried, with almost childish surprise, "she's as plump as a partridge."

"*Agua*," called Dr. Brandt, sharply, and the girl broke away and ran to the fire of charcoal.

Purcell resumed his seat with a short laugh.

"Say, Doc, you talk about desecration; ain't it a desecration for a girl like that to put up with such an ordinary greaser? He will miss her for some time, though, believe me."

Something in his tone made the doctor turn. His face was drawn and his eyes were narrowed until the fox-likeness was perfect. His lips had a hungry curl and he was breathing heavily.

"This man is badly hurt," she announced, her eyes holding his steadily, and, though he didn't see it, with a threat in their gray depths. "He needs some one to take care of him. You'll have to leave der girl here."

He sneered incredulously.

"Say, what do you take me for? He's only a greaser; you can send some one out from Arroya. I've got my duty to do."

"And I've got mine," she replied, meaningly.

"I guess you think you'll get me in trouble with the authorities for overridin' your orders."

She shrugged her shoulders.

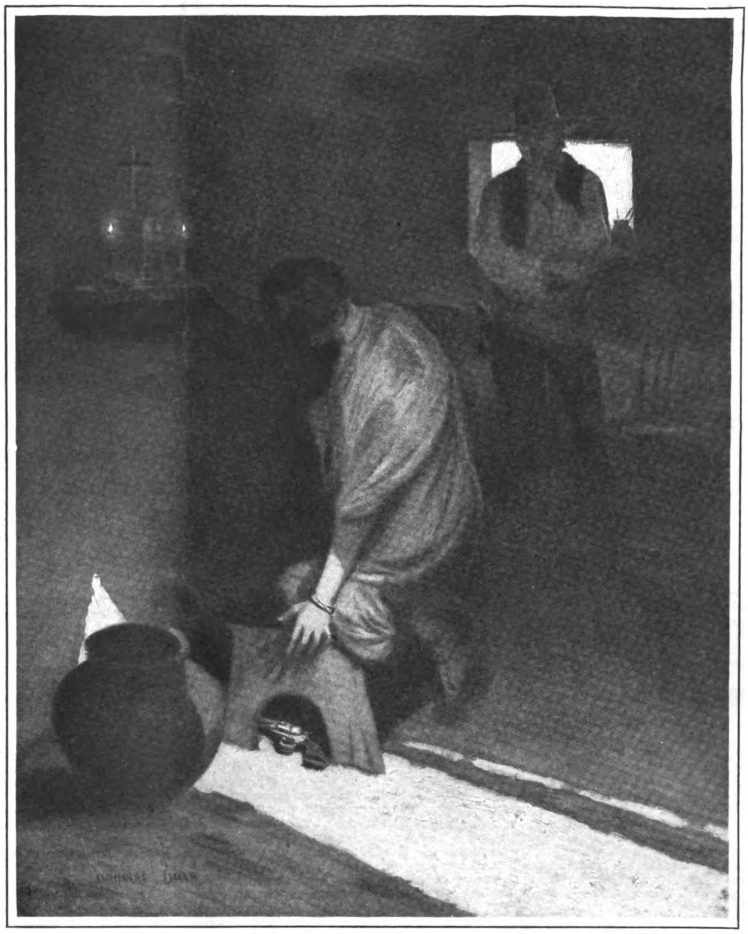
"Perhaps." But he wasn't near the truth of the duty she had to perform. God had forgotten Arroya, and she had to do the best by Him she could—that was her thought. For a moment she gazed out at the searing sunlight undecided. After all, he was a man—a human being. It was only fair to give him a chance. Her voice took on a strange gentleness and she looked not at him, but without. Her brows puckered.

"You surely vouldn't vant to be vilfully cruel, or have dis man's death on your conscience? You vouldn't vant to be entirely widout pity, Mr. Purcell?"

"Aw, cut all that. The girl's broken the law; the law says she's got to go to jail. I'm only obeying the law."

"The law," mused the doctor. "I'm only askin' you to leave her till to-morrow—until der man can be moved. Den I will bring der girl in myself."

"Never you mind. I'll do all the taking necessary,"



The sun showed plainly the hand that crept beneath the stool

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he replied, with a leer from his greedy eyes that made the crouching girl clasp the sick man closer.

"Den you von't?" demanded the doctor, with a harsher ring in her voice.

The sheriff slapped his knee emphatically. "No, ma'am."

The sharp sound of the blow frightened a scorpion from under the couch, and the little beast scuttled across the floor towards Dr. Brandt, its venomous tail erect. Raising her broad heel, she crushed out its life.

"Ain't you got no pity for the pore little thing?" whined Purcell, mockingly.

"It carries poison in its body, and it is right for honest folk to kill dem, as it is right for dem to kill men dot have poison in deir soul."

This time his eyes shifted.

Turning back, she addressed the girl and the man, low and swiftly, stopping their exclamations with an upraised hand. The sheriff sprang to his feet with an oath.

"Here, you, I don't understand that lingo; you talk in English."

Her hatred flashed out.

"You mind your business. I have to talk to dem in Spanish to make dem understand. You come between a doctor and his work and you soon get in trouble, and more so if it is Dr. Brandt."

"I heard you say 'Rio Grande,'" he growled, sulkily. "Is that medical advice?"

"I don't care if you hear New York; you mind your business."

"And you'll promise to mind yours?" he asked, quickly.

Only for a moment did she hesitate. God had forgotten this land.

"Yes," she replied, grimly, "and I'll mind mine."

He sat down again, seemingly satisfied, and she continued her low, rapid speech. In reply the man nodded his head vigorously, and the girl slowly, as if awed.

"Now I go," she declared, finally. "Do you still insist on taking dot girl?"

"Yep."

"How are you going to carry her?"

"In the saddle with me," and he licked his lips.

She had picked up her case and was at the door when the girl whispered something across the room.

"What does she say?" demanded Purcell, suspiciously.

"She vants to pray before she goes."

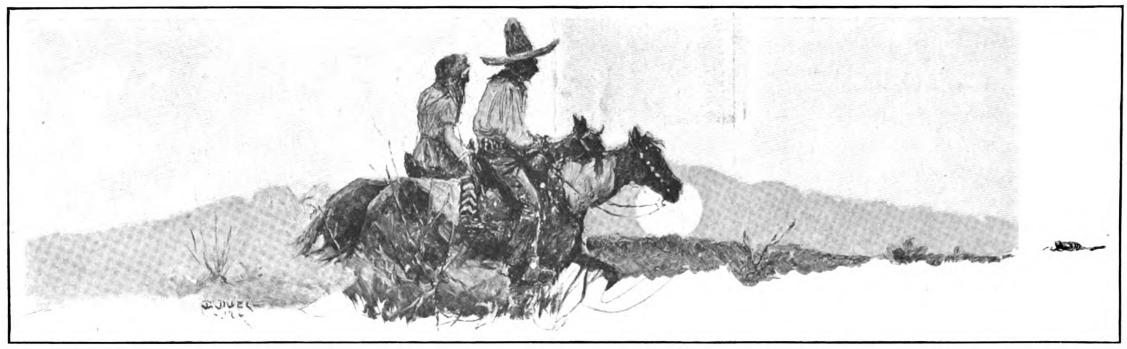
"Sure, let her pray. I don't figure on movin' till it cools up a bit. So long, Doc. Hope you catch your train."

The doctor nodded and the girl slipped over to the crucifix and knelt on the tiny stool beneath it. She was still there when the doctor, reaching the window, looked in. The sun touched one side of the kneeling girl, showing plainly the hand that crept beneath the stool and showing still more plainly the glistening thing of steel the hand found there. Purcell could not see—he was on the other side—but Dr. Brandt saw, and she went on down the path with the line between her brows gone.

She did not halt long at the hitching-post—only to strap her bag to the back of Purcell's saddle and glance a moment in doubt at the sorry beast that had brought her. As she looked, a chapparal chicken trotted out from the scrub and, at sight of her, faded down the road on its tireless legs. It wouldn't take that beast long to reach the Rio Grande; but even the horse, slow as he was, could reach there before nightfall. Beyond those rolling, muddy waters lay the fastnesses of old Mexico, where a whole army could hide and never be found.

Lifting her skirts, she climbed into the saddle. A five-mile ride astride in a tight skirt was only one of Dr. Brandt's many accomplishments. She had ridden farther bare-backed, and at no such easy single-foot as the horse beneath her possessed.

She halted as she turned out from the thick cactus on to the main road, for the wind that met her was grateful in its comparative coolness; and then she clung desperately to the pommel as the horse shied away from the coiled heap in the middle of the road that was sounding its buzzing call of death. There was a revolver in the holster at her knee, and, enraged at her narrow escape from a fall, she drew it out and shot off the beast's head. From back in the cactus came another report. Was it an echo? She did not stop to consider. She knew nothing and she wished to know nothing. Besides, there was the train to catch if there was to be any ice tea that night. God had forgotten Arroya—and who cared for a dead snake, more or less, anyhow?



The Bonanza Trail

By F. J. Arkins

THE Bonanza Trail began at Fort Laramie, Wyoming. It ran east of the Owl Creek Mountains, west of the Big Horn Mountains, in a northwest direction to Livingston and Bozeman, then forking to the present Helena and Virginia City. In War and Indian Department annals it is known as the Bozeman Trail. Immediately, however, it was given the more romantic name, and for the best of reasons. It led to what were the richest deposits of gold in a relatively small territory that the world had ever seen. Out of Alder Gulch and Last Chance Gulch, within two hundred miles of each other in Montana, was taken, in ten short years, considerably more than $500,000,000 in pure gold. It was anybody's fortune, and the wonderful luck of the California gold-diggers a few years before roused men to brave every hardship for these prizes. It did not matter at all that these gulches were two thousand miles from the nearest railroad, and that other goldfields were far easier to reach. Here was the great El Dorado, and without a qualm the gold-seekers hurried into the unknown territory, defying Red Cloud and every other Indian, outlaw, renegade, road agent, and hold-up man.

How many lives were sacrificed along this trail to wealth will never be known. All that is certain is that there never was another chapter in the world's history like this. The long road into the mysterious country and the settlements of mining camps grew up almost in a single night. There were only five men in the little party when Bill Fairweather "washed" the first pan in Alder Gulch and made a discovery even more wonderful than any in the palmy days of California, or even in the later era of the Klondike. Two years later, Alder Gulch, at one of the Bonanza Trail's two ends, was among the most picturesque places in the country. The world was ransacked for men and women to give performances at the theaters, to offer free entertainment to the patrons of the various resorts. The gold-hunters, gorged with prosperity, wanted amusements. Fine restaurants were opened, food brought in at great expense from beyond the seas. The smallest money was a twenty-five-cent pinch of gold-dust, taken from a pouch. It bought less than a copper cent does in any part of the United States to-day.

The events that led to the Indian warring on the Bonanza Trail and its occupation by United States troops were dramatic and came swiftly. Montana was a cherished hunting-ground of the Sioux and Crow nations. It was, perhaps, the greatest hunting-ground the world has ever seen. Its fastnesses had been threatened by the Union Pacific Railroad, then beginning to invade the Far West. When the route was changed and the line placed further south, Red Cloud, the Indian master mind, went at the head of five thousand braves, all clad in red blankets, to Fort Laramie, to discuss a treaty with the government. The gold-hunters were already pouring into Montana, and their number was swollen by a large number of ex-Confederate soldiers and their families seeking new homes after the Civil War. Originally the trappers had reached Montana by a trail much further west and more circuitous. The new element had discovered a more direct route. The Indians saw their country taken from under their very eyes, their hunting-grounds ruined.

With his hosts about him, at probably the most remarkable Indian conference with white men ever known, Red Cloud demanded that the Bonanza Trail be closed. While the treaty meeting was on, United States soldiers seized the trail. Two companies of regulars quietly marched out and took formal possession. They marched over the route, soon to be so famous, up into the Sioux country. The gage was thrown down to the Indian leader. The young chief—he was in the first flush of manhood then and had just been made head of a section of his tribe—did not hesitate a second. As soon as he heard the news, he rose in the convention, and, in what is said to have been a burst of eloquence, uttered his defiance and threat, afterward striding out of the council in wrath. He did not delay a single day in beginning hostile operations.

Red Cloud did not die until three years ago, an aged Indian, blind and almost deaf. A contemporary account of how he fought the Bonanza Trail from the moment he stepped out of the convention abounds in exciting details:

"He carried back from Laramie several hundred cattle, horses, and mules belonging to the government. He organized the Sioux forces over a wide territory and secured his revenge in the famous Fort Phil Kearney massacre of December 22, 1866. A detail of soldiers from the fort had been threatened by Red Cloud's braves, and General Carrington resolved to punish the Indians. He sent out Captain Fetterman at the head of one hundred men, who drove the Indians to an elevated ridge. Here the troops paused.

"From the brush at one side of the hill sprang two thousand painted, naked devils, and their warwhoop was answered by the shouts of another thousand, who appeared as if by magic on the opposite side of the devoted soldiers. It was one of Red Cloud's famous ambushes.

"Every man of the whites was slaughtered and scalped. The delight of the Indians knew no bounds, and Red Cloud was made the leader of the Sioux warriors by common consent. He established a military dictatorship, and spent his days and nights in devising plans to worry the greedy settlers."

No line of blood and devastation, however, could check the progress of the Bonanza Trail. The army was fully alive to the situation. The gallant work of the "boys in blue" over the plains is one of the noblest pages of the history of American soldiery. During the whole of the three years when Red Cloud was raging on the warpath—he was finally captured in 1869—the army veterans, skilled in Indian tactics, fought him. Meantime an unending stream of people poured into the new country. It is estimated by some that 90,000 in all took the trail at Fort Laramie.

The days of the trail were those of frenzied lawlessness, and many are the picturesque stories that have come down. Over the big road disputes about cards were of daily occurrence. The man who started an argument did so with the knowledge that it was his life or the other man's, for he was calling into question the "honor" of the "shark." Swindlers sold "mines," fought with their proposed victims, and killed without compunction. Armed robbers ran off stock, stole horses from one class of immigrants, and sold them to another. As the horse was the sole means of transportation, and valuable beyond human life, "hoss stealing" was set down by the "districts" as a crime punishable by death. There were few courts, and such as there were were miles from the trail. A jury would hence be at once impaneled among those present, the man tried, and, if found guilty, hanged to a tree without ceremony.

Hotels flourished and were prosperous beyond imagining, for every one spent money and there was much flaunting. In the higher-grade establishments beverages were served in cut glass, champagne was common. Every resort was crowded with people. The newcomers frequented these places in quest of information, paid twenty-five cents for a glass of beer made from barley grown by the ex-Confederate soldiers at Bozeman and sold to the "Virginia" breweries for eight cents a pound, and not enough could be received to supply the demand. Table board cost $7 a day for the very cheapest, and if one slept in a chair in the hotel lobby at night, when the rooms were all rented, he paid $1.50 for the privilege.

Gold was the only medium of exchange. A pinch of it, between the forefinger and the thumb, as has been said, counted twenty-five cents. There would be a tendency with some men to take just a little bit more. When that tendency was noticed in a man he was given hours to leave town—and it was seldom over two hours. The wise man did not stand on ceremony or protest—he "vamoosed," to use the vernacular of the camp. The newspapers of the city sold for twenty-five cents a copy, red-hot from the press, and full of news of lynchings, new diggings, "clean-ups," "hold-ups," "bad men," and gossip of a breezy character. Ham and eggs to order cost $2.50. Eggs were worth fifty cents apiece, and an ordinary meal of deer or buffalo meat, with potatoes or coffee and bread, was never less than $1.50. A man was very poor to get down to fare so coarse as that.

It made no difference what a man might have been back in "the States:" if he was "on the square" in "Virginia," he was accepted at par.

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Interludes

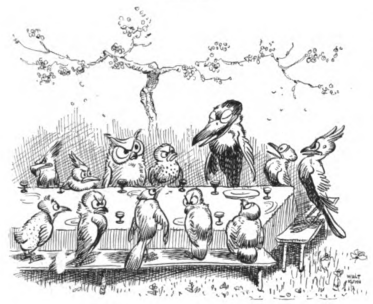
THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY

HEZEKIAH LARRABEE saved his brother Henry from a drunkard's grave lately by a financial sacrifice that few will appreciate who have not lived in the neighborhood of Bozrahville, Voluntown, or Devil's Hopyard. In that region money is scarce and seldom seen, and on many a flinty farm the toilers wrest but a scanty living from the stubborn glebe, as the fellow says. Hezekiah and Henry had probably the poorest farm for miles around, yet they never failed to give themselves one treat every year—an excursion down-river to the sea and over to Block Island, including a real slick shore dinner, I tell ye, no foolin' 't all naow, Josey.

After a long, hard, dry summer of toiling, pinching, scrimping, and saving, the two bachelor brothers had accumulated enough for their annual outing. Promptly at three o'clock in the morning they arose, ate a frugal breakfast of beans, cookies, thin cold apple-pie, and coffee; then went out t' barn 'n' yoked up th' pelter—or hitched their horse to the wagon, as the sophisticated would have it. Then came the toilsome drive of sixteen miles to th' Landin', over rocky, dusty, and devious roads eternally climbing and descending hills. Eight o'clock in the morning saw the pelter hitched at ease in a spare stall daown to Slocum's, where the brothers done th' bulk o' their tradin', and the brothers themselves luxuriously lolling on a wooden settee aboard the steamer *Ella*, which has been for many ages the pride of the river.

Here was luxury indeed. Hezekiah and Henry reveled in the unaccustomed joy of idleness, and they gazed on the passing panorama of Laurel Hill, Thamesville, Trading Cove, and Mohegan as eagerly as if they had not seen them year after year for more than one generation.

Presently Henry Larrabee felt a dry tickling in his throat and a yearning in his midst. He did not know what these symptoms portended until his glance fell upon a sign on which was painted the word BAR; and then he understood—he had a thirst. With an elaborate air of aimless wandering he drifted forward—alone, of course—stared about him with an appearance of unconcern, seemingly saw the BAR for



the first time, slapped down a nickel on it, and said, "Gimme a glass o' law-ger!"

Gosh! how good it tasted after that long, hot, dusty, sixteen-mile drive. Seemed 's if he just whiffed it down in a breath. Dinged if he didn't think he'd have another! He did. Then he sauntered back to where Hezekiah was a-set-tin', looking furtively at him but discovering no signs of the horror that was consuming Hez as he witnessed his brother toying with the Demon Rum.

But when Henry Larrabee presently arose and with the same elaborate pretense of carelessness began to direct his footsteps toward the BAR, Hezekiah felt that he must intervene to save the honor of the family. He knew that only the strongest kind of lure could drag Henry out of the clutches of the Demon Rum. So, utterly regardless of the heavy cost to his own pocket, he saved his brother. That gay reveler had progressed only three steps toward destruction when he was arrested by a strong grip on his arm. He turned and met his brother's earnest, pleading, commanding gaze, and heard his brother's voice hoarsely cry:

"Daon't drink nemmore law-ger, Hen. Drink saoday—*on me!*"

JUST LIKE SOME PEOPLE

MR. CROW: WELL, GENTLEMEN, I CAN'T MAKE A SPEECH, BUT I'LL SING A SONG INSTEAD.

THE WISDOM OF SILAS

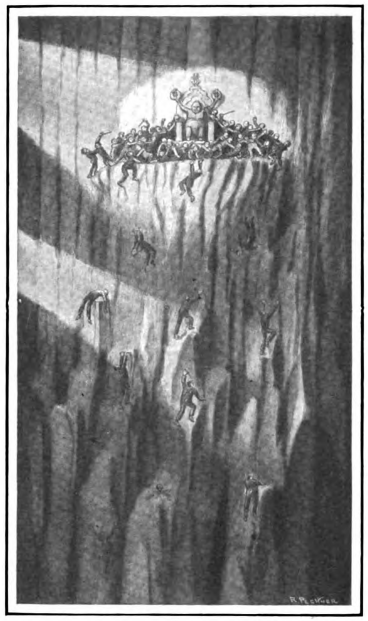
DON'T pin your faith to nothin', my son. Ef it won't stick without a pin it ain't wuth stickin' tew.

Some fellers' necks reminds me o' hosses. They ain't no airthly use t' nobody ontil they're broke.

The great trouble with a lot o' fellers I know is that after they've laid down their principles they lay down onto 'em.

Some habits, gentlemen, is like eggs—ye don't never have no idea about how bad they be till ye try to throw off the yolk.

The Pres'dent o' the United States ast me to be the Post Master o' this here town. But, shucks! I'm too busy swattin' flies to read all them postill-cards the summer-boarders sends out.



THE CLIMBERS

The trouble with livin' these days as I sees it is that every time a feller earns a dollar out o' somebody else, somebody else earn a dollar and a quarter out o' him.

Seems to me they'd be a powerful pile o' money lying raound loose fer the feller that 'ld invent some kind of an inkybater arrangement whereby a hired-man could hatch out suthin wuth while while he was a-settin'.

The chief trouble with the general run o' Road Commissioners, gentlemen, is that they spend more time thinkin' about the commissions than they do thinking abaout the roads.

I tell ye, Bill, I've lived raound these here parts goin' on to sixty-two years now, and I hain't never sold my vote to nobody, but all the same my time's allers been wuth from two ter six dollars a day to somebody on 'Lection Day.

EVIDENCE

"Do you really believe, doctor, that your old medicines really keep anybody alive?" asked the skeptic.

"Surely," returned the doctor. "My prescriptions have kept three druggists and their families alive in this town for twenty years."

A PRONOUNCED CHECK

WOGGLEY had been found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars.

"Oh, well," he said, "of course I'll have to pay, because I am in a great hurry to get on, but I haven't fifty dollars in my pocket. Will you take my check?"

"Sure," said the justice.

Woggley drew his check, and at once proceeded to crank up his machine.

"Hyar, mister," cried the justice, "they hain't no need o' your doin' that. I'd ought to have told ye we'll hev to hold that there care ez s'curity till the check goes through."

"WAKE UP, HENRY, YOU'RE WALKING IN YOUR SLEEP."

"WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO—FLY?"

TEMPORARILY POSTPONED

"WHY, Rastus," said Smithers, "what are you doing here? I thought you were going to be married this morning?"

"Why, yass, ah was, Mistuh Smithers," said Rastus, "but dat ceremony am temperarily pothponed, suh. De bride, she done run off wiv dat wuthless niggah Tham Jonsing, suh."

A VALUABLE FIND

"AH!" said the burglar, a smile of delight spreading over his face as he looked around the house. "Here's a bath-tub."

"Aw, rats, Bill!" growled his assistant. "Y' ain't goin' to waste none o' yer time takin' a bath, I hope."

"Not on yer life," returned the delighted Bill. "But these here nickel spiketts and th' lead pipe's wuth all o' thutty dollars."

AN ACUTE EAR

"ACUTE hearing?" said little Binks, scornfully. "Don't talk to me about anybody's acute hearing—why, my mother-in-law—"

"Yes?" said the genial philosopher.

"—My mother-in-law has heard me say things I never even thought of uttering," said little Binks.

PERKINS *(as he misses for the twentieth time)*: TUT! TUT! FUDGE!

CADDIE: SAY, BOSS, YOU CAN'T LEARN TO PLAY GOLF WID DAT LANGUAGE.

NOTHING NEW

"I SEE," said Bilkins, "that a French scientist has discovered a method for staving off old age."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Wilkins. "There's nothing new in that. A man can stave off old age by jumping off the Eiffel Tower; or dropping a lighted match in a powder barrel while sitting on it; or by rocking the boat when he's out on the water; or by riding over Niagara Falls sitting astride of a log. Those French scientists make me tired with their hullabaloo over nothing.

SUMMER LOVES

(Being an Autumnal Dilemma)

"Now who is this young maiden sweet I see advancing up the street, with swinging stride and smiling face, the picture of such easy grace?
'Tis Gladys fair,
Maid debonair,
Whom I
Made love to all of last July!

"And who is that beside her? One with locks all golden as the sun, with cherry lips and roguish glance and airy movement of the dance?
'Tis Phyllis dear—
A child of cheer—
With whom
I spooned away last August's gloom!

"And with them walks another dame—a widow with a heart of flame; her dainty weeds as freshly gay as any wild-rose on the way!
'Tis dear Babette,
Whose eyes, still wet,
I strove
In June to dry with words of love!

"The three together! Vision rare, yet vision fraught with woe and care! Should they compare their notes—alas! what dreadful things would come to pass!
To save my neck
I'd better trek
And seek
Some easy way to make a sneak!"

ENVOI

And that is why he turned and fled,
And up a darkened alley sped,
The while the dames who saw him flee
Grinned at each other merrily!"

CARLYLE SMITH.

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NOGI—SEER, STATESMAN, AND SOLDIER

BY RICHARD BARRY

VOLUMES are required to explain Nogi. Let me here try the impossible in a short article, drawn from my close association with him for nine months during the height of his career in Manchuria in 1904–05. Through that nine months of work he became a world celebrity. By slitting his throat at sundown on Friday, the 13th of September, 1912, he stepped into history's gallery of immortal suicides.

Let us dismiss the common explanations of his remarkable act. It was not because he was remorseful over the 50,000 lives lost under his command. It was not because his two sons had been killed in battle, thus exterminating his line. It was for none of our Western motives whose existence we are almost bound to suspect: fear that under the new Emperor he would not have the position he enjoyed under the old, pique, melancholia, or the like.

Nor yet was it inspired chiefly by that ancient samurai custom which required that a general should immolate himself on the grave of his Emperor. That but furnished him a convenient hinge on which to swing his real motive. For Nogi was mentally alive to all the new ideas of the world. He was the official head of the Nobles' school and abreast of all modern thought.

The quality which sinewed the basis of his act was that which a theosophist would call a mahatma's divination of the needs of his age.

Modest he was in all outward seeming; simple, too, to the point of guilelessness. Yet a sublime ego dwelt in his slender frame, the illogical, inordinate, triumphant, eternal ego of one who has ascended into the higher planes of psychic existence, one who had become, by sheer force of his will and insight, a masterful leader of millions of his fellow-men; a real hero whom Carlyle would have loved to perpetuate with dynamic understanding.

In his campaigns he felt himself not only the leader but the father, as well, of his armies. Their faults were his faults, their weaknesses his weaknesses, their failures his failures. I do not mean in any sentimental sense, but actually, with the living flame of paternal passion.

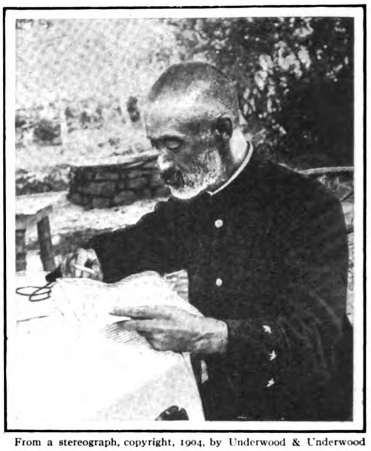
I remember one day at Port Arthur when a boy from the rice-paddies, well under twenty, a dull-faced, ordinary, humanly casual boy, was brought to headquarters by Nogi's command. They intended to shoot him the next morning under a military order which decreed that any soldier convicted of drinking water from a roadside stream should be executed for his careless disobeyance of the sanitary restrictions which demanded the drinking of boiled water only.

Nogi was in his garden when they brought the boy in to him. He was sitting under a pear-tree fussing with some little red and yellow pegs on a topographical map of the surrounding country. As the boy approached, stiffened with fright and military rigidity, Nogi removed his spectacles. Except for his uniform, and the guards who stood at a respectful distance, he looked like a kindly old schoolmaster. He smiled.

In a quiet tone, half pleading, half explanatory, Nogi talked with the boy a few minutes. He told him his hospitals were filled with typhoid, dysentery, and beri-beri patients. This was a disgrace, not to the soldiers so much as to the general himself. For many of the patients had been brought to the hospital through their own negligence, and yet the general had to bear the humiliation. It was easy to tell the Emperor that so many soldiers had been killed in battle, but it was very difficult to admit that some were incapacitated because they did not obey the orders of the surgeons. And he, Nogi, the general, was personally responsible.

Now, therefore, would the boy please remember that when he drank the forbidden water he was making the burden of his general just so much the more difficult to bear? And would he, like a good boy, go back to his command and be more careful in the future? A pardon? Certainly. Nogi knew that boy would never make that blunder again.

Thus he ruled his armies. A word from him was sufficient. It was never harsh, never dictatorial. When the *keisshtai* (victory or certain death) parties were called upon they were never drafted, but always volunteered, and there were usually three or four times enough volunteers. They did it for the Emperor, but Nogi was the mouthpiece, and he added the human, paternal element which they revered and loved.



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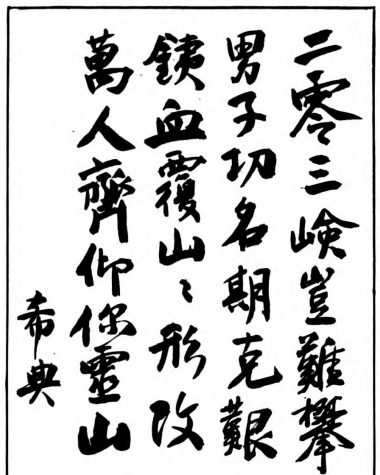
General Count Nogi



二零三峻豈難攀
男子功名期克艱
鉄血覆山、形改
萬人齊仰靈山
希典

An autograph poem by General Nogi, written after the capture of 203-Meter Hill

This poem has been translated by Mr. Barry as follows:

How could man scale it—this height so steep and hell-bounded!
Aye! in the teeth of such odds, and rising above the nations' applauses have sounded:
With blood and with iron thou art deluged, thy earth-shape all twisted and falling:
All people adore thee, thou hill where the souls of the dead wilt forever be hov'ring!

The original and translation are copyright by Richard Barry

Discipline was relaxed to its minimum about his headquarters. We could always see him, at almost any time of the day or night, and there was but a single orderly to pass. Soon we foreigners—there were ten of us—caught the spirit of the Japanese who surrounded him. We found ourselves instinctively striving to protect him from imposition. We thought him so simple-minded, so gullible, and so little exacting that we constantly strove to divine his wish and to fulfil it, and at the same time to spare him every annoyance. Yet he never showed annoyance and very seldom expressed a wish. Poet, dreamer, seer, he kept himself disattached—a body apart who retained all his faculties for supreme concentration on the vital military problems when they were presented.

In executive skill, in organizing talent, he seemed to be deficient. In the military genius that comprises tactics and strategy and the inspiration of effective leadership he was supreme. At his councils with his officers he would quietly listen to all that was said, and then, in a low, deferential tone, make his decision, perhaps contrary to all that had been urged. He may have been wrong in details; in the end he was always right.

But when the war was ended, when military discipline was relaxed, when the military organization built up by others and which he merely directed had largely disintegrated, his perception of the weaknesses and follies of others must have received constant amplifications. The stress of a vital crisis in the nation's history was no longer on others to make them toe the mark.

Such a crisis was not essential to his Spartan temperament. He was a superior man, loving right for its own sake, aloof from vulgar vices, oblivious to show, indulgence, money, and even fame. Yet constantly there must have been borne in upon him the evils which followed the triumph of his nation on the battle-field, "the slow decay which precedes the advancing mortal ripening of nature."

About him he saw everywhere the mean intrigues of politics and business corrupting the glorious samurai spirit which had been the chief factor in Japanese success. Day by day he saw the age of chivalry die before his very eyes.

He saw generals advanced because they had relatives at court. He saw vulgar ostentation take the place of courteous self-abnegation. He heard cheap assertion drown out the claims of merit.

And he was powerless to withstand the tide. He was never one to talk or remonstrate. Vital action was the key-note of his character. Of words he was chary, though as a poet he skilfully commanded them. His nature was so simple, his consciousness of his defects so much greater than his consciousness of his position and his fame, that, were it not for that universal deference which had affected even us of a foreign race, he would have had no one even to listen to him.

The very dogs and horses of his own household obeyed him not as the master, but answered his call as that of a friend. He never could bring himself to read a lecture to his school. If they could not do as he wished out of pure love of him—who typified the truth—then it was not for him to scold and threaten. That was not his method of ruling.

Then his Emperor, the master for whom he had sacrificed the two sons of his own blood and the fifty thousand sons of his vicarious blood, died. It was the end of the reign of Meiji. He saw following it cheap, gaudy manners; cheap, gaudy ideals; cheap, gaudy clothes; cheap, gaudy ambitions.

Even then his personal feelings were not at stake. But his ego as a leader, his vision as a seer, was vitally challenged. He glanced up and down the generations, as an ordinary man glances up and down the years, to ask what best could be done with his own life. It must be spent for the highest ideal that was in him. That ideal was the service of that thing for which the Emperor had also lived and died—the nation's perpetuity. At all costs the nation must be saved.

He was sixty-four years old. At best he could have but a few more years of life. The physical fact of death itself bore little weight; how little it is difficult for a Westerner to understand. In fact, the inducement was on the side of such a death as he chose, for the ancient samurai heritage led him to believe that his spiritual progress lay in *hara-kiri*.

One fact that is driven into me by Nogi's suicide is this: had I sat in the councils of the elder statesmen, I could be no surer than I am by this act that Japan contemplates no war in the immediate future. He was one of half a dozen men directing the destinies of the Empire, and he knew beyond all reasonable doubt whether or not the coming decade will see another Japanese war. Were another war certain, as the Russian war was certain ten years ago, his conscience would have prevailed upon him to wait.

He did not mean that others must die as he did, but that others must live as he did; live as he had that they might have the privilege of dying as he did should fate ever require of them that sacrifice. I feel the futility of explaining this to many. But some will understand.

So he died—calm, masterful, serene—with the poise of an informed spirit to whom this life is but a lesser step on the greater journey. His death should not sadden. Rather let us rejoice that our day has seen such a hero.

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General Nogi and his staff around the luncheon-table at his headquarters outside Port Arthur

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Genuine Black Diamonds

GENUINE black diamonds, although considerably more valuable than the ordinary white diamond, are not used for gems, having an appearance no more attractive than a bit of stone or fragment of coal, being dark gray, brownish, or black in color, and opaque, without crystalline form. They are somewhat harder than the crystal or gem diamond, being, in fact, about the hardest substance known, and are found in irregular pieces, ranging in size from one-half to five hundred carats.

The origin of the black diamond is a subject on which science remains silent. They are found in but one spot on the earth—an area of not over 225 miles square, in Brazil. Here they are recovered from the gravel and washings of the river beds. No fine specimens of the gem diamond have ever been found in the black-diamond fields. Yet—and this is the point over which science has vainly puzzled—both black and white or gem diamonds are simply pure carbon, being of practically identical composition. The gem diamond is translucent and crystalline in form, while the other is not; the black diamond is harder, tougher, and not so brittle, and there the difference ends.

Practically the entire output of black diamonds is used for tipping diamond drills, the precious bits of carbon being set in pieces of soft steel or iron. These diamond-pointed drills will cut through any substance known, and have eaten their way through the hardest known rock down to a depth of six thousand feet. Ordinary gem diamonds would be crushed under the enormous pressure it is necessary to put upon the drills when the bore has gone to a great depth. No substance is known which could be used in place of the black diamonds for drill points used in boring for mineral deposits, and should the supply become exhausted, there would be no more deep borings, as there were none before the black diamond was discovered.

The diamond drill is a decidedly expensive tool, as it is usual to place eight stones in each bit or drill point, and fair-sized stones, of three to four carats each, are more satisfactory and economical in the long run than small ones. As the carbon is worth about $85 per carat, a single drill armed with stones of medium size would cost in the neighborhood of $2,500.

La Contessa

MAUBLAS, I'll show you. Come, sit down.
The air
Capriciously steals in with subtle sway.
There's light enough yet flushing in
the skies
For present need. Now, in a light so rare,
Just at the broken end of such a day,
In humming time, I felt my first surprise.
My soul awoke and sprang up strong and
fair,
For beauty flashed and burned across
my way—
The wild, dark houri out of Paradise.

And there—ah, let me move the drapery—
A patch of tapestry I got from Rome.
'Tis quite as tawny, more than twice
as old
As Count Panoni, by no means young.
See!
As fits my fancy, I use it to endome
And veil the lady in fold on somber
fold,
The lady who once gave her heart to me,
And opened up the pathway of her
home,
And favored me with boon unbought
with gold.

Well—there you see her as I saw her
first
Near Naples in the evening's rose
light—
Aye, thro' the gate's lace grille—and
o'er the wall
I leaped and fell, much tamed and
bruised; I burst
A vein which eased my heart and
caused her fright
And made her eyes read song in mine,
and all
The lure of youth. The Count, bewitched
or cursed,
Had left by noon for Rome, and so by
night
I lay at love's dear feet, Armida's
thrall.

JOHN REGNAULT ELLYSON.

The Corset

THE antiquity of the corset is demonstrated by an ancient painting in which a woman figures in a corset attached to her shoulders by straps or suspenders. The Greeks wore zones similar to low corsets, as is shown in a statuette discovered in the ruins of Troy. The statuette represents a woman clothed in a tight corset and a skirt with deep pleated flounces.

Ovid tells of Roman women who "enveloped themselves with cunningly contrived cases so made as to give a rounded appearance to the bust." In one of his plays Terrence jests about girls "who press down their shoulders and draw in their chests to seem small-waisted." The wives and daughters of the Franks wore corsets critically tight.

About the close of the fifteenth century the *basquine* or *vasquine* appeared. The *casquine* was a linen corset with a rigid busk. As the busks were still, they were visibly outlined, and therefore fashion made them the objects of ornament. Noble ladies wore a poniard thrust lengthwise into a casing of the busk. Catherine de' Medici introduced whalebones as corset-stiffeners, and the corset became a medium of torment. Three separate forms of stiff armor were worn in the form of a corset, and, when placed according to the fashion they gave to their wearer's body the form of a cone. The fashion of the cone-shaped corset was eclipsed by the beltless robes and puffed skirts invented by Madame de Montespan. Madame de Maintenon opposed the fashion of puffed skirts, and under Louis XV. the corset, richly decorated and made of silks and satins, returned to favor.

The Revolution blotted out the fashions. Men freed themselves from royalty, and women escaped from the corset. They went to the Greek and Roman extremes and distanced the semi-civilized ancients by appearing in skin-tight tricots, vests which were knitted (tricoted) or woven of silk, linen, or wool, according to the wealth of the wearer. The writers of the day bewailed the absence of the shirt, "a garment for which there was no room. The empress, Marie Louise, wore elastic, scantily boned corsets, so built as to detract from her corpulence. Lacroix, the woman's outfitter, made corsets for all the coronetted ladies of Europe. Louis XVIII. favored the corset because it gave elegance to one of his favorites. Since his day the "stiffened case" has changed but little.

Fruits for Cold Climates

AFTER more than two years of wandering through the forsaken wastes of China and Central Asia Frank N. Meyer, explorer of the United States Department of Agriculture, has sent to the department specimens of fruits that will resist a temperature far below zero.

He was sent on this special mission by the Secretary of Agriculture in search of some cold-resisting fruits for the benefit of the people living along the northern edge of the United States, and especially in the upper valley of the Mississippi, so he traveled into Siberia and Manchuria as being likely regions. Mr. Meyer, dressed in native attire, ate and lived with the natives of the different countries he traversed and was seldom heard from except when some rare and curious plant or seed from some distant part of the world was received through the mail.

Two of the best discoveries made in his search for cold-resisting fruits were an apricot that stands a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero and a Siberian cherry that grows out-of-doors where mercury freezes and alcohol thermometers have to be used to record the temperature. The apricot is a small, cold-stunted tree, but, although the fruit is not much to boast of, it is nevertheless an apricot and cannot be killed by cold weather. It is claimed that if this fruit is not good enough to suit the American palate now it is only a matter of grafting and breeding from the hardy stock to develop any kind of taste desired. While the apricot is considered a valuable find, the one that promises to be the most popular and more valuable is the Siberian cherry. This fruit grows on a tree that never get a chance to grow more than two feet in height, owing to winter temperatures of forty degrees below zero, where it flourishes. The fruit is only about the size of a huckleberry, but the bush fruits in profusion. The experts of the Department of Agriculture can, no doubt, coax this hardy dwarf into producing larger and even better fruit than it now bears.

The Useful Bird of Prey

IT is the general belief of naturalists that birds of prey are, on the whole, of great service to farmers; but this belief is directly opposed to that which has been commonly held by the farmers themselves.

The ornithologists have, therefore, undertaken to ascertain who is right, the farmer or the man of science. To this end some time ago about twenty-seven hundred stomachs of newly killed hawks and owls were critically examined.

Of the seventy-three kinds of hawks and owls found within the United States only six are, on the whole, held by the experts to be injurious. Of these, three are so extremely rare as hardly to call for attention, and another—the fish-hawk—is only indirectly harmful, so that of only two—the sharp-shinned hawk and Cooper's hawk—need any practical account be taken.

But this is only half the story. Not only are the overwhelming majority of such birds not injurious to the agriculturist, but they render him continual and extremely valuable service by the destruction of numberless plant-destroying rodents and insects.

Of the common red-shouldered hawk two hundred and twenty stomachs were examined, and of the food found in them less than two per cent. was poultry. The remainder consisted of mice, grasshoppers, and a great variety of other things. More than sixty-five per cent. of the whole was made up of noxious mammals—mice and shrews especially.

Concerning Swainson's hawk, we are told that it is particularly fond of grasshoppers. One bird has been estimated to consume at least two hundred grasshoppers in a day. In the course of a month a flock of about one hundred and sixty-five, which is a small estimate of the number actually seen together in various localities feeding upon grasshoppers, would destroy a million of these pests.

Zouaves

ONE of the most interesting class of soldiers of modern times has been the French corps called the Zouaves. This body of daring and picturesquely attired fighters reached the heights of its reputation during the Crimean War.

The Zouave corps at that time was supposed to consist of Frenchmen. It was, however, quite international, since many daring young foreigners had joined it, and it was known to include in its ranks men from Oxford, Göttingen, and other universities. It is probable that a majority of its members were in it more for love of fighting than for any love of country.

It is not strange, therefore, that its fame as a fighting body should have spread throughout the world. When our Civil War broke out several corps of Zouaves, wearing the glittering Oriental uniforms of the French corps or a modification of them, were formed on both sides. On the Union side the best known was that corps commanded by Elmer Ellsworth, a young officer from New York and the first killed on the Union side. In the Confederacy the most famous corps of Zouaves was that called the "Louisiana Tigers."

While in American military life the Zouave uniform has practically disappeared, in France the Zouave name and uniform still survive.

Desiccated Potatoes

AN attempt is being made in Germany to save the five million tons of potatoes lost annually in that country through lack of immediate market by desiccating, or drying the vegetable, so that it may be preserved in usable form.

Pressure is used to withdraw the bulk of the water from the potato and artificial heat dries the resulting "meal." This meal has one-quarter of the original weight and occupies one-eighth the space. It tastes and smells somewhat like newly made bread. It may be used or kept in this condition for considerable periods. Pressed into cakes, it is used for animal food. In practice three and eight-tenths tons of potatoes yield about one ton of potato meal at a cost of about fifty-six cents a ton. Twelve cents a ton added for pressing makes the cost of the cake sixty-eight cents, which is not high for fodder of such quality. Chemical analysis shows the following percentage of food value: water, 11.50; fat, 0.31; protein, 3.73; ash, 2.06; fiber, 1.71; carbohydrates, 80.69. The residual liquor, after pressing, is about 80 per cent. pure albumen, which has a ready market.

Curious Geological Shiftings

ALTHOUGH in the geological past vast changes of level occurred on the borders and even in the center of continents, it is a debated question whether at present similar elevations and subsidences can be detected. The frequently repeated statement that the coasts of Massachusetts and New Jersey are perceptibly sinking has been often disputed, the apparent subsidence being ascribed to simple changes of shore line. Nevertheless, some curious records kept in Europe seem to indicate that actual fluctuations of the level of the land may occasionally be observed. In the Valley of the Main a church tower hidden behind a mountain screen has since 1861 gradually risen into plain view from the château of Stroessendorf, and still farther in the same direction another church tower, which began to be visible from Stroessendorf eighty years ago, is now clearly seen above the horizon and is said to rise higher as time goes on. Similar records exist in Bohemia, in Switzerland, in Spain, and in the French Jura.

Plowing by Dynamite

IT was a farmer in North Carolina who discovered that the heavy clay soil of his farm could not be broken up with the plow to sufficient depth for proper retention of moisture and fertilizing elements and who resorted to the novel expedient of blowing up whole fields with dynamite.

Observing that the growth of grain was much richer than elsewhere over spots where stumps had been pulled or dug out of the ground, and that the earth was stirred to the depth of several feet, he reached the conclusion that similar deep disturbances of any sort would produce like results. He therefore plowed his land with dynamite and secured an increase of growth that more than justified the cost and labor. His watermelon crop, for instance, benefited over thirty per cent. by the innovation.

Fishing for Iron

IN Sweden the bottoms of many lakes are covered to a thickness of some six or eight inches with fragments of iron ore about the size of peas. The composition of this lake ore consists of ocher, or hydrated oxide of iron, with silicate and phosphate of iron, clay, sand, and other impurities; and it is said to yield pig iron of good quality.

Very primitive methods are employed to obtain the ore. In winter a hole is cut in the ice, a scraper attached on a long pole is inserted, and all ore within reach is collected.

This curious kind of mining is conducted in a similar manner in summer from rafts anchored in the lake. It is said that two miners can bring up about four tons of ore in a day. Steam dredges have been installed in a few places.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y. —and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it, and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now after a year on Grape-Nuts I weigh 153 lbs. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. ***

A Bottle a Day
Will Keep
Old Age Away
He who drinks
Evans Ale
Lives Long and Well
There's a store of wealth and more of health in every drop you drink
C.H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1786 **Hudson, N.Y.**

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS

V.—PROPOSED FEDERAL CONTROL OF RAILWAY SECURITY ISSUES

With only one exception of any importance, the railways of this country are incorporated under State charters and are subject to State laws with regard to organization, capitalization, and other internal affairs. If a railroad wants to issue stocks or bonds, for example, it is to the State that it must go for permission. The business which is to be done with the new money may carry the road into half a dozen other States and so be directly under control of the Federal government, but the authorizing or forbidding of the proposed new issue of securities is a question for the State where the road is incorporated to pass upon. The Federal government has nothing to say in the matter.

As a result of the wide-spread public attention given of late to the question of railway capitalization and freight-rates, there has come into existence a feeling that the present system of control of new security issues by the individual States is inadequate for the protection of investor and shipper. State laws, it is pointed out, vary greatly, and, except where there are competent railway commissions, are easy enough to get around. Where, for instance, the strictness of State laws regarding capital stock has been found to interfere with the construction of lines in new communities, evasion has been frequent. Most States have laws requiring that railroad stock shall not be issued except upon payment in full of its par value, but in many cases these laws have been so drawn as actually to invite evasion, it being specifically left to the judgment of the directors to decide what constitutes an adequate consideration—"payment in full." Thus it has been possible for the companies to do about as they liked, even to the extent of representing that the new stock was fully paid for when such was not at all the case. In some instances stock has been issued by the promoters to themselves as a reward for "services." Sometimes it has been issued in exchange for rights of way, with little or no regard to the cash value of the consideration received. In plenty of cases it has been issued in exchange for the stock of other companies, on terms really not warranted by the facts in the case. In these and all sorts of other ways, under the present system of State "control," it has been found possible by the railways to do about as they liked. For which reason a good many people have come to believe that the thing to do is to take the matter out of the hands of the several States entirely and intrust it to the Federal government.

Grave abuses, under the present system, have taken place—there is no doubt about that. But before we jump to the conclusion that the proper remedy is to take the regulation of new security issues out of the hands of the several States and lodge it with the Federal government, there are several things which ought carefully to be considered. In the first place, how about the constitutionality of such a proceeding? Congress, it is true, is given the power to regulate commerce between the several States, but has it the power to regulate the internal affairs of corporations doing business under State charters? In the second place, would a uniform law governing new security issues be expedient?—might it not, for example, tend to discriminate against the development of new territory? And, then, in the third place, would not the sanctioning of the issue of securities by the Federal government impose a moral obligation upon the government to recognize these securities in the regulation of rates? Fourth and last, were a Federal law to be passed requiring full payment for all stock issues, would not the evasion of such a law be quite as easy, if not indeed easier, than the evasion of the State laws we have at present?

Let us look a little more fully into these objections. How about the constitutionality of transferring from the several States to the Federal government the control over new security issues? A railroad, we will say, is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. Does the fact that it is engaged in interstate commerce give the Federal government any control over its internal organization or management? The government has control over the rates the road can charge on interstate commerce, the claim is made, and so ought to have control over the road's capitalization. But does that necessarily follow? In the opinion of some of the closest students of railway affairs there is not, or ought not to be, the slightest connection between capitalization and the regulation of freight-rates. "We are of the opinion," the Hadley Railroad Securities Commission stated in its report, "that the amount and face value of outstanding securities has only an indirect effect upon the making of rates, and that it should have little, if any, weight in their regulation." And, continuing, upon the main question of the scope of Federal authority, "It would have been equally unprofitable for the commission to enter upon an elaborate discussion of the power of Congress to regulate or affect railroad securities, at a time when important cases are pending which will go far to determine the scope and extent of Federal authority in this and closely related subjects. The issues themselves will remain undecided until the Supreme Court decides them. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome, the present fact which faces us is that constitutional questions of far-reaching consequences are today unsettled and must remain so for a considerable time. Under these circumstances any attempt by Congress to adopt the policy of Federal regulation to the exclusion of State regulation would be premature."

The second consideration is one of expediency. Suppose no constitutional difficulties stood in the way of turning over to a national authority the supervision of the issue of stocks and bonds, might there not be a good deal of danger in the forcible transfer of such jurisdiction? Different parts of the country are still in different stages of development and have widely divergent transportation needs. Many railroad problems are still in the experimental stage, and, apparently, far from settlement. Suppose now that we were to have enforced uniformity under some Federal law. Would not that work against the development of new territory? Well-established railway systems naturally have far less difficulty in securing necessary capital than independent projectors wishing to develop new districts. Would not that work strongly against the formation of independent companies and the consequent opening up of new fields? Both by State railroad commissioners and by independent railroad builders these objections to a uniform Federal law governing the issue of stocks and bonds are urged with a good deal of force. Before any such statute is enacted, it is pointed out, we want to be very sure that the time for it has come, and that its enactment will not do more harm than good.

The third important objection is that by assuming control of new security issues the government would not only put itself in a position where it would be bound to recognize these securities in the regulation of rates, but would also be giving a sort of guarantee to investors. The first of these two things, as we have seen, is all wrong in principle, and the second is even worse. Suppose a law is passed that whenever a railroad wants to issue new stocks or bonds it has to put all the facts before the Interstate Commerce Commission and get that body's approval before it can go ahead. The facts having been looked into and the approval given, would not the investment public assume that the issue was all right and that it was safe to go ahead and invest in the bonds? Formally, of course, there would not be any guarantee, but would not the fact that the government had looked into the issue and sanctioned it be regarded as an official recognition of its value? And might not such an impression prove dangerous as well as misleading? Much as the commerce commissioners may know about railroad matters, they are not bankers and certainly not qualified to pass upon the merits of investment securities. The general public, however, wouldn't realize that. The issue having been approved by the government, it would be generally assumed to have been examined by experts and found to be all right.

And then, fourthly, there is the great objection that a uniform Federal law requiring that new stock be paid for in full would be exceedingly difficult of enforcement. As it is now, under local laws, it is the hardest thing in the world to keep a railroad which wants to build lines with stock not fully paid for from doing as it likes. Under a Federal law how much more difficult it would be—to say nothing of the conflicts with State authority which would inevitably arise. The Railroad Securities Commission in its report laid great emphasis on this objection. "The liability to evasion," the report runs in one place, "might be even greater, because in some parts of the country a statutory requirement of this kind, imposed by the Federal government, would be regarded as an interference with the rights of the several States; and local companies attempting to build new lines with stock not fully paid might have the support of local public sentiment in so doing. It is possible that in some instances the Federal government could not even count upon the vigorous assistance of the State authorities themselves in trying to enforce such an act at all rigidly. Such a Federal requirement superadded to the State requirement might simply mean that every company would be led to make two deceptive returns instead of one. A Federal requirement conflicting with a State requirement might leave us in an even worse case; for the impossibility of obeying both authorities would be made an excuse for obeying neither."

The foregoing are the main objections to taking the regulation of new security issues out of the hands of the several States and turning it over to the Federal government. Other objections might be stated, but the four mentioned constitute so strong an argument that there are very few conservative people among those who have given the matter much attention who want to go ahead and see the change made.

What, then, is to be done? The present system, admittedly, isn't satisfactory. If Federal control isn't the remedy, what is?

Government-enforced publicity of the details regarding new issues of stocks and bonds—that, probably, better than anything else, would serve as a corrective of present conditions. As it is now, many an issue of new securities is made and sold to investors without any definite information being given out. That is wrong. When securities are offered an investor by a railroad—when the investor is invited, in other words, to lend money to the railroad—there ought to be available the fullest information with regard to the details of the issue, the amount of the proceeds, and the purposes for which the proceeds are to be used. That information any company issuing new stocks or bonds should be required to file with the Interstate Commerce Commission at the time the issue is made.

Such an act could be passed without disturbing the control of the several States—where it now rests—over new security issues. Each State could continue to shape its laws according to its own needs. A State that wanted to make stringent laws regarding the issue of new securities could make them as stringent as it liked. Some other State that wanted to develop its territory through the encouragement of railway enterprise and considered that the way to attract capital was to allow the issue of stock at less than par, would be perfectly free to go ahead and allow it. Each State would make its own laws according to its own needs, but—and this with a capital B—in every case there would have to be full publicity of the facts as they actually were. If some State chose to allow the issue of shares having a par value of $100 when only $50 was actually paid in, well and good—in many cases such a course would be fully justified. But what is never justified is that stock issued under such conditions should be offered the prospective buyer without his being told. The government is not in a position where it can advise investors with regard to securities, or state to them that this security is good and that one is not good; but what it can do, at least with regard to securities issued by corporations engaged in interstate commerce, is to see that the investor gets a chance to find out all about what he is asked to buy. With that information in his possession, it is up to him.

To secure the necessary publicity, a law requiring that the details of each new issue be communicated to the Commerce Commission at the time the issue is made would have to be backed up with a further law requiring full reports of condition at stated intervals. Every once in so often every railroad would have to be made to furnish to the Interstate Commerce Commission a full statement of all financial transactions that have taken place during the periods covered by the report. Every company should further be required to compile for the information of its shareholders the facts in regard to the financial transactions of the company for its fiscal year. Some of these facts the Interstate Commerce Commission already requires in the reports of the companies. As the law stands now, however, there are a good many important items which the railroads cannot be required to furnish. By an amendment to the act to regulate commerce the commission could be easily enough empowered to demand these facts—and get them.

To secure compliance with the statute, the Commerce Commission would have to be given the powers to conduct independent investigation and to inquire into the *bona fides* of reports made to it. It would have, for instance, to be given the right to call for the production of books or papers of railroad companies, construction companies, or other companies with which the railroad might have had financial transactions. It would have to have the power to examine into the actual cost as well as the value of property acquired or of services rendered. These may, perhaps, seem big additions to the powers of the commission, which some of the railroads are disposed to regard as having been already unduly extended. But if anything like real publicity is to be had, the commission is bound to be given not only the right to demand the facts, but the power to verify them. Even at that, with the public in every part of the country accustomed as it is to the evasion of laws concerning capital stock, enforcement of the statute would be none too easy.

A year ago the commission appointed by the President to investigate questions pertaining to the issue of stocks and bonds reported this remedy of a greater degree of publicity to be the logical solution of the problem. Since that time, while there has been a good deal of talk about the necessity of the government's taking the regulation of new security issues into its own hands, a good many people have come to believe that the Hadley Commission was right in its recommendations; and that if laws insuring a proper degree of publicity can be passed, no change from the present system of State supervision of new security issues is necessary.

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The Camphor Language

THE strangest of languages is the "camphor language" of Johore on the Malay Peninsula. It has been studied and reported by an Englishman in the service of the government of Johore.

This language is used by the natives and others engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor-tree and is employed only at such times. It is the belief of the natives that if they used either of the languages of the region, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, no camphor would be obtained. A most curious reason underlies this belief.

The camphor-tree grows abundantly in certain parts of the peninsula, but only occasionally contains camphor crystals. The camphor is not the same as that obtained from the camphor laurel of Formosa and Japan, which is the source of the ordinary camphor of commerce. It is of a sort highly prized by the Chinese in the embalming of their dead, in incense, and in medicine, and the gum brings a price much higher than that of the common camphor.

The Malayans and other Johore natives believe that each species of tree has a spirit or divinity that presides over its affairs. The spirit of the camphor-tree is known by the name of Bisan—literally "a woman." Her resting-place is near the trees; and when at night a peculiar noise is heard in the woods, resembling that of a cicada, the Bisan is believed to be singing and camphor will surely be found in the neighborhood.

But the spirit of the camphor-trees seems to be jealous of the precious gum and must be propitiated, and if she knows that hunters are in quest of it she will endeavor to turn their steps aside. The natives think that she is acquainted with both the Malay and Jakun languages, and that if the camphor-hunters spoke either of those she would know that they had come for camphor and would defeat their purpose. So it is necessary to speak in a tongue that she does not understand. For this purpose the "camphor language" has been invented. It consists of a mixture of Jakun and Malay words, but these are curiously altered or reversed; and the natives believe that the divinity of the camphor-tree is completely confused when she hears this jargon.

The Jakuns who hunt the camphor are one of the wildest of peoples, but are inoffensive. They live together with monkeys, dogs, cats, innumerable fowls, and perhaps a tame hornbill in perfect harmony under movable leaf shelters built on poles in the woods.

They have a formidable weapon in a sort of blow-pipe, not unlike the pipe through which the American school-boy projects wet paper balls. The Johore blow-pipe is made of a very long-jointed, straight variety of bamboo, which is generally carved and traced with many rude devices. The projectiles used in these are thin splinters of wood about a foot long, having a plug of pith at the butt end. The point is as sharp as a needle and is covered with a black, resinous substance which in many cases is extremely poisonous.

Velvet

THE art of velvet-making was practised in the legendary days of Indo-China. It is one of the oldest arts because it was the first imitation of man's first garment, fur. Even after spinning and weaving had become known, the ocellated pelt of the great felines killed in hunting was the dress for important occasions, and the most beautiful of ancient fabrics shows that the ambition of the weaver was to surpass his model and copy the fur of the animal in something by far finer. The discovery of silk substituted soft threads for hair, and the threads took the dyes as no fur could take them.

Asia kept the art of velvet-making secret for centuries. No one wore velvet but the monarch, and it was seen only in the processions of the rajahs. Even in this day the Chinese and Japanese velvet-makers rasp their threads with a knife to give the tissue the aspect of real fur. Asian art mimics nature; and whether Chinese or Japanese, the woven tissues recall winding rivers where tigers drink, transparent hedges of rustling bamboo, and, for a background, the snowy miter of some ancient mountain. India velvet rippling with pearls as large as bird's eggs, diamond dewdrops, and cloudy, red corundum was seen in the processions of the Durbar. The Arabs were the first to exhibit velvet to the lands bordering on the Mediterranean. The first Caliphs were simple, pious, and savage people; they were not tempted by Asiatic luxury. But the Islam that came after the Caliphs drove its roots to the heart of the ancient world and invaded the Aryan lands of the Indus and the Ganges. The Arabs boasted of their commercial zeal. Their caravans of camels crossed the desert and wound through the mountain passes of Iran, carrying rare tissues, jewels, and perfumes, and now and then a carefully protected piece of velvet lay under the folds of a praying-rug. The splendid court of the Abbasside Caliphs loved the silken pile of India. Bagdad was a city of silk and velvet, and the conquerors of Africa and Spain contrasted strangely with the iron-zoned warriors of the Cross. In all the ages, velvet was held sacred by the Mussulmans. At Medina, in Damascus, and in Stamboul they used it to drape the tombs of their caliphs and their saints; and when their warriors set out to die upon the fields of battle that part of their trappings that did not gleam was covered with velvet.

In the middle ages Venice and Genoa learned the art of velvet-making from the Arabs. Toward the year 1516, Lyons inherited the business. Europe, notably France, followed the lead of the courtiers of Francis I., Louis XIV., and La Pompadour. The world of the courts wore silk, satin, and velvet stiff with gold and silver embroidery. Velvet was used by the rich for hangings and for furniture covering. In Lyons, in 1900, 20,000 looms were weaving velvet.

To a Woodland Pool

CLEAR, placid pool, inclosed by forests dank,
Like one fair pearl enclasped by emeralds green,
How sweet it is upon thy mossy bank
To lie and gaze upon thy deep serene,
Which, like some rare old tapestry, hath been
Embroidered by the deftly fingered Sun
With leafy trees in vert and sapphire done,
Flowers, and rifts of azure sky between!
Here would I gladly lie the livelong day
And hear no creature save the wood pewee,
Her soul outpouring in some tear-filled lay,
Or the soft droning of the homing-bee;
For here doth matchless beauty hold full sway
And fill the soul with sweetest harmony.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

The Lance

THE lance has been ridiculed by many military experts, on the ground that it is out of date and cumbersome, but the weapon still has its advocates who point out its value in shock tactics and in cavalry charges. In Germany, for instance, the lance in the hands of the Prussian Uhlan remains a formidable weapon.

Recently attention has been called to the fact that the lance-point often makes too deep a wound for the shaft to be withdrawn quickly, and that therefore the lancer runs the risk of having it wrenched from his grasp in the charge. In view of this, the cavalry in Germany have been experimenting with a new kind of lance carrying a ball below the base of the lance-head. It is said that the new arm is just as effective in disabling an enemy and is free from many disadvantages.

The Zodiacal Light

THERE is a strange light in the heavens appearing after sunset in the late winter and in spring and before sunrise in the autumn, but few persons in our latitudes have ever seen it. In the equatorial regions, however, and in certain parts of the tropics the zodiacal light appears with great splendor, and some remarkable views of it were obtained by a French expedition to the interior of the Sahara, undertaken for the purpose of studying the effects of the unclouded sun on the dry air of the desert.

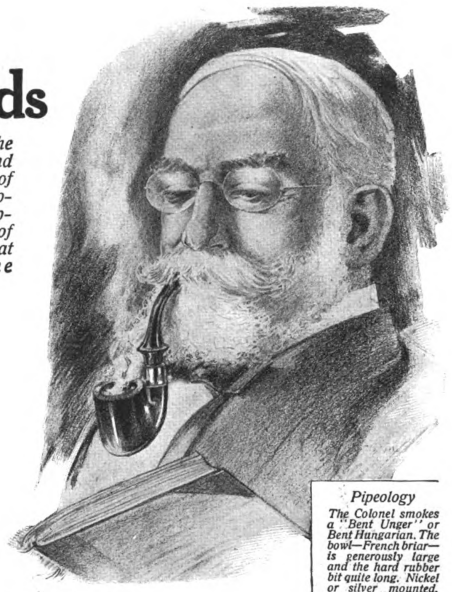
The mysterious light, in the form of a vast triangle, rising high in the heavens, appeared nearly three times as bright as the Milky Way. Science has not entirely solved the problem of the origin of this light, but it is thought that it is an appendage of the sun.

Modern Uses of Cableways

THE use of cableways for a large variety of purposes is an interesting development of modern engineering. Such ways are employed on the Panama Canal, the steel cables being supported by lofty movable towers. The present limit of span is more than 2,500 feet, and the speed of the conveyers may exceed 1,800 feet per minute. Such ways span gorges, valleys, roads, railways, and obstructions of many kinds. The system is used for building dams by dumping in a stream beneath; hauling logs from booms by means of cables stretched above the river; running blocks out of quarries up inclined cableways; dredging channels; piling lumber, steel plates and beams on cars, and various kinds of excavating.

Old friends

—the Colonel, the jimmy pipe and the tidy red tin of Prince Albert tobacco. Solace, happiness — born of pipe tobacco that can't bite the tongue.



Pipeology

The Colonel smokes a "Bent Unger" or Bent Hungarian. The bowl—French briar—is generously large and the hard rubber bit quite long. Nickel or silver mounted. Altogether, the "Bent Unger" is a pipe you can confide in.

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DRIVING BACK THE ARCTIC

(Continued from page 12)

Admitting the surface water to be as light as feathers, and bottom water to be as heavy as mercury, the reasons ascribed would not move one drop sideways upon the other. Terrestrial gravity is a force which is exerted (for illustration) perpendicularly downward toward the earth center, and lesser terrestrial gravity is but a lesser force in the same direction.

Flattened as the earth is at the poles, there is, according to eminent authorities and generally conceded, an actual down grade from the equator to the poles, measured on the surface of the ocean, averaging more than ten feet to the mile, far more attractive to the mercury than to the feathers; that would reverse the present order of ocean circulation if so based; and the greater weight of matter, or power of terrestrial gravity at the poles would also reverse the present order of circulation, if so based, by its predilection for the mercury.

The force that does create and maintain ocean circulation is terrestrial centrifugal force, due to terrestrial rotation acting more forcibly (upon the mercury than upon the feathers) upon the heavier or lower stratum to draw it to the equator, than upon the lighter upper stratum.

Terrestrial centrifugal force is the key that fits and opens all the great outer doors of nature's ocean secrets, and in combination with local centrifugal force, all the little inner doors.

The *origin* of the Gulf Stream, and the cause of the uprisings therethrough, the upwellings in the great deeps which cause all the currents to go round them, the rotating Guiana and the Central Sea, and the discolored waters therein, the circulation in the Gulf of Mexico, the Sargasso, and other ocean secrets, are all unlocked and left clearly portrayed to view by them, presenting the most beautiful case of circumstantial evidence to corroborate a self-evident fact.

The centrifugal force of any matter is as its weight, other circumstances being the same. At the equator terrestrial centrifugal force is directly opposed by the force of terrestrial gravity; while at latitude forty-five degrees it is not so directly opposed by gravity, but at an angle which produces a resultant force tending toward the equator which is here entitled the equatorial force, that in proportion to the centrifugal force so exerted increases from nothing at the equator to the equal of centrifugal force at the poles and without which force the waters of the earth would be spherical. This force is resisted by a fourth force, here entitled the polar force, which tends to draw the waters of the ocean into a perfect sphere, or toward the poles, and without which these waters would be drawn by the equatorial force to the equator.

It is a form or part of terrestrial gravity when opposed, which seeks an indirect route toward the earth's center (as a ball rolling down hill) whose intensity is aided by the greater force of terrestrial gravity at and near the poles than at parts removed further therefrom, and is practically measured by the increasing departure of the ocean surface from a true sphere over a course from the equator to the pole.

The great attraction of the equatorial force for heavy matter, especially near the poles, appreciable when such matter is being moved to and fro by water, is exhibited in the denuding of the polar regions of round sand and alluvial matter, and always moving them toward the equator (under normal conditions), upbuilding both continents thereabout. This influence is always present upon every moving grain of sand, always persuading, always coaxing, no matter what may be the preponderating influences.

This breakwater jetty should be about two hundred miles long, projecting in an easterly direction from Cape Race or thereabout across the Grand Banks. But one only thirty miles long, averaging three hundred feet in depth, would demonstrate the undertaking to the extent of modifying the climate of the coast from Newfoundland to Cape Hatteras by which the rigor of our cold winters, late springs, coastal fogs, and scouring counter-current, would be lessened, and all the large icebergs would be entrapped behind it, as it would close the five-hundred-foot channel, and the bank itself shoaling to two hundred feet for one hundred and seventy miles farther would intercept all but small ones that the Gulf Stream would then quickly melt, aided by its increased heat. This newly made and continually enlarging channel is the cause of bergs moving farther south than ever before. Indeed, thirty miles of this jetty could be built for the mere interest on the cost of the Panama Canal up to date. How would the benefits compare? And as an engineering proposition the jetty presents no great difficulty.

The essential requirement for the jetty construction is a continuous backbone of rip-rap as narrow as can be laid or other suitable current-obstruction extending across the shoal waters upon the Grand Bank eastward from Newfoundland. Against and about this the Labrador Current will cause to deposit that sand which it is ever bringing and of which it has about denuded the northern coast as its continuous contribution to the big southern toe of the Grand Bank. This will first produce a gentle incline on the north side of the rip-rap to its top, principally of round or rolling sand, during which upbuilding there will accumulate a slight sedimentary deposit of earthy and lighter material close to the backbone on the southerly side; and not until nature has perfected an incline upon which to roll the heavy particles of sand and gravel over the apex of the backbone will rapid filling of the south side occur. A backbone thirty feet high in such a current as the Labrador should cause the incline when completed to extend fully one mile therefrom on the current side and for half a mile on the going side, being practically flat on top for about one-half a mile—or two miles in width for each thirty feet in height.

In some instances it might require a few months for this deposit to occur, while in case of violent or other material bottom disturbance it might occur in a few days. It would be locally affected in many ways, but as surely as the Labrador Current flows that deposit will continue until the apex of the obstruction is overcome.

When this filling by nature shall be completed a second backbone will be laid over the first, and this process of filling continued until the jetty is raised nearly to the surface of the ocean, or to such a height as to reduce the uniform depth of the Labrador Current flowing ever over it to one that will be easily stopped, turned slowly eastward, and assimilated by the more powerful north edge of the Gulf Stream above and slightly south of the apex of the dam, thereby causing a continuous deposit thereon by both currents until the surface is reached and thereafter a continuous up-building, due to the impinging upon this neck of land by the currents from each side. This neck of land would be provided with short rip-rap side spurs at about right angles to the main backbone to prevent the cutting action of heavy storms and to maintain the current deposit. The rip-rap form of current obstruction is given preference here only because of the greater familiarity of engineers therewith.

It is proposed to sluice to the near-by jetty, also for harbor construction, and into large hopper barges much of the material through pipes about ten feet in diameter by water impounded upon the tablelands at an elevation of two hundred feet or more, and the material fed to vertical stand-pipes in that conduit by the shovels or from bins at a much higher elevation than the conduit.

The docks for loading the large hopper barges should be provided with a series of elevated bins at their edge corresponding in size and number with the pockets in the barges to be used, and as a reserve, for loading the hopper barges: above each pocket to be two tracks at right angles to the face of the dock, terminating over the pocket in a transfer platform for moving an unloaded car from the loaded track to the track for empty cars parallel thereto. These cars should hold at least fifty tons each, should be self-propelling and self-dumping, and, after the dock hoppers are filled, should be stored upon the full tracks as additional reserve in case several hopper barges reported for loading at the same dock at the same time.

The hopper barges should be what are termed double-ended, having caged twin screws and rudders on both ends; fully seven hundred feet long, having a series of bins or pockets extending practically their entire length; about thirty feet wide and thirty-six feet deep, provided with bottom doors opening from the center, hinged upon the side, held in position by hydraulic pistons, adapted to be emptied simultaneously, with a slight continuous pressure tending to close the doors that will tend to cause the contents to centralize as they empty into the deep water and descend as one narrow, vertical mass.

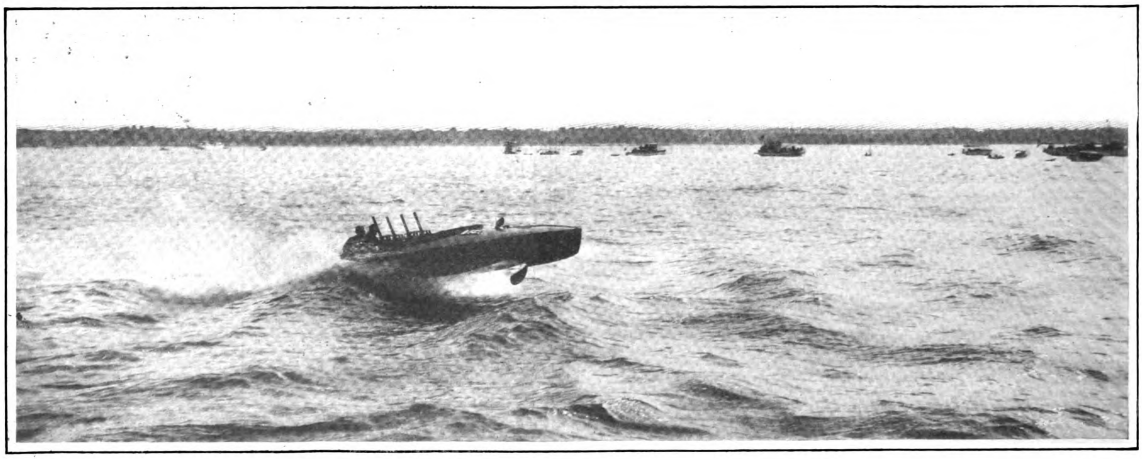
It is proposed to have a fleet of about twenty such vessels of a standard pattern and construction, costing from a million and a half to two million dollars each, which would retain a large percentage of their value for civil or government collier or other transport purposes during the winter when not in use and after completion of the work. These barges would hold about twenty thousand cubic yards of rip-rap; they should be loaded in less than an hour and average at least one load per day, probably two. There is practically no limit to the amount of rock that may be delivered, it depending entirely upon the number and efficiency of the plants in operation.

It would require about two years to make the needed surveys, prepare the plans, etc., and about three years more to construct the entire plant. Within three seasons thereafter the principal construction could be completed, the jetty in use and the efficiency of the undertaking fully demonstrated. These figures are based upon each barge laying one load per day. It would require eight loads to lay one mile. Two hundred miles would require sixteen hundred loads. Twenty vessels would lay these, or one entire backbone averaging thirty feet high, in eighty days; or six such backbones in four hundred and thirty working days, which should occur within two years and unquestionably within three. Floating fields of ice will be the principal difficulty encountered, but only initially. The dumping-line should be provided with an arrangement of immense kedge anchors (set by an anchor-boat designed especially for the purpose), buoyed for warping the hopper barges into position, and a series of line buoys held currentward by a light wire cable and driftward by a heavy chain. The end of each cargo laid to be marked by a simple arrangement that would give its accurate position. The rip-rap laying should be directed by engineers commanding the powerful anchor-boats or helping-tenders, having in charge a proper corps of sounding and surveying boats stationed on the spot.

THE COST

Nine thousand six hundred cargoes of twenty thousand cubic yards each, aggregating a hundred and ninety-two million yards, allowing eight million cubic yards for harbor construction, etc., it would aggregate two hundred million cubic yards.

The cost of delivering the rock into cars should not exceed fifty cents per cubic yard, for delivery into barge ten cents per cubic yard, and for transportation by barge fifteen cents per cubic yard—a total of seventy-five cents per cubic yard, which should include interest on investment, depreciation on plant, and executive charge, a total of $150,000,000; cost of floating plant and entire equipment, $45,000,000; cost of other plant and equipment, $20,000,000. Total, $215,000,000. Less value of second-hand material, $25,000,000. Total actual cost, which includes all interest charges, $190,000,000.



GOING A MILE IN 1 MINUTE 11 1-5 SECONDS

THE LITTLE MOTOR-BOAT "TECH, JR.," MADE THIS REMARKABLE RECORD OVER A MEASURED COURSE AT HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK, RECENTLY, AND WON THE HEIN CUP

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Chartreuse and Its Makers

THE oldest distillery in the world was located first in the Great Carthusian Monastery of France, where the cordial known as chartreuse was made by St. Bruno in the year 1084. Ever since that date the monks have been employed in the manufacture of this popular beverage. St. Bruno preserved the recipe a secret and mixed the aromatic herbs in the proper proportions in a room which not even the other monks were permitted to enter. He alone, it is established, knew the exact temperature at which the vats should be kept, and the time necessary in order to extract the essences of the various herbs. When his infirmities prevented his continuing the work, he confided his secret to another who was sworn never to divulge it until he, in turn, should be compelled to do so for the preservation of the formula to the industry. Strange as it may seem, the secret was in this manner preserved for centuries. For hundreds of years the manufacture went on in a primitive mountain monastery, until the vast profits which the wine brought were much more than sufficient to build a million-dollar monastery and distillery at Fourvoirie in 1656. The new buildings were constructed in purely ecclesiastical style, and until within the last fifty years were supported solely by the sale of chartreuse, which, owing to its peculiar flavor, soon acquired immense popularity, and was exported to all parts of Europe. When the factory at Fourvoirie was running at its fullest capacity, there was an annual sale of seventy or eighty millions of liters of chartreuse.

In order to make the cordial, the monks were sent out to gather twelve different species of herbs, and these were put to dry in a warehouse extending under one-half of the entire floor of the monastery, and exposed to currents of air. The herbs were afterward placed in running water, each kind in separate jars, and subjected to heat of a certain varying temperature in order to extract the juice. These jars (or tanks) were corked down, and at the end of twenty-four hours of steeping the juice was liberated through water-pipes of small diameter, and kept subsequently in refrigeration. Then followed the process of distilling. The most delicate part of the whole work then was mixing the different extracts in the right proportions; and this operation was always witnessed by the abbot, and was never brought to conclusion without the celebration of a mass to sanctify the product.

Not every one knows that the Carthusians manufacture three different kinds of chartreuse; besides the green and yellow, there was a white chartreuse which was much thinner, and which the monks drank diluted with water, and offered, as a usual thing, to their guests.

The Carthusians continued to monopolize this industry until about eight years ago. In all these centuries they had devoted themselves to agriculture, constructed school buildings, and made some of the best roads in all Europe, much of the work being made possible because of the profits of chartreuse. But in 1904 the French government confiscated the property, expelled the monks, and took charge of the manufacture of this liquor. But this laical chartreuse is but a sad imitation of the magnificent beverage prepared for long ages by the monks, and now manufactured by them in their new home in Spain.

The Light in the Sea

IN the course of a cruise organized by the Norwegian government for oceanographical purposes investigations were recently made to determine to what depths in the ocean atmospheric light penetrates.

From the experiments it appears that the red rays do not extend below five hundred meters, but the violet and the blue are still impressed upon the photographic plate. At a thousand meters are still to be seen some violet and ultra-violet rays, but at seventeen hundred meters every ray of light is extinguished.

The Norwegian government proposes to utilize this knowledge in the study of the marine life of the ocean-bed.

The Role of Dust in Nature

WHILE much evil has been attributed to dust, very little attention has been given to its benefits. Without dust there would be no blue sky nor any diffused light; man's only light of day would be that directly radiated by the sun.

Light is produced by the vibrations of ether in the form of waves of variable extent, varying in extent according to the color of the light; and the waves are differently reflected, according to the dimensions of the grains of dust that they meet as they descend to earth. The fine dust reflects only the shortest waves, the blue. Dust of medium thickness reflects the yellow and the green waves, while the coarsest dust reflects nothing but the red.

We owe the blue of the sky to the fine dust in the atmospheric heights, where the air is purest. When the wind sets the dust in motion the blue turns to gray. The smoke of a cigar is blue as it issues from the cigar, while the smoke issuing from the mouth of the smoker is whitish gray because the particles of the gray smoke have increased in volume by fixing water vapor. The blue smoke of a burning cigar is like the blue sky, and as the water vapor is fixed by the smoke close to the mouth of the smoker so the vapor risen from the seas is condensed on the particles of atmospheric dust.

Without dust earth could have no rain; not a drop of all the water evaporated from the oceans could come to earth on anything but the bearer of its condensations, the dust. Were it not for atmospheric dust there would be no clouds, no fog, no rain, no snow, no splendid sunsets, no azure skies. The surface of the ground, the trees, the houses, men, and animals would be the objects on which water vapor would condense. The clothing of man and the fur of the animal would drip with water.

What Makes the Corn Pop?

A GRAIN of "popcorn" is filled with tightly packed starch grains. The interior of the grain is divided into a large number of cells, each of which may be likened to a tiny box, the walls whereof are sufficiently strong to withstand considerable pressure from within. Upon the application of heat the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam that finally escapes by explosion.

To obtain satisfactory "popping" there is required a very high degree of heat. This causes the greater part of the cells to explode simultaneously. The grain of corn then literally "turns inside out" and is transformed into a relatively large mass of snow-white starch.

If corn be old and dry it will not "pop" satisfactorily. A few cells near the center of the grain may burst, but the general result will be unsatisfactory. At the base of the kernels, where they are attached to the cob, the cells appear to be driest, and it has been observed that these cells are seldom broken in the "popping."

Practically all the popcorn raised for market in this country comes from New England. Great quantities of it are popped, buttered, and packed for sale all over the United States.

The Green Rose

THE general verdict upon the green rose is that it is more curious than beautiful. To botanists it is particularly interesting, since it is a proof that all parts of a plant above the root are modifications of the same thing, and in the green rose every part may be called a leaf.

This flower is a variety of the common China rose brought to England in the year 1835. It also gives a strong support to the view held by many botanists that all flowers were originally green and that the colors in flowers are analogous to the autumn tints of leaves. In the green rose the flowers generally put on a reddish tint when they begin to fade.

A Machine to Write Music

A GERMAN musician has invented a machine which, he states, automatically registers the notes emitted by the piano. The new machine has the same object as one invented by an Italian and used by Mascagni in writing his operas, but it is a larger instrument and is operated by electricity. Into the machine is inserted a roll of paper, and the composer seats himself before the piano and executes the composition that he desires to give to the public. The machine faithfully registers every note produced, so that the musician does not have to depend upon his memory.

Blasting with Water

A NEW method of mining is being practised in German and other coal-shafts that is said to do away with dangerous blasting, while also avoiding much of the risk of spontaneous explosion of coal-dust.

Deep holes are bored in the coal and water is introduced into them by pipes under heavy pressure. The water finds its way through the coal fissures and opens them up until the mass is loosened, when it is readily removed while wet without any dust or the use of any tools other than a light pick and a shovel.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. ♣♣

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar. ♣♣

"How many pairs of 'Holeproof' are you taking, Nell?"
"Only six—that's enough—they will all keep silky, stylish and perfect, without a break or tear, until Spring."

Going away—or staying at home—Autumn demands trim, neat, stylish Holeproof Hose. Hose that feel good, and are the latest fashion in snugness and color. Hose that *wear*.

Heavy autumn shoes are hard on dainty hose. Holeproof Hose end the nuisance of "looking them over" when they return from the laundry. Half a dozen pairs of silky, lustrous Holeproof Hose equip anybody—grown-ups or children—for six months' steady, constant wear.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hose are cotton or silk. We get our silk from the north of Japan. We make it up into beautiful silk "Holeproof" for both men and women. We guarantee three pairs for three months. These silk hose thus last much longer than some of the brands of *heavier cotton* hose. They give you silk hose with economy.

We use in the cotton "Holeproof" yarn made from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest yarns sold. We pay the top market price—an average of 70 cents to the pound. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. But our yarn is three-ply, light weight and strong. Six pairs of cotton are guaranteed six months. We make them for men, women, children and infants.

One must be careful to see that he gets the genuine, the original guaranteed hose, if he wants the same satisfaction that these million wearers get. The genuine bears the signature, "Carl Freschl," on the toe. Be sure that you see it.

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Prices for cotton goods are $1.50 to $3.00, according to finish and weight. Six pairs guaranteed six months. Silk "Holeproof" for men cost $2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months. For women, $3.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months.

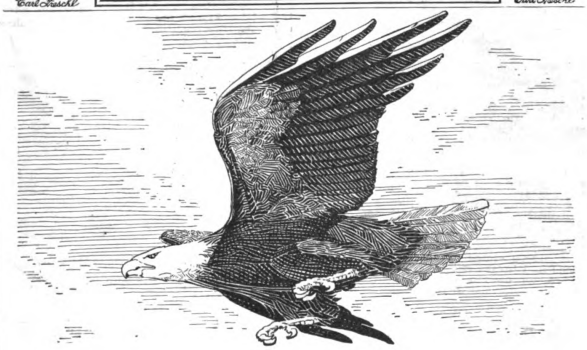
Write for free book
"How to Make Your Feet Happy"

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured? (365)

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906 Carl Freschl

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906 Carl Freschl



Budweiser

The World's Favorite Bottled Beer

What made it so?—

QUALITY and PURITY

173,184,600 Bottles sold in 1911.

Bottled with crowns or corks only at the Home Plant in St. Louis

Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.

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Echoes

When Roosevelt took a Hint

WILL those who accuse Theodore Roosevelt of playing politics by calling Woodrow Wilson "Dr." Wilson—as does Colonel George Harvey at some length—please note that this vile plot failed to be borne out in Mr. Roosevelt's speech as delivered at the Coliseum. It was "Mr." Wilson throughout this speech both in the spoken word and in the official copy issued to the delegates. Will the same folks please take note that National Republican Chairman Hilles, manager of the Taft campaign, replied to Mr. Wilson's speech of acceptance by saying: "Professor Wilson's speech of acceptance is an entertaining essay"?—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Keeping at It

IN other words, Col. Harvey raps the Democratic rainbow-chasers. He foresees danger and knows Presidential elections are not won at headquarters, at little White Houses, in twenty-eight-story buildings, nor yet on private yachts, nor in the clubs of the editorials. The colonel notes the all-wise editorials of the New York Democratic newspapers which flippantly argue that the Roosevelt movement is all froth, while their news columns note that the colonel spoke to thousands on his late tour through New England, supposedly an "enemy's country" for T. R.

Meanwhile, he is doing his level best to stir the Democratic directors to work.—*Johnston Tribune.*

A Solid Fact

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY, a Democrat, says in the current HARPER'S:

"If there is a squarer man in these United States than William H. Taft, we don't know what his name is or where he lives."

The country at large will some time awake to a realizing sense of this truth, but when?—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

A Real Square-dealer

"IF there is a squarer man in these United States than William H. Taft," says HARPER'S WEEKLY, "we don't know what his name is or where he lives."

HARPER'S is not supporting Mr. Taft for re-election. At the same time it is broad enough to ignore partisanship and pay tribute to integrity to a political opponent when commendation is merited.

Throughout his public career Mr. Taft has been noted for his square dealing. He has not been a seeker after notoriety. The limelight has had no lure for him. He has detested and shunned sham and hypocrisy, as do all sincere, honest men.

With his conscience to guide him in the performance of duty and the courage of conviction to support him in the discharge of his tasks, Mr. Taft has been loyal to his official obligations, and has entitled himself to rank as one of the greatest of our Presidents since Lincoln.

Mr. Taft has been a true exponent of the square deal.—*Schenectady Union.*

Three Attitudes

GEORGE HARVEY, in an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, thus characterizes the three leading candidates for President: Taft, conservative; Wilson, liberal; Roosevelt, radical. All of these attitudes are to be commended. On some things one can be consistently conservative, and the next day liberal, and on the third day radical. Or upon one subject the first, on another the second, and on still another the third. But finally, when a fellow gets tired floundering around and wants a rest he naturally drops back to the conservative, where he easily finds a little controversy with the liberal or radical, and finally becomes allied with one of these.

It is a very hard thing for a sensible man not to see something good in what he does not believe. Every man has gone through these three states of opinion. It is in the blood and breaks out when the proper season comes on or the proper incentive is projected.—*Columbus Journal.*

Two Predictions

HARPER'S WEEKLY warns the Democrats not to underestimate the strength of the Bull Moose, intimating that he may be a closer competitor than Taft. Colonel Harvey has proved himself something of a political prophet in the past, but it does not follow that he understands the situation in the country at large in 1912 as he did the situation in New Jersey in 1910, when he predicted the election of Wilson as Governor by substantially the majority which he actually received. Unless the Republican party has gone to pieces completely, Taft will get practically all the electoral votes that do not go to Governor Wilson.—*San Antonio Express.*

To sum them up, then, I hold:

That Roosevelt may be elected, and that, in fact, he stands an infinitely better chance than Col. Harvey dreams of!

That Taft will be about the worst beaten man in our political history; that he will not carry six States; that he will receive less than 50 votes; and that he runs grave danger of not carrying even a single State!

That there is not the remotest chance of the election being thrown into the House of Representatives.—*Galesburg Mail.*

The Man to Beat

IN a recent issue, HARPER'S WEEKLY makes this wise suggestion:

"We respectfully suggest to the directors of the Democratic canvass that William H. Taft is not the man whom Woodrow Wilson has to beat."

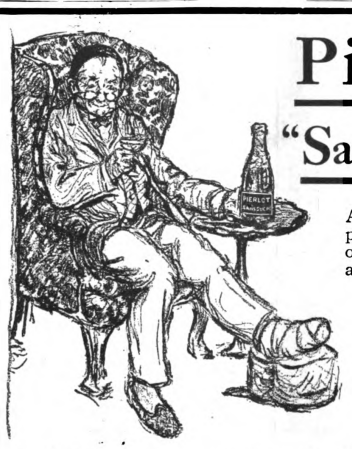
It is well to reiterate that those who are in the habit of belittling the efforts of Theodore Roosevelt, blusterer and bluffer though he be, will probably be very much surprised at the result of the November election.

Judging from conditions as they exist now, as far as it is humanly possible to forecast elections, it looks now that Woodrow Wilson will be overwhelmingly elected. It would create no surprise if he carried two-thirds or three-fourths of the States. Still the baneful influence of Roosevelt's personality has been so potent that he will no doubt get a very large popular vote in nearly every section of the country, and will be very likely to get the electoral vote of several States.

Doubtless, HARPER'S WEEKLY is right; Taft is not the man Governor Wilson has to beat.—*Pensacola Journal.*

"Why did you christen him Fletcher?"

"Because he chews my slippers and things so thoroughly."



Pierlot

"Sans Sucre"

A natural champagne, produced from the juice of grapes of special quality and treated in a particular way. Fermentation is complete and natural; *and no addition whatever of alcohol, sugar, liqueur or other matter* is made either during preparation, or thereafter.

This ***Pierlot "Sans Sucre"*** is not only perfectly harmless, but possesses certain stimulative qualities which justify physicians in recommending it to patients suffering from diabetes and gout, and who derive actual benefit from its habitual, but, of course, moderate use. The beneficial action upon the system of the comparatively small amount of natural alcohol contained in this champagne is exactly the reverse of that of all other champagnes to which alcohol and sweetening matter have been added. Physicians are well aware of this fact. The amount of natural sugar, 0.36 per cent., as reported by Caswell-Massey Co., is an absolutely negligible quantity. Their report follows:

"We have analyzed a bottle of Pierlot Vin Nature Champagne, Sans Sucre, sent to us by you for that purpose, and we find it wholly free from added sugar, and without added alcohol; the actual amount of sugar being 0.36 per cent. Such a wine can be advantageously used in cases of gout and diabetes, where any but the very smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious.
"CASWELL-MASSEY CO., Ltd."

The *Sportsman*:—"It is a wine of good body and extraordinary flavor and bouquet, and wonderfully clean."

The *Irish Times*:—"Pierlot Champagne 'Sans Sucre,' which is now becoming so fashionable, is a drink devoid of evil after-effects."

The *British Medical Journal* says:—"A perfect champagne, absolutely free from sugar, yet light and agreeable in taste."

The *Lancet* states:—"It is a brilliant, sparkling wine, possessing all the agreeable qualities of a high-class champagne, and yet one that may be taken, according to our analytical observations, where strong alcohol and saccharin drinks are prohibited."

Prof. Dr. NOTHNAGEL, of Vienna:—"It may be taken with advantage by those debarred from taking any sweetened champagne."

Prof. FRESENIUS, of Wiesbaden:—"The result of my investigation has proved this wine to be free from added sugar, and without any added alchohol. It can be advantageously used in cases where even the smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious."

PRICE

Per Case of one dozen quarts - - - - - $37.50
Per Case of two dozen pints - - - - - 39.50

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Wine and Cigar Merchants

3 EAST 42D STREET **NEW YORK**

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, Spirit and Soda beverages. Appetizing, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps.
C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Keep Together! Get Busy

HARPER'S WEEKLY advises the Democrats to make no mistake, and that it is not Taft but Roosevelt they have to fight. This is a long cast into the stream, but it may be wise. Roosevelt has had some astonishing successes. He has been able not simply to turn defeat into victory, but actually to make defeat appear to be victory. His last performance is of this kind; and we do not know how many people will believe it.

The Democratic press appears inclined to ridicule Mr. Roosevelt's pretensions; but it would be better to give serious warning to the people, lest it be imagined that the campaign is already won.—*Mobile Register.*

"A Vote for Wilson"

FOR several weeks, in HARPER'S WEEKLY, Colonel Harvey has been quietly tipping the Governor of New Jersey that to win the Presidency he will not have to beat Mr. Taft. Evidently the advice has not gone astray, and if more proof were needed than Colonel Harvey's word, it comes from the Vermont election. The *Knickerbocker Press* has called attention many times to the fact that something is happening in national politics. After Vermont it seems almost certain that the tip will go out from Republican national headquarters before another month has passed to beat Roosevelt. The only way to beat Theodore Roosevelt, it may appear, will be to vote for Woodrow Wilson. Roosevelt is by no means elected President of the United States at this time, but, as they say in the melodramas, if Governor Wilson makes one false step, all is lost.—*Knickerbocker Press.*

Eternal Vigilance

COLONEL HARVEY'S conclusion was that, should the electoral college fail to name the President, James S. Sherman will be chosen for the position, or else Secretary of State Knox will assume the executive function until a new President may be chosen at a popular election ordered by Congress. Either is possible under certain political contingencies, but the New York *World* says: "Why be scared to death when you have a sure thing?"

There has never been a Presidential candidate to whose certain election all the conditions seem to point more surely than to the election of Woodrow Wilson. But this should not cause the Democrats to relax in their energy and vigilance. There is always danger in over-confidence.—*Nashville Banner.*

On the Death of General Count Nogi

A MIGHTY people bows, and, like a flame
Over a forest sweeping, tidings spread,
And silence weighed with wonder, awe, and dread
Subdues all hearts to homage of one name.
Here speak no word of alien praise or blame
To vex the silence of the lofty dead,
Of the gray, conquering, battle-lighted head
That to its chosen end majestic came.

Nay, dwelling in our lowland where men grope
Meanly for gain, bound by their little day,
Thrills not your brow with sudden icy breath
From some far crest, some ancient Asian slope,
Some world where crags and chasms and vapors gray
Loom in vast heights of sacrificial death?

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

Keg Marks

THE familiar marks "X," "XX," and "XXX" on English ale and beer kegs have been used for several hundred years. Although nowadays the marks indicate the alcoholic strength of the brew, they originated in the monasteries in the fifteenth century. The sign of the cross suggested the original mark.

Two or three hundred years ago the most elaborate precautions were taken that the fitness of ale might be insured. The official sugar-seeker was an important personage, and the most important feature of him was the pair of leather breeches he wore. They were indispensable in his work if we are to credit the chronicles of the time. This officer appears to have gone about his task of testing ale in the following manner:

Unannounced and unexpectedly he would enter an inn, himself draw a glass of ale, pour it on a wooden bench, and proceed to seat himself in the little pool he had thus made. Here he would remain for half an hour by the clock. He was quite willing to converse, smoke, and drink with all, but he was most careful not to shift his position in the pool of liquor. When the half-hour had expired the sugar-seeker would rise. This was the test of the ale. for were it impure—had it sugar in it—the tester's leather breeches would stick to the bench.

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OCT - 8 1912

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED *by*
GEORGE HARVEY

October 5, 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Two Questions

Four-fifths of the whole tire question, among standard tires, centers around these queries. On your answer depends, under average conditions, half your tire expense.

Do You Want Tires That Rim-Cut ?

With clincher tires—the hooked-base tires—one must always risk these rim-cuts.

Such tires, when punctured and run flat, may rim-cut in a moment. And under-inflation may lead to rim-cutting.

This has never been avoided, and can never be avoided, with the old-type tires.

Our latest statistics, covering most makes of clinchers, show that 23 per cent of all ruined tires are rim-cut. Our own experience with Goodyear clinchers confirms this general average. And rim-cut ruin is beyond repair.

So tire users must suffer that worry and expense—that utter waste—else buy new-type tires.

The New Type

The new type means our patent tire—the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Rim-cutting with this type is simply impossible. It has never occurred on one tire of this type. It never can occur.

So this tire expense can be wiped out forever by simply adopting No-Rim-Cut tires. And that means an average saving of 23 per cent.

Do You Want Them Just Rated Size ?

Tires of rated size will prove all right if the tire size is sufficient.

But most tires are overloaded. Sometimes by extras added to the car, sometimes by over-weight passengers. Blow-outs are largely due to this overloading.

Every 5 per cent which you add to the tire load deducts 15 per cent, it is estimated, from the tire mileage.

This being so, every 5 per cent which you add to the tire size should add 15 per cent to the mileage.

10 Per Cent Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires, to meet these conditions, are made 10 per cent over the rated size. That means 10 per cent more air, 10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that will add, under average conditions, at least 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Add these savings together—23 plus 25 per cent. That means about half of one's tire expense. And they are not theoretical savings. Legions of tire users have already proved them—proved them tens of thousands of times. The average is pretty sure.

250,000 Men Say No

Perhaps 250,000 motor car owners now use Goodyear tires. And the number is growing faster than we can supply them.

The users have multiplied twelve times over within the past three years. They double now once in eight months.

It requires over 100,000 tires monthly to supply the demand for these premier tires. No other tire has ever commanded anywhere near that sale.

This is largely due to a growing rebellion. Men have rebelled against rim-cutting—rebelled against skimpy tires.

The 13-Year Tire

Goodyear tires are the final result of 13 years spent in tire making.

For years we have used a tire-testing machine to guide us in the making. Hundreds of tires have been worn out in our factory under all sorts of road conditions.

Thus we have compared about 240 formulas and fabrics. We have compared every method and process—compared rival tires with our own. After all these years, all the actual tests, we have brought Goodyear tires pretty close to perfection.

Back of our special features lies a quality which has never been excelled.

How We Do It

You will ask how tires of this quality, and oversize tires, can be built at the Goodyear prices.

The answer lies in our margin of profit. Last year it averaged 8½ per cent.

Our output is the largest in the world. All our machinery is up-to-date. So our costs are reduced to the minimum.

We have modest capitalization—no water in our stock—no bonded debt.

And our earnings are divided among an output of 100,000 tires monthly.

Thus tires that can't rim-cut—oversize tires—tires of the maximum quality—are sold at the Goodyear prices.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

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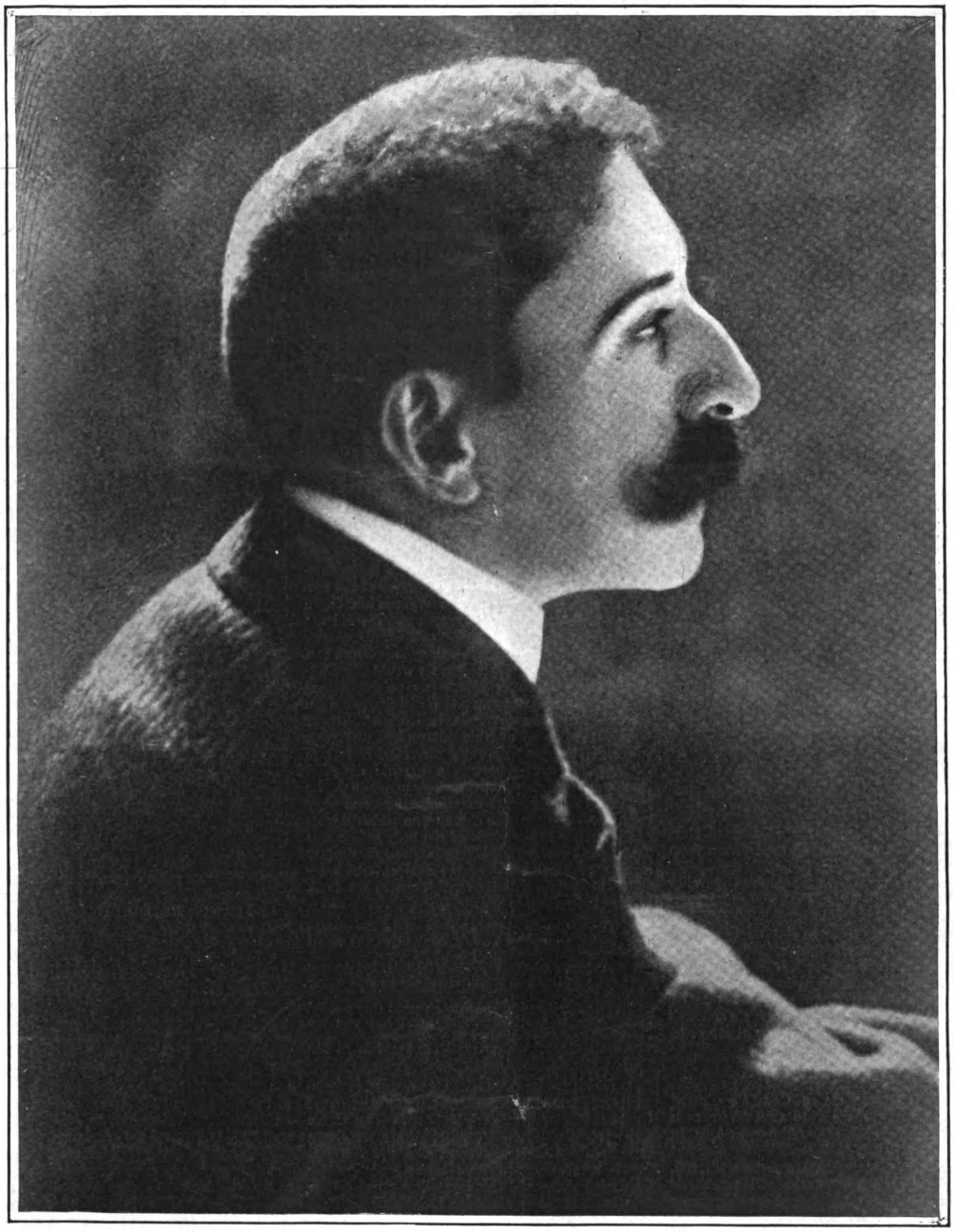

AN IMMORTAL VISITS US

A new photograph of "Pierre Loti," one of the most famous of French writers and one of the forty "Immortals" of the French Academy, who has come to America to supervise the production of his Chinese play, "The Daughter of Heaven." Louis Marie Julien Viaud, which is M. Loti's baptismal name, was born in 1850, and has served for many years as an officer in the French navy. His best-known books, "The Iceland Fisherman" and "Madame Chrysantheme," the latter a study of Japanese life, have been translated into many languages

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Comment

The Lesson

THE *Herald's* painstaking poll of straw votes is more than interesting; it is significant, and it bears a message to patriotic citizens. It would be ridiculous, of course, to assume that percentages are inviolable, that figures themselves always tell the truth, or that men's minds are not susceptible to change, and the *Herald* makes no such assumption. Nevertheless, the results *indicated* by its thorough and wholly unprejudiced inquiries are accurate. Here is the summary:

State	Indicated Plurality	Running Second
New York	Wilson, 75,000	Roosevelt
New Jersey	Wilson, 71,000	Roosevelt
Connecticut	Roosevelt, 16,000	Wilson
Pennsylvania	Roosevelt, 2,500	Wilson
Delaware	Wilson, 15,000	Roosevelt
Maryland	Wilson, 41,000	Roosevelt
Ohio	Wilson, 257,000	Taft
Indiana	Wilson, 51,000	Roosevelt
Kentucky	Wilson, 124,000	Roosevelt
West Virginia	Wilson, 37,000	Roosevelt
Wyoming	Wilson, 2,000	Taft

The extraordinary strength of WILSON and the pitiful weakness of TAFT indicated are unmistakable; but so is the menace of ROOSEVELT in certain highly important localities. Take New York. The ballots gathered read as follows:

For Wilson	For Roosevelt	For Taft	From Taft to Wilson
1,147	1,011	583	300

Suppose no votes had been transferred from TAFT to WILSON. The figures then would have stood:

For Wilson	For Roosevelt	For Taft
847	1,011	883

Indicated plurality for ROOSEVELT, 80,000.

Take Connecticut. ROOSEVELT's indicated plurality is 16,000. If no votes had been drawn from TAFT to WILSON it would be 35,000.

Upon the same basis WILSON's denoted plurality in New Jersey would be only 31,000 and ROOSEVELT's in Pennsylvania would exceed 100,000.

All of which goes to show what we have been saying all along, that ROOSEVELT is very strong in these manufacturing States, and that every Republican who regards his defeat as the chief desideratum should not throw away his vote on TAFT, but should cast it directly for WILSON—*the only man who can beat* ROOSEVELT *at the polls.*

The Progressive Decalogue

Thou shalt have no other tin gods before *ME.*

Thou shalt not stamp "In God We Trust" upon thy coins, nor make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above or that is in the earth below, except *MINE,* for *I,* thy tin god, am a jealous tin god, visiting the iniquities of crooks and scoundrels upon the innocent stockholders, and showing mercy unto the crooks and scoundrels that support *ME.*

Thou shalt not take the name of thy tin god in vain, for thy tin god is without vanity.

Remember Election Day, to keep it wholly for *ME* thou and thy son and thy man-servant and thy maid-servant, if she have a vote.

Honor thy father and thy mother if they shout for *ME.*

Thou shalt not kill, unless a roaring lion be tied to a tree or the back of a Spaniard confront thee.

Thou shalt not countenance race suicide.

Thou shalt not steal, except for *Me.*

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy friend; leave that to *ME.*

Thou shalt not covet *MY* White House, nor anything else that *I* may want, for all things that *I* desire belong to *ME.*

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking; and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.

The Menace of Munsey

The three leading members of the firm of Roosevelt & Co., dealers in frantic politics and fancy business, are, as everybody knows, Mr. PERKINS, angel; BILL FLINN, devil; and Brother MUNSEY, forger of public opinion. Mr. PERKINS and BILL, as we duly recorded last week, were dragged into the partnership by little hands tugging at their heart-strings. Brother MUNSEY, in flat defiance of the anti-racial-suicidal edict of his mentor, obdurately persists in the pursuit of domestic felicity alone and unattended. Why, then, if uninfluenced by the tender emotions which actuated his colleagues, did he leap into the melting-pot of social justice? is the question which has bated many breaths. It is with a sense of zestful anticipation, no less than of genuine relief, therefore, that we find upon the cover of his magazine for October, in royal purple letters distinctly outlined upon a pale-blue cover, the title:

A FREE-HAND TALK ON POLITICS, BUSINESS, and MY OWN RELATION TO THE CAMPAIGN

BY MR. MUNSEY

A first perusal of the dissertation in the ordinary way served only to arouse suspicion of paralysis of intellectual faculties—of our own, of course, not of Mr. MUNSEY's. After reading it twice backward, however, we feel that we have found the cue. As we finally make it out, Brother MUNSEY returns from Carlsbad in what he terms an Economic Condition, due possibly to his neglect to take an after-cure. This state of mind he inferentially attributes to meditations upon the tariff accentuated by a concatenation of circumstances. The meditations, we judge, were indigenous to the soil from which they sprouted, but the origin of the concatenation was objective. Tracing the painstaking development of his present relationship to the campaign, Mr. MUNSEY finds that the germs of the economic condition which now encompasses him began to get busy some time last January. He did not feel that there was anything particular the matter with him, but he was restless in waking-hours and so fitful in slumber that often he would arise unrefreshed. Something clearly was either wrong or about to become wrong. With characteristic determination and promptitude Brother MUNSEY sought the cause of this internal disturbance, which, as he reasoned quite correctly, if left to itself, might easily become a chronic disorder. The exegetical method proving unavailing, he resorted to the process of elimination, and very soon discovered that the eager worm which threatened to gnaw at the vitals of the body politic was Tariff for Revenue. Whereupon Brother MUNSEY made a personal study of the subject, which resulted in certain definite conclusions as set forth in his confessions, to wit:

The Republican party pledged itself to remove the abuses of the tariff which had come in as the result of log-rolling and crookedness.

The PAYNE-ALDRICH bill, which it finally enacted into law, was little, if at all, better than the DINGLEY tariff.

The stand-patters had got through what they wanted in the way of a stiff tariff bill, and had won the President over to themselves as well.

Thus it has come about that the tariff is in disgrace.

So far all is clear sailing. These are mere statements of fact. But what should have been done? Ought the Republican party to have kept its pledge and enacted a "better" tariff? Apparently not, in the opinion of Mr. MUNSEY, who, after all, has "little sympathy with this stereotyped cry for legislation downward" and yet does "not believe in a burdensome or excessive tariff." He objects, moreover, to reduction by Democrats in such manner as not to disturb business, because "it cannot be done." Nevertheless, a tariff in excess of the difference of cost of production abroad and at home "is too high and should be reduced." This part of the argument has to be read backward. It must be quite clear, however, because it is this that impelled Brother MUNSEY into his present relationship to the campaign. He "should have worked for TAFT's nomination," presumably because "he does not measure up to the requirements" if he "had believed that he could be elected." But he didn't, so he worked for ROOSEVELT. Then when TAFT got the nomination he bolted with ROOSEVELT in order, as we understand it, to insure the election of one or the other. It is all quite simple if you read it quick. Anyhow, that is why Brother MUNSEY is where he is to-day, because, if he isn't there, where is he? That is the answer in the broad and large.

But there are other reasons. Brother MUNSEY has no children to provide for, but he has money, and he says plainly:

Under present conditions, and until it is definitely known who will be elected President, I myself am not willing to expand my holdings in any line, or to extend my business interests in any considerable measure.

With the underlying conditions so sound for great business activity, I should, however, increase my investment holdings at present prices if I knew that either ROOSEVELT or TAFT would be elected. But with the certainty that TAFT cannot be elected, and with a chance that WILSON may be, I prefer to wait and see what will happen.

This isn't a threat, exactly; it is a mere declaration of purpose; but it is very, very firm. We know now precisely where we stand and what we may expect. If we should all turn in and "settle the trust situation" by electing ROOSEVELT "the value of our securities would be twenty to twenty-five points higher." Under those circumstances, Brother MUNSEY would relent and "expand his holdings" by buying stocks from some other fellow upon the theory, which he enunciates most clearly, that then "securities will be cheaper than at present, though they may sell at higher prices." This sounds oddly like the language of "dealers in stocks and bonds," but let nobody suspect that it implies business of a speculative nature. Brother MUNSEY may have taken an occasional flier before his conversion, but since he forsook the accursed Stock Exchange for T. Rmageddon he has battled only for the Lord, and battles for the Lord never speculate; they invest, or they don't invest, as in visions they behold the market going up or down.

We wonder where Brother MUNSEY keeps all his money. It cannot be out at interest or in bank or (heaven forgive the thought!) up as margins, because then it would be working and there would be no point in Brother MUNSEY's fateful determination to preserve it in idleness. No, it must be in his belt or tied up in the Biblical napkin and hidden in the cellar. Anyhow, it is going to stay right where it is while its owner "waits and sees what will happen."

Now, what can be done about it? How are we going to get out from under this impending calamity? Is there any crowbar strong enough to pry Brother MUNSEY off the lid? It is a little late to shoo WILSON off the track entirely. He doesn't shoo easily, anyway. How would it do to appeal to his better nature? If we could get Brother BRYAN now to go straight to him and put Brother MUNSEY's economic condition squarely up to him, could he as a patriot and a Democrat refuse to let Brother MUNSEY save the country? We have to admit that the suggestion does not bubble over with hope of success, but it is the best we can do. We have thought and thought about it, only to reach the conclusion over and over again that if Brother BRYAN won't or can't do it our native land must go to hell.

God save the Republic!

Gloating

"And the Republican party is dead," interjected the Colonel. A sharp cheer went up.—*Press report.*

And who killed it? *I,* said the ingrate, for my venomous hate *I* killed the Republican party.

Roosevelt Drops the Subject

Has anybody been following ROOSEVELT's Southern speeches? Don't neglect them. They are one of the best parts of the show we are now witnessing and which, with apologies to HOGARTH, should be styled "The Demagogue's Progress."

The striking thing about these addresses to the Southerners has been what was left out of them—to wit, the negro. Of course everybody remembers the bid for the South with which the Colonel started his campaign. It was a promise to make his new party in that quarter strictly a white man's party. There has been no change in this programme, and yet, strangely enough, in his face-to-face appeals to Southern white people the Colonel has hardly alluded to it. Why?

There are two reasons.

To find one of them read the Southern newspapers or talk with any observant Southerner. The truth is Southern white people never rose to the bait at all. They never even nibbled at it. The

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best proof is that the Southern ROOSEVELT men themselves, whether they call themselves Progressive Republicans or out-and-out Bull-Moosers, have quit talking about it. They are not trying to make capital out of it. They promptly found that it simply didn't work. It had merely given people another reason for distrusting ROOSEVELT. The real job of ROOSEVELT's followers in the South is precisely what it is elsewhere. It is the job of trying to make people believe in his sincerity.

That indicates the other reason why ROOSEVELT himself has not been discussing his new plan with the colored brother. If it has not helped him in the South, it has positively and substantially weakened him in the North—and he knows it. Unhappily, there are conscientious and honorable people in his motley following, and not a few of them are of the anti-slavery strain. Such people have not approved, or pretended to approve, his sudden desertion of the Southern negro after all his loud declaration of friendship for them. Neither could they perceive the slightest basis in reason or morals for his distinction between Southern negroes and Northern negroes. There is none. The only basis for that distinction was and is political.

The maneuver has failed—failed completely and ignominiously. It is the worst kind of failure, for his act is not bitterly denounced, it is not raged at, it is laughed at. A demagogue can thrive on denunciation and hatred, but ridicule and indifference are fatal.

A Misapprehension

President TAFT calls Mr. WILSON "Perilous Hazard."—*Herald headline.*

Good gracious! He thinks he's playing golf.

Lodge and His Former Friend

Senator LODGE, in formally opening the Republican campaign, did not make precisely the speech we hoped he would. He did not draw the striking historical parallels he might have drawn. He did not draw fully—we think he did not draw enough—on his knowledge of history and biography. That part of his speech he confined mainly to an explanation of what the Constitution is and an admirable demonstration of what would happen to it if ROOSEVELT were allowed to have his way.

But he made an excellent Republican speech—indeed, an excellent speech altogether, barring what he said about the tariff and his attacks on the Democratic House. It was all the better because he never once named the man he was speaking against, never once stooped to characterize the treason against which he was defending his party.

But Senator LODGE is human. Political speeches are not the only things he is writing these days. He is writing his reminiscences, for instance. He has not yet brought them beyond the period of his boyhood, but we find in them one sentence evidently relating to something or somebody later than 1860. "That all men are liars," the Senator observes, "we know upon high if hasty authority."

Such a reference to that authority would be tame in most quarters, but from LODGE's pen it is neither tame nor insignificant.

The Man from the Land of Uz

And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast though considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?

Whereupon BARNES fell down and Mr. HEDGES was nominated for Governor, thus showing that one need no longer appear as a solemn ass to seek political preferment. It was a good and timely suggestion. Mr. HEDGES may lack some of the attributes of perfection ascribed to his prototype, but he is equally upright and quite as uncomplaining. He has a vigorous and well-stored mind, lacks neither courage nor experience, and will pick up many things during the campaign that will lend diversity to his subsequent remarks upon the joys of defeat. How well he will run we refrain from predicting, but he will talk like a streak. Our fondest hope is to see him in joint debate with the lugubrious Mr. STRAUS.

Mr. Straus Makes a Hit

Mr. STRAUS knows how to strike the popular chord. Speaking at Port Washington, Long Island, he said with marked emphasis:

Even if you don't send me to Albany, as I think you are bent on doing, do get rid of your neighbor, BOURKE COCKRAN.

The applause was so tumultuous that the able orator couldn't make himself heard for twenty minutes.

The Senate is the Danger-point

Again we repeat—for there is no time to waste—that Democrats cannot pay too much attention to the Senate in their fight for control of the government. From the very beginning it presented the really most serious obstacle they had to deal with, for it is the hardest part of the government to change, and to change its political complexion is absolutely necessary before they can carry out a single one of their promises, before they can pass a single new law or repeal a single old one. Only remember! When they swept the country in 1884 and won the Presidency, the Senate remained Republican. When they won their still more overwhelming victory in 1890 they again failed to carry it. Even in 1892, when they again carried the House and recaptured the Presidency, their majority in the Senate was so very slight and, as it proved, so very lacking in stanchness that they never did get their policies properly enacted into law.

For a merely nominal majority will not do; that also simply must be remembered. To remember it and act on it is at this juncture precisely the most practical demand of the actual situation. We must have in the Senate a majority of Democrats who will stand firmly by a Democratic President and the Democrats' programme of genuine and thoroughgoing tariff reform.

The Senatorial primaries, now so general, make this task somewhat different from what it used to be. In some States they clearly make it easier. That was the way in New Jersey, where there were only two candidates. The candidate who seemed sure to stand consistently for his party's pledges on the tariff won decidedly—and he won, no doubt, mainly for that reason. But in other States the thing may work differently. There may be more than two candidates, and a man not entirely trustworthy on the tariff may in the end win out. There are three candidates, for instance, in North Carolina, and Senator SIMMONS seems the strongest. He is probably also the ablest, but we do not like his record on the PAYNE bill. The Democratic voters of that State have, therefore, a troublesome problem before them, and it may take the Legislature to solve it—unless, indeed, Senator SIMMONS gives convincing proof that, whatever his errors in the past, he is no longer a "local-issue" tariff-reformer, but a real and sincere tariff-reformer.

In any case and in every State the matter is up to the Democrats themselves. Their duty is plain, and they must find the way to do it. If they fail in it, let them not be surprised if, no matter how great and how sweet their victory at the election may be, it swiftly turns to dust and ashes on their lips.

Wonderful

The abolition of the protective tariff or the substitution for it of a tariff for revenue only, as proposed by the Democratic platform, would plunge this country into the most wide-spread industrial depression we have yet seen, and this depression would continue for an indefinite period. . . . The one and only chance to secure stable and favorable business conditions in this country, while at the same time guaranteeing fair play to farmer, consumer, business man, and wage-worker, lies in the creation of such a commission as I herein advocate.—Mr. PERKINS *in the* HEARST *papers.*

Extraordinary, isn't it? "And still the wonder grew," was the way Mr. GOLDSMITH put it.

Maine

We regret to suspect that our enlightened contemporary, the Newark *Evening News*, makes one of its rare mistakes when it says that WILSON will receive the electoral vote of Maine, whether he obtains a plurality of the popular vote or not. This is its notion:

The Constitution of the United States leaves it to the Legislatures of the respective States to determine how Presidential electors shall be chosen. In Maine the law provides that they shall be elected by popular vote, but to be elected must receive a majority of all the votes cast. In the event of the failure of any set of electors to receive a majority, the Governor is directed to convene the Legislature forthwith, which shall thereupon on joint ballot choose the electors.

In such event, the election goes to the Legislature. Not the Legislature elected a few days ago, which does not go into office until January 1, 1913, and which is Republican in both branches, but the present Legislature, elected two years ago, and which has a Democratic majority on joint ballot.

The law provides that the Governor shall summon the Legislature "forthwith," and it may be taken for granted that Governor Plaisted would give a literal construction to the word "forthwith." He would lose no time after November 5th in convening the Legislature, and that body would be just as prompt in choosing electors who would vote for WILSON and MARSHALL.

Any way you can figure, it looks as though one New England State at least will be bound to give its electoral vote to Governor WILSON.

Section 87 of the laws of Maine reads as follows:

The votes shall be sorted, counted, declared, and recorded, and the returns of the number of ballots and of the votes given for each elector shall be made, according to the Constitution and Laws, to the Secretary of State, on or before the second Thursday after such meeting; on the third Thursday after such meeting the Governor and Council shall be in session and shall open, examine, and count the returns of votes so made, *and they shall forthwith send a certificate of election to each person who has received the greatest number of all the votes returned to said office, not exceeding the number to be chosen.*

Section 89 continues:

If on such examination it appears that there has not been a choice of a majority of the whole number of electors, the Governor, by proclamation, shall convene the Legislature forthwith, and the Legislature by joint ballot of the Senators and Representatives assembled in one room *shall choose as many electors as are necessary to complete the number* to which the State is entitled.

That is, in case of a tie or of failure to elect the full number of electors, the Legislature shall supply the deficiency, but otherwise has no occasion to act.

Apparently WILSON will have to get a plurality of votes in Maine as elsewhere. He will, we guess.

As Usual

More Postmasters in Civil Service—President TAFT Will Place All Those of the Fourth Class on the Classified List—Order to Affect 36,038.—*Tribune headlines.*

Going to hang onto the jobs, anyway.

President Eliot is for Wilson

College ties sit light at election-time. Nevertheless, with a Yale graduate, a Princeton graduate, and a Harvard graduate running for the Presidency, an ex-president of Harvard would doubtless have preferred to support the representative of his own college. That gives additional force to the words of President ELIOT, when he says:

The coming troublous years will call for fairness, sober judgment, and quiet resolution in the executive head of the government. Governor WILSON's career gives many indications that he possesses these qualities. Through thirty years of public life ex-President ROOSEVELT has proved to the American people that these are not his characteristics. . . .

The National Executive, at this particular juncture ought not to be an impulsive, self-confident, headstrong man, impatient of restraints and opposition, and given to the use of extravagant language. Such a man is ex-President ROOSEVELT, as both his friends and his foes well know. He also exhibits from time to time a fondness for taking risks and a willingness to use force which would not be bad signs in an energetic youth, but are alarming in a mature statesman. . . .

In all probability to give any one a third term in the Presidency, either with or without an interval between terms, would be an undesirable precedent. . . . Ex-President ROOSEVELT is a personage peculiarly unfit to be placed for a third time in the Presidential office, because he loves power, ardently desires to exercise the President's power again, and has procured his own nomination by direct personal effort, at the cost of splitting the party to which he owed his previous opportunities for a high political career. To these facts frank sayings of Mr. ROOSEVELT himself abundantly testify.

So President ELIOT is out for the Princeton man. And he declines to recognize that a man who has been president of a college is necessarily unsuited to be President of the United States. As to that he says:

The Democratic party's platform and candidates, while less conservative than the Republican, hold out more hope, or expectation, of a wise dealing with the reforms proposed than the Progressive party's do. In particular, the published sayings of Governor WILSON are much more prudent and measured in regard to the proposed changes than those of ex-President ROOSEVELT. Indeed, Governor WILSON's temperament, knowledge, and experience fit him to deal wisely, as President of the United States, with all these philanthropic projects.

Dr. ELIOT is a wise man.

Progressive Robbery

There is some cool air left in Kansas yet. Mr. HARLAN said in Topeka:

The crook who steals your watch while he sings "Onward, Christian Soldier," does not represent the Kansas idea of progress. ROOSEVELT battles for the Lord at Armageddon, and for the devil in Kansas and California. He preaches honesty and sincerity, and practises the methods of FAGIN, URIAH HEEP, and BILL SYKES. He would rob the Republicans of Kansas of a chance to express their choice at the polls. He calls it progress. I call it stealing. What do you call it?

"Stealing!" shouted five thousand Kansans, according to the press reports.

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Hearst and Roosevelt on the Tariff

We are encouraged. The campaign is looking up. For a while we feared that the discussion would be confined entirely to campaign contributions, and those, too, not of this campaign but the one four years ago. As to the tariff, it looked as if Governor WILSON would have to go on discussing it all by himself. But suddenly all is different. One fairly alert paper, the *Times*, first took the old-fashioned notion that a series of articles on the main issue would be appropriate. Then Brother HEARST discovered he was a protectionist. Now ROOSEVELT himself graciously admits, after all these years, that there is such an issue. It is really quite exciting.

We bespeak an attentive reading for both these two new authorities. Brother HEARST'S lectures to Governor WILSON are very scornful and impressive. He tells the Governor that as a mere scholar, without any experience at all, he is very presumptuous to talk about such practical matters at all. Of course the Governor will stop; he can't call Brother HEARST another; and as to experience, he has only been Governor a year or so, and Brother HEARST was four years a Congressman, and actually appeared once or twice in his seat.

But of course the really important contribution is ROOSEVELT'S. He gives a page and a half of the *Outlook* to telling us about the matter, and it is astonishing how many things he tells that nobody else had thought of. Just look at these surprising and illuminating sentences, all from the same short paragraph:

> Wherever nowadays an industry is to be protected it should be on the theory that such protection will serve to keep up the wages and the standard of living of the wage-workers in that industry, with full regard for the interest of the consumer.

Of course we had heard about protection for the wage-workers—though we never saw any—but the consumer? Why, we always thought the consumer's interest in protection was merely like the chicken's in the ax. So here we learn something.

And here again:

> To accomplish this the tariff to be levied should, as nearly as is scientifically possible, approximate the differential between the cost of production at home and abroad. This differential is chiefly, if not wholly, in labor cost.

Really we hardly think the Colonel himself fully understood how much that tells us about his tariff plan. It means that he is about the lowest tariff man in the country, barring free-traders. For in many highly protected industries the entire labor cost is only ten or twelve per cent. of the total cost. As the differential must, of course, be still less, the Colonel's plan would therefore give us duties of less than ten per cent. where the duties now range from fifty to a hundred per cent. and over. None of the Democratic bills have made such cuts as that.

There are other things almost equally instructive, some in the same paragraph, but we don't want to keep anybody away from the article itself. We can only hope the Colonel, now that he is at last started, will keep on writing and speaking on this misunderstood subject, on which *he*, too, is evidently so much misunderstood.

Other Editorial Booms

We are so pleased to find such encouraging matter in one contemporary that we cannot neglect something else in another. Here's *Collier's* agreeing with us, and on a big topic, too: to wit, the weather—or, rather, the seasons. *Collier's* likes autumn almost as much as we do, and says so very prettily. True, it seems to limit its appreciation, for it says: "To the philosopher very dear is the time of mellow fruitfulness and of highly colored sadness." But maybe *Collier's* uses philosopher in the sense of really wise person, since on the side of spring it couples the poet with the lover, who is not always entirely sensible.

But that isn't the only encouraging thing we find in *Collier's* just now. Having mentioned the *Outlook's* low-tariff contribution, we must mention also the editorials in *Collier's* on the Colonel's views on trusts and campaign contributions and the like. We know it's risky, and we protest we don't mean to be the least bit patronizing—we are only pleased—but we can't help saying that to us they seem to exhibit one of the most heartening spectacles in the world. It is the spectacle of a mind—and an editorial mind at that—in process of emancipation. *Collier's* has as yet printed no Declaration of Independence of the Colonel's influence, but what are these articles if they are not its Lexingtons and Concords, and if they do not herald regular Bunker Hills of paragraphs to follow?

At any rate, we venture to welcome them and like them. And there are lots of other things to welcome just now, we think, besides the crop reports, and it's still only September.

The Wrong Pig

The Cleveland *Leader*, a third (term) party organ, asks, sarcastically:

> If the Democratic party is the lily-white foe of political bossism that Professor WILSON would have the country believe, why did the Democratic national convention refuse to write a declaration for primaries into its platform, and why does Mr. WILSON maintain silence on that vital question?

Why, bless your eyes, the declaration is in the Democratic platform as plain as a pikestaff, and Mr. WILSON has indorsed it in at least a dozen speeches. You have the wrong pig by the ear. It is your own platform that says not a word on the subject.

On the Contrary

We flatly disagree with Governor WILSON when he says, "Whatever may be Mr. ROOSEVELT'S ability, it would not be serviceable to the country to have him in a vacuum."

For Example

> Mr. ROOSEVELT has been unreasonably attacked and immeasurably abused by the more partisan press of New York City. Every act of his has been misrepresented.—*The Journal.*

Oh, we don't know. When Mr. ROOSEVELT accused Mr. HEARST of having incited the assassination of MCKINLEY, what paper "misrepresented his act"?

"Cheating Never Thrives"

We have not noticed any complaint even from the Bull-Moosers at the action of the Republican National Committee in expelling half a dozen members who are openly working for ROOSEVELT. That committee's main function is to work for TAFT, and it seems to be beyond even Bull Moose casuistry to argue that it ought to consent to be used as a means to defeat TAFT. However, we can't be sure that such an argument will not be made, since we have already heard one to the effect that a man chosen as Presidential elector on a Republican ticket has a right, moral as well as legal, to vote against the Republican candidate. Then, too, there is the curious fact that the men finally expelled by the committee did try to hold on to their membership.

But of one thing we are increasingly sure. It is that this sort of thing has not paid the people responsible for it. It has not paid the man who was willing to benefit by it. The American people were not so intellectually obtuse and morally blind as to approve of it. Reports from the West, where the ROOSEVELT following was supposed to be ready to go any lengths in its partisanship, indicate plainly that this outrageous double-dealing has distinctly weakened the Bull Moose cause.

How could it have any other effect? Anybody who expected it to succeed must have precious little confidence in public opinion, in "the people." We are not of those who like to tell "the people" that they are either all-virtuous or all-wise. They sometimes make mistakes and have to correct them, and they sometimes get mad and do something wrong and suffer for it. But we should find it hard to believe in free government at all if we thought the people capable of deliberately countenancing such political piracy as has been attempted by the Bull Moose management in a number of States.

On the Other Side

The Salvation Army:

> "Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus;
> Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on.
> Follow, follow, I would follow Jesus;
> Anywhere He leads me, I would follow on."

The Personal Progressives:

> Follow, follow, we will follow ROOSEVELT;
> Anywhere, everywhere, we will follow on.
> Follow, follow, we will follow ROOSEVELT;
> Anywhere he leads us, we will follow him.

Query: Will they ever meet?

No, No, Never!

We do not credit the rumor that through sheer force of habit the Colonel always writes such words as "importance," "impotent," and "impressive" with an apostrophe, so that they read "I'portant," "I'mpotent," and "I'mpressive." As a matter of fact, we believe that the statement is a peculiarly infamous and deliberate I'mpertinence.

Twice He Has Done It

> If Mr. ROOSEVELT had sent word to the Chicago convention, after the demonstration in favor of Governor HADLEY, that he would support HADLEY if nominated, no man can doubt the result at Chicago, and no man to-day could be in doubt as to the result in November. Here Colonel ROOSEVELT had a chance to save his party, and, I think, himself. The crisis was there, and Mr. ROOSEVELT was the only man who could save the situation, and he declined.—*From the address of Senator* MCLEAN *at the Republican State Convention at Hartford.*

Is it as fully appreciated as it should be that Mr. ROOSEVELT has twice made Mr. TAFT the candidate of the Republican party, and both times by use of the same formula, "If you don't take TAFT, you'll get me"?

Crops and the Demand for Them

Crops are big, and there is one thing about them that is, we think, pretty sure to come in for more and more discussion if our present-day thinking keeps its trend. For, nowadays, we all pay more attention to the crops than we used to. We are all interested in agriculture. We have all learned—we have had to—what a very big factor it is in many things besides politics. Since the cost of living began to make so much trouble the city has been thinking and talking about the farms almost as much as the country ever thought and talked about the city. What the cities are mainly concerned about is, of course, the prices of farm products, but that means the whole big question of supply and demand in agriculture.

Is there any way on earth to regulate supply in that vast industry so that it shall in reasonable measure keep pace with demand? The demand is, we take it, reasonably steady. It, of course, fluctuates somewhat, but every year the world needs about the same amount of food and clothing, except as population increases. Therefore it doesn't seem entirely unreasonable for some of the papers to be asking what would be thought of any other industry which should fail to provide for such increase of demand as must certainly arise from an increase of population which is clearly foreseen and accurately estimated. A trust, it is claimed, would make such provision.

But the farming business is not a trust, and can never be one. The farmers can combine somewhat in some ways, and have done so, but there are too many of them, and too many farms, to permit of anything remotely resembling the great combinations in manufacturing and transportation. Their industry must remain exceptionally individualistic. There is no doubt that they wish they could regulate particular crops to suit the demand more closely; it would be to their interest, for most of them can grow different things on their land. They seem to find co-operation in reducing the acreage in particular crops easier than in increasing it, but so far no very striking co-operation in either regard has been attained.

But it is very likely that the whole matter will continue to be studied more and more closely by everybody, and that efforts at some sort of regulation will be made. In the main, the interests of all classes in the problem seem to harmonize much more closely than they always do. At any rate, there is no dangerous antagonism of interests. In the long run we shall all be better off if farming is prosperous and pleasant enough to insure sufficient crops in all lines every year, and it is not necessary to the welfare of any of us that in any line any year there should be either scarcity or such a degree of over-production as to spoil the market and force ruinously low prices.

The problem is very big and very difficult. Maybe there is no complete solution of it at all, but probably there are ways to better things appreciably, and we certainly ought to be able to join together in a good spirit and hunt for them and apply them.

Hypothetical and Anticipatory

Perhaps OSCAR is merely put forth as one of the STRAUS to show which way the wind blows. We print this paragraph only to forestall a similar indulgence on the part of our esteemed contemporary, London *Punch*.

Not a Campaign Issue

There is a difficulty about commenting on President TAFT'S letter to Secretary MACVEAGH on the budget question. One cannot talk at all on that matter without talking either nonsense or commonplace. The President himself does not talk any nonsense in his letter. In our judgment, what

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he says is entirely right. But it is so plainly right that it seems rather uninteresting.

The really interesting thing—interesting because it is astonishing—is that the President should have to defend his position at all, that we should still in this country have such a question as he discusses. For the President is merely arguing that before Congress passes its appropriation bills the Executive should be permitted to lay before it a full and intelligent estimate of the government's income and expenditures for the year Congress is providing for. Note the word "*permitted.*" The President is actually forced to contend, not alone for the policy he proposes, but for the right to carry it out. It is true that he firmly declares that under the Constitution he has such a right; but it is equally true that Congress has put into a law words which distinctly imply a challenge to that claim. It has directed various executive officers to send in separate estimates through the Secretary of the Treasury and worded the provision in such a way as practically to forbid the sending in of any complete estimate or budget, such as all other great governments have as a matter of course.

Whether one argues for the President's claim of right or for his budget plan, one is, we say, forced into commonplace—the commonplace of business or the commonplace of constitutional law. Of course Congress ought to have before it a comprehensive budget when it sets about spending the people's money. Of course the President has a right to put a budget into one of his messages any time he chooses. But perhaps, now that these truisms have been so many times repeated and so amazingly neglected, there may be one way to put them that will keep them from sounding quite so like the repetition of a lesson in school. Cannot we, the people, begin to put them a trifle violently; a bit as if we, like the President, were getting tired of seeing Congress disregard them and of having our money spent in the unbusinesslike way in which Congress persists in spending it?

Maybe we can, but it doesn't look as if we should get around to it until after the election.

Another One

That is not the only thing or the biggest thing that we may perhaps hope to see intelligently discussed after the election—but not before. The bumper crops are already directing attention once more to our amazing system of finance and banking.

Once again, in face of the annual demand on the banks for money to move the crops, the Secretary of the Treasury is considering what he can do to help, and once again he is finding that he cannot do nearly what ought to be done and that anything he does is sure to be savagely criticized. Once again there is a treasury surplus, estimated this time at about one hundred and ten millions, lying idle. But if he lends it directly to banks, that will be called favoritism. If he gets it into circulation by buying in government bonds the bond situation is such that he will make poor bargains. And those are practically the only two devices he is permited to employ. Yet the Secretary, with his surplus, is about all there is in the way of a national agency for dealing with this constantly recurring, always troublesome, and frequently dangerous situation.

None of the campaign orators deal with it seriously, and perhaps it is just as well they are leaving it alone. But it is hardly believable that the farmers and bankers and business men will go on much longer enduring, year after year, the inconvenience and the loss which our utterly inelastic currency system entails. They will surely grow insistent in their demand for a modern and reasonably scientific arrangement, and when they are insistent enough they will get it—sometime between campaigns.

Mr. Gaynor's Record

When everybody was indignant, the Mayor chose to be judicial. . . . But now that most people are in a judicial state of mind the Mayor chooses to be indignant. . . . Must a Mayor be a mule?—*The Evening Post.*

What would you have? The Mayor is making a record as an interesting character. He came in, certified by Mr. SHEPARD to be one. When he goes out we will all certify that he is unexpected, incalculable, and remarkably gifted in discourse. If the job of being an interesting character conflicts with the job of being Mayor, so much the worse for the Mayoralty. It is in the other employment that Mr. GAYNOR excels.

Put Your Name on Your Product

House bill 16,844, introduced at the late session of Congress by Representative CAMPBELL, of Kansas, and discussed in the house last June, would require manufacturers to place their own names on manufactured articles.

That seems reasonable. The question remains whether it is practicable and desirable, and if so, why it is needed.

It seems to find its strongest advocates among concerns implicated in the grocery business, and to have grown chiefly out of the propensity of unscrupulous dealers to duplicate or imitate manufactured foodstuffs made by concerns which by making a good article have established a market for their goods. Besides that, this happens: great selling concerns will send to factories and order goods of various sorts, to be marked, "Made by A. B. & Co.," when the truth is that the goods are not made by A. B. & Co., the sellers, but by X. Y. & Co., the manufacturers. The X. Y. companies who manufacture find it hard to deny the disingenuous demands of the A. B. companies who sell, and want the protection of a law that will command them to put their own name as makers on the goods they manufacture.

Mr. CAMPBELL'S bill will come up again at future sessions of Congress. On the whole it seems to us a bill to promote honesty and justice in business, and to discourage false pretenses. It would seem that in some form it ought to pass, but as it stands it is a sweeping provision, affecting all products of manufacture, and might cause an amount of inconvenience to honest manufacturers that would much more than offset the good it might do by scaring and restraining scamps. The rascalities it is aimed at deserve no indulgence, but many of them, being plainly dishonest, might be dealt with successfully, it would seem, under existing laws.

Let us remember this bill when Congress meets again. What it chiefly aims to do ought somehow to be done.

No Great Novelty

The Progressive party proposes to raise the standard of living and of education among our citizens in order that every man may give his children a little better opportunity to advance than he himself enjoyed. —WINSTON CHURCHILL.

All right, WINSTON; all right. But what you aim at has been accomplished in some cases by individual effort under the bad old conditions that obtained before the revelation at Chicago.

Overdone It

Perhaps, as appears, the Bull-Moosers have got it fixed so that nobody can vote for TAFT in California, but at least they have omitted to fix it so that the TAFT people can't vote for WILSON.

And that is the natural thing for them to do, and no doubt they will do it.

Haven't the Third-Termers overreached a bit in California? It is hard to cheat so that there is finally a profit in it.

The Lesson of Ohio

We seem to be hearing less and less about the recall of judicial decisions. We are sorry, and wonder why. Such a striking discovery in government as that was surely ought not to be neglected, but it is being neglected even by the discoverer. Why?

Well, perhaps such happenings as Ohio's vote on the important amendments proposed by her recent constitutional convention may help to explain it. It is astonishing, but that vote seems to indicate that "the people" themselves are not positively clamoring for the privilege of passing directly on constitutional questions. On the contrary, it really looks as if they rather disliked to study such questions. Some of those amendments would have altered the fundamental law of Ohio pretty radically, and yet not one-half of the voters took the trouble to express their opinions on any one of them. That, it may be added, is in accord with our experience here in New York when the Legislature submits important issues directly to the electorate.

It is some time, we believe, since Ohio had a constitutional convention, so that her voters are not exactly suffering from *ennui* or weariness in this matter. Their opportunity was an unusual one. If they neglected to take advantage of it, how much interest would they display if they were called on regularly and frequently to correct the constitutional decisions of their courts? We fear, not too much.

All this is of course apart from the question whether they are competent to do directly the work of the courts better than the courts do it. Few people doubt that the courts sometimes make mistakes, or that there is need of judicial reform, but we have yet to hear any convincing reason why, if the people don't succeed in choosing satisfactory judges, they can nevertheless be expected to take the time and trouble to serve satisfactorily as their own supreme court for a peculiarly difficult class of cases.

Testimonial

We have listened attentively to all the noises made in this campaign, and give it as our unbiased opinion that those emitted by Governor WILSON sound best, make the best sense, and are most satisfying to the spirit.

American Puritans

"Young Oxford's complaint, in the London *Academy,* that Americans at Oxford have not the art of varying the monotony of virtue in an agreeable manner may be well founded. The RHODES scholars are gathered from all parts of the country, including those where the comparative simplicity of life and manners is not conducive to achievement in all the polite arts. "The very best type America gives us," says the *Academy's* complainant, "bears the stamp of ineradicable Puritanism, an excellent birthmark, perhaps, but an excellence that is exasperating."

Puritanism is unlovely and unsound, but it is a pretty good process and makes a fairly good foundation for strong civilization. All the Puritanism we Americans have we got from England. England had it hard and got much good out of it. Our West is full of it now; a fairly intolerant brand, positive of much that is not so, and insistent on much that experience will not retain. But along with all that go the Puritan virtues: devotion to good as Puritans see it, eagerness to learn, resolute acceptance of the discipline of life.

If our RHODES scholars are too Puritan, Oxford ought to do them good and to put them in the way of doing good at home when they get back there. Never mind if they seem, as they do to the *Academy's* complainant, persons with "their characters already formed and their opinions fixed." Views that do not seem to change at all at Oxford may be modified long afterward by an Oxford experience. Opinions of vigorous minds do not change suddenly in the face of new facts, but only after long reflection, and sometimes unconsciously.

And so, contrariwise, perhaps our scholars do Oxford more good than "young Oxford" suspects.

Underpaid Officials

We know that Tammany goes to great pains and expense to maintain a politico-economic organization in the city of New York, and that it recoups itself for its labors and expenditures by the profits, largely indirect, of the political power which its organization secures to it. Tammany rule in times past has been enormously expensive to the city. It has improved under discipline and is much better than it used to be, but is still costly. In one respect it seems to rest upon a sounder basis than most of its rivals and betters. It reasons that the government of the city of New York is an immense business, requiring very able men, whose services must be adequately paid for. It undertakes that its head workers shall get in money enough in one way or another to pay them for their work. But the reformers, when they capture the government, expect—are compelled to expect—to carry it on by means of men who will not use their powers to enrich themselves, and whose salaries are ludicrously small considering the value of the brains they need to possess and the services they are expected to render. Consider the value to the city of the labors of Borough President MCANENY in the matter of the new subways! Mr. MCANENY'S salary is $7,500 a year; a good salary, but how would it strike a Wall Street financier who had done half the work that Mr. MCANENY has done on the subways, or shouldered a quarter of his responsibilities? And then recall the fruitless efforts of General BINGHAM to get the salary of the Police Commissioner raised above this sum of $7,500!

Tammany does not expect its able men to work for small pay, and in that it is wiser in its generation than the children of light. If the great corporation of New York was officered according to its needs, and went into the brains and character market to get the men it wanted, a distribution of half a million dollars a year in salaries to a dozen of its leading officers would be an expenditure of trifling moment compared with the great economy and advantage of having the right men in the right places.

But of course the salaries might be paid without getting the right men, and under the current system that would be apt to happen. And there you are!

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Of Education

A NUMBER of highly educated young people had passed in review before the eyes of the college professor and the hermit who gathered data and prolonged discourse through the summer as to the value of college degrees. That a high standard in learning frequently accompanied a low standard in morals and manners was very disconcerting. It led the hermit to argue that there must be something radically wrong with the kind of education that so resulted. "Say what you will," said the hermit, "there is nothing fundamentally sound about a degree conferred for high scholarship which leaves its owner without kindliness of manner, loyalty of purpose, considerateness for his fellow-man, or a conscience as to mental processes. Education is not mere parrot work; it is training the human being to become a steady, intelligent character 'exhibiting organic unity, implying a *life-ideal*' to which erratic impulses and desires are subordinate."

In vain the professor protested that what the hermit was really demanding was that his students should show the breeding which comes of a long line of cultivated ancestry and sound home training. The hermit was firm in his view. We can but judge the tree by its fruit, and he had seen not only better morals and manners, but a more hopeful and plastic mental capacity merge from common little Irish hovels where that great institution, the Roman Catholic Church, had done in odd moments, say, once a week, all the educating that was done at all. It was little indeed; it did not include such fine-sounding names as history of economics or philosophy of mathematics; it did not result in an up-to-date flippancy on religious topics or a strutting cocksureness in intellectual discussion. But it did produce honesty and aspiration; faith in life and high purpose and an earnest desire to do right and be fair to one's neighbor. A certain Renaissance pope has given an excellent idea of the results of a true education; they were a heightened sense of the value of life; a more profound feeling of personal obligation and responsibility, wide-ranging and eager interests, together with polish of manner and capacity for suave intercourse with men. Can one say that such are the results of attaining an M.A. or a Ph.D.? The college professor would not attempt to maintain so preposterous a proposition.

"It all depends," said he, "on what you are aiming at, on what education is for."

"And the aim of the university is—?" asked the hermit.

"To develop a discriminating intelligence."

"That," said the hermit, "is what the Catholic Church calls 'a sense of proportionate values,' and so highly does it rate the sense that it also says it is the gift of the Holy Ghost. But can you feel, as we watch these young folk, whom you admit are ill-mannered, selfish, overbearing, and conceited, each with a self-concocted and chaotic view of what is honest and what is fair and what is of good report, that you are succeeding? We have witnessed together the amazing spectacle of a young lady holding the highest college degrees and known for scholarship in her college, who, when she was not allowed to climb a particular mountain, lay on the sofa and swore and cried aloud. Is there not something the matter with the intellectual training that reaches the memory, apparently, and gives a wide choice of words and phrases and yet leaves the whole being guiltless of an idea of restraint or dignity or self-respect? As far as I can see," said the hermit, "your college education seems to be destruction instead of construction. You take the young, immature mind and feed it on criticism of its betters. You offer it no basis to build on. You give it nothing to reverence. You take that plastic, uncertain thing, an untrained human mind, and give it a course in social economics from which it emerges at odds with every form of government, having learned to dishonor its father and mother and its past; then follows a course in philosophy which destroys all religion and all ethical preconception and prejudices. Not only dogmatic religion is gone, but those more important things that religion fosters — meditation, self-examination, and, above all, the sense of the sacredness of human life. A great many of your students show a general sense of life as a chaotic scramble in which he is most successful who grabs most and holds tightest. But it would be easy to forgive all the silly iconoclasm if personal happiness resulted. But these young people, with their paralyzed wills and their futilely ranging minds, are bored by life; they have missed happiness. They cannot love—and loving *is* happiness—because they have learned to do nothing to their neighbor but dissect him and pick flaws; they cannot learn—and learning *is* happiness—because learning implies humility, and, having dissected everything from a worm to God, and believed that their superficial catch-words covered the whole field of knowledge, they have no humility left. They cannot be companionable because they do not know how to deny themselves and to rejoice in what they can give instead of what they can get; they cannot really study—and studying *is* happiness—because *what they have been trained to do is to memorize* and play up to a professor's prejudices, and this has taken the place of mental discipline; they cannot read—and reading *is* happiness—because their whole education is based upon contempt, and they have been taught to look, not for what was fine and strengthening, but for what is poor or flimsy, so that they may flaunt their discriminating intelligence in criticism. They are afraid of honest and straightforward admiration."

"That," said the professor, "is eloquent if not accurate. After all, it is not the university's fault that the whole world is in a state of transition, that the old ideals cannot stand and the new ones are not yet firmly based. It is not the fault of the college that a class of people are now taking intellectual education who a generation or two ago were doing manual labor under supervision. It is not the university's fault even if the ideas it so freely gives out are misconstrued and misapplied. Life is made over new every thirty or forty years; one generation is dead and a new one is trying life afresh. New standards are necessarily evolved and new morals obtain. That is inevitable."

"But in material civilization," replied the hermit, "the process seems more rational. The new generation takes all that the last has supplied and extends or improves or builds onto it. It does not destroy the ocean steamer or the engine or the building. It takes whatever can be used and makes a bigger, more comfortable steamer or a stronger engine, or, if it can, a more suitable and beautiful building. Now it seems to me that the striking and peculiar unlovableness of the young college graduate (and, of course, the girl graduate is much worse because she still takes her intellectual accomplishments so much more seriously than her brother) is that all they have learned is to tear down, to destroy, and to scoff. They are trained to criticize before they are taught to reverence; they are led on to break and to dissect before they can build. They rely for discipline upon a superficial mentality that does not begin by compelling honest work, loyalty, modesty, and truth. Where, indeed, will the next generation begin to build, unless life undoes the work of this education and reduces these superficial anarchists to a more humble frame of mind? If education cannot aid young people to build a definite character upon which other men can rely, unless it can endow them with a steady system of life purposes by which they can be known, so that their reactions upon life and experience can be depended upon, then the particular kind of education to which they are subjected is a failure. Just as rule-ridden creeds that pretended to give definite laws for every emergency failed through narrowness and limitation, so once more mere intellectual pyrotechnics that result in flippancy and insincerity and lack of character and reliability have failed. It is a commonplace among fine college women to say: She fortunately escaped the special contagion of conceit that college instils. Or as another woman put it: 'I recovered my mental health after I got out of college and into life.' Here," went on the hermit, indignantly, "you have produced one of your most brilliant students who says of BERGSON that he is, on the whole, a feeble intelligence who cannot substantiate what he asserts. As if any philosopher could! And then I learn that her entire acquaintance with the philosopher is derived from one or two critical lectures about him. She had never read a line of the philosopher, and, as a matter of fact, she is too untrained to understand him if she did try to read him. Her philosophical education consists in a few borrowed, irreverent catch-phrases upon matters that she has the mental courage or endurance to study."

"Well, you see, BERGSON—" said the professor.

"Oh, I know: he is of a different school and an anti-intellectualist, and you have earned by honest labor the right to say what you will of him. But if I could have a hand in the education of the young at college I would make them read their authors for what they could learn out of them before I would allow them to echo destructive criticism. Honesty counts in life, and so does reverence and discipline."

Correspondence

TARIFF AND CONSTITUTION

ST. LOUIS, MO., *August 9, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I quote the following from what I take to be an editorial in the WEEKLY of the 3d instant:

"Nothing could be more absurd than the assertion that the protective tariff is unconstitutional."

Before we dismiss this as everlastingly settled let us inquire a little. Here is an opinion of the Supreme Court by Chief-Justice Miller in the case of Loan Association *vs.* Topeka, U. S. Sup. Ct. Reports, Volume XX., Wall, page 664:

"To lay with one hand the power of the government on the property of the citizen, and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals, to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the form of law and is called taxation."

Does not the above exactly describe the operation of the protective principle and condemn it?

Is not a robbery unconstitutional?

If the Republicans should ever incorporate in the title of the tariff law a statement declaring the protection of home manufacturers to be part of the object of the law, what would the Supreme Court do to it?

I have long sought in vain from protectionists some satisfactory answer to these questions.

I am, sir,

J. R. B.

But the Republicans will never put what our correspondent suggests into the caption of a tariff law; and the court has repeatedly held that if the object of a law is constitutional, the Congress is the judge of the means to attain it, provided those means are themselves not unconstitutional. Tariff duties are not unconstitutional, and so long as they are avowedly imposed for the objects enumerated in the Constitution this method of attacking protection—by no means a new one—has no practical value.—EDITOR.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

PITTSBURG, PA., *September, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Government by Commission seems to be desired by an ever-increasing number of our fellow-citizens, now why not go to the limit and put a commission in charge at Washington, instead of one single President?

As commission take the nominees of the five parties, Roosevelt, Wilson, Taft, Debs, and the cold-water man (who is he, anyhow?).

Then go one step further and please a lot of people whom none of these five would please, and here is how: Over in Europe they really have no pressing need or use for their crown-princes, all these poor fellows can do is to sit around and look the part. Now and then they are allowed to lay a corner-stone. Bring some of them over and add them to the commission. Also put them in the section of the country where they will be welcome.

Germany could divide his time between Milwaukee and Cincinnati; Wales could summer in Newport and winter in Florida; Scandinavia would feel at home in Minnesota.

As a voting body of eight might often have a tie vote it might be well to have a reserve commissioner, a tie-voter, say Cornelius MacGillicuddy, Johannes Wagner, or Napoleon La Joie.

I am, sir,

H. C. STIEFEL.

CATHOLICS DON'T VOTE AS A GROUP

CLEVELAND, O., *September 2, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read in your issue of August 31st, the editorial from *The North American Review* entitled, "Wilson or Sherman," with deep interest. The deduction may prove prophetic, although some of the premises are lame. The classification of "Voting by groups" is seriously erroneous in so far as it mentions Roman Catholics. Never in the history of the country were Catholics known to vote in groups. They are as independent as any class of citizens in the exercise of the ballot. True, the great majority have been aligned with the Democratic party because it was less free from the vicious elements which would ostracise the members of their faith. Where did you find the Know-Nothings of a century ago, later the founders of the O. A. U. and more recently the ruling spirits of the equally un-American A. P. A.'s?

I am well aware that an effort is now being made by some unscrupulous politicians to inject the religious question into the present campaign, but their schemes will be in vain. Certain of the writings of Woodrow Wilson, the historian, are being distorted. I am convinced that there is neither narrowness nor bigotry in his composition. The intelligent citizen, irrespective of religious differences, can see only one way to defeat the ambitions of America's greatest political mountebank.

I am, sir,

JOSEPH J. GREEVES,
Member Gen. Assembly of Ohio.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

NEW YORK, *September 10, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your exceedingly interesting article in the current number of the *Review* as to the Presidential election has undoubtedly given rise to much discussion which the subject of the article certainly deserves, and I have read it and have been greatly impressed thereby, but permit me to suggest to you that it might be well for you to revise your figures for the very good reason that the basis upon which you build your calculations is incorrect.

The Electoral College to be chosen this year 1912 does not number 531—which is the figure arrived at under the census apportionment of Senators and Representatives to be elected this year, and whose term of office begins March 4, 1913. The Electoral College for this Presidential election is still based on the census of 1900, and with the addition of the new States admitted will number 490, and the number necessary to elect will be 246. For instance, the Electoral College in the year 1872 numbered 352. Had the census of 1870 been applied with 38 States then in the Union, the number would have been 369 electoral votes, composed of 293 Representatives and 76 Senators, and this number (369) was the number of the Electoral College for the year 1876.

This being so, it must be plain to you that while your theory may be right, yet the figures you give are wrong. I have not made any compilation in accordance with this correction, but would be glad to hear from you.

I am, sir,

M. M. FRIEND.

The Constitution is explicit on this point. "Each State shall appoint . . . a number of delegates equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress." That number under the recent reapportionment is 531, as we stated. In 1872 it was 366, but Congress rejected the votes of Arkansas (6) and Louisiana (8) for technical reasons, and three, cast from Georgia for Mr. Greeley, upon the ground that the recipient was no longer living, thus leaving 349 (not 352) actually declared. Colorado was admitted in 1876 and added three electoral votes, fetching the total up to 369 in that year. This accounts for the apparent discrepancy noted by our legal friend, who should now be convinced that it is safer even to doubt the soundness of our theories than to question the accuracy of our figures.—EDITOR.

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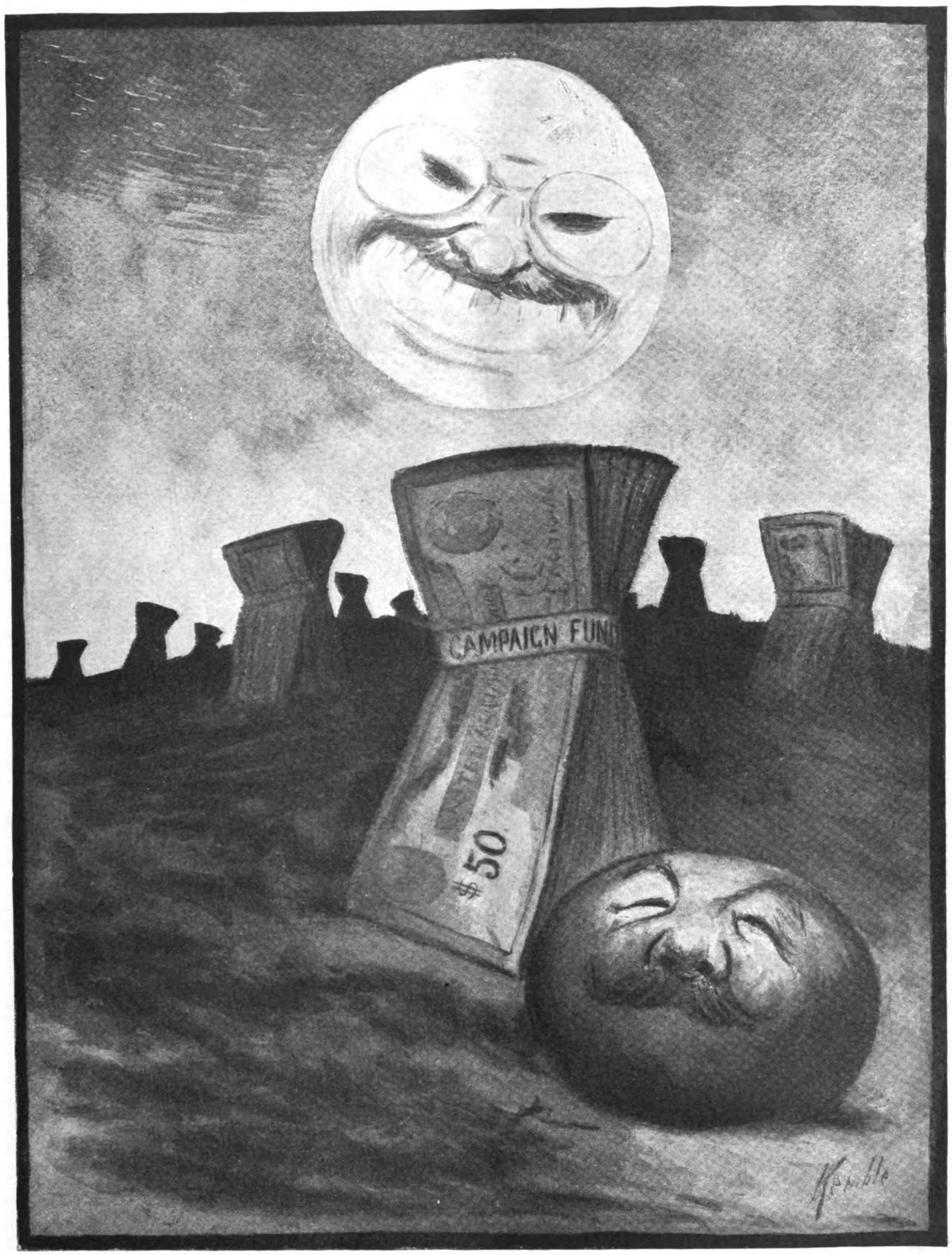

THE HARVESTER MOON

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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Alice in Blunderland

THE PLAIN PEOPLE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, BY TWO OF THEM

Part I

ALICE was seated on the grass near Grant's Tomb, gazing out over the city and at the shining river with its heavy-laden boats puffing up and down. People passed with smiling faces; the ingenuous strains of a street-organ could be heard playing "My Little Irish Rose"; everywhere were signs of prosperity and contentment.

Alice began to feel rather bored. She yawned and stretched herself comfortably under a tree. "I rather wish something would happen," she murmured. "Suppose—suppose—"

Her thoughts grew hazy, her head drooped, and she was soon fast asleep.

I.—Blunderland

Suddenly she was aroused by a loud voice shouting, "Thieves! Villains! Ruffians!" And she opened her eyes upon the terrifying sight of an enraged being close to her, eyes and teeth flashing and both arms brandishing a huge club.

"Oh, please!" gasped poor Alice, and then words failed her.

"There, that's better!" exclaimed the Creature (whom for brevity we shall call the Blunderboss). "I thought you never would wake up! Here I've been talking for hours and not a living soul to be insulted by it!"

"But where are the 'Thieves' and 'Villains'?" asked Alice, still a good deal perturbed. "*I* don't see any."

"Of course you don't!" said the Blunderboss, scornfully; "you *can't* till I show you them. There they are—they're the Corporations!" And he pointed triumphantly toward two large bodies approaching over the brow of the hill. "And if I weren't here to protect you, they'd certainly kill and eat you. They're as fierce as fierce!" he cried. "They devour everybody smaller than themselves, and the more they eat the more they want!" he fairly shouted, his eyes snapping and teeth glistening.

Alice edged away from him, thinking, "Why, he might be describing himself. . . . I'm sure *he* looks fierce enough!"

As for the Corporations, who were slowly drawing nearer, Alice thought them not nearly so alarming, though she had certainly never seen such peculiar things before. Both were enormous. One was perfectly round in shape, and wore a straight coat of metal, without buttons or seam, which made him look exactly like a tank. The only break in his rotundity was a large and rather bulging side-pocket.

But her attention was now drawn to the other Corporation, who had slowly approached, his farmer's hat drawn well over his eyes, a rake over one shoulder, shovel over the other, and all sorts of farming implements suspended from his heavy belt. But the most remarkable point about him was his checked suit, each check being a bank order for fifteen thousand dollars, and all of them signed.

Alice had just wonderingly made this discovery, when the Blunderboss gave an exclamation of delight, and rushing to meet the newcomer, threw his arms about him affectionately. The stranger was equally overjoyed, and began tearing off check after check in the most reckless fashion, and pressing them upon the responsive Blunderboss, who, however, suddenly remembered Alice and called to her, "My dear, this is one of my best friends!"

"Oh, then he's not a Corporation, after all!" exclaimed Alice in some relief, for she had formed an unpleasant impression of such bodies.

"Oh, yes, he is," snapped the Blunderboss, whose temper was certainly none of the best, "but *he's* a *good* one—just see all he's given me for you!"

Here the other Corporation sauntered up and she eyed him with some suspicion. A pot was slung over his shoulder, and in one hand he carried a large paper bag, while the other held a huge bun, which he was contentedly munching. He certainly looked innocent enough, and at the sight of the bun Alice realized that she was very hungry. She was just wondering whether he mightn't spare her one, when the Blunderboss espied the new arrival and, swaggering up to him, slapped him on the back, exclaiming:

"Say, old pal, give me a million or so, will you? I've spent the rest."

It was an inopportune moment. The Corporation was just swallowing his last morsel of bun. As soon as he could draw his breath, he said crossly:

"Can't you see when a fellow's eating? No, I haven't any for you to-day. Never saw such a spendthrift! What have you done with the last I gave you?"

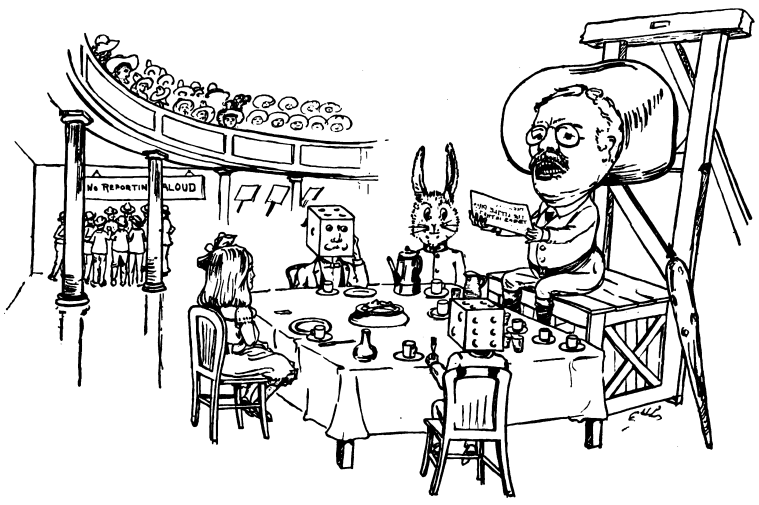
"*You* gave me!" shouted the Blunderboss, in a sudden paroxysm of rage. "Do you suppose I'd ever touch your base gold? It was only for this little girl I wanted it, anyhow, but you fellows want to keep everything for yourselves."

"Oh," said Alice, much embarrassed by the part she was being made to play, "I don't want any gold at all! But I *would* like a bun, if you could spare me one, sir."

"Very well, my dear," said the Corporation, in judicial tones, "but you must earn it, remember."

Poor Alice began to feel rather miserable, between hunger and a sense of loneliness. So it was with a good deal of pleasure that she heard a friendly voice behind her say, "Good morning!" How he could have approached so near without her knowledge, she couldn't imagine—this dapper youth in his fashionable clothes—but he laughed at her bewilderment and motioning toward a neighboring tree, explained:

"I just dropped down in my aero. Happened to meet a friend of yours a moment ago—corpulent fellow—seemed in a devil of a temper!" (and he chuckled heartily at the recollection). "Said a little girl had been sticking him for buns, and it was my fault she hadn't any of her own. I couldn't quite follow him there, but it seemed up to me to do something. So I hope you'll accept this," and he unstrapped from his shoulder what Alice had supposed to be a camera, but what proved to be a neat lunch-box.



"I am asked my views on the sport of running"

"You won't mention this, though, will you?" said the Stranger, with some hesitation.

"Why not?" asked Alice in surprise.

"Well, you see, I haven't a very good reputation," said he, "and queerly enough, this is just the sort of thing to make it worse." He gave a dry laugh.

"Oh," said Alice in bewilderment, and she wondered for an instant whether he could have stolen the food, "then I'd better wait till I ask the Blunderboss about it;" and she regretfully returned a particularly plummy bun to the box, untasted.

"Oh, if you depend on *him*, you'll soon be starved," said the Stranger. "He doesn't like me, because I never gave him anything. I advise you to eat your bun quick, or he'll be after us hammer and tongs."

But it was too late. The Blunderboss, with a cry of rage, had sprung between them, and snatching the box from Alice, he shook his fist at the Stranger, shouting:

"Thief! Malefactor! How dare you try to corrupt my charge with your bribes? Off with you, I say!"

"My dear," said the Stranger to Alice, "don't let him frighten you; it's just his diseased imagination."

"Well, but who are you?" asked Alice, suspiciously.

"I'm one of the Benefactors by Great Stealth," answered the Multi-Millionaire, with sudden sadness, "and I haven't a friend in the world. Half the people hate me because I'm too generous—trying to buy popularity, they say; the other half hate me because I'm too stingy—because they don't know where my money comes from, or they know better where it should go to. And they think it suspicious I should want friends, when I have so much money. Now I don't suppose you'd let me be *your* friend, would you?" he asked earnestly of Alice.

"Don't trust him!" shrieked the Blunderboss. "He's a liar! He's trying to get you by fraud! It's a crime!" he shouted, suddenly leaping in front of the Multi-Millionaire, who started back in dismay.

"There!" said the Blunderboss to Alice, triumphantly, "did you see how he jumped and how guilty he looked?" And he shook his fist at the now retreating Millionaire.

"Yes, he did seem rather upset," admitted Alice; "but what an uncomfortable country! Aren't there *any* nice people in it?"

"Well, of course not, compared with *me*," said the Blunderboss, with becoming modesty. "The fact is that you are surrounded by dangers on all sides which only *I* can see; your life is in constant jeopardy, and only *I* can save you! But," he went on reassuringly, seeing that he had sufficiently alarmed her, "I've a few friends whom I'm training along the same lines, and you'll be quite safe with them. I'll give a little party so you can meet them all. And I'll write the invitations this very minute."

He promptly began picking leaves off a near-by tree, and to Alice's surprise they turned into embossed cards in his hand. Then he printed on them in large letters:

"THE BLUNDERBOSS INVITES YOU
TO BECOME A MEMBER OF
HIS
DIGRESSIVE PARTY
AT WHICH HE PROMISES EVERY ONE
A SQUARE MEAL."

"Now, then, it's time for the party," said the Blunderboss.

II.—The Digressive Party

Alice heard drums beating and voices cheering, and soon there appeared from all sides groups of people, carrying banners and shouting as they came. They were all trooping in the direction of a sort of open-air theater, and Alice hurried on ahead to get away from their clamor.

Servants were busy setting a table in the center of the amphitheater. It was a very small table, seating only four. At one side was a massive chair rather like a throne in effect, and Alice recognized the Blunderboss's club resting beside it, so she knew the throne must be meant for him. His place was flanked on the one side by a large pitcher of milk, the handle tied with a conspicuous knot of blue ribbon, and on the other side by four or five glasses. She noticed also a huge coffee-pot at his place, together with half-a-dozen cups, though there was only one cup at every other place.

Just then there was a flourish of trumpets, and in came a brass band and a squad of banner-bearers, followed by the Blunderboss, arm in arm with two cronies, who escorted him to the throne and then seated themselves, one on either side.

The Blunderboss proceeded to pour out a cup of coffee for himself and to drink it eagerly. Then for the first time he noticed Alice. "Have a seat!" he said, genially.

Meanwhile the amphitheater had been gradually filling, and the Boss looked around with an air of satisfaction. "They must have all accepted," said he. He finished his second cup of coffee and started to pour out a third, without so much as a by-your-leave to Alice, who thought, indignantly, "Well, of all greediness!" Then she stopped short. The Boss's face had become purple with rage. He dashed the coffee-pot to the floor and shrieked, "Here, varlet! What do you mean by filling the coffee-pot only half full? Bring more, I say!"

A trembling servant, white with fear, stammered, "Please, your honor, that's all you ordered."

"Don't talk nonsense!" raged the Boss. "Don't you understand the simplest laws of Supply and Demand? There an Overwhelming Demand, do you hear? See that the Supply is in proportion.

He was interrupted at this moment by a servant presenting a telegram. The Blunderboss read it, frowned, and exclaimed: "Most important! I am asked my views on the sport of running!"

He rose in his seat and announced:

"THE FORERUNNER

"In autumn, in the mist and rain,
I thought I'd never run again.

"In winter, 'mid the icy storm,
The thought of running kept me warm.

"In spring, they put it up to me—
I said I'd run with greatest glee.

"In summer, when convention's done,
Just clear the ring and watch me run!"

He sat down, amid rather uncertain applause.

"Louder!" thundered the Blunderboss. But as the applause was still half-hearted he shrieked, "Fraud!" "Bribery!" Corruption!" and catching at the table-cloth he threw the dishes to the floor; then he seized the chairs, one after another, and began throwing them at every one in sight.

(To be Continued)

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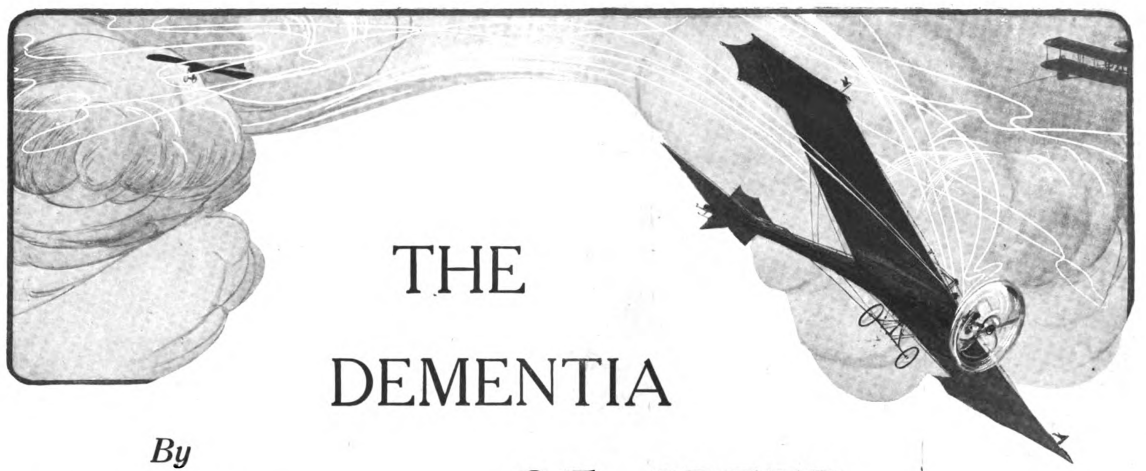


THE DEMENTIA OF SPEED

By
Edward Lyell Fox

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CRISIS THAT OVERCOMES THE AVIATOR AND THE DRIVER OF THE RACING AUTOMOBILE AND HURLS THEM TO DEATH

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY GRANT DART

ACROSS the flat Thames land there had appeared the gray silhouette of a monoplane. Over Weybridge it seemed to stop for a moment, to hang hovering as if undecided where next to go. Then, wheeling stiffly on wide wings, it pointed a sharp beak toward Brooklands and began to slide up the sky.

It was an English afternoon in June, of soft air and soft sunshine. As the monoplane arched slowly toward the aerodrome its lines, becoming more distinct, etched a tracery of silver and gray against the blue sky. Nearer and nearer it soared, revealing itself a thing half bird, half fish. The huge spread of wing belonged to the air, the smooth, slender body with its jutting fins and tail to the sea. Now it was climbing high over the white wall, and the deep droning of a motor, the clattering of a propeller, was heard. Those who had long waited listened eagerly, for the machine was the "Antoinette," and in it was Hubert Latham, a Frenchman noted for his daring descents. The monoplane was turning in a wide circle now, and the sunlight, falling across the propeller, was hacked into golden shreds as if by some great scimitar. Another circle, another, another; the "Antoinette" was swooping round and round, a dizzy whirligig suspended high, and Latham a dark smudge against the spread of canvas. The crowd, impatient for one of his sensational volplanes, wondered why he did not come down.

Another circle had begun when suddenly the machine was seen to dive. The sharp beak dipped down, the long body, rolling slightly, showed the wings in vivid relief—two gaunt white arms stretched across the heavens. Then came a swift drop; a bolting blur of canvas, wood, and steel, a crash, a splitting, ripping, rending—stillness. The "Antoinette" had fallen.

Across the field raced the crowd, an automobile bearing the officials in the lead. It was a long chase, however, for the accident had occurred at the extreme end of the course. There they found the "Antoinette"—its beak hidden in a low shed, its fish-like tail jutting grotesquely through a hole in the roof. And near the wreck of broken wire, splintered wood, and ripped canvas stood Latham, a passive figure, calmly shedding his brown overalls. Fortunately the hole made in the roof had not been wide enough to allow the motor and Latham strapped in behind it to go through. So when the crowd gathered below him and gazed upward in ridiculous astonishment at seeing him alive, Latham, with all a Frenchman's love for the theatrical, coolly lighted a cigarette. Of course there was cheering at this—solid British cheering—and when everybody, talking at once, had assured him that his escape was a miracle, Latham joined an engineer who had beckoned him. This man, who had been examining the wreck, asked:

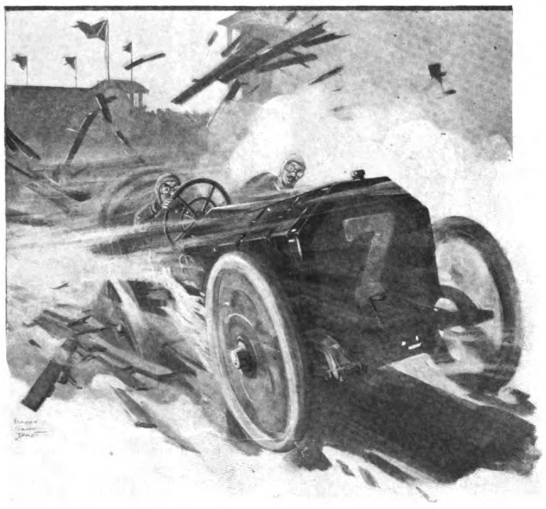
"What made you fall, Mr. Latham? I watched the 'Antoinette' for some time before she dived, watched her until the crash came, and nothing appeared to be wrong. Besides, nothing is broken there" (he pointed to the machine) "except what the contact with the roof would have caused."

It was fully a minute before Latham answered. Those who stood near him say that his habitually sallow face became grayish and that once or twice he shuddered ever so slightly. Finally, gathering himself with evident effort, he spoke, almost measuring the words.

"There are some accidents we cannot explain. Sometimes when hundreds, more often thousands, of feet above the earth, there comes to us"—he laughed, but it sounded forced—"I must bore you, though. You've never been up that high. You cannot understand."

"But what made you fall?" persisted the engineer. "I found the connecting chain of the working gear snapped. I judged from the action of your machine, however, that the break had come here on the roof. Was I wrong and did that cause the trouble?"

"Yes, that was it," Latham answered, eagerly. "The connecting chain broke."



The black car crashed through the fence and dashed across the infield

But as he stepped into the automobile that was to hurry him to his hotel an amused smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. And next morning when Latham read in the newspapers that his fall had been caused by a broken "connecting chain" the smile must have become laughter.

This story of how Latham fell at Brooklands was told me one night last winter by an eye-witness, an American physician. But when he had finished, I, like the engineer, asked:

"But what made him fall?"

"That's the most interesting part of it," he began, invitingly. "*There was nothing wrong with the 'Antoinette' that day, but Latham lost control of himself up there in the sky.* It's something concerning which nothing has been said. I've heard it generalized haphazardly as sky madness, but that's too vague a term. What happened to Latham was this—and I'll try to tell it to you in terms a layman can understand:

"When Latham began those circles over Brooklands he was normal. His conscious mind—the every-day mind that produces what we call the voluntary reflex; the impulses caught by the eye transmitted to the brain and thence to a certain part of the body, such as the hand, for instance—was as it should be. Now monotony, as you know, is the agent of hypnotism. Well, as Latham whirled round and round all he came to see was a blur of blue (the sky was cloudless, I remember), and all he heard was the same steady noise of engine and propeller. The monotony of all this gained hold on what sciolists call the 'subconscious' mind. Growing stronger and stronger, this overcame the 'conscious' mind and came to the fore, causing an unnatural, an involuntary reflex. That is to say, Latham could sense only one thing—the combination of blue, blue, blue, and the noise of the machine. Also the great power of the 'subconscious' mind made him want to continue this thing. That was why he kept on circling when the crowd wondered why he did not come down.

"But if some foreign impulse comes along, the power of the 'subconscious' mind is broken abruptly, and for some seconds before passing back to the 'conscious' mind the man is in a daze, on the brink of Nowhere, so to speak. Well, something broke that power in Latham. Whether it was a bird passing suddenly across the blue or an unexpected wheeze or cough from the engine, I do not know. But it was something, and with it came the daze, the moment of blank vacancy when Latham lost control of the 'Antoinette' and went crashing down to earth. I'll wager that half the aviators now dead were killed by those awful seconds between 'subconscious' and 'conscious.' Latham was wonderfully lucky!"

And then I remembered Memorial Day afternoon two years ago, when automobiles were racing on the Indianapolis Speedway. For a hundred miles they had been racing round and round and round—colored smudges in a saucer of white. And I thought of Latham, careening steadily with just blue, blue, blue, blue sweeping by, and how similar it was. How the glaring sameness of that white track, a hundred miles of it, the same vague forms and faces in the grand-stand that appeared and vanished, the same booming of the exhausts, the same biuish smoke that, belching from them, hung like mist over the track—how it all must have acted with similar hypnotic power upon the drivers.

Then I saw again a rakish car, painted yellow and black, that had been whirling past so regularly that one imagined it might be fastened to the spoke of some great wheel whose hub turned in the center of the speedway. But as the yellow-and-black car appeared around the turn, suddenly, as if tearing loose from its

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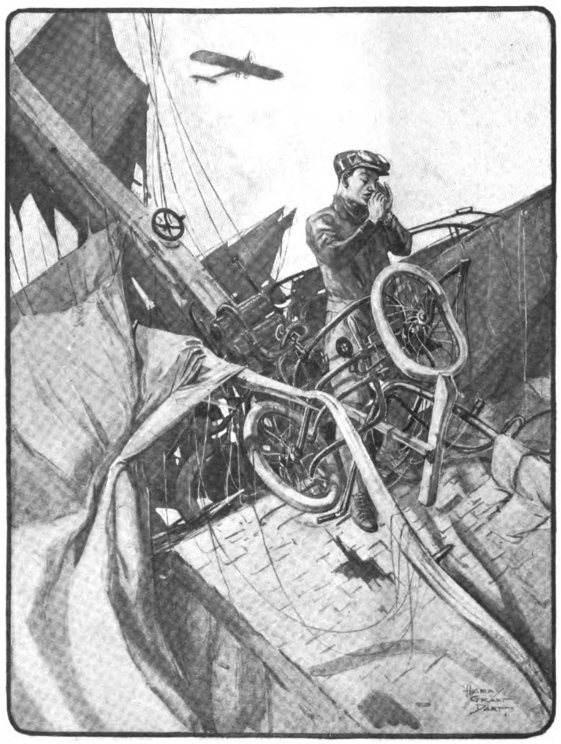
fastenings, it veered sharply up the track and crashed into the thick white wall that guards the crest of the banking. There sounded the harsh grinding of steel on concrete, then came a crazy rebound back on the track, another plunge, and the car swerved into the wall again, climbed it, bumped along the top thirty feet, and, toppling over, lay on the track a wreck.

Whereupon I concluded that aviators and race-drivers play very similar games. Indeed, they are identical in that what might be termed the psychology of disaster runs through them both. Also from talks with these men one concludes that it is true—the similarity of these games from the psychological viewpoint. From what race-drivers told me I believe that the continued speed of hundreds of miles, with its hypnotic suggestions made by blurred landscapes, has a result identical with that created in aviators when they fly far from the earth and become influenced by the vast Nowhere through which they are traveling. In both cases, if the man yields to the feeling, an accident always results.



Latham coolly lighted a cigarette

Take the case of Caleb Bragg one July afternoon two years ago at the Brighton Beach Motordrome. Bragg, in a powerful black-painted Italian car, was sweeping round the little one-mile track trying to cut down the leaders. It was a handicap event, and Bragg, starting from scratch, was having a hard race of it. So great was the advantage of the other cars that he had to "open wide" the engine—get out every pulse of speed. It was a terrific pace to hold on that little dirt track, and Bragg, flushed with a defeat of Barney Oldfield at Los Angeles, did not propose to be beaten by any handicap drivers. He ceased to shut off rounding the turns. The black Italian roared louder.

Then, when he was drawing closer and closer to the leaders and it looked as if his daring would be rewarded, what happened to Harroun at Indianapolis overcame Bragg. His subconscious mind, seeing nothing but the blur of dusty track, rimmed with a low fence of planks painted white, began to drive the car. How long Bragg continued this way nobody knows, but when he swung into the grand-stand turn something happened. The black car swerved suddenly, crashed through the fence, and dashed across the infield. That it remained righted during the interval before Bragg's conscious mind asserted itself was only the most wonderful luck, for the speed was terrific. Then Bragg realized that he was driving a car across the lumpy turf instead of in the middle of the track and that the leaders were drawing farther and farther away. Instantly his mind was made up. He twisted hard on the steering-wheel, turned heavily, pointed the hood back, put on full power, and headed straight for a section of the fence near the point where he had gone through! The gap he had made was strewn with jagged pieces of wood, deadly on tires. So Bragg, determined to get back on the track, took it as a matter of course that the only way to do so was to batter down another part of the fence. This he did, the black Italian thundering on, bumping and lurching over the soft ground until, striking the fence, it parted the thin boards with a crash, plunged back on the track, skidded in a wall of dust, and, righting itself, dashed away after the leaders—and caught them.

It was the hypnotic suggestion, generally bringing disaster, that put Bragg in that predicament. Remarkable, impulsive nerve, with his emotions overkeyed from the shock, took him out of it. But Burman's record drives on Daytona Beach, Florida, are just as fearful risks. Worst of all is the chance of hypnotic suggestion—the blur of the white sands and blue ocean, an awful confusion at one hundred and sixty-five miles an hour.

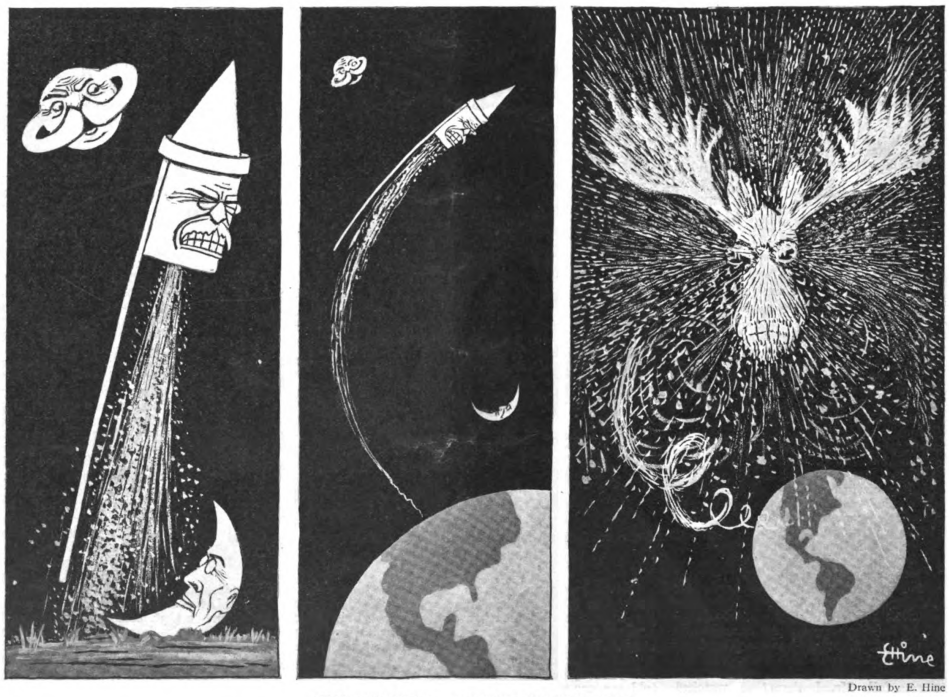
But there is another phase to this psychology of the air and of the track. By medical men it is called "temporary dementia." Let me illustrate:

It was at Manchester. Aeroplanes were sweeping the skies in the circuit of Britain race. Vedrines had landed, and, impatient at the rules that made him wait ten minutes before taking up the race, went about jabbering in French. One of the officials asked him what kind of a trip he had had. Vedrines's answer was to hold up his hands expressively and murmur, "Mon Dieu!"

He was quiet for many seconds, then he said:

"I was blanketed in clouds so that I could not see ten meters before me. Below was nothing but rolling mist that gradually took on all fanciful shapes and colors. I caught myself wanting to descend, to drop suddenly into it and see what it was like. To escape this feeling I flew higher and higher, until, venturing to look down again, I saw wonderful lights and shadows that never before had been revealed to me from the sky. I saw a dreamy city, a wonderful mirage, and I believe I would have forgotten everything but those exquisite colorings, released my levers, and—" (He laughed.) "But I was fortunate, for I became sick, as sick as a dog, away up in the clouds. Then the reality, the hard tenseness of it all, returned to me. In terror I gripped those levers until my hands hurt and so managed to retain control until I landed here."

Vedrines was fortunate—he escaped. Arch Hoxsey, however was killed. He too must have suffered from the illusion—the explanation of which medical men cannot agree upon—when he bolted to his death at Los Angeles. His biplane, clearly visible from the ground, was seen to overturn slowly, as if Hoxsey had released his hold on the levers. Then it dashed down. After the accident a score of contradictory reports appeared in the newspapers. The reporters could only guess. But a man who was with Hoxsey that December afternoon two years ago told me that the death of John B. Moisant had produced a profound effect on Hoxsey. Moisant had fallen the same morning at New Orleans. How easily could the thought of Moisant, peaceful in death, be conjured up to Hoxsey when, weak with fighting the wind, he looked down and saw the earth thousands of feet below him—soft, mystic, an aureole of wonderful color and tenderness, calling him down!



Drawn by E. Hine

POLITICAL PYROTECHNICS

Roos-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s—Boom!

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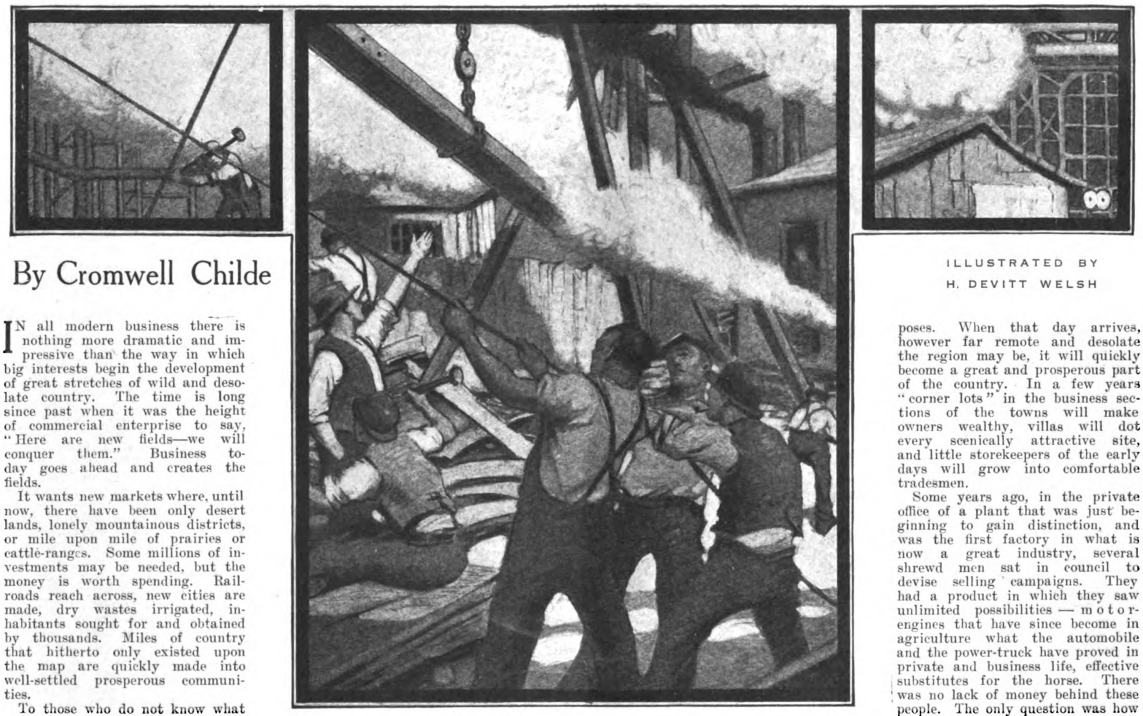
"BIG BUSINESS" AS PIONEER

HOW INDIVIDUAL INDUSTRY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW REGIONS HAS BEEN SUPPLANTED BY CAPITAL



By Cromwell Childe

ILLUSTRATED BY H. DEVITT WELSH

IN all modern business there is nothing more dramatic and impressive than the way in which big interests begin the development of great stretches of wild and desolate country. The time is long since past when it was the height of commercial enterprise to say, "Here are new fields—we will conquer them." Business to-day goes ahead and creates the fields.

It wants new markets where, until now, there have been only desert lands, lonely mountainous districts, or mile upon mile of prairies or cattle-ranges. Some millions of investments may be needed, but the money is worth spending. Railroads reach across, new cities are made, dry wastes irrigated, inhabitants sought for and obtained by thousands. Miles of country that hitherto only existed upon the map are quickly made into well-settled prosperous communities.

To those who do not know what modern business can accomplish when it sets about it this building up of thousands of square miles in rapid, substantial fashion seems, when the story comes to be told, little short of wonderful. Practically speaking, there is nothing wonderful about it. The system is the same, stripped down to essentials, as erecting a giant office-building. It is as surely profitable and quite as feasible. Twenty or a hundred dollars need to be spent instead of a single dollar—that is all the difference. With the big corporation or allied corporations that control very nearly unlimited funds the matter is little more than that of arithmetic.

A century, half a century, even a quarter of a century ago the pioneer went slowly and painfully ahead single-handed. Step by step and inch by inch he blazed his way into a desolate country the other side of the frontier. Business to-day does this pioneering by wholesale, at a fraction of the expense, with results that are immediate, with "home comforts" from the beginning. The new pioneer, because of systematizing, has, almost before he has landed on the ground, an automobile, a sewing-machine, electric lights, and running water in the kitchen.

Westward from El Paso there stretches a burning desert. It is the bed of an ancient but shallow sea. It is skirted by lines of hills barren and forbidding. Mountains whose very appearance warns one rear their summits to the dome of a turquoise sky. It seems to be a land fit only for tarantulas, centipedes, and scorpions. Once the Indians roved over it and made war on the "paleface." Where in past days men went mad for lack of water, tantalized by the mirage, now they may ride in peace and comfort over heavy steel rails in standard cars. Where some years ago one saw only the shimmering desert the land is now broken with spots of green, dotted with farms, sprinkled with towns out of which great stacks rise and from which pillars of smoke roll upward day by day.

Down in that country curious conditions existed. There was copper in abundance in Arizona in a little cañon at the foot of the Mule Mountains. In northern New Mexico there were great beds of bituminous coal. In the mountains there were springs and streams of water. There was no water in the desert. If these various elements could be brought together thousands would benefit. A group of Eastern capitalists attempted this. They were manufacturers who made clocks and watches in the Connecticut Valley. The price of copper was high. They sought cheaper metal and sent a skilled professor out to find a copper-mine.

Business was the motive-power of this enterprise, but this professional tour of discovery was as interesting as any within the realms of romance. The scientist journeyed month after month in a land where hitherto only Indian, trapper, scout, and occasional wanderer had been. At last, in the midst of an Indian-infested country, he reached a little cañon at the foot of the Mule Mountains. There he found his copper-mine.

It was necessary to erect a smelter

The first impetus was given that was quickly to civilize all this region. The professor's principals bought the mine. In executive sessions they heard the wise man's reports with delight. Dollar after dollar, almost beyond computation, was voted. The principle was clear. This mine, far beyond the outposts of civilization, was worth nothing in itself. Civilization must be made to grow up around it. It must become the center of a prosperous, happy community. Thousands must be enriched and helped before these capitalists could themselves make a dollar.

There was no delay, no waiting for settlers, no gradual development. The copper in the mine cried to be made the dividend-payer of numberless securities. Men and money were hurried forward. It was necessary to erect a smelter and haul water in wagons to cool the furnaces until a pipe-line could be constructed from a distant mountain stream. Then it was necessary to span the burning desert with a line of railroad at enormous expense. To draw upon well-known sources of coke supply, in order to keep their furnaces alive, it became advisable to construct nearly 600 miles of railroad north through New Mexico to the coal-fields. Then a new town, with new and larger smelters, was laid out in the middle of the desert. Hundreds of coke-ovens were constructed and thousands of men were employed.

In directors' rooms and from roll-top desks in cities of the East the great campaign was steadily carried on. Now and again a railroad train would whirl out some important executive to the scene, and experts, retained at heavy fees, would study the ground at this point and that. Through a dozen States "on East" the story of the big new development was carefully told and the opportunities of minor business enterprises were outlined. Things were made easy for the men who were willing to come into a new country. The point was made to them that here were the profits of pioneering with none of its hardships.

What proved the drawing-card to thousands was that the new country could not fail and would not be allowed to languish. Too vast a capital was being poured into it. If these millions were not enough there were many more. So people came in increasing numbers. They built towns—a dozen or more. They organized mining or manufacturing enterprises; they established little lines of trade in a network that constantly grew.

The big capitalists made money, but their share of the wealth created has proved very small—only a fraction—beside the fortunes, little and big, the modern competences and the good livings of those who found happy homes because of the great exploitation that took millions of money.

Some day a group of new rich men will rise into power. Or one man will come forward with a secret that he will share with men already worth their millions, and incidentally he will make himself as rich as they. This will be the man who will discover a new body of iron ore suitable for manufacturing purposes. When that day arrives, however far remote and desolate the region may be, it will quickly become a great and prosperous part of the country. In a few years "corner lots" in the business sections of the towns will make owners wealthy, villas will dot every scenically attractive site, and little storekeepers of the early days will grow into comfortable tradesmen.

Some years ago, in the private office of a plant that was just beginning to gain distinction, and was the first factory in what is now a great industry, several shrewd men sat in council to devise selling campaigns. They had a product in which they saw unlimited possibilities — motor-engines that have since become in agriculture what the automobile and the power-truck have proved in private and business life, effective substitutes for the horse. There was no lack of money behind these people. The only question was how the largest sales were to be made.

A man in this council had an inspiration. In his mind he saw a picture of thousands of miles of level Western lands, far distant from markets and civilization, too remote and vast for the horse-drawn plow. With such a field the traction-engine would be the greatest of commercial successes. But it did not exist. The great wind-swept plains were thought to be of use for cattle-raising only. They were the lands of the cow-barons, of the "puncher" and the ranch.

If these new regions could not be turned to agriculture the sale of the powerful engines for farm use would be meager and unprofitable. Sitting there in his chair, the director commenced to outline and paint a new West, entire sections of great States that they themselves must develop. Hundreds of men must be shown great profits and wealth, that they might sell their engines that would pull not one plow, like a team of sturdy horses, but eight plows, even sixteen.

From this council and others that followed, and the councils of other manufacturers who saw how big business could be created, the great wheat-fields of the West have grown in little more than a decade. A century of ordinary growth would not have developed them like the business enterprises that had to make markets for their wares to gain profits. It took campaigning of a very different sort from that in the business world of lesser things. Assemblages had to be called together and the big engines put through their paces. There had to be conferences with men of capital who saw possibilities in far-off territories under these new conditions. Here and there helping financial hands had to be extended. Big products were to be sold and much was at stake. Modern enterprise had to go ahead and develop to make its own future.

For fifty years in all America there was no more forbidding place than Death Valley in California. It was a seething desert, insufferably hot, below the level of the sea. Its inhabitants were rattlesnakes, tarantulas, and centipedes. Death Valley might be well called Life Valley to-day, for it has become a thriving land. Business has taken, and is steadily taking, millions of wealth out of it, a cleansing material that finds a market in every household. Not far away from Death Valley it was found that there were clays that could be used for the making of tiling of the finest kind.

American business works best in co-operation. When many industries can combine, as it were, and each reach out the helping hand to one another, there are achieved the best results. Thus the cleansing substance and the clays brought in their train other things. The demand for water to make life really comfortable in time introduced irrigation, and on the desert's very edge orange groves and fruit farms commenced to blossom. Big business had scored another victory. It had made habitable a region which men once thought was created only to increase the mileage to the Pacific coast. In the big Eastern cities to-day, and abroad, may be seen many men who have become rich through the opening of this new land, though they were not in the original enterprise.

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The Widener Memorial Library for Harvard

By F. Lauriston Bullard

AT last the library of America's oldest university is to have the place in the eyes of the multitude that it long has held in the estimation of those who have expert information about books and their uses. Harvard's book and pamphlet collections [illegible] exceeded in size by those of only three American libraries. But neither the Congressional Library in Washington, the Public Library of New York City, nor the Boston Public Library can match the institution in Cambridge as a storehouse of materials for students and scholars. Now the mother of the young bibliophile who was lost in the sinking of the *Titanic* is to provide for the university's huge and unique collections of printed volumes and rare manuscripts a memorial building which architecturally will take rank among the best of American college structures.

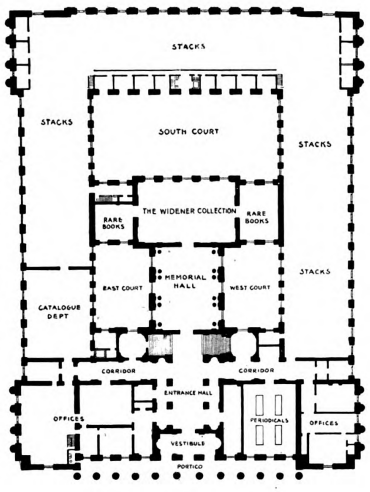
In this new building Harvard purposes to apply the laboratory principle to library investigations and to make this greatest collection of books on the Western Hemisphere available in the most liberal manner for the scholarship of the world. Harvard University intends to do what the Bodleian Library at Oxford has been doing for centuries, and to do it better. An accredited visitor from any country on the globe will find himself as much at home in one of the private rooms of the Widener Memorial as in his own library, and just outside the door he will have immediate access to all the treasures that the Harvard collections contain.

In similar fashion the undergraduates are to be provided with such facilities for work among the shelves as have been quite impossible in the outgrown and inadequate Gore Hall, which for more than seventy years has been the college library. If the visiting scholars and the Harvard professors are to have eighty private studies scattered about the building, the students are to have no fewer than 350 little separate rooms, or "cubicles," each furnished with desk and chair, where they may read in seclusion with needed volumes on their tables and any other book required right at hand in the stacks.

Harry Elkins Widener was graduated from Harvard with the class of 1907. Before leaving college he had begun the gathering of one of the most valuable collections of rare books in America. After his death his will disclosed that he had bequeathed his library to his college. Then Harvard was confronted with the humiliating fact that the university had no suitable place for the deposit of such a collection. Indeed, Gore Hall was so crammed from top to bottom with books that navigation among the stacks had become difficult, and an overflow of 150,000 volumes had been removed to other buildings.

Mrs. George D. Widener then arranged with the university authorities to supply Harvard with a new library as a memorial to her son. The plans, drawn by Horace Trumbauer, of Philadelphia, have just been made public. The donor does not announce the cost, but it is known that the sum will exceed a million dollars.

The Widener Memorial Library will face the interior of the college yard, with the main entrance directly south of Appleton Chapel. The structure will cover a plot of ground, for which the razing of Gore Hall will afford a part, measuring 206 by 275 feet. All the elevations will be dignified and handsome, but the most impressive will face the yard. Along this façade twelve Corinthian columns, each forty feet in height, will rest on a portico 128 feet long, which will extend along the front of the building. The approach will be



The plan of the main floor

a flight of broad stone steps ascending from the ground twelve feet below.

The lowest floor will rise from the ground to the level of this portico. On this floor are to be large special reading-rooms for the departments of history, government, and economics, work-rooms for the staff, rest-room, and lunch-rooms.

On the main floor, reached by the steps from the yard, the memorial feature has its most imposing illustration. The visitor passes through the doors into a vestibule, which opens into a great entrance-hall and in turn leads to the Widener Memorial Hall. This is an apartment measuring 40 by 32 feet and lighted on each side by a court. Beyond is the room for the installation of the Widener collection, a room 38 by 60 feet. Here there will be placed and probably exhibited the priceless four folios of Shakespeare, the first editions of the *Faerie Queene*, of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and other rare editions; the association and presentation copies of standard authors, the Robert Louis Stevenson manuscripts, and the other literary treasures which made this many times over the most valuable gift of books that Harvard had received since 1638, when John Harvard himself started the library with his modest bequest of 370 volumes.

But Harvard has had a collection of rare manuscripts, examples of the work of the famous presses of the Middle Ages, illuminated volumes, and books bearing the autographs of the world's most noted authors, and these have been kept in the treasure-room which was built for their safe-keeping in Gore Hall. These are now to be placed in the rooms on each side of the chamber for the Widener collection. Back of these three rooms will be a great open south court 52 by 112 feet, providing light for the interior of the building. At the right and left of the main entrances are to be the offices of the chiefs of the library staff.

The card-catalogue-room and the delivery-room will be on the second floor at the head of the grand staircase. Facing the college yard on this floor and extending 136 feet across the front of the building will be the main reading-room with seats for 375 students. This handsome apartment will be open almost to the top of the building. On the third floor are rooms for the arts and archæology collections and for maps; on the fourth, special quarters for the English library, the classical collections, and other departments.

The bookcases or stacks will extend around the east, south, and west sides of the building. They will run from the basement to the third floor, but will be divided for convenience into seven floors or levels. Their capacity has been estimated at 2,500,000 volumes, making fifty-nine miles of shelves, five times the capacity of the present library building. The light will be more than ample, coming from the large outside windows and from the three open courts.

All the libraries of Harvard University now contain about 1,000,000 books and 500,000 pamphlets. Many of these are in the libraries of the Law School, the Medical School, the Divinity School, and the other special departments of the university. There they will remain. The 650,000 volumes and the 400,000 pamphlets, which make up the college library proper, will be placed in the Widener Library as soon as it is finished. Thus the new structure will take care of the needs of the institution for many years. The task of transferring the contents of Gore Hall to temporary quarters has been begun. Plans are being made for the dedication of the memorial on Commencement Day, 1914.

The Water-Wagons of Chesapeake Bay

By Stuart Stevens Scott

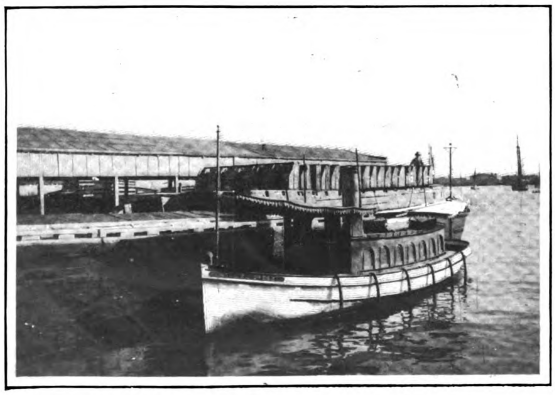
IN a section of the country so interspersed by waterways that it is as necessary for a man to own a boat as a horse and carriage, the greatest boon to the people is a cheap and quick means of transportation over these liquid highways. Such is the case in Maryland, where the Chesapeake Bay and its many estuaries penetrate into the State in every direction, affording thousands of miles of navigable water for shallow-draught boats.

The gasolene-engined boat is truly the "water-wagon" of the Chesapeake, and few indeed are the farmers of tide-water Maryland who do not own a motor-boat of some kind. These "water-wagons" have been the means of opening up the State just as much as have been good roads in other sections. The problem of every farmer who treats farming as a business is to get his produce to market.

In the old days when the steamboat service was not what it is to-day the farmer had only sailing craft, which did well enough for the carrying of grain and such cargoes as would not be injured if delayed in transit, but sailing craft are out of the question for the transportation of highly perishable garden-truck.

Those farmers on the main rivers or close to the steamboat wharves were the ones who reaped the advantages, and while their farms flourished the more distant farms were devoted almost entirely to the raising of staple crops—wheat, corn, and tobacco—but in limited quantities, for the cost of hauling many miles, with freight charges, made it unprofitable to get even these commodities to market.

But with the introduction of the power "water-wagon" there came about a change. The gasolene-boat, not only capable of threading the narrow and shallow streams to the very doors of what had been almost inland farms, but also sturdy enough to run to Baltimore in only a little more time than could be made by the steamboats, not only encouraged the raising of market produce, but enhanced the value of land. It brought into that section expert farmers from the West who saw glowing possibilities in the kindly soil and the nearness to a receptive market. Tide-water Maryland has been regenerated, and to-day it is a garden spot.



For the transportation of highly perishable garden-truck

Also sturdy enough to run to Baltimore

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The Magic of the Motor-Truck

By William Hemmingway

THE day of the truck-horse is done. Gasolene and electricity are doing his work better and cheaper than he can and thus are mercifully driving him off the face of the earth. He is going fast. The extent to which he already has been eliminated is startling to one who looks into the subject for the first time. Soon we may expect to find Percherons and Clydesdales kept as interesting and picturesque ornaments on country-places, as people nowadays keep peacocks or moose on their estates.

If any one doubts this let him look in any progressive city or village for the once indispensable fire-horse. He has gone forever. No longer shall his clattering hoofs proclaim the arrival of engine or hook-and-ladder truck. He has been sold off to the farmer or some one else into whose business the newest inventions have not yet made their way. He has been retired from the Fire Department for the good of the service. The motor gets the apparatus to the fire surer and quicker than the horse ever could. It has the higher efficiency. The horse must go. In all commercial work, too, the horse is vanishing from the cities of America.

"We are at the beginning of the horseless age," said a motor-truck maker to me a few days ago. "I mean so far as cities are concerned. You remember how ten years ago street boys used to yell at people in automobiles, 'Git a horse!' Within the next ten years or so, I venture to predict, any man who has the nerve to drive a pair of horses to a truck in city streets will be hooted at in the same way. 'Git a motor!' the street boys will shout at him."

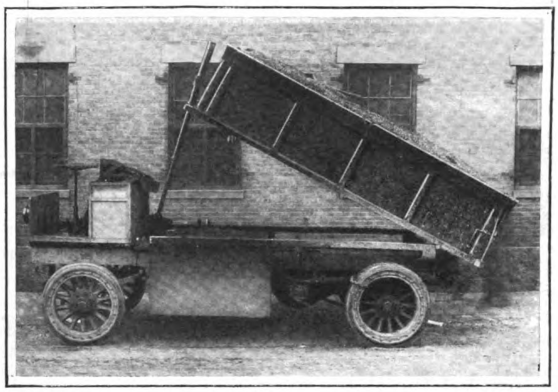
As we were talking the clangor of fire-bells drew us to the window. Down Broadway came a galloping procession—engine, hook-and-ladder, and fuel-wagon—all drawn by handsome, powerful bay horses at full gallop. Automobiles—carriages, delivery wagons, and trucks—glided out of the way of the horses as swiftly and easily as swallows would wheel out of the path of logy barn-yard fowl. As we looked down at the cumbrous fire apparatus a quizzical smile lit up the face of the motor-truck man.

"Seems as if we were looking into a museum of antiquities that had suddenly come to life, doesn't it?" he said. "The horse as a worker with man is going fast. Of course, he will always be remembered as man's best friend and all that sort of thing; but the higher efficiency of the motor has eliminated him. Only the real friends of the horse can appreciate what a mercy it is to take him away from the hard and slippery pavements of the cities and how much the people of the cities gain in health by his absence. But we motor people are not looking for sympathy or gratitude. We have put the horse out of business simply on the ground of economy. The man or the company that has goods to haul and deliver—from coal to confectionery or from diamonds to fifty-ton safes—can haul them and deliver them more surely, promptly, quickly, and cheaply by using motor-trucks or wagons than by using horses. Increased efficiency is the rule nowadays in every business. In transportation increased efficiency means electricity or gasolene. The resulting humane relief to man's best friend and to the health of man himself are incidents of the improvement."

The change in transportation of merchandise has come about so gradually, so quietly, so unostentatiously that the observer can hardly realize it unless he takes a long, sweeping look backward—say, over a period of fully three or four years. It was only yesterday, seemingly, that the wise coal-dealer, wishing to keep business stirring through summer and the early autumn, scattered broadcast his advertisement with two striking pictures of teams of horses drawing a cart carrying three tons of coal. In one picture they were going along comfortably with the load on dry pavement; in the other they were slipping and sprawling through snow, struggling desperately under the lash of the whip. That picture isn't before the public this year. It represents conditions that are as dead as Pharaoh. Monsieur Equus has retired from the coal business. The coal-cart of to-day carries ten tons at a time instead of three. Electricity or gasolene trundles the burden along comfortably in rain or shine, snow or sunlight, without straining and without delay. There is no whip-lash, no suffering.

But the economic change is far greater than in the single item of transportation. That item is only a beginning. It has been often said that it was only after improved machinery made the slave's labor unprofitable that there arose a great popular wave of protest against slavery; and that, therefore, it was to mechanical invention that myriads of blacks first owe their freedom. Whether or not this is true, it is certain that to the invention of machinery that hauls his burden farther, faster, and cheaper than he can the horse owes his fast-spreading freedom from toil in the towns.

But that is not all. Probably most of us would regard it as extravagant to say that the motor-truck outthinks the horse quite as effectively as it outhauls him. Yet that statement is actually true. What horse ever loaded or unloaded his own truck? The motors do that in a way that saves labor and saves time so enormously that the beholder feels he is looking on at an exhibition of magic. And indeed it is magic to see a mere machine reach out its long arm, or crane, drop down its ring of claws like the talons of a giant steel bird, pick up a box or barrel weighing hundreds of pounds, and swing the burden up and into its body in about half the time it would take four or five men merely to get the skids ready. Or consider the ten-ton coal-truck. This beneficent monster rolls up alongside a pocket on the side of a pier. At the stringpiece a barge is moored full of coal. A hoisting-engine scoops up the coal a ton at a time and lifts it into the pocket. The motor coal-truck stands alongside the pocket, two men pull the strings, and ten tons of coal shoot into the truck in five minutes or less.

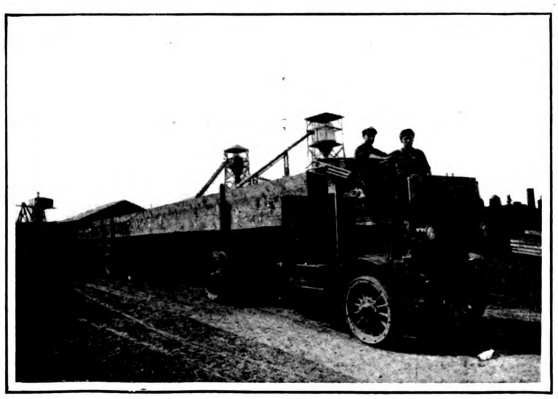


A coal-cart motor-truck that seems to be gifted with reason

Arrived at its destination, the motor-truck delivers the load with human skill. In the first place, it draws up alongside the sidewalk—so as not to blockade three-quarters of the street, as the old-fashioned horse truck would do—and then shoots the load through a chute into the cellar where it belongs. Or the truck, by its own power, raises its great body containing the ten tons of coal as daintily as a girl would raise a rose, and from the height thus gained sends the coal in a swift stream into the house. Or perhaps only the front end of the truck rears up in air to discharge the burden.

The first of these great gray-black giants I ever saw climbed down the steep hill on which I live—a hill that simply butchers and mutilates horses in slippery weather—and came to a stop with consummate ease. Then the great machine, which looked like a mammoth beetle as big as a pair of elephants, actually climbed up on the sidewalk swiftly and surely, moreover as gently and silently as a moth on its rubber-padded wheels, and almost in a minute raised its huge bulk high in air and shot the coal into the house. Quite involuntarily I found my hand going up to raise my hat to the man who could invent such a machine as that. The electric light, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, the phonograph, all do their miraculous work under cover of mystery that only the wise can understand. But there was something very appealing, almost human, in this vast bulk of simple machinery that under the guidance of only one man did the work of eight horses and eight men and seemed to look around for obstacles and overcome them and to choose the easiest and surest way of doing its task.

If emphasis has been laid here on the doings of the almost human coal-cart, it is only because that is the type of motor-truck that has happened to fall under my daily observation. There are hundreds of other types, and many of them do specialized work that seems to call for reasoning power as the machine goes along. At the great freight terminals, for example, it is most interesting to see motor-truck cranes running about working like big ants. They are compact, powerful chunks, built close to the ground, on low wheels. They have high arched necks of steel from which depend their claws at the end of chains. A man sits on each truck crane and directs it. The little monster picks up barrel, box, or bale weighing half a ton or more and trundles it away, as an ant would run off with bird-seed. There is something almost humorous in the spectacle of one of these truck cranes piling loads on four trailers and then running off with the whole outfit. One view of this installation at work convinces the observer of the correctness of the expert who said: "By this system one man can handle more ton-miles than by any other method."



A motor-truck that carries huge timbers, seventy-five feet long, with ease

Hundreds of forms of motor-trucks and motor-wagons have been developed. It seems almost as if any manufacturer or merchant having peculiar or difficult goods to handle has but to show the conditions of service to the motor-truck maker, who will forthwith deliver the special kind of vehicle he needs. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the highly specialized motor-truck of to-day and its lumbering old predecessor, which was a sort of clumsy big brother to the gay automobile.

As to the economy effected by taking horses out of harness and putting electricity and gasolene in their place, the amount of testimony is overwhelming. The retail price of horses is more than twice as high to-day as it was ten years ago. The records prove it. The price of hay, oats, and straw is two and a half times as much now as it was ten years ago. The reports of the New York Chamber of Commerce prove it. Real-estate values in most of the cities of this country have increased at a phenomenal rate, so that the cost of land devoted to stables and the taxes upon it have almost driven stables out of cities. Street traffic in New York, Chicago, and many other cities has increased threefold, thus making imperative relief from congested conditions. On the other hand, the price of gasolene has been cut in half within the last ten years, while the price of electric current has been reduced from twelve cents to three or four cents per kilo-watt hour. And during the last ten years the motor-truck has increased one-hundredfold in the numbers and styles of truck or wagon in use.

The very important saving in real estate by the substitution of motor-trucks for horse vehicles has been proven thousands of times. Let us take one case, that of a prominent New York brewer. He had, in the heart of Manhattan Island, where ground is valued and often sold by the square foot, a stable two hundred by one hundred feet in which he kept one hundred and seventy-six horses—besides three yards and a blacksmith-shop devoted to horse-shoeing, wagon repairs, etc. Having substituted a fleet of motor-trucks in place of the horse outfit, he has built a four-story garage, seventy-five by one hundred feet, with room for ninety-six trucks, and thereby he has set free four city lots—one hundred by one hundred feet in all. The amount of this saving is enormous. His motor-trucking fleet occupies one-quarter of the space formerly used by the horse outfit.

In the cost of maintenance, operation, repairs, deterioration, etc., the motor-trucks are much cheaper than the horse outfit. This has been proved over and over again by records in the case of breweries, express companies, department stores, milk companies, etc., whose work of distribution is most arduous. It would be wearisome to quote the figures at length, but here is one example picked out at random: the cost of electricity or gasolene to run a one-thousand-pound delivery wagon one day is about forty cents—far less than the price of one bushel of oats. And a wagon of that type will run fifty miles a day and do the work of two one-horse delivery wagons.

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A False Alarm

By Eugene Campbell

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE factory building in Conselyea Street, Brooklyn, E. D., where a feather firm, a shoe industry, and a marble-dust works did business under one roof, was a temple of wheels within wheels in more senses than one. As a rule, the feather operators were young ladies, the shoe employees young women, and the marble-workers young toughs. Every now and then a tough wedded a feather fairy or a shoe amazon and removed her to the gray keeping of a tenement-house remote from factory lines of demarcation, but in strict factory society the wall between feathers and shoes was as solid as the venerable rampart around China and as unscalable as the air barrier between Newport and Arverne.

He ambushed Millicent and took away her pay-envelope

Miss Lizzie Gillogilly lacked any recollection of parents or a Sunday-school, and appeared on the shoe pay-roll as Millicent Randolph. The shoe pay-roll was thinner in point of pages than the Almanach de Gotha, but no lover of racy reading could have hesitated a moment between the two anthologies. The feather auditors, one flight higher up, dealt with sheets that scintillated where the shoe sheets only glowed, but Miss Millicent Randolph was a braw lassie with a hat-pin, and, having reached over the heads of a half-dozen feather fairies and taken Mr. Moe Berstein in open competition, she had learned to love him for his own sterling sake, and had arrived at a devout intention of marrying him.

Mr. Moe Berstein broke marble for a living. He was dancing at a certain Star Casino when Millicent saw him first. Chin to chin, solemnly, and locked in an apparent death-lock, he and a feather fairy were doing that mixed wiggle and walk which was the dancing fashion at the Star, and Millicent, who was wiggle-walking with another shoe girl, and who had observed that before that he had danced with another feather fairy, and before that with still another feather fairy, glued her gaze to the back of his head until he turned around, when she gave him the dreamy eye. He detached his chin from his feather-fairy's chin and staked Millicent to the "office." The two couples moved a few turns nearer. Then, leaving his partner adrift, Mr. Berstein slid to Millicent, and she and the girl with her "broke." Mr. Berstein and Millicent walk-danced away together, their faces intent, mirthless. In this manner Millicent became Mr. Berstein's regular skirt. At the time, the turban swirl having not yet hit Conselyea Street, she was wearing a rat equal in size and almost in weight to three pairs of mature men's shoes.

The worthy young men who crushed marble in the basement of the building where the feather and shoe establishments were affected no rainbow names like the girls up-stairs. They stuck to their own as long as they remained in marble, although on forsaking marble-breaking for house or skull, it was considered form to adopt sobriquets such as "Alias Red," "Alias Lefty," "Butch," etc. But this was more as a tribute to immemorial etiquette. However, after he had been going steady with Millicent for a month or two, Mr. Berstein suddenly became the envy of a wide circle of friends by changing his. But it was not for police reasons.

Although in marble, Mr. Berstein was no faun. He had ape arms and legs, ankles like knees, and a neck like a waist. His forehead (to employ a euphemism) retreated, and his eyes seemed constantly to desire to change places across his nose. Across the back of his head he was of incredible distance from ear to ear, and if he possessed a nervous system at all the fact was apparent only in the startled suddenness with which he dropped his marble tools when the five-o'clock whistle blew. One day as he was coming out of the marble works a perfect stranger fell under the spell of his aspect and accosted him. The stranger was the moving spirit of a local A. C. He led Berstein around to the club and showed him how to sit in a corner and get up when a bell rang, and a week later introduced him and one like him to a discriminating public as: "In this corner, Stanley Carter. In this corner, Young McGovern [Mr. Berstein]. Both members of this club."

Stripped for battle, Young McGovern presented so sinister and terrifying a spectacle that many of the sports present dreamed of him subsequently when they reached their beds. But it was noticed by one or two that his footwork was hardly of the winged variety, and that all in all his performance was not informed by a certain essential intellectuality.

Still, one does not have to be a mental Colossus in a marble cellar. As Young McGovern he became the terror of the marble works, and at picnics, pleasure clubs, and dancing casinos, he could not have been accorded greater homage if he had been a white sacred bull. In saloons, sticklers for the amenities were loud in their approbation when he explained that he was treating with respect the original stock and ramifications of the Bersteins in not taking their proud old name into pugilism.

Millicent on her part soon discovered that between Mr. Berstein, useful citizen, and Young McGovern, public character, there had sprung up a gulf of almost antipodal disassociation and contrariety. His glory had gone to his head like a rousing stimulant. He domineered over her. He criticised her taste in dress. He formed an amiable habit of belittling her before ladies and gentlemen and abandoning her on dancing floors. Her love for him increased day by day.

Millicent belonged to a charmed circle of shoe-maidens that, under the name and style of the "Lady Lilacs," gave every now and then an "affair" at some picnic park or steam-heated casino, the affairs being in the main occasions that began joyously in beer and progressed to diapasons closing in blood. Each Lilac paid an initial fifty cents for self and friend. All extras and refreshments on friend. The city, through its hospital service, bore the repair bills.

When Millicent approached her McGovern and inquired if he meant to tow her to the Marathon and Civic two weeks from Saturday, McGovern replied that her application would be considered in its regular turn. Millicent went home and enhanced herself with a spotted veil, an heroic rat, and a two-acre hat, and returned to him: "Well, Kiddo, is it to be youse or certain other parties?"

McGovern perceived that she was not only beautiful, but knew how to dress. For that matter he had intended all along that he and none other should take her to the ball. So he assumed his terrifying professional fighter's face and demeanor and seized her by the throat with both hands. Adroitly Millicent withdrew a hat-pin and fixed it at the exact pit of his stomach.

"Come on in, Kiddo, the water's fine."

McGovern let go. He explained that he had meant no harm, but had been tricked by raging jealousy into laying violent hands on a lady. That was all right then. Millicent approved of male jealousy. He and she adjourned to a neighboring dance-hall, where they walk-danced solemnly till dawn.

Once in the middle of a number Young McGovern forsook her on the dance floor and dashed out among the beer-tables. A respectful path opened up for him as he advanced, but he returned presently, having missed his man.

"A collitch guy" he informed her, as he reaffixed his chin to her chin. Millicent knew, of course, that by that he meant that he had perceived some young man on the boundaries "looking her over" as she danced by. Berstein was ruthless in the matter of men who were not his sort of men. He disparaged particularly the higher education. All young male persons with comparatively clean collars and hands, and shoes that had seen a brush, he classed indiscriminately as college guys. As he parted from her at the door of the tenement where she lodged he promised to take her to the Lilacs when the day came.

The Civic and Marathon, two weeks from Saturday, was billed to take place at a road-house half-way down from Prospect Park toward Coney Island. There was to be general dancing up to midnight and then the Marathon, with a prize of ten bucks to the lady and gent lasting out all comers, no ragging or walking allowed. Entrance money half a bone—and can the rough stuff. During the festivities the road-house would be wholly encircled by outer darkness, wherein

She and Young McGovern were afforded plenty of room to dance in

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differing gentlemen could beat each other to pulp without molestation from the bulls. A half-dozen car lines led to the spot.

But as the occasion approached Millicent began to feel that there had been occasions in the past with fewer drawbacks. For a week Berstein had been slipping and sliding. He had grown more sullen and churlish every day. He had learned to prefer saloon company to her company. Worst of all, he consorted with feather fairies. Three days before the day of the dance he threw up his marble job, and the pay-night preceding the dance he ambushed Millicent at the factory and took away her pay-envelope by brute force.

So consequently, as he and she journeyed danceward, Millicent was in a blue mood. Matrimony with the man beside her would be no flowery path, she reflected. Berstein would kick, beat, and devil her, through a span of weary years; she would have to slave and support Berstein, and in return he would as a practice divert himself with "other women," and in the end would abandon her for one. Her forearms still showed purple and black souvenirs of the last pay-night, when he had taken her money. He was no longer a Berstein to be subjugated with a hat-pin. He was a transformed and sublimated Berstein. She almost regretted that she loved Berstein.

As Young McGovern he made the trolley journey to the road-house in a hair-trigger condition of tuning up. As he sat waiting for some one to look sidewise or sneeze slantwise at him, he seemed to be perched on fragile glass. His conversation was monosyllabic, save only when it was vainglorious, and then it dealt wholly with the number of college guys he had "trimmed" within the twenty-four hours just elapsed. When they were nearly at the appointed place the car-conductor, a Titian youth, came along the aisle and demanded their second fare. Berstein assumed his malignant fighting face and refused payment. The red-haired conductor fixed him with a blue eye and raised a hand to the bell-cord, "Come through or get off," he commanded, briefly.

Berstein heaved himself half up, but Millicent pulled him back and paid the conductor with the last dime she had in the world.

"Ah, don't start nothin'," she pleaded, nestling close to Berstein, "there's ladies present, an' the poor slob was on'y doin' his duty."

She was vastly relieved when they at last made their destination.

The dancing floor of the Casino presented one of those scenes of innocent enjoyment for which the delicately nurtured are unfitted in many respects. Its atmosphere was distinctly electric. Berstein's eye lit with a dull sparkle as, on the way in, he observed an abrased and ensanguined youth being sponged from a bucket by a group of several other youths with their coats off, while in at the bar a scowling hero was buying beer for still another group of loud-resounding admirers. Two Lilacs sitting complacent and apart at a table suggested a probable cause. As he and Millicent made their way to the dancing floor he doffed his coat and hung it over his arm, and set his hat hard on his head at a militant angle. He and Millicent glided away to the strains of "Every Little Movement."

Millicent's spirits rose—soared, in fact. Her one-piece Nile and cerise dress was a flawless fit, and her white liberty and feathers musharoon hat was the class all over. She possessed looks to give away to friends, as she knew very well, and as Young McGovern's particular lady friend she was a cynosure. She and Young McGovern were afforded plenty of room to dance in. Nobody cared to bump Young McGovern. After a few turns of the floor she looked animatedly up at him and said:

"Moe, the trouble we took notice to comin' in looks like it was on'y a prelim. There's a bunch more of it sittin' over up against the stage."

"Huh?" inquired Berstein.

"I was havin' reference to the row of feather skirts holdin' up the wall," she explained. "I guess when they seen what they had went up against their foam checks took it on the run an' left them without the mazume to get home."

Berstein's answer took her by complete surprise.

"Do you want a wallop in the jaw?" he demanded.

Millicent actually trembled.

"What have I done to yuh, Kiddo?" she entreated.

"I don't stand for no remarks in regards to young lady friends o' mine," he replied, fiercely. "Them dames come here on account o' me."

Apparently this was quite true. He shook himself free of Millicent, strolled over to the row of feather fairies, and took unto himself fairy number one, who, as she waltzed away with him, cast a look of unutterable gloating and disdain at poor Millicent.

Thereafter for a long time Millicent's situation was anomalous, equivocal, and delicate in the extreme. She had been brought to the ball by the lion of the ball, and none other dared ask her to dance. She pined for a glass of beer, but she had no money for beer. She hadn't even money to go home. Berstein danced his fill with feather fairies numbers two, three, four, five, and six, and even her shoe-girl friends surveyed her with hauteur as they floated by with lesser but more tractable and tenable toughs than Berstein.

At last, however, a peculiar defiant hush fell over the room, and some one near Millicent sneered:

"College days."

Millicent stood up and looked over toward the main entrance.

There, in the broad door, stood a quartette of good-looking boys who apparently were regarding the revels as a sort of reproduced spectacle from the stone-implement age. It seemed plain that they were on their way back to the metropolis from Coney, and had wandered in for no better reason than that they had wandered in. The automobile in which they had probably arrived chugged outside, audible above the rhythm of the band. They were well dressed, wholesome-looking, merry-eyed kids, and they seemed to have no suspicion that they were in an atmosphere surcharged with class hatred, anarchy, and felonious assault.

"Kiddo," she gasped, "leggo o' me and fade for the door"

At that moment inspiration descended on Millicent. She looked at the best-looking of them, a slim-bodied, fair-haired lad who was looking directly at her. She smoothed the front of her slip dress, pressed home her side-combs, and felt the pins in her picture-hat, and, assuming a manner that she thought he would recognize as that of his native Fifth Avenue, deliberately gave him the dreamy eye. He nudged a companion, patted his hair, and with an eager smile gave Millicent the office. He and Millicent danced gaily away.

The room, and especially Young McGovern, was quick to note. She felt something boring at the back of her head, glanced over her shoulder, and met Berstein's gaze through a sea of faces. The faces in the sea expressed indifferently hatred, admiration, nervous expectation, derision, and fear, but Berstein's countenance was contorted with evil and his posture was that of a malevolent crouched devil. His expression was so frightful that Millicent turned the color of wet ashes.

"Kiddo," she gasped to her dancing partner, "leggo o' me an' fade for the door. Honest to Mike I'm sorry I done it to yuh, Kiddo. I only meant to throw him a flat. Look out— Oh, my Gawd!"

Her partner released her as the dancers, in a babel of screams, yells, curses, parted to let some one through. Millicent's nice boy stood staring at her, his pink and white face expressing only a baby astonishment. The next moment he was lost to her as the leaping bulk of Berstein overshadowed him, and Millicent ground her knuckles into her ears so as not to hear the sickening rain of blows. Then she was caught in a flying wedge of young persons who wanted to be anywhere else, and borne out among the beer-tables, where she fell finally in a disheveled heap.

But Millicent was not the girl to bring disaster on a man and then leave him to suffer alone. With twin hat-pins and her elbows and strong young arms she fought her way back to the middle of the floor, and as she reached the tornado whirling there it suddenly quieted and she heard a perfectly composed well-modulated young voice utter the command:

"Stand back and give him air, all of you. Here, that's not the way to see to an injured man! Get his collar open and turn him off his back so the blood won't choke up his throat."

Supine on the waxed surface of the floor lay Mr. Moe Berstein, the Young McGovern of a heyday all too fleeting. It had been noticed at his first professional appearance that his foot-work was hardly of the winged variety, and that all in all his performance had wanted a certain needful intellectuality. Thick blood now poured from an aperture where but a breath since there had been a sound bicuspid, and just below one of his tight-shut eyes the flesh was beginning to puff up into a simulacrum of a gorgeous olive and Alice-blue egg. Standing over him, a hat-brim coquettishly down about the region of his cravat, was Millicent's late dancing partner, while all the world wondered. No one in that place had information of, nor could have believed that this unassuming child could be Mr. Archibald Clendennin Watson 3d, sometime lightweight intercollegiate champion of these United States.

But Millicent gave a glad cry as she recognized the man on the floor. He would never strut as Young McGovern again. It was more than probable that at the marble works his pet name would hereafter be "College Days." But as a consistent husband and breadwinner, one guaranteed to smoke his pipe by the fire, stand off the landlord on the first of the month, and fetch and carry home his pay-envelope on Saturday nights, surely he was a man to put faith in, a man upon whom any young lady could lean as on a tower.

Millicent threw a coy eye at Archie Clendennin Watson 3d.

"Please, Kiddo, won't you stake a girl to the hat-brim?"

"Why, what on earth good is it to anybody?" asked Mr. Watson, astonished.

"Ah, don't go up in the air, Kiddo," pleaded Millicent, earnestly. "Honest, I want it, Kiddo. Won't you please gimme it fer to take home an' frame?"

The Gift Supreme

By Alice E. Ives

When I shall fare me forth to that leal land
Where many feet have paused; when I shall stand
Elate and glad where pleasant dreams come true—
Beyond the blight of time, souls bloom anew—
I shall ask first to have that gift of grace
He gave the rose, a charm of form and face
So dowered with loveliness, so fair to see,
The angels flying past will smile on me.

Shall we not claim, as dew is drawn to flowers,
That which we've loved—the soul that spoke to ours?
Then one whom God had meant to mate with me
Will know me, being glad, as when we see
The sunrise, or a full-flowered jasmine vine.
A broken chord shall find the note divine.

And we shall love, not knowing of the years.
We shall have lost all memory of tears,
For God will let our love grow fine and white
As paschal lilies opening in His sight.

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Interludes

OCTOBER NOTES

YE MONTH

When tan lies thick upon the cheek
Of maidens fair and gallants sleek,
And every home-returning nose
A thousand freckles doth disclose;
When father's pockets bulge with bills
For happy days up in the hills,
And Summer Girls upon the street
Gaze blankly when they chance to meet
Their lovers of departed days
Upon the city's crowded ways;
When laggard lads all schoolward hie,
And pumpkins gold turn into pie,
And berry-pickers 'gin to jog
The cranberry out in the bog,
'Tis well to change your under-robe
To meet the needs of chill Octobe!

October is the best time of year for Freshmen in college to plant those seeds of information which, fertilized by frequent and copious sprinklings of midnight oil, will blossom verdantly in the coming spring.

The careful housekeeper whose mansion has been closed ever since the middle of June should now ask for an itemized account of every gas bill over thirty-seven dollars for flame illuminant consumed through July, August, and September.

October is an excellent time to set out your cold-frames, which need not be cooled artificially at this season of the year for the raising of a fall crop of cole-slaw. Hot-slaw chopped fine and left overnight in one of these should be ready for eating at breakfast.

This is the season when you should carefully protect your pumpkin-vines from predacious small boys and other visitations of the hookworm species. An electric-light cable holding a current of 97,000 volts of fluid in constant operation, or a series of third rails attached to each vine, will prove a fairly effective protective agency.

While October is unquestionably one of the calendar months in which there in an "r," the oyster-lover will do well to look carefully into the references of any bivalve applying for admission to the family circle.

In making balsam pillows for Christmas presents to be used in December, young ladies must exercise great care in the selection of their pine-needles for stuffing purposes, lest by too carelessly choosing these they acquire chestnut burrs.

COMPARATIVE

"I THINK it must be awful to have a wife that goes through your pockets every time she gets a chance in search of loose change," said Willoughby.

"Oh, that's only a minor affliction," said Barrows. "It's the wife that goes through your whole bank account that gets on my nerves."

THE GOSSIP

"YOU'RE a terrible scandal-monger, Linkum," said Jorrocks. "Why in thunder don't you make it a rule to tell only half what you hear?"

"That's what I do do," said Linkum. "Only I tell the spicy half."

EXPLAINED

"Got any gasolene?" said Larrabee, stopping at a rural garage.

"Ya-as," said the garage-keeper. "Sixty cents a gallon."

"Sixty cents?" echoed Larrabee, aghast. "Why, man, gasolene's dear at a quarter."

"Ya-as, I know," said the garage-keeper. "But winter's comin' on, and this here bein' a Prohibition State I can sell it for fifteen cents a glass by waitin' a leetle."

POLITICAL AMENITIES

"ME vote your ticket?" roared Slithers, indignantly. "Let me tell you, Jobley, if your party put up George Washington I'd vote for a yellow dog first!"

"Well, I don't blame you," said Jobley. "A fellow ought to stand by his own kind every time."

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

WINKLETOP was passing through a Maine village on his way back to town when he met Jimpson on the road, walking.

"Hello, Wink!" said Jimpson. "Been camping out?"

"No," said Winkletop. "What makes you think that?"

"Those two old mattresses in the tonneau would suggest the idea," said Jimpson, in an offhand way.

"For Heaven's sake, Jimp," whispered Winkletop, "don't speak so loud. They aren't mattresses—that's my wife and her mother."

ANY PORT IN A STORM

THE BASIS

"A PENNY for your thoughts, Scribbler?" said Binks.

"Thanks, old man," said Scribbler, "but I sell my thoughts by the word."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"How did you ever come to be a vegetarian, Slithers?" queried Bildad.

"Oh, it was perfectly simple," said Slithers. "After I'd paid for my motor-car I couldn't afford meat."

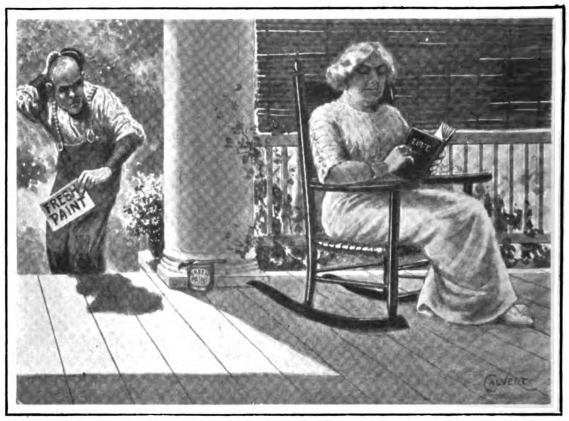
AN UNCONSIDERED ITEM

"WHAT'S this?" growled Bunker, after he had spent ten days in jail rather than pay an exorbitant fine of thirty-five dollars for speeding. "I don't owe you sixty dollars."

"Sorry to say ye do," said the sheriff. "Six dollars a day for board and lodgin' is our reg'lar charge for the use of our jail. Ye can't get anythin' araound here for less, an' I gotta hold ye here on the same terms till ye settle."

IGNORANT FARMER: BUT WHY DID YOU BUILD YOUR HEN-HOUSE IN SUCH A QUEER SHAPE?

SCIENTIFIC FARMER: WE HAVE DEMONSTRATED BY A NUMBER OF EXPERIMENTS THAT THE POWER OF SUGGESTION OVER OUR DOMESTIC ANIMALS HAS BEEN UNDERESTIMATED.



FLANNIGAN *(who has been painting chairs)*: SHURE, AN' I WONDER HOW I'LL GET THIS SIGN ON THAT CHAIR WITHOUT DISTHURBIN' TH' MISSUS!

THE SAME OLD REASON

"I DON'T deny that I was guilty, Judge," said Hawkins, "but fifty dollars is a good bit of money to pay for going too fast. Ten dollars is the most I've ever paid—"

"It does come high," said the justice. "But ye see, mister, we only hev a short season up raound here, and we gotta get ours while we kin."

GETTING THERE

"WELL, Johnnie," said the visitor, "I suppose you're going to have a motor-car of your own some day."

"Yes," said Johnnie. "I been on the scent o' several lately."

A LITTLE BURST OF SPEED

THE CHESTERFIELDIAN PANHANDLER

"SAY, mister," said the panhandler, "I ain't goin' to give ye no song an' dance about bein' a starvin' man, becuz I ain't starvin', but I am a wictim to a parchin' thoyst. Could ye stake me to a drink?"

"Sure," said the wayfarer. "Here's a nickel."

"T'anks, boss," said the panhandler, gazing at the coin. "Make this a dime and I'll blow yer—I hate to drink alone."

THE REASON

"WHY didn't you propose to Miss Dubbleigh, Wilkes?" asked Jinks.

"Oh, I had an attack of cold feet when it come to the point," said Wilkes.

"Well, suppose you had?" said Jinks. "You didn't have to tell her that, did you? Most men conceal that fact until after they're married."

A MATTER OF SPEED

"Is that car of Jorrocks's fast?" asked Tompkins.

"Fast?" retorted Carraway. "Fast? Why, man, the only possible way to get any speed out of that car is to run it over a precipice."

ABOUT THE SAME

"BILKINS is a terrific worker, is he not?" said Binks. "Just wedded to his pen, eh?"

"I don't know about his pen, but I do know he's married to his typewriter," said Harkaway.

THE MOCKER

"I UNDERSTAND you are on the outs with Binks, Dubbleigh," said Jorrocks.

"I am that!" returned Dubbleigh, with fervor. "No more Binks for me. Last Sunday when my new car lay in the ditch I asked Binks to see if he couldn't find somebody or something to pull it out, and the blistering idiot offered me a corkscrew."

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Transporting Palestine to California

RECENT investigations of Palestine by the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station at Haifa show so many similarities between its climate and soil and that of our own State of California that it is believed most of the types of vegetation can be successfully transplanted to our Pacific coast. There are 3,000 listed species which grow wild in Palestine, and almost the same number have been classified by botanists in California.

Both countries have a warm and dry season that are similar; the same diversity of soil and vegetation within a small area; mountains that run up to 10,000 feet altitude, and great desert and arid regions. Even the shores of the Dead Sea are similar to the edges of the famous Death Valley of California.

For these reasons the Bureau of Plant Industry, through co-operation with the agricultural station at Haifa, is carrying on the work of transplanting Palestine to California. Not literally, of course, but through the introduction of many of the strange plants that are found nowhere else than in Palestine.

Many of the Palestinian fruits are already growing in California, such as the olive, pomegranate, fig, date, orange, and apricot. The Jaffa orange is said to be one of the largest grown, and it is now being introduced in California to rival her famous navel oranges.

The carob-tree or "sweet-pod," called "St. John's bread," is also to be introduced into our arid regions. This is one of Palestine's great forage plants. The tree grows to a height of 25 feet, and often yields 450 pounds of forage per tree. The Palestine "salt bushes" that furnish so much food to the camels and sheep of the Holy Land is another plant that thrives on the alkaline soils of our West.

A species of lotus is being introduced to prevent fields from being overwhelmed by the shifting sands of dunes. This plant is one of the best found in Palestine for fixing the shifting sand. The plant grows to a height of six feet, and sends out suckers to form small clumps of new parent plants. It completely binds the sand together and prevents it shifting with the wind. This lotus produces a palatable fruit which the Arabs in the valley of the Jordan highly prize as food. It is also gathered and eaten extensively by the Jews of Tiberias. The fruit tastes somewhat like dried apples, and is considered very wholesome.

The wild pear, called *pyrus syriaca*, a great favorite with the peasants and shepherds, is an important introduction that apparently thrives under the most diverse conditions. It is found growing in Palestine at an altitude of 3,000 feet. With proper cultivation and improvement these wild pears might add another delicacy to our fruit market.

Sesame is another plant that may be introduced, although there are difficulties in the way of raising it here on account of hand-picking, which is expensive. The magic "open sesame" of the Forty Thieves derived its name from this plant.

The "kelabi" apricot will thrive in California. Apricot paste is made from this fruit, and when it is dried and oiled it will keep indefinitely. With a little roll of this compact ration, the Moslem soldiers can march and fight as can few other soldiers of the world. The Palestine chick-pea is another plant that will thrive here where the rainfall is limited. This is a legume which commands as good a price as wheat.

The changes of environment may make a difference in the growth of some of these plants, but while such change affects some injuriously it works magic upon others. Some yield more bountifully in California than they did in Palestine, and their fruits are of a superior flavor. A few apparently do not take kindly to their new home, and fail to come up to anticipation. But, on the whole, the work of making a new Palestine out of California, as far as the vegetation and fruits are concerned, is progressing satisfactorily.

THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE

DEVASTATION WROUGHT IN THE COUNTRY NEAR SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, RECENTLY, BY THE FIRST REAL PRAIRIE BREEZE ON RECORD THERE

Plant Migrations

THERE exists between certain plants and certain animals a curious association that seems almost like mutual affection. The catnip, which came from the East with the cats, is said never to flourish where there are no members of the feline family to feed on it. The "buffalo grass" in our own country has, it is said, practically disappeared with the buffalo. Then, too, there is the burdock, which seems to cling tenaciously to human kind, evincing an unwillingness to grow where there are no "folks" in sight.

One of the most extraordinary instances of the apparent migration of a plant as if to "keep company" with an insect was the removal of the homely *solanum rostratum* from the vicinity of the Rockies eastward. Something over forty years ago the farmers of the Mississippi Valley became aware of the presence of a new pest in their fields. Its ravages soon assumed alarming proportions. A stocky, gaudily striped beetle, which multiplied at an amazing rate had begun to devour the potato vines. Nothing could stay the plague. The potatoes, deprived of their vines, rotted in the ground, and an important crop was lost.

This beetle naturally received from the farmers the name of "potato bug." It was found to have begun an eastward march from the then uncultivated strip of eastern Colorado and western Kansas, and it subsequently became known as the "Colorado potato beetle." It was also found that in the region of its origin this beetle had fed upon *solanum rostratum*, a plant belonging to the same genus as the potato. Doubtless the insect had been quite content with this article of food. But some settlers planted a field of potatoes, and the beetle at once fell in love with them.

Migrating eastward in eager search of its new food, the Colorado beetle multiplied with astonishing rapidity. In a few years it had covered the whole country and had devastated potato-fields clear to the Atlantic coast. Then some of the beetles, or their eggs, were carried in vessels across the ocean, and the insect began a new career of conquest in the Old World, for it spread over the British Isles and the continent of Europe.

But what about *solanum rostratum*, abandoned by its old friend? One would suppose that, left free from the devouring attentions of the beetle, it would have been content to remain where it was. But this was not the case, since the weed seems to have set out immediately on a journey in search of the beetle.

The prevailing direction of plant migration in this country appears to be westward. With the settlement of the country, the plants of Europe and of Eastern America tended to crowd out the native vegetation. But the *solanum* proved an exception to this rule. Apparently it realized that its destiny was to be eaten. Nothing but the potato beetle would eat it, so it came East to find that insect.

Your Telephone Horizon

The horizon of vision, the circle which bounds our sight, has not changed.

It is best observed at sea. Though the ships of today are larger than the ships of fifty years ago, you cannot see them until they come up over the edge of the world, fifteen or twenty miles away.

A generation ago the horizon of speech was very limited. When your grandfather was a young man, his voice could be heard on a still day for perhaps a mile. Even though he used a speaking trumpet, he could not be heard nearly so far as he could be seen.

Today all this has been changed. The telephone has vastly extended the horizon of speech.

Talking two thousand miles is an everyday occurrence, while in order to see this distance, you would need to mount your telescope on a platform approximately 560 miles high.

As a man is followed by his shadow, so is he followed by the horizon of telephone communication. When he travels across the continent his telephone horizon travels with him, and wherever he may be he is always at the center of a great circle of telephone neighbors.

What is true of one man is true of the whole public. In order to provide a telephone horizon for each member of the nation, the Bell System has been established.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

"As Old as it is Good"

Mine host, the shrewd innkeeper knew how to make the rattling post chaises stop at his gate. To his guest he served

Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

With a glass of this mellow old liquor — what comfort! what dreaming!
Aged in charred oak; bottled in bond.

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS

VI.—THE NARROWING MARGIN OF NET EARNINGS

IT is perfectly natural that with the growth of the country and the gain in the density of population there should be a steady increase in the gross amount of business done by the railways. It is also perfectly natural that to handle this increased business more money should have to be spent—in other words, that operating expenses should increase. The great thing is the maintenance of the proportion between the two. Some road, we will say, is operating under such conditions that its net earnings for each mile of line figure out at thirty-five per cent. of its gross earnings. At the end of a few years it is found that there has been a big increase in the gross amount earned per mile, but that the accompanying rise in operating expenses has been such that net earnings now figure out at only thirty per cent. of gross. The actual number of dollars earned, net, per mile, may show an increase, but the road isn't making progress. To handle the bigger business its capitalization has, of course, in the mean time been increased, and it is out of net earnings that the money to pay the interest on the additional capital has got to come. The road, as a matter of fact, is a good deal worse off than if its business had not increased. What it has gained has been more than offset by what it has lost—its margin of profit cut down. Imagine that operation continued a couple of times more, and it is easy enough to see where the road would come out.

The above is not a hypothetical case. It is true of the railways of the United States as a whole. Ten years ago total operating revenues figured out at $8,625 per mile. Last year they were $12,603, a gain of almost four thousand dollars for each mile of road operated. Yes, that was a good, substantial gain, but how about operating expenses in the mean time? In 1902 they figured out at $5,577 per mile. Last year they were $8,708. Well, even at that, we hear some one say, the increase in operating expenses wasn't as great as the increase in gross earnings, and the railroads earned almost a thousand dollars per mile *more*, net, in 1912 than they did in 1902. Very true, but how about the increase in capitalization which was necessary to take care of the increase in business? A whole lot of money was put into the railroad business during those ten years—had to be put in in order to make it possible to handle the extra traffic. To get any kind of a return on that money it was *necessary* for the railroads to show a substantial increase in the amount of net earnings per mile. How much of an increase? That no one can say with any degree of accuracy, for prior to 1907 the Interstate Commerce Commission did not keep any figures on net capitalization. How much money went into the railroad business between 1902 and 1912 no one can tell. But what any one can tell, at least any one who knows anything about it, is that the amount was so big that any kind of a fair return on it would necessitate a far larger increase in net earnings per mile than that which has taken place.

With a railroad, as with any other kind of a business, what counts is not the gross amount of business done, but the margin of profit in doing it. Everybody knows the story about the Irish storekeeper who sold at a little below cost, and who, when he was asked how he could do it, replied that he supposed it was because he did so much more business than any of his competitors. Gross volume of sales made by a store or gross volume of traffic handled by a railroad isn't what determines net earnings. Net earnings are determined by one thing and by one thing only—the percentage of operating expenses.

Back in 1902, when total operating revenues of the railroads of this country were $8,625 per mile, and operating expenses were $5,577 per mile, the ratio of net operating revenue to total operating revenue was 35.3 per cent. Last year, when total operating revenue stood at $12,603 per mile, and expenses figured out at $8,708, the ratio was 30.9 per cent. During the past decade, to put it another way, the ratio of net to gross earnings has gone down from 35.3 per cent. to 30.9 per cent.

How does the percentage for last year compare with the percentage for previous years? A glance at the table is all that is needed to see how much lower it is. Just once—in 1908, when the railroads were struggling to get over the effects of the panic—the ratio of net to gross went below last year's figures. Away back in 1898, when we were just coming out of a long, hard period of business depression and railroad receiverships, the railroads' net ran as high as 34.4 per cent. of their gross. Never since, with the one exception of 1908, has the ratio run below 32 per cent.

"Net operating revenue," furthermore, it must be borne in mind, is not by any means net profit. Out of it have got to come all sorts of charges, many of which have increased heavily during the past few years. Take the item of taxes alone. For the whole United States, taxes, no further back than 1903, were at the rate of $290 per mile. In 1910 they were at the rate of $431 per mile, a jump of almost fifty per cent. Consider, again, the expense of the many legislative requirements of the past few years, and, further, the higher interest rates the railroads have to pay for the money they borrow. Out of "net operating revenues" these things and innumerable others have got to come. All of which simply means that "net operating revenues" are not nearly as "net" as they used to be, and that the decline in the ratio they bear to gross earnings is an even more serious thing for the railroads than it appears to be on its face.

Just at the moment the movement of one of the biggest crops in our history and the accompanying spurt in general business makes it look as though the railroads were doing pretty well as to earnings, but, broadly considered, that is very far from being the case. For this month and the next, perhaps, and not improbably for some little time to come, earnings statements may make a satisfactory showing. But that is not the true tendency—it is like a ripple running against the tide. The true tendency is for the ratio of net operating revenues to gross operating revenues constantly to decrease. Year before last it touched the lowest point (excepting the panic year 1908) in two decades. And last year it went even lower, getting down almost to the point registered in 1908.

Is it any wonder that the railroad men are worried? Suppose *you* had a business which you had always found it possible to run on a satisfactory margin of profit, but the expenses of which, in spite of everything you could do, had steadily increased during recent years so that your margin of profit was showing a steady decline. Would you feel comforted by the fact that you were doing more business than formerly? Would you not, rather, realize that unless the tendency was checked it was only a matter of time before the business was bound to find itself in a bad way? Volume of sales might increase till you were doing as much business as all your competitors put together, but that wouldn't help. With your margin of profit headed in the wrong direction it would be only a matter of time till the dead-line was reached and the waters closed over your head.

For some years, now, the railways' margin of profit has been steadily on the decrease. How much further will the shrinkage go?—that is the great question which the railways themselves and the army of investors interested in their securities have got to consider. If the increase in operating expenses has gone about as far as it is going and there is to be a recovery in the ratio of net to gross earnings, the outlook is going to be greatly improved. But if, on the other hand, the influences responsible for the big rise in expenses are going to remain operative, and the ratio of net to gross is going to keep on falling, railroad investments are likely to turn out a pretty unsatisfactory proposition.

Now in getting at this matter of the causes responsible for the increase in expenses, great care must be taken. It is easy enough to say offhand that "with the great rise in the cost of living there has come a corresponding increase in the price of everything the railroads use," but that is very far from being the case, and is a statement which has done the railroads far more harm than good. For some of the materials they use the railroads are to-day paying considerably more than they were paying ten years ago, but transportation men themselves are exceedingly cautious in their statements about the way in which the price of supplies has gone up. The whole matter was very thoroughly gone into two years ago during the hearings in connection with the railways' petition for a general increase in freight-rates. All railroad men do not entirely agree with the Interstate Commerce Commission's findings, but here they are as stated in the report: "Beginning in 1896, the cost of materials and supplies of all kinds rapidly advanced up to about 1902, since when there has not been, on the whole, much change. Supplies were somewhat lower in 1903 and somewhat higher in 1907, but they have fallen in 1910 to below the average for the past five years. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad filed a statement showing the unit cost of and the total amount paid for the various supplies purchased by it in the years 1907 and 1910, from which it appears that, applying to the supplies purchased in 1910 the prices of 1907, the total would have aggregated about $500,000 above the amount actually paid in 1910. This does not include the item of coal, in which there may have been some trifling advance upon that system and in which a material advance seems to have occurred on some Western lines. It seems probable that the price of lumber of all kinds, of which large quantities are used in railway construction and operation, may increase in the future, since the supply itself is limited; but this increase is quite likely to be offset by the introduction of changes in the use and the substitution of one material for another. The treated tie will take the place of the untreated tie; iron will be used instead of wood; concrete is already being substituted for both wood and iron."

Without doubt the cost of materials used in railroading is somewhat above what it was ten years ago, but it is not there that the great advance in operating expenses has taken place. Labor, to a greater degree than anything else, is responsible for that. Labor costs constitute nearly one-half the total expense of operation, and by the railroads the successive wage-increases they have had to grant have been most heavily felt.

Most people know that there has been an advance in the wages paid railway employees during the past ten years, but of the extent of the advance there seems to be little general realization. The figures for 1911 are, unfortunately, not yet available; but the following, taken from the Interstate Commerce Commission's reports, clearly show the drift between 1900 and 1910. To mention only a few of the more important classes of railway employees, enginemen received an average daily compensation in 1900 of $3.75 as against $4.55 in 1910; conductors $3.17, as against $3.91; station agents $1.75 as against $2.12; other trainmen, $1.96 as against $2.69; laborers $1.71 as against $2.01. And among all other classes of railroad labor the same thing has been going on—there has been a big advance all along the line, which, if the past two years could be figured in, would be shown to be even greater.

Nor does the direct increase in the amount of wages paid, large as it is, fully measure the effect of the higher cost of labor on operating expenses. For one thing, the past few years have seen the hours of labor decidedly shortened, which, of course, means that it takes more men to do the same amount of work. Then new regulations have gone into effect, in many cases increasing the size of train crews. That again means the same thing—the employment of a greater number of men. Just how great has been the resulting increase in expenses it is impossible to figure, but that it has been considerable goes almost without saying.

Next to labor, legislative enactment, requiring all sorts of things of the railways, has probably had the most important influence toward increasing operating expenses and thus reducing the margin of profit. By laws passed both by the several States and the Federal government, the railways have been compelled to do things which have cost them very great amounts of money. They have been required in many instances, for example, to abolish grade crossings and elevate their tracks. That has cost them millions, is costing them millions now, and will cost them more millions before they get through. Then, again, laws have been passed requiring the use of certain safety appliances and of block signals, and the substitution of steel cars for wood. Constantly the public is demanding a better and safer railroad—and enforcing its demands by legislation.

All of which is very well, but is costing the railroads a tremendous pile of money. Electric-lighting systems and block signals don't install themselves. Nor, after they have been installed, can they be counted upon to pay interest on the money invested. Naturally, therefore, the railroads don't like to charge these things to capital account and issue interest-bearing securities to pay for them. If we're compelled to spend this additional money, the railroad men say, let it be charged to operating expenses. And so it is there that the charge, whenever possible, is made.

These are the influences mainly responsible for the decline in the ratio of net to gross earnings. Must they be expected to remain operative and continue increasing the operating expense account? Unfortunately, it is impossible to see why not. With an arbitration board passing on demands of one single class of railroad labor involving eight million dollars, and another important class merely awaiting the board's verdict before putting in demands for an increase involving three times as much, it can hardly be said that labor is satisfied with its present remuneration. Nor does there appear to be much of a let-down in the public's demand for better and safer travel facilities. In the amount of anti-railroad legislation passed by State legislatures there has of late, it is true, been an appreciable decline, but not so in the public's demands for better cars, safety appliances, etc. Much as has been done, we are still a long, long way from the point at which the traveling public will be satisfied with things as they are. Railroad men are not deluding themselves. They know very well that they have got to count on these influences working to increase operating charges for a good while to come.

Were taxes and interest charges and the other items that have to come out of *net* operating revenue going down or even standing still, the narrowing margin of earnings wouldn't be so serious. But taxes and interest charges and these other things that have to be taken care of out of net earnings before there can be any question of dividends on the stock are, unfortunately, increasing instead of going down. Net earnings are, therefore, so to speak, between two fires. On the one hand they are suffering because of the strong tendency on the part of operating expenses to increase. On the other, what is left of them for dividends and surplus is being seriously cut into by the increase in taxes and the higher rate that has got to be paid for money.

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Factory Fumes and Farmers

In industrial regions a conflict often arises between the interests of those who exploit the soil and those who exploit machinery in factories. In recent times smoke has been inflicting serious damage in the neighborhood of Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), where Professor Wieler carried on an investigation, the results of which he has just presented before the Natural History Society of that city.

Dr. Wieler has shown that the smoke, or rather the fumes, from some of the factories dissolves the lime of the soil, because it contains sulphuric, sulphurous, and hydrochloric acids. When thus deprived of the lime the soil becomes more and more acid and thus incapable of sustaining the many soil bacteria that are essential to the nitrification processes.

In most cases the damage done to the forest soils can be remedied by an application of lime. The oak is one of the most resistant plants with respect to acid fumes. In addition to the injury caused by the action of the acid fumes upon the soil, there is a direct injury through the corrosion of the leaves and through deposits of soot. If some of the plants do manage to adjust themselves by slower growth, as is the case with many trees in the parks and boulevards, where they are assailed by the smoke and vapors of automobiles, it will still be out of the question, thinks Dr. Wieler, to raise fruit-trees in the regions contaminated by the factory fumes.

A SULTAN ON HIS TRAVELS

MULEY HAFID, WHO HAS ABDICATED THE THRONE OF MOROCCO AND IS NOW VISITING FRANCE

Books in Ancient Rome

It has been pointed out that in old Rome books were actually produced and sold more easily and quickly than they are in modern times. With his trained staff of readers and transcribers, it is contended, an ancient Roman publisher could turn out an edition of any work at very cheap rates and almost a moment's notice. There was, of course, no initial expense of type-setting before a single copy could be produced, no costly extras in the form of printer's corrections. The manuscript came from the author; the publisher handed it to his slaves, and if the book were of ordinary dimensions the complete edition could, it is said, be ready, if necessary, within twenty-four hours.

The old Roman libraries were immense as well as splendid. Plutarch says that the library of Lucullus, who expended much of his money on books, "had walks, galleries, and cabinets open to all visitors." It was proposed by Julius Cæsar to open this library to the public.

The Fear of Death

A distinguished British physician, who has been at some pains to collect data on the subject, asserts that few persons about to die have really any fear of dissolution. There is cited the case of the African explorer who was partially devoured by a lion. He declared that he felt no pain or fear, and that his only sensation was one of intense curiosity as to what portion of his body the lion would take next.

Rustem Pasha, Turkish Ambassador at London, used to tell of an attack made upon him by a bear during a hunt in the East. The beast tore off a bit of the Turk's hand, a part of his arm, and a portion of his shoulder. Rustem solemnly averred that he suffered neither pain nor fear, but that he felt the greatest indignation because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction while munching him.

Grant Allen, whose scientific habit of thought gave weight to his words, says that in his boyhood he had a narrow escape from drowning.

While skating he fell through thin ice over a place whence several blocks had the day before been removed. He was carried under the thicker ice beyond, and when he came to the surface tried to break through by butting his head against it. The result was that he was stunned, then numbed by the cold, and so waterlogged that artificial respiration had to be employed to restore him. These are the impressions as recorded by him with reference to the pain he suffered:

"The knowledge that I have thus experienced death in my own person has had a great deal to do with my utter physical indifference to it. I know how it feels. I had only a sense of cold, damp, and breathlessness, a short struggle, and then all was over.

"I had been momentarily uncomfortable, but it was not half so bad as breaking an arm or having a tooth drawn. In fact, dying is as painless as falling asleep. It is only the previous struggle, the sense of its approach, that is at all uncomfortable. Even this is less unpleasant than I should have expected. There was a total absence of any craven shrinking. The sensation was merely the physical one of gasping for breath."

The Friendless Spider

Aside from snakes, there is probably no living thing which can look to mankind for friendship with so little hope as the spider, yet when the spider is fairly brought to trial it is rather hard to prove anything against him except his appearance and a few cobwebs. Apart from furnishing an example of industry and patience from which we might well profit, the spider feeds exclusively upon freshly killed insects, all of them being of the kind denounced by sanitary authorities, the house fly being its favorite quarry. As the actual destruction of a few hundred house flies means that several hundred thousand that would otherwise have spent gay lives in transmitting typhoid and other diseases will not come into existence, and as almost any spider should be able to account for as many as three hundred in the course of a summer, to say nothing of stray mosquitoes and black gnats, we surely owe him something more than a flap with a slipper when we happen to catch him out of his hole. A spider can bite, of course, but he seldom does except in self-defense, and even then the bite is not much worse than would have been received from any one of the several hundred mosquitoes he has probably dined upon, or will, if let alone. In the light of present scientific knowledge, the story of the spider and the fly that was invited into the pretty parlor does not cause such a surge of sympathy for the fly as it once did.

Egg Membrane for Skin

For a long time doctors have been looking for a good substiute for human skin for grafting. The possibility has lately been demonstrated by taking the membrane that lines the shell of newly laid eggs, plastering it over the burn, and making it grow as human skin. The discoverer of this process was treating a child which had previously been burned, and in breaking a raw egg which he desired the child to swallow dropped part of the membrane by accident upon the burn and bandaged the wound. Later on it was discovered that the accidental placing of the egg membrane over the burn had caused cells to augment in number and gradually to extend over the wound until, at the end of some weeks, the surface was completely covered with the new skin. The treatment was called to the attention of physicians and it is now being used to cure scalds.

Screens for Cyclists

Nearly all the important accessories of the automobile are adaptable to the bicycle. One of these is the wind-screen, which is affixed to the handle-bar. It consists of two pieces capable of being adjusted as required to shut off the wind and dust. Bicyclists in Europe are fast adopting this contrivance, and it is predicted that before long it will be in more or less constant use.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box.

IMPORTANT BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED

Where Socialism Failed By Stewart Grahame

An example of an actual experiment in applied Socialism under ideal conditions—and the way it worked out. It is told how a colony of Australian Socialists settled a tract of land in Paraguay. The account of the absolute failure of the whole movement until Socialistic government was abandoned, and its subsequent recovery, makes a timely and absorbing book. Illustrated. $1.50 net, postage 12c.

Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan By Baroness Albert d'Anethan

A volume of intimate recollections of Japanese court life, written by the widow of the late Belgian Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Japan. The diary deals with the stirring events of the Japanese-Chinese War, the tragedies of the Boxer troubles, experiences pertaining to Red Cross work, various travels in the lovely interior of Japan, functions of all sorts (many of which no longer exist), and above all the exciting incidents of the Russo-Japanese War. All these are described with a realistic and vivid pen. Illustrated. $4.25 net, postage 25c.

The Crime of 1812 By Eugene Labaume

A graphic and stirring narrative of Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812 by a lieutenant-colonel in the French army who writes as an eye-witness. Labaume went through the campaign from first to last. The awful scenes of the burning of Moscow, Napoleon's retreat from that city, and many other intense incidents are related with faithful attention to detail and human interest. It is a startling indictment of the ambition of the General who is called great. Illustrated. $2.75 net, postage 16c.

A Book of Famous Wits By Walter Jerrold

In this volume appear the "sayers of good things" from the times of Johnson, Tarlton, and Taylor to those of Whistler, Wilde, and Gilbert. The author has given brief biographical settings to the sayings of the wits, with the result that the reader can better appreciate their humor than as though the book were but a catalogue of jeux d'esprits. It is the conversational wits and humorists who are represented, and the book may be regarded as an anecdote history of the long dynasty of the famous wits. Illustrated. $2.50 net, postage 20c.

A Document of Life

The most remarkable autobiography of the decade

THE GIRL WITH THE ROSEWOOD CRUTCHES

Anonymous

Here is a fragment of life indeed—life from a brand new angle in the world of literature. It is the document of the struggles of a girl bound to crutches, hopelessly lamed. She didn't want to seem odd; it was a humiliation to be pitied. She was human and she demanded love and won it too. You will like the extraordinary pluck, the discouragements that she overcomes in attaining success in her chosen occupation, the development of a wonderful love that brings her her heart's desire. It's a story that touches the heart-strings. $1.20 net, postage 11c.

It will have a million readers.

Omens and Superstitions of Southern India By Edgar Thurston, C. I. E.

A thorough exposition of the mystery, ignorance, and superstitions of India. In this important volume by an ethnographic expert of wide experience and renown there are full details, regarding myriad omens, animal superstitions, the evil eye, vows and votive offerings, serpent worship, human sacrifice, magic and other evidences of ignorance. Illustrated from photographs. Size 6¼ x 9 in. $3.50 net, postage 18c.

A Short History of English Music By Ernest Ford, F. R. A. M.

A popularly written, authentic book tracing the development of English music from the earliest times to the present day. It treats of all the branches, including both sacred and secular, and contains much interesting historical lore. In no sense technical, and but mildly critical, it is a volume for the general reader as well as the musician. Illustrated. Size 5¼ x 8 in. $1.75 net, postage 12c.

Cardinal de Richelieu By Eleanor C. Price

An epitome of the great Cardinal's life as a man and a statesman. He is studied rather from his own letters and from trustworthy memoirs than from court gossip and slanderous stories inspired by envy and fear. His statesmanship is dealt with from a French rather than from the point of view of the rest of Europe. The romance of heroic struggle and hard-earned victory belongs to a story which follows the Cardinal from his childhood in remote Poitou to the height of his power. Illustrated. $3.25 net, postage 16c.

Have you read "The Lovers of Sanna" by Mary Stewart Cutting?

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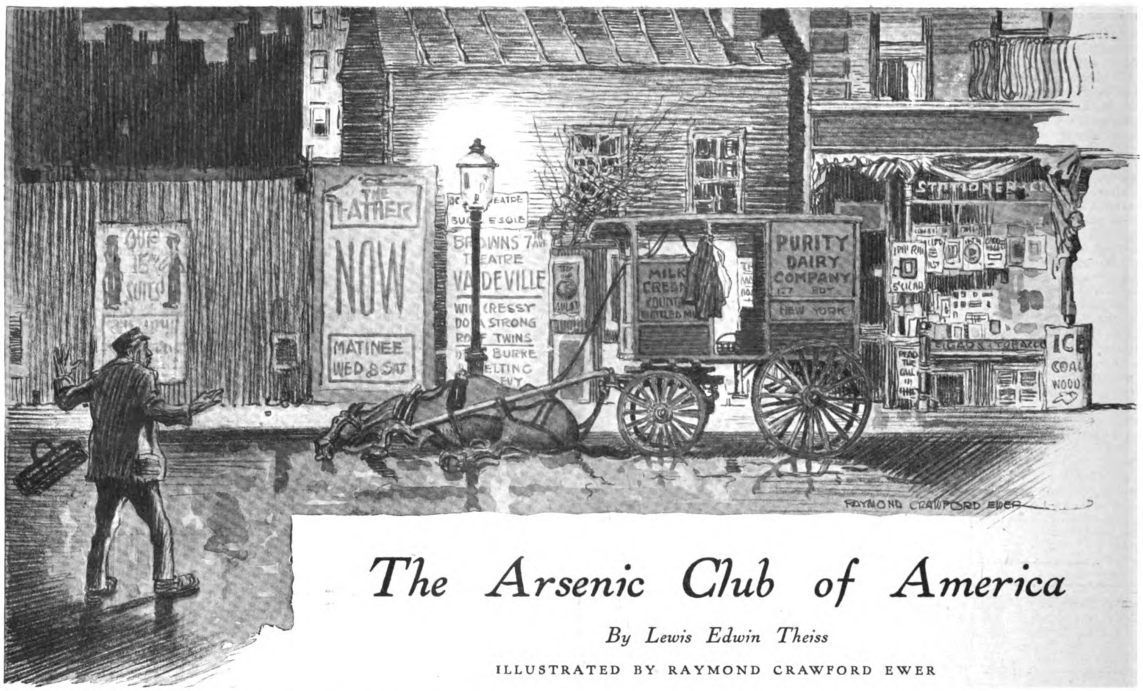


RAYMOND CRAWFORD EWER

The Arsenic Club of America

By Lewis Edwin Theiss

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND CRAWFORD EWER

JAMES VAUGHN, a New York dairyman, was delivering milk one morning when his horse suddenly became ill. Vaughn quickly drove to his stable. Ten minutes later the horse was dead, and an autopsy showed that strychnine killed it. Some one had poisoned the animal while Vaughn was in a house delivering milk. Vaughn made this statement to the authorities: "No one has threatened me or my horses. But I have reason to suspect one B——, a rival milk-dealer. Two weeks ago I got two of his wholesale customers away from him. They buy three cans of milk daily."

James Vaughn was one of the earlier victims of a sporadic system of horse-poisoning, done in business rivalry and perpetrated by ignorant creatures—"mocks," the police call them—who can be employed to do anything for a few dollars. From such a little acorn of evil has grown that criminal oak, the self-styled Arsenic Club of America, an organized gang of horse-poisoners that is terrorizing horse-owners in New York, Chicago, and other American cities, laying business men under tribute in much the same way that the Barbary pirates once despoiled the dwellers along the Mediterranean. To-day hundreds of merchants are paying this tribute, with the alternative, in case of non-payment, of the certain loss of their horses and the possible loss of their lives, while the aggregate sum extorted yearly would pay a king's ransom.

The enormous amount of the stakes played for is incredible. Exactly how much the horse-poisoners collect in a year there is, of course, no way of ascertaining. But a detective who has spent months trying to run down the poisoners, and who knows, perhaps, more than any one else about the situation, estimates that without counting the owners of small stables who pay tribute there are in New York City alone fully five hundred owners of large stables who are each paying protection money at the rate of one hundred dollars a month. Probably his estimate is too high. Certainly it seems so. But if it be anywhere near correct, then the total tribute extorted from New York horse-owners amounts in the aggregate to more than $500,000 a year!

This state of affairs did not come about overnight. It has been twenty years in the making. It is the direct consequence of neglect, of temporizing with wrong. For years the authorities paid little or no heed to horse-poisoning, regarding it as a sporadic or casual crime. Now the matter is beyond their control. The neglected weed has become as deadly as the upas-tree.

To establish itself so firmly the Arsenic Club had to intimidate by means of drastic object-lessons. These lessons took concrete form in the shape of dead horses. In every city where horse-poisoning is practised the methods employed are the same, so that the occurrences in New York are typical. There Cohen, Rich & Cohen, of Hamilton Street, in five weeks lost ten horses, worth in all $2,500. Mrs. Lena Kaman, who did a trucking business in Stanton Street, had eleven horses poisoned in one night. The Yorkville Brick Company lost two of its sixteen horses. The Metropolis Bottling Company, the McDermott Dairy Company, the O. K. Ice-cream Company, all of Manhattan Borough, and the Bedford Riding Academy, the Morgan House-wrecking Company, the Steinberg Cut-stone Company of Brooklyn, and hundreds of others lost one or more animals. David Weeker, a dairyman of Maspeth, Long Island, lost fourteen cows by poison in one night. And one of the largest retail milk concerns in New York suffered the loss of two hundred horses poisoned in the streets.

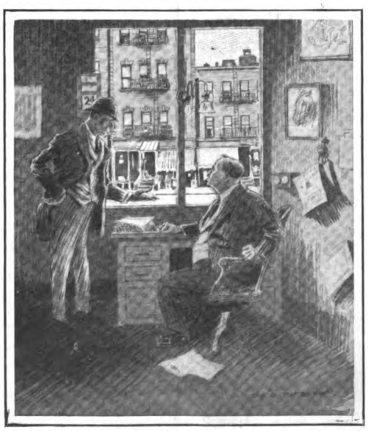
Year after year this system of intimidation by poison has gone on unchecked. In the past three years, according to the estimate of Superintendent Thomas F. Freel, of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at least 1,500 horses have been poisoned on the streets of New York City. When one considers that the average value of the murdered animals was at least $250—making a total loss in three years in New York alone of $375,000—one realizes that the Arsenic Club of America is as formidable as it is intangible.

The matter of poisoning a horse is a simple one. An apple or a ball of meal loaded with strychnine, arsenic, or cyanide can be fed to the animal or poison can be dropped into its nose-bag or manger. It takes but a second, and the danger of detection is almost nil.

So a class of horse-poisoners, known as such, grew up. Their services were for hire, just as a carpenter's or a mason's are. Eventually there followed the natural, almost inevitable, consequence. Some one saw a chance for extortion through horse-poisoning, and the Arsenic Club of America came into existence. But the Arsenic Club is not made up of "mocks." It is composed of daring, ingenious criminals, who usually pay the "mocks" to run the risks, while they themselves stay in the background and collect the tribute.

Their method is unvarying. A special delivery letter usually notifies the chosen victim to "come across." Here, for instance, is a copy of a letter sent to Max Levine, an East Side liveryman who owned one hundred horses. It reads as follows:

"DEAR MR. LEVINE,—You have many horses in your stable, but apparently you are doing nothing to protect them from harm. Did it ever occur to you that some or all of them might fall sick and die at any time? There is only one way to be sure this will not occur. If you will signify to our representative, who will make himself known to you within a few days, your willingness to pay for our protection your horses and your person will be safe. In view of the size of your stable we think $2,000 a year, payable quarterly, would be a reasonable price for the protection we offer."



"Here are your tickets for Yoshky's benefit"

These threatening letters are followed up, after a few days, by a telephone message asking if the recipient of the letter has decided to hand over the money demanded. If he has a time and a place are named for delivery. If he has not he is warned and given a few days more. If he does not then pay his horses begin to drop. One lesson is usually sufficient. Thereafter the horse-owner does as he is told. He finds it safer and cheaper to pay than to fight.

The chief of these malefactors is a certain "Yoshky Nigger." The police thought they once had "Yoshky Nigger," but he got away. Yoshky's real name is Joseph Toblinsky. He has served a number of prison terms, some for horse-poisoning. He succeeded to the throne when "George I., King of the Horse-poisoners," disappeared. On one occasion Toblinsky was seen with his hand at the mouth of a horse owned by an expressman. The expressman opened the horse's mouth and removed a black substance that contained poison. The horse died and Toblinsky was arrested. His gang swore to an alibi and he was discharged.

Again he was arrested with four others. His wife tried to intimidate the witnesses at the police court. "You want to be careful what you do," she is reported to have said. "If you don't you will be sorry. You know you have children, and it is as easy to poison children as it is to poison horses." Despite the threats Toblinsky was held in $5,000 bail for the Grand Jury. His gang got a bondsman and Toblinsky jumped his bail. He fled to Chicago and thence to Seattle. Here, the police say, he is thought to have cracked a safe and then fled to Los Angeles. The Seattle authorities sent his likeness broadcast and a Los Angeles sheriff who got one of the pictures ran across Toblinsky and grabbed him.

"You are Yoshky Nigger, the man wanted in Seattle," said the sheriff.

"I am," admitted Yoshky. "I am also wanted in Brooklyn, where a reward of $1,000 has been offered for my capture."

This last statement was false, but it had the desired effect. The sheriff notified the Brooklyn authorities and Yoshky was brought back East and lodged in the Raymond Street Jail pending trial.

Never was the arrogance of the A. C. A. so well shown as in the way they went to work for their leader. They got up a "benefit" to raise money for a counsel fee; and they sold tickets in enormous numbers. Their method was simplicity itself. A ticket-seller would walk into a store, throw a bundle of tickets on the counter, and calmly say, "Here are your tickets for Yoshky's benefit." The merchants meekly "came across"—all but one, that is, and his refusal cost him dear. He was a coal-dealer. The ticket-seller told him he had reserved $10 worth of tickets for him. The coalman refused to take them. A week later his only horse died of arsenic-poisoning.

It is almost superfluous to add that when Yoshky Nigger's trial came off he was freed. No one dared testify against him.

The police cannot put an end to horse-poisoning, for there are 72,000 horses in New York. The best the police can do is to watch the horses of a few men who have been threatened. This article is not meant to disparage the police. Some of them, like Detectives Landers and De Castilion, have toiled day and night to catch the blackmailers, working as stablemen and truck-drivers, and have even labored in the stalls as hostlers in their efforts to run down the members of the A. C. A. They have failed because the men preyed upon have not supported them. They will continue to fail as long as they lack this support. When horse-owners conquer their fear and determine to rid themselves of these blood-suckers, cost what it may, horse-poisoning will cease. Meanwhile the A. C. A. continues to flourish like the green bay-tree.

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Faults in the Atmosphere

When aviation first took hold of public attention, and the dangers of flying were published, there was some mention of "holes in the air." These were said to be pitfalls of such nature as might beset a person walking on the earth in the dark or skating on thin ice. Subsequently the theory was discredited. It was claimed that air is air and that there could not be a hole in it except that constituted by something which is not air, such as the aviator himself.

This skepticism has itself recently been discredited on grounds of ordinary observation. It is quite likely that the atmosphere can become so overbalanced in some places that an aviator might be skimming along a solid foundation a thousand feet above earth and then suddenly go over an airy precipice.

Objects of considerable weight near a rapidly moving railroad train may be sucked in toward the tracks. The air has been displaced by the train; the surrounding currents rush in, and the effect is the same as that of a strong wind. In the same situation bicyclists that have been paced by railroad trains testify to the advantage of diminished air resistance. Therefore, it is not unlikely that the winds themselves produce a suction of the same nature.

The highest recorded speed of winds in this country is 111 miles an hour. This body of air, moving faster than a railroad train, has proportionately the same physical effects. Of course its boundary lines are not definite; yet there is no reason for doubting that the gust of wind causes some displacement along its path. This is especially the case when the wind takes a spiral form. Examples of this may be observed now and then in country roads and even in city streets. A little whirlpool of wind will draw in the surrounding dust and other light substances. Sometimes the vortex of such tiny cyclone is dense with dust, fallen leaves, scraps of paper, etc.

The theory readily accounts for the fact that birds have tumbled while in full flight. A bird that suddenly enters a "hole in the air" acts in a way entirely different from the antics of the tumbling pigeon. There is every evidence that an accident has happened. The bird is intently flying straight ahead; apparently without premeditation it capsizes; the wings, divested of their hold on the air, either close futilely or are forced upward over the back by the weight of the falling bird. There is a quick endeavor to right itself, with extraordinary energies of the wings, and equilibrium is regained after a fall of about twenty-five feet.

After all, the simple action of a fan is to create a hole in the air. If the path of the fan were inclosed, as in the action of a valve, a vacuum would be created and that certainly would be a hole in the air.

Babies Under the Spout

The native mothers in the neighborhood of Simla, in India, have a curious practice of putting their babies' heads under a spout of water in order to send the youngsters to sleep and to keep them quiet. When a new cart-road was made, some years ago, in the locality mentioned, there was a halting-place where rows of such children might be seen in a grove close to the road.

The water of a hill spring was so adjusted as to furnish a series of little spouts, each about the thickness of one's little finger. Opposite each spout was a kind of earth pillow and a little trough to carry away the water. Each child was so laid that one of the water spouts played on the top of its head, and the water then ran off into the trough.

An English official testifies that the process was most successful. There never were such quiet and untroublesome babies as those under the spouts. The people were unanimous in asserting that the water did the children no harm, but that, on the contrary, it benefited and invigorated them. In fact, they seemed to think that a child not subjected to this process must grow up soft-brained and of little account.

The Windmills of Holland

It is said that there are ten thousand windmills in Holland. The number is said, however, to be less than it was fifty years ago, for the Dutch have, in a measure, substituted steam and other forms of power for the capricious wind.

On the eastern end of Long Island there may be seen old windmills. The curious may observe that there is a tiny windmill in many cases, perched on the top opposite the great arms, a feature that suggests a pug-dog's curled tail. Those who have investigated the mechanism of the windmill know that the little windmill is the Yankee's method of automatically keeping the sails on the great arms always in the wind. As soon as the wind changes, it put the small wheel in motion, and this quickly rolls the top of the tower and the big wheel around until it again faces the wind. Then, being itself out of the wind, it stops. Whenever the wind changes in Holland, hundreds of mill-keepers come forth and laboriously turn the tops about by hand. They may be seen pushing and straining on the galleries surrounding the towers midway between the ground and the top or tugging at the spokes of a wheel on the ground.

Zaanland is especially the home of the windmill. It lies to the north and west of Amsterdam, and every town or village in this district begins or ends in "zaan."

Zaandijk, according to one traveler, perpetually reminds one of the old query: "Do you see anything green?" Everything in Zaandijk is green. Bridges, fences, doors, windows, walls are green, ranging from the green of peas to that of apples, olives, grass, malachite, beryl, old bottles, and verdigris.

It was at Zaandam, a town of this district, that Peter the Great learned the art of ship-building. In a little museum of this place there are shown many models of windmills, among which is that of the first windmill erected in Zaandam. It stood in the water, and when it was desired to turn the sails toward the wind, the miller was obliged to get into his boat and, taking a line, tow the whole structure around until it was in a working position again. Later on the mill was set on a post and the whole turned about this as an axis, in the same manner that one revolves bookshelves. Then another method was devised. The entire edifice was turned about from the bottom like a monitor's turret. Finally, the comparatively modern type was adopted, that of a cap holding the axle and sails with a cog-wheel and spindle inside and easily moved from below by a hand-wheel or windlass to secure the proper frontage at will.

The Lord of Woerst and the Over Ijssel Monastery were parties to a suit involving the question as to who owned the wind and enjoyed the right to employ it. The old feudal master asserted that Boreas and all the puffings of his cheeks that frisked over the country were his. The Bishop of Utrecht, to whom the suit was referred, decided (perhaps he knew on which side his bread was buttered) that the great lord was right in his contention.

The Shrinking Glaciers

It appears that, save over a small area, the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains.

The Arapahoe Glacier in the Rockies has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento in South America, which descended into the sea during the last century, is now separated from the shore by a vigorous growth of timber.

The Jacobshaven Glacier in Greenland has retreated four miles since the year 1860, and the East Glacier in Spitzbergen is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine.

In Scandinavia the snow line is farther up the mountains, and the glaciers have withdrawn three thousand feet from the lowlands in a century. In the Eastern Alps and one or two other small districts the glaciers are growing.

The Sugar Beet

The saccharine contents of beets increase in proportion to the growth of the plant. When deprived of the necessary amount of water the beet throws its roots downward and outward in search of moisture. In doing this the beet assumes a tapering shape. The process of sowing seed from those that taper most perfectly is followed until a beet about a foot long and weighing two and one-half pounds is developed. This shape and size will contain from thirteen to twenty per cent. of sugar. The beets are peeled, ground into pulp, and covered with water, the sugar being taken into the solution. The pulp is excellent fodder for cattle.

Shortening of the Day

For a long time it has been known that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and that they tend to lengthen the day. The effect is, however, so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated, with the aid of certain assumptions and upon the data available, MacMillan has made the necessary computation by the formulæ used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 460,000 years.

Look Sharply at the Lighting Equipment of your New Car

If the price of the car you buy includes lighting equipment, remember you are not getting it free—you're paying for it.

So you have a right to insist that you shall have **real lighting equipment,** and not a make-shift.

Generators are very cheap and are therefore furnished as "lighting equipment" by some car manufacturers.

Thousands upon thousands of these devices that "came with the car" have been thrown away in disgust.

Before you buy the car, INSIST that the generator be taken off and that a Prest-O-Lite Tank be put on instead.

Any experienced motorist will tell you that Prest-O-Lite ready-to-use gas costs no more—usually costs less—than the carbide a generator consumes.

The difference in cleanliness, convenience, reliability and brilliancy of light is your clear gain when you INSIST upon Prest-O-Lite.

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All the attention Prest-O-Lite needs is the exchanging of the tank, when empty, for a full one, and this can be had immediately from any dealer.

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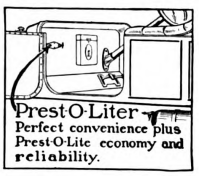

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Jno. V. Shoemaker, M.D., LL.D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, etc., in the *New York Medical Journal*, June 22, 1899: "The BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is doubly efficient in Rheumatism and Gout. It dissolves Uric Acid and Phosphatic Sediments, as well as other products difficult of elimination, while at the same time it exerts a moderately stimulant effect upon the renal cells, and thereby facilitates the swift removal of insoluble materials from the body. Without such action insoluble substances will precipitate in the kidneys and bladder. The intense suffering produced by Stone, together with consecutive pyelitis and cystitis, are avoided by prompt elimination."

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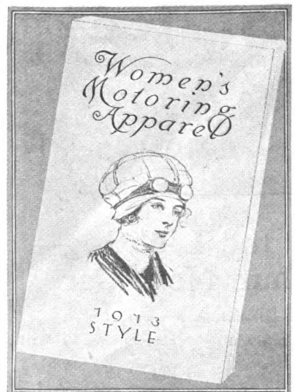

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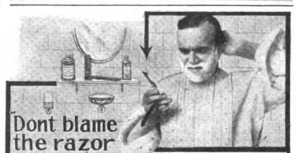

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RECIPE—Mix together two cupfuls sifted flour, half a teaspoonful salt, one generous teaspoonful baking powder; rub into this one heaping tablespoonful butter. Beat one egg, add to it four tablespoonfuls Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup water, and stir this into the dry mixture. Beat well and spread the dough half an inch thick in a shallow baking pan. Pare six apples, cut into eighths, lay them sharp edges down, in parallel rows on top of the dough, pressing them in slightly. Sprinkle one-third of a cup of sugar over the apples, and bake in a hot oven about half an hour.

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Intensified Sales—the Problem of the Automobile Industry

By HOMER McKEE

INTENSIFIED, scientific methods have come to stay in every enterprise.

Take the automobile industry, for example. Among all industries the automobile industry is the most spectacular. It was, unfortunately, not endowed at the outset with transcendent wisdom. It possessed a man's powers, impelled by a boy's feverish ambition and inability to co-ordinate its hand with its heart. Naturally, it made mistakes, but its mistakes have never been fatal.

In the process of manufacture there are invariably three factors. These factors are: the man who invents the thing, the man who builds it, and the man who sells it.

Nobody can say just who invented the automobile. It is too much like the class in which half a dozen bright boys and girls grasp the answer at once. Our only concern lies in the fact that we have it, a commodity for which the world has been yearning because this commodity makes for a longer hour and a shorter mile, more time for the fulfilment of our desires, and less time wasted in hope and anticipation. The automobile puts us where we ought to be with despatch; and it will never leave us because we will never be able to do without it. The manufacturer of automobiles has learned the trick of his business. He has systematized it. He has applied up-to-the-second methods. He is getting maximum efficiency. He will improve, but his end of the responsibility is abreast of things—this due to the fact that he has had time to study, to experiment, and to apply the straight edge of common sense and economy.

The dealer, the man who sells the product—what of him? This, unfortunately, is a different problem. Where the manufacturer has applied his vast previous experience in manufacturing the average dealer has fumbled blindly. He has not given his problems the thought that their magnitude deserves—because he has had no co-operation. He has been the "Forty-niner" over again. He has "panned" instead of smelted. He has made money and lost it through leaks that he could not avoid. There is a movement on foot to help him stop the leaks, for these leaks are "higher up."

Just as the farmers' welfare means the welfare of Wall Street and the rest of the country, so is the welfare of the dealer the rock on which the general welfare of the automobile industry must be built. Makers and general distributors have felt that something is wrong. They have traced the trouble to its fountain-head and arrived at this very sane conclusion: *the future of the industry now hangs on our ability to intensify retail sales.*

When the demand for motor-cars far exceeded the supply so-called salesmen were mere order-takers. Now that every man with a forge and a hammer is in the business the mere order-taker has no place. He is going back to the ribbon-counter, the truck-patch, and the dairy lunch, where the call is for hands, not brains. In the wake of the order-taker has appeared the real salesman—all power to him.

In the campaign for intensified salesmanship the mental slant of the man on the floor is gradually being changed. He has learned that the trick is not to lay claim to wide territory, but to plow deeply in limited territory. He has learned that five sales get away for every one that is made. He knows that every man and woman on his block with half an income is a sales possibility.

He realizes now that it is far better to work consistently on one prospect than to work spasmodically on a dozen, and that while he is spreading his energies over twelve possible buyers a dozen competitors are each concentrating on one of them. He is ready to substitute the rifle with a telescope sight on it for the shotgun.

Intensified salesmanship belongs in the same category with intensified farming and specialization in the professions and in business. First of all it recognizes the essentials of real salesmanship. Real salesmanship—the kind that gets the name on the dotted line with surprising regularity—is so simple that the wonder is everybody does not practise it. To be a real salesman and enjoy the monetary rewards accruing therefrom there are just three things that a man must do.

First, he must get something worth the money which the people want. His product must have real worth. No "fake" or shoddy thing ever "repeats," and the selection of a "once over" sales commodity which does not have the ability to "come back" is fatal to any salesman, no matter how good he may be.

Second, your embryo salesman must learn his commodity by heart. He must know it from its radiator to its rear axle—if it happens to be an automobile. Enthusiasm is what pushes sales across, and the man who knows all about a good product grows enthusiastic automatically. He can no more prevent enthusiasm as a result of his conviction than the superheated teakettle can prevent steam pressure.

Third, once he has a good product about which he is conversant, all he has to do is to go out and tell the unmitigated truth about it. The man who is telling the truth is undefeatable. Furthermore, there are enough men who have formed the habit of being careless with their facts to enable the well-informed, well-backed, truthful man to have what is flippantly designated as a "cinch" when he gets in competition with these fellows.

If the new school of automobile salesman is weak in any one of these three departments he fails. His business is to fortify himself firmly in these three fundamental respects.

There are many good cars—in fact, most of them will stand the spotlight. Get a good car, study it till you know whereof you speak, and then go forth, with the assurance of the man who accepts victory as his native inheritance.

The automobile-dealer is the most important detail in the great automobile industry. He has allowed himself to be neglected. He has fought a lone fight, but his colors are still up. On October 8th and 9th he is going to Indianapolis to discuss his problems with the biggest brains in big business, and it will surprise all who know his ways if he does not emerge from this convention with new ammunition, clearer vision, and a renewed respect for that trusty weapon of the sincere salesman, Truth.

The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Op. 29, Etc.

WE would be so glad to have writers number their works as composers do, and add a satisfying "Op. 29" to the title. We so frequently want to know in what sequence an author arrived at an attitude, and whether felicity of expression is the bubble of his youth or the surety of his maturity. We want to know how he developed whether he lapsed to thoughtful grayness, sank to mechanical repetition of his first freshness, or worked through impressionable variety to a true, firmly held note of his own. We are so often put to it to know.

A biography gives the sequence occasionally, but we cannot wait for lives to be written of our almost contemporaries. So often one book is the postscript of the other, when it seems a contradiction. In the first is expressed a theory, and by the time the second comes to be written the author has felt the fear of the interpreter who will wield his truth so that it will have all the vices of an untruth; and the author protests and prods the reader of his first book in his second. We want to know of this repartee between the men who make life and the public who paralyze it. We want to know which of the books is a mood brought about by the pressing circumstances of the moment and which is a position taken largely, and after a long and tested tendency in that direction. The sequence of their work would not give us all this, but it would give us at least a basis for surmises. We would not feel as uncomfortably at sea as we do now. The fragment published after a man's death could not be taken for his interrupted last work, but would then be known as the early discarded start it sometimes is.

The practical older generation is enraged by the theorizing of the younger generation. The slightest fragment of theory straying into a conversation, and the older generation is roused on the instant. They take it as a personal reflection on them. They have not an instant's patience for it. A method applied to a simple thing like a baby irritates them unspeakably. Have not babies grown up since the beginning of time?—so that to begin now weighing them weekly is mere affectation and nonsense. It shows how silly modern mothers are, and how ill adapted to bring up babies. If the mother keeps a chart of his health, it is an added taunt. It makes grandmothers sputter. They do not object to science when applied to modern things, for that is merely to put queer things with queerer things, and concerns no one but the incomprehensible people responsible for them, but babies—simple, homely, cozy, obvious things like babies—to begin being elaborate and portentous about them at this late day, is to criticize harshly all the perfectly good people who have gone before you.

Ordinary common sense is what the older generation advocates. Just the thing that everybody has or ought to have. The younger generation alone being oddly lacking in it. It stands to reason that certain things are good for one and that others are not; why be so irritating and pretentious as to talk about proteids? If a baby is petulant, he is teething; it is absurd to say that he is hoodwinking you into playing with him or that he has had too much farinaceous food. The thing to do is to make strange and loud noises for him and to give him clocks or pocketbooks or lamp shades to play with. The position of the younger generation is trying, for the baby invariably approves of the ideas of the older generation and he even goes so far as to thrive on them. It lights a gleam of triumph in the eye of the older generation and makes the eyes of the younger generation furtive, not to say evasive.

Gardeners, who are amazingly like grandmothers in a certain dogmatic prejudice for practice as against theory, go a step further and declare that all gardening books and the ideas contained therein are a deep-laid plan to prevent one learning how to garden. They say that they have looked into the matter for themselves, and they know for a fact that these people with theories about gardening tell you things "as could na' be." What is more, they deliberately withhold facts just to trap the innocent person and make him spend his money. The iniquity of people who write about gardens is past belief. They do not know anything about it themselves, and they try to conceal the dreadful fact by writing things that no one else can understand.

There is no use in having ideas about a thing that has always been and, what is more, has always been precisely as it is now, except that now it is not quite as good as it used to be. The way to learn about it is to begin when the mind is young, and get the hang of the thing sensibly for yourself. There has been many a good garden spoiled by these new-fangled notions. Plants do not take to them, and as a final argument the gardener points to yews indefinitely aged and says: "I'd like fine to ken how much theory there was in the growin' o' that!"

Without an exception they spurn theory, these people who have been successful with practice. It attacks the very place where they feel safe and sure. It grafts something they cannot get the hang of on to the precise thing that gave them a sense of pleasant capacity, even of superiority over the young things who had not yet learned by long repetition. They are so often right, and when they are not the reason is wrapped in mystery and blamed on the god of chance. When they triumph they experience a relish greater than any to be got out of a well-working system. Theories are inhuman, impersonal, barren, and uninviting; above all, theories are not of them. They stand a good deal, the older generation, but they beg that you will wait to be theoretical until they are no more.

Testing Eggs With X-rays

THE National Association of Poultrymen of England has investigated a scheme for testing the freshness of eggs by means of the X-rays. A dark room is used in which a Crookes vacuum tube is suspended. The tube is covered with a shade that leaves an opening just large enough for a hen's egg. The fluorescent screen is placed horizontally beneath the opening, so that the operator can see the kind of "shadow" the egg throws with the least loss of time. If the image is quite clear the egg is "strictly fresh" and is placed in the first class. If the screen shows a small spot or shadow the egg is placed in the second class. If the spot is large the egg is rejected.

The association is made up of forty subsidiary societies distributed over twenty districts and its members supply the London market with about two hundred thousand eggs every week. The larger houses handle only "candled" eggs. But the X-rays enable the examiner to discover spots that are quite invisible when the ordinary "candling" is used as a means of testing. The egg merchants of Denmark are contemplating the establishment of the X-ray test in that country.

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The Iceland Fishermen

THE life of the French fishermen who spend the season off the coast of Iceland is a term of desperate endurance. The work is done in all weather, and during the season, between April and late September, France loses one bark, oftener two, every week. In the coast villages of Brittany the little burying-grounds are full of empty graves; the crosses bear the names of those lost at sea. When the tempest overturns a bark the men cling to its sides, thrust their knives deep in the upturned hull, and hang on to the handles until their hands let go their hold. When a wreck is found the knives sticking in the hull are counted and their number is reported to the first station.

The ships are always under sail when not forced to lay to. The first boats reach the grounds about the last of March or the first of April, when the worst storms rage, so the work is complicated by exhausting struggles with the sea.

The codfish run in compact banks over a hundred meters deep. The coast is wild, and there, where no ship can find refuge from the storms, the Breton barks go to pieces to drift to the "lumber-yard" of the Atlantic. The men fish with heavily weighted lines. Each line carries several baits. The fishing is done by watches; half the crew work the lines, the other half prepare the fish and take a few hours' sleep. It is desperate work to handle the weighted lines. The men wear thick gloves, but the lines cut through them, and the tarred cords that bind the oilskin sleeves to the wrist to keep out the water draw blood.

In a fishing-smack everything is sacrificed to the cargo. The "cabin" or forecastle, is narrow, small, filthy, and overcrowded. However, a man may need air, he is not allowed on deck for any purpose but to do his work. Two vertical ladders lead from either end of the deck to the den where the men eat, sleep, and suffer, swear and pray. The bunks hang one above another, two by two, strewn with straw or holding each a lean mattress. Two men sleep in a bunk, and in his bunk every man keeps everything in daily use. The chests stand in line under the bunks.

In most ships the cabin is provided with a little cast-iron stove where the fire burns night and day to maintain the temperature needed for drying clothing and "thawing out." The forecastle is lighted by a cod-liver oil lamp.

The first fishing period closes in April or in May. When the work is done the barks run into the fiords, take on water, and dispose of their catch. The second fishing is done in the sea to the north of Iceland. There the boats disperse and fish wide stretches apart. The second fishing season ends in September.

The Ultra-violet Rays

AT a recent meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Berthelot of the College of Pharmacy presented a summary of the different ways in which the ultra-violet rays may be put to practical use.

Among the many kinds of "rays" discovered in recent years the ultra-violet rays have attracted more than their share of popular interest because they quickly acquired a reputation for being the most dangerous of all. And this reputation rests upon the fact that they kill immediately any microbes that are exposed to their action. Nevertheless, it is possible to control them and to turn them to good use just as medicine turns to use the violent poisons and just as the engineer turns to good uses the violent explosives.

"Ultra-violet rays" is the name given to a motion that has a frequency of 750 trillions per second. The human eye can perceive nothing more rapid than about thirty-seven trillions per second. For this reason the ultra-violet movements are quite imperceptible to our senses. At the same time they produce effects upon the photographic plate, and by means of a screen containing a layer of platinocyanide of barium the vibrations may be slowed down to the frequency at which they become visible to us as "green" light. This transformation of rapid vibrations into slow ones is common to all "fluorescent" substances; indeed, fluorescence *is* the transformation of high-frequency movement to low-frequency movement, as in the chlorophyl of a plant, which transforms rapid light vibrations into slower heat and chemical vibrations.

Unlike the X-rays, the ultra-violet rays are easily absorbed. Ordinary glass is quite impenetrable for ultra-violet rays. In order to study the rays, the physicists must use pieces of quartz crystal or fluor spar that is perfectly clear. These minerals are "transparent" to ultra-violet rays.

The practical study of these rays was made possible only when means for producing them in large quantities had been discovered. The mercury vapor lamp, or an electric arc lamp in which metallic poles are used instead of the ordinary carbons, is admirably adapted for this purpose. The quantity of ultra-violet rays produced by a given apparatus depends very much upon the temperature, increasing rapidly as the temperature goes up. The metallic arc or the mercury vapor lamp is inclosed in quartz, and the inner space is competely deprived of air. The great difficulty of fusing quartz makes these globes very expensive, quite apart from their extreme brittleness. The transparency of such lamps to the ultra-violet rays is also a source of danger to those who work with them, for they easily cause blindness. The mercury vapor lamps in common use have a glass cover. This glass is practically opaque to ultra-violet rays, but there is the danger that the glass is easily cracked and thus allows the rays to escape.

One of the earliest applications made of the ultra-violet rays was in the treatment of redness and peeling of the skin. Finsen, the Danish surgeon, used them in the treatment of lupus. Ninety-seven per cent. of the cases thus treated yielded, although they had resisted all previous treatment. Finsen used a lamp with iron poles. Now the mercury lamp is used more, while the Kromayer lamp, which gives off a green light visible to the eye, is even more powerful. Other diseases that have been successfully treated are rose acne and sycosis.

The most important application of the rays is in hygiene. The fact that they destroy bacteria has been long known, and now special establishments are devoted to their application in this direction. At a distance of two inches from the mercury lamp the germs of staphylococcus, which commonly cause blood-poisoning, are destroyed in fine minutes. The germs of cholera are destroyed in ten minutes, while those of tetanus take twenty minutes. The city of Paris spends more than $120,000,000 a year for distributing pure water to its citizens. By plunging quartz mercury vapor lamps into the larger water mains absolute freedom from active germs is assured.

A common application of ultra-violet rays is in photography. The chemically active rays of the sunlight are largely ultra-violet rays. Experiments have recently been made to find out the action of the ultra-violet rays on organic bodies. By means of these rays changes can be brought about in a few minutes that would otherwise require several months. Some of these effects are similar to fermentation processes. The bleaching of cloth, for example, to be accomplished in a short time formerly required the use of high temperatures. With the use of ultra-violet rays cloth can now be bleached in a short time at ordinary temperatures, thus avoiding injury to the fabrics. The rays have also been used in bleaching teeth that have become yellow.

The Senses of Plants

THE sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster, and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants. Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that exposed to the light. There remains, however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light, of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down one upon the other by means of a central hinge.

The Circus Parade

By Don C. Seitz

TINSEL and tawdry! Say not so
Of these, the trappings of the show.
Splendors, instead, of Eastern kings
Glitter around the triple rings;
Jewels and silks from Kandahar
To deck the Queens on their gilded car,
Who ride as proudly as of old
Rode she of Sheba 'mid her gold,
Whom knights attend in shining mail
As bold as they who sought the Grail.
Elephants swaying side to side
Bear on the Mogul and his bride,
To whom the tawny tigers fawn
While the lordly lions stretch and yawn.
'Tis Porus marching o'er the plain
To meet Iskander once again.

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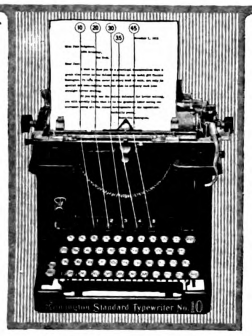

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The Making of Skeletons

THE skeleton of man or beast is a much more useful and salable object than one would be inclined to suppose. Proof of this is the frequency with which we find these objects mounted in museums, schools of medicine, anatomical cabinets, and even in the class-rooms for child physiology and in the studios of painters and sculptors. Much labor is employed in separating the skeletons from the tissues and bones that cover them, whitening them, and mounting them. Some of them, it is true, are prepared and sold by the medical profession, persons occasionally (in the interests of science) leaving their bodies to the care of this or that medical fraternity, for whatever use they may tend to serve. This, however, explains very inadequately the supply available, in response to the ever-growing demand.

As a matter of fact, the greater part of the skeleton trade is carried on in France, nearly all of it originating there. Paris has a very well equipped factory for the furnishing of skeletons of men and animals, for whatever purpose required, and this factory has branches in London and Berlin. Most of the human bones employed in the French manufacture belonged, in life, to criminals or to unknown persons whose bodies were unclaimed after death in hospitals or almshouses. After being utilized in the dissecting-room, the remains were removed to this factory. The proprietor of this factory is, or should be, a very rich man, for he practically monopolizes this industry. The factory has many departments. First comes the preliminary preparation of the skeleton in the carbolic-acid tank, and finally the fitting of the bones and joints together with wires.

The preparation of the skeleton takes many months from first to last, and is a very expensive process in the bulk. There must be a thorough chemical treatment of the bones, in the first place, to insure their hanging together and remaining in an unaltered state. It is hardly ever the case that a skeleton seen on exhibition is made up entirely of its own original parts. The formula employed in bringing the process of the skeleton's completion to a state of relative perfection is still an industrial secret. It must be, when sold, as "white as marble." In the warehouse of this factory are rows of shelves where skeletons of all forms, and representative of all races, may be seen; some by accident or in virtue of dissection processes, have been broken or dismounted and very carefully refitted with fine wire. Underneath are multitudes of boxes full of assorted bones, with big bones such as ribs marked off with letters and numbers. In show-cases may be seen for sale—or "to let" for whatever purposes may be desired—skeletons of giants, dwarfs, negroes, or of strange races discovered by explorers in far-off countries. Criminals' heads with their names and the dates of their execution (some of them very remote) are seen here, and pamphlets descriptive of their crimes are held for sale, with cards in small type containing the same matter, to be attached, if desired, to the skull or skeleton.

Diseases of Metals

METALS suffer from contagious diseases analogous to those of living beings. Among these diseases one of the most striking is that called "tin pest." Sometimes a block, a plate, or medal of tin attacked by this disease crumbles and falls into dust, and sometimes warty protuberances appear on the surface of the metal.

Various other metals suffer from a disease that manifests itself by a spontaneous recrystallization. The most remarkable cases occur with lead and hard-drawn brass.

These diseases are not due, as has been thought, simply to moisture. Temperature plays a part in producing them. The most extraordinary fact, perhaps, is that the "tin pest" is capable of spreading by contagion.

Fuel of the Future

IN the opinion of many authorities, when the existing supplies of fuel become limited men must rely upon alcohol produced from vegetation of some sort which may be produced in any required quantity. It is thought that the alcohol will be manufactured either from potato starch or sawdust, but it has been suggested that when the question becomes urgent some highly specialized plant will have been brought into existence for the sole purpose of absorbing the maximum amount of carbon dioxide from the air. The wonderful improvements which hybridization has already effected save this idea from being regarded as too fanciful.

PERTURBED DINER: "What on earth is the matter with you, this evening, waiter? First you give me the fish, and now you give me the soup."
"WAITER (confidentially): "Well, to tell the truth, sir, it was 'igh time you 'ad that fish."
—*From "The Sketch."*

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Prof. Dr. NOTHNAGEL, of Vienna:—"It may be taken with advantage by those debarred from taking any sweetened champagne."

Prof. FRESENIUS, of Wiesbaden:—"The result of my investigation has proved this wine to be free from added sugar, and without any added alchohol. It can be advantageously used in cases where even the smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious."

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Where Miles Are as Dust

SURVEYING the billions of miles to a star would be an impossible feat to the ordinary person, who is, perhaps, not a mathematician. Even the astronomer may make a mistake of a billion miles or so.

The first requisite is a basis of calculation. For this, the astronomer takes the spot where his observatory stood in the month of March and its place in September. It is the same location on earth, of course, but in celestial space—the earth having traveled half-way around the sun—the distance is 186,000,000 miles. With this as the base of a triangle, the astronomer, by a simple calculation, computes the opening of the angle where the star is situated, and then finds the distance to the earth; that is, he could do so accurately if the 186,000,000 miles were proportionately long with the two other sides of the triangle instead of being almost inadequately short.

Some idea of the method may be gained from its employment for land-measuring. The distance to a mountain-top is desired. The surveyor lays off a few hundred yards on the ground, finds the angles at which straight lines proceed from this basis of measurement to the mountain-top, and solves the problem easily. To ascertain the distance to the moon, a very long line is needed; one drawn between two observatories will do—not along the earth's surface, which is round, but the straight line through the earth, from observatory to observatory. With this line, a triangle is drawn with the moon at the vertex, and the stellite found to be 240,000 miles away.

In making a triangle with a star, astronomers have had recourse to the longest line possible to earthlings—between the aforementioned points located by the extremes of the earth's orbit. If a star were only a trillion miles off, a 186,000,000-mile shift in the position of the earth would afford quite an advantage for a look at the other cheek, yet it makes hardly an appreciable distance in the relative position with the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, 26 trillion miles beyond.

Now, the arc of a circle is divided into 360 degrees, each subdivided into 60 minutes, and the minute into 60 seconds. So there are 1,296,000 seconds in a circle. The angle that Alpha Centauri makes is less than the millionth part of a circle; it is about three-quarters of a second of the arc. Imagine the angle! a line drawn from the star to the earth in March; another line from the star to the earth in September. The base of this triangle is 186,000,000 miles, which constitutes less than the millionth part of a circle in measurement of the angle where shines Alpha Centauri. This is hard to detect with the finest of mathematical instruments, and that is why the distance to even the nearest star is a vexing problem.

Superstitions About Gems

FROM early antiquity divers influences have been attributed to precious stones. Stones, just as flowers, held symbolical meanings and were supposed to influence the minds and destinies of those who wore them. An amethyst hung from the neck of a drunkard was considered a cure for drunkenness. Carnelian caused melancholy, and the onyx was the emblem of sadness; red agate had power to drive away evil thoughts. The sard created friendship between men and women; the sardonyx inspired modesty and chastity in its wearers. Cat's-eye induced wealth and long life, jasper conferred eloquence, and for that reason it was given to lawyers and to preachers. Coral drove away fear, murderers, and evil spirits, and cured children of nocturnal fears, calmed the fairy of the sea, and cured diseases of the eyes. Amber prevented deafness and healed goitre.

Most precious stones were reputed to exert a benign influence and to be good for the sight. Aquamarine gave hope to the sorrowing; the beryl gave to a woman the power to charm the man she loved. Malachite symbolized peace of mind, gave success to people engaged in business and in lawsuits; the opal, the sapphire, and the topaz gave good luck.

Among diamonds the story of the Hope stone, which is reputed to have brought misfortune to all its owners, is well known. The Saucy diamond was also supposed to bring bad luck. Charles the Bold wore it when he was killed in the battle of Nancy in 1477; and the servitor to whom Saucy intrusted the diamond was assassinated on the highway. Henrietta of France, the wife of the ill-fated Charles I. of England, wore it, and carried it when she fled to France. Later she was forced by poverty to sell it. The Saucy diamond was bought by the Crown and seemed to change its character. In 1792 it was stolen with the "Regent" and several celebrated stones. Since 1829 it has figured among the jewels of a Russian prince.

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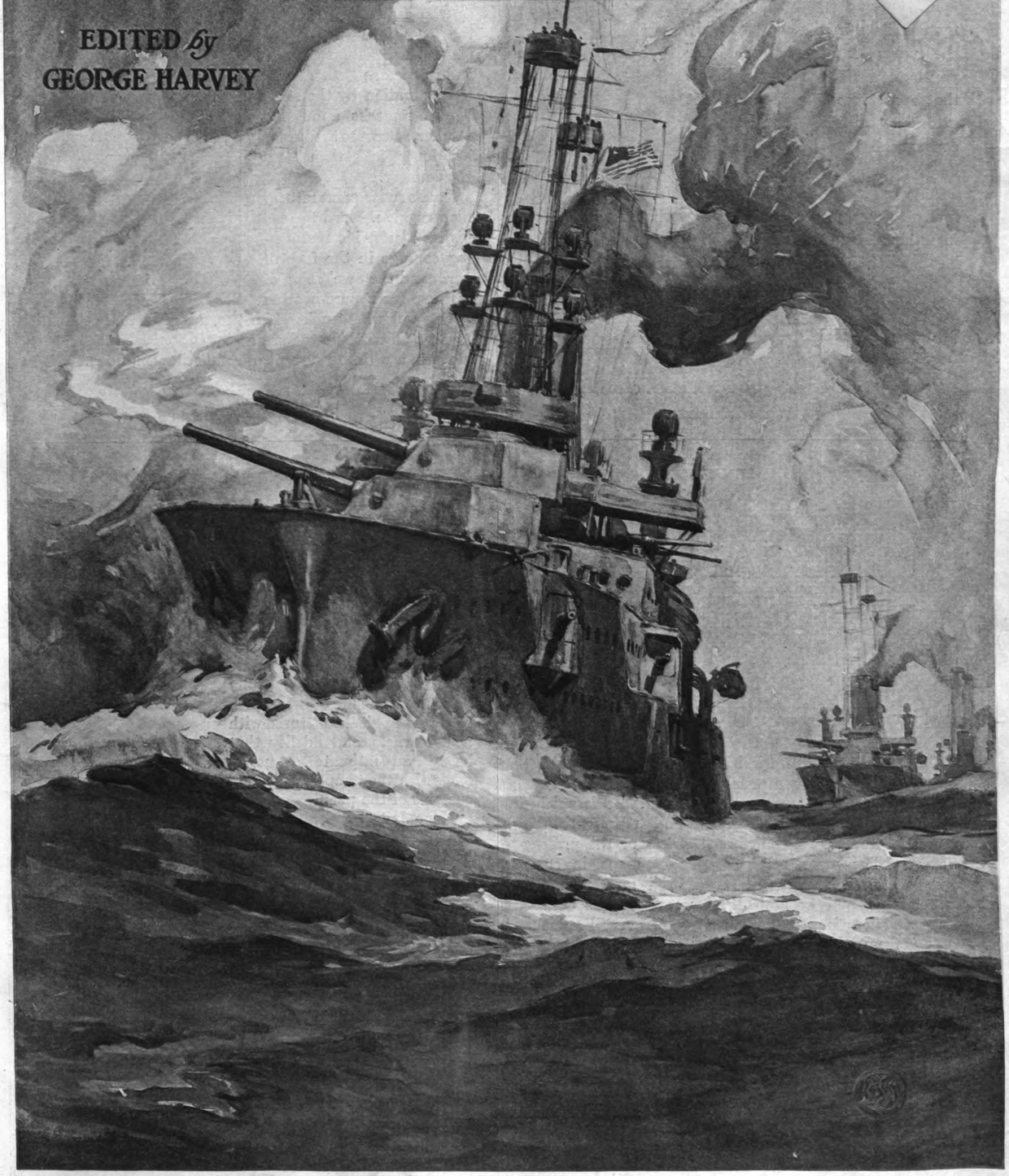
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED *by*
GEORGE HARVEY



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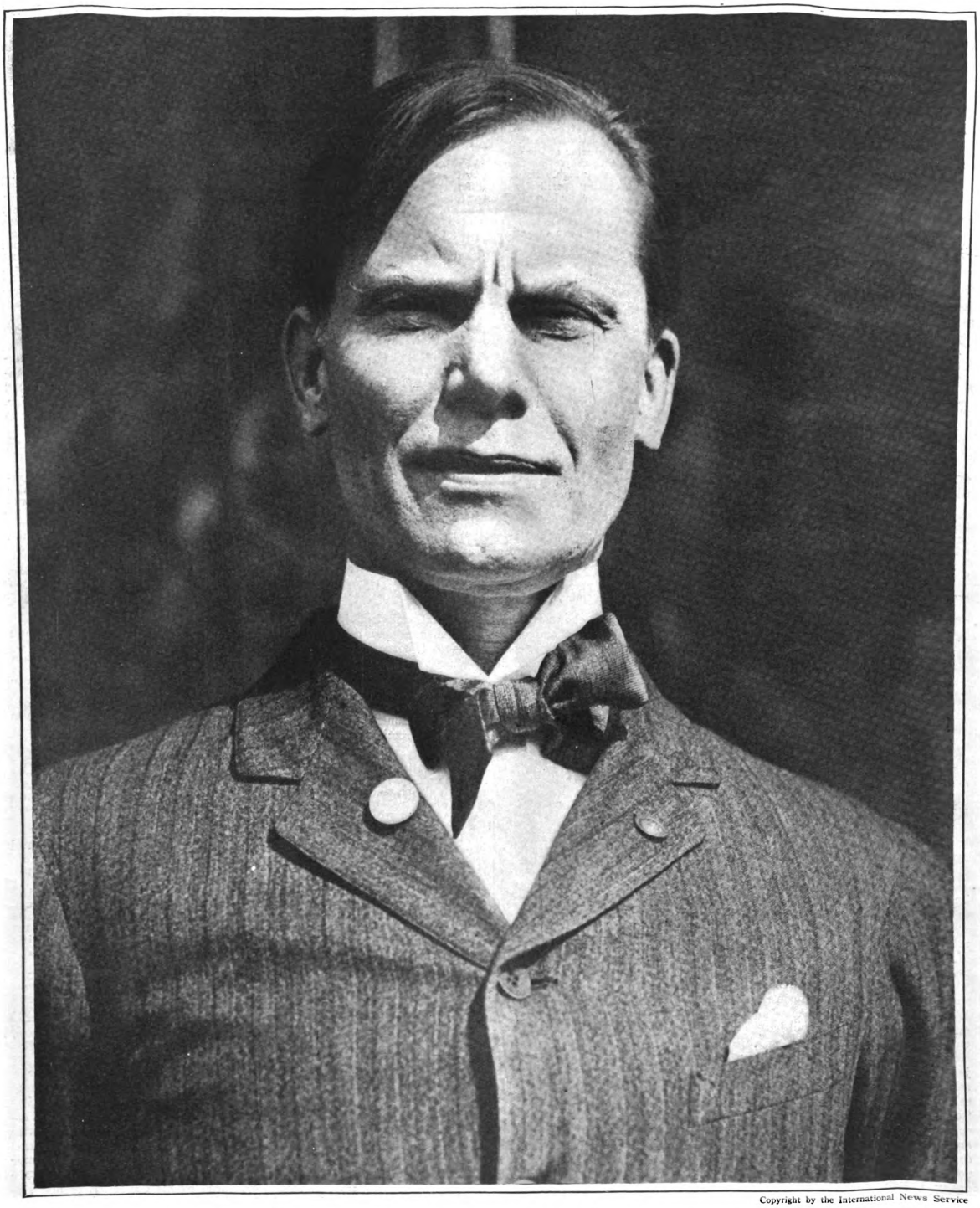

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THE DEMOCRATS' CHOICE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

William Sulzer, the Democratic nominee for Governor of the State of New York. He was born at Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1863, was educated at Columbia University, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1884. He was a member of the New York Assembly from 1890 to 1894, holding the office of Speaker in 1893, and was elected to Congress in 1895, in which body he has since sat continuously as a member of the House of Representatives.

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Comment

A Message to the West

WE have received the following communication from a resident of Des Moines, Iowa, who is engaged actively in business:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am an ardent admirer of President TAFT. I firmly believe him to be entitled to another term and hope that the Republicans will come to their senses in time to give him the party vote as he deserves, for the party vote will elect him, without doubt. In the event that he is not to have the endorsement of the voters and it goes to Mr. WILSON, as it certainly will if President TAFT is defeated, what is to be the attitude of the business world of the East toward the New Jersey man? Is there nervousness that will lead to trouble? Have the people overcome that mental attitude that does so much toward making trouble when there is a Democratic President? There is now so much wealth distributed all over this Republic, we are getting so far away from that narrowness that formerly decreed that with a Democrat in the Presidency there must be depression, that it seems things ought to go along just as well with WILSON, Democrat though he is, as with any other reputable man in the office. Have we become great enough to recognize that a Democrat can be a patriot and intends to do the very best possible for his country? I was raised a Republican and for many years thought that to elect a Democrat meant a panic. I have none of that feeling now, but how about the people generally? It is the mass of men and women who determine such things and their mental attitude will control. Can HARPER'S tell us what is likely to occur in the East if the election results favorably to WOODROW WILSON?

I am, sir,

C. C. PUGH.

And we reply: There is no apprehension whatever in this part of the country of unhappy consequences ensuing from Governor WILSON'S election. The Republican and ROOSEVELT papers are doing their best to scare the voters, but everybody realizes that they are only tugging at their bootstraps. It is an old game and it is played out.

The fact is, Mr. PUGH, that folks hereabouts have grown, not merely skeptical, but weary, of fatuous iterations that one-half of our people want to ruin their own and their country's industries. Nothing will "happen" here when it becomes known that WILSON has won. But deep down in the hearts of all thoughtful men who have their stake in common prosperity there will be intense relief and much rejoicing—relief at the downfall of a dangerous upstart and rejoicing over the inversion of the pyramid of popular government which the Republican oligarchy has kept standing so long and so perilously upon its apex. Governor WILSON is not the only one who will "thank God and take courage." He will have as company this entire community.

If by any chance you should surmise that our judgment to this effect is colored by our desire, we ask you, Mr. PUGH, to read what President TAFT said yesterday. He congratulated the country upon "existing prosperity" and the "assurance" of its continuance afforded by quite obvious confidence among business men. Now when you consider—as, of course, you must be aware—that these business men now fully anticipate the election of Governor WILSON, you can easily draw your own conclusions respecting their state of mind.

Instead of a panic there will ensue an era of exceptional prosperity, not for a single year as a consequence of bumper crops, but of long duration because of a firm conviction in the minds of the people that its basis will be sound and that its blessings will be shared by all in such proportions as may conform to the just rewards of individual efforts under laws which confer special privileges upon none.

From Mr. Bull

If there should be any doubt in Mr. PUGH'S mind as to whether, in view of the lack of noise, our solid men really appreciate the real situation, he might read the following letter which we have just received from the head of the old investment house of Edward Sweet & Co.

I have just read with great interest your very able and convincing article in *The North American Review* for the current month, and want to thank you for throwing so much light on a subject which, of course, is deeply interesting to every American citizen at the present time—*i. e.*, the attitude and probabilities of success of each of the Presidential candidates. Although a life-long Republican, I feel that the success of my party in this election should be entirely subordinated to the defeat of the bold attempt of Colonel ROOSEVELT to secure a third and possibly many more terms in the Presidential chair, and that any light on the character of his candidacy and designs is of great value to the voting public. While, therefore, I appreciate very highly the letters by the gentlemen who are advocating specifically the different candidates, I feel that your review of the general situation has been much more enlightening than any of the others.

With renewed expressions of appreciation for this latest evidence of your devotion to the public good, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM LANMAN BULL.

This is but one of many to the same effect.

The Crook and the Fools

During the last fortnight of the campaign of 1904, ALTON B. PARKER, Democratic candidate for President, declared in a public speech that corporations were contributing to the Republican funds, with the knowledge and consent of Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. CORTELYOU. President ROOSEVELT promptly rejoined:

Mr. PARKER'S accusations against me and Mr. CORTELYOU are monstrous. If true, they would brand us both forever with infamy, and inasmuch as they are false, heavy must be the condemnation of the man making them.

GEORGE R. SHELDON, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, testified before the CLAPP investigating committee as follows:

When I took charge of the treasurership in 1908, Mr. BLISS handed me a list of large contributors of 1904.

What percentage was contributed by corporations?

To be frank, 73½ per cent.

It was shown further that the National Committee collected and disbursed an amount exceeding $2,000,000. The contributions of corporations, therefore, aggregated about $1,500,000.

So much for that.

JOHN D. ARCHBOLD testified that the Standard Oil Company contributed $100,000. Mr. ROOSEVELT declared that, if any such contribution had been made, it was returned by his direction. He added:

Mr. LOEB, my private secretary, called Mr. CORTELYOU up on the telephone, and later I did so myself. He notified me first through Mr. LOEB and then directly that no such contribution had been received or would be received. He has informed me within the last two or three days that his memory of the incident is precisely the same as my own—that on receipt of the communications from me he saw Mr. BLISS, showed him the letters and telegram, and that Mr. BLISS then told him that no Standard Oil money had been received and that none would be accepted.

Mr. SHELDON testified as follows:

Was any contribution made by the Standard Oil Company?

Yes, sir.

How much?

One hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. BLISS had made no mention to Mr. SHELDON of this money having been returned. Mr. DUELL, assistant treasurer under Mr. BLISS in 1904, testified that it was not returned.

So much for that.

Mr. ROOSEVELT testified that he never had heard of a contribution having been made by Mr. MORGAN. Mr. CORTELYOU also answered:

The Chairman: Do you know of any contribution having been made directly by J. P. MORGAN or anybody representing him?

Mr. CORTELYOU: I do not.

Mr. MORGAN testified:

Q. Do you remember whether it was Mr. BLISS, Mr. ODELL, or Mr. CORTELYOU who suggested these last contributions when they were wanted? A. I do not remember.

Q. Do you remember which one introduced the subject of the conversation? A. I think it came to us through Mr. BLISS: that is my remembrance, but I do not remember. I could not tell you who was the first man.

Q. You simply know that the three gentlemen whom you have named were acquainted with the facts? A. Yes, sir.

So much for that.

Mr. ROOSEVELT declared in his letter to Chairman CLAPP:

Mr. HARRIMAN never even discussed with me giving anything to the National Committee, and I never spoke to him about it or requested a dollar from him. He asked me to intercede with Mr. BLISS and Mr. CORTELYOU to get money for him and Mr. ODELL in their State campaign.

Mr. HARRIMAN wrote to Mr. SIDNEY WEBSTER, his counsel, in December, 1905:

About a week before the election in the autumn of 1904, when it looked certain that the State ticket would go Democratic, and was doubtful as to ROOSEVELT himself, he, the President, sent me a request to go to Washington to confer upon the political conditions in New York State. I complied, and he told me he understood the campaign could not be successfully carried on without sufficient money, and asked me if I would help them in raising the necessary funds, as the National Committee, under the control of Chairman CORTELYOU, had utterly failed of obtaining them, and there was a large amount due from them to the New York State Committee.

I came back to New York, sent for Treasurer BLISS, who told me that I was their last hope, and that they had exhausted every other resource. In his presence, I called up an intimate friend of Senator DEPEW, told him that it was necessary, in order to carry New York State, that $200,000 should be raised at once, and that if he would help I would subscribe $50,000. After a few words over the telephone the gentleman said he would let me know, which he did probably in three or four hours, with the result that the whole amount, including my subscription, had been raised.

The checks were given to Treasurer BLISS, who took them to Chairman CORTELYOU.

Former-Governor ODELL confirmed this statement under oath, adding that the National Committee turned over $200,000 of the money so raised to the State Committee and retained the remainder.

Mr. CHARLES A. PEABODY, President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, testified that he talked with Mr. HARRIMAN about the matter in November, 1904:

He [Mr. HARRIMAN] said that he had been to Washington and that the President wanted him to raise some money for the campaign. He said that he was giving $50,000, and hoped to get the rest—I think he said the whole fund was to be $240,000. While I was there he talked over the telephone with another man who was to contribute.

Who was that? asked Senator CLAPP.

Mr. PEABODY was reluctant, but finally said that Mr. HARRIMAN talked with HAMILTON MCK. TWOMBLY, of New York.

Mr. MORGAN testified:

Did you contribute to the Republican campaign fund of 1904?

In October I contributed $100,000, and on the first of November $50,000 additional.

Did you talk with any one regarding the Republican nominee?

Never, except the National Committee.

Mr. CORTELYOU was never in my office more than two or three times. I suppose he wanted more money whenever he came, added Mr. MORGAN, facetiously.

Did he talk about contributions?

Very likely.

Do you recall your talk?

I do not. That was before I talked with Mr. BLISS. I think Mr. CORTELYOU was there when that $50,000 was paid, added Mr. MORGAN.

So much for that.

In reply to the question whether he was informed about a contribution "from the Steel interests, so called, from Mr. FRICK," Mr. ROOSEVELT replied:

Yes; from Mr. FRICK. I had no information in the sense that any one told me that Mr. FRICK had contributed, but I knew he was a strong supporter of mine and I took it for granted that he had contributed. It is possible, if the contribution of which Mr. MORGAN spoke yesterday was by Mr. MORGAN and his associates, that I may have known of it to the extent that I knew that FRICK was heartily supporting me, and I supposed in that sense that he was contributing money. I will tell you why I supposed that. Because I was told that Mr. FRICK had known of my direction to return the Standard Oil Company's money and that Mr. FRICK had said: "Well, I have contributed already, but if that means a loss to the campaign I will contribute more money to make it good." And, that having been told me, I took it for granted that Mr. FRICK had contributed.

No risk of depleting the fund, therefore, was involved in directing that the Standard Oil contribution be returned. The direction, however, was not given until two weeks after the money had been received and expended. That Mr. ROOSEVELT kept very close track of contributions and their sources is evidenced by his testimony, despite his heated denial of Judge PARKER'S charge that corporations had contributed, and of the fact now established by Mr. SHELDON that they did put up $1,500,000.

So much for that.

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How, then, is Mr. ROOSEVELT able to convince his supporters that both he and Mr. CORTELYOU were wholly ignorant of what was being done? Under the caption, "A Magnificent Vindication for Colonel ROOSEVELT," his New York organ, the *Press*, presents the explanation in these words:

> Colonel ROOSEVELT'S own story of his campaign funds in 1904, given freely and frankly in the light of all the circumstances and dealing manfully with every direct charge and every innuendo aimed at him by his political enemies, clears his record beyond all expectations of his warmest admirers.
>
> Some of these were afraid that practical politicians associated with him when it was the custom to beg for big campaign contributions had in some way compromised Mr. ROOSEVELT. An honest President with the best of intentions might have fallen into one of many traps. Some of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S friends would not have been astonished if dishonest dollars were traced directly to his campaign fund and if it had been made to seem that he winked at their acceptance.
>
> But THEODORE ROOSEVELT had more than good intentions in 1904 when he ran for President, and his managers were flooded with campaign gifts whose donors were eager to put him under obligations to them. He knew what rascality he would have to guard against.
>
> Therefore he was armed against a HARRIMAN who would want to write his message on railroad legislation, appoint his Cabinet officers, and select his ambassadors. He was loaded for any one who might later brand a dead man as a blackmailer and complain because the immmunity supposedly bought from President ROOSEVELT'S agent was denied them.
>
> ROOSEVELT prepared his alibis as he went along, so that when the time came he could show that he had ordered the return of any protection money he knew about, could prove that he was told the money had been returned, and could demonstrate by the record and testimony that anybody who imagined he was buying government favors from him with campaign contributions was "either a crook or a fool."

So much for that. A more adequate explanation could not be desired. Mr. ROOSEVELT "astonished his warmest admirers" by his ingenuity in making it difficult to "trace dishonest dollars directly to his campaign fund." He was "armed against a HARRIMAN." He "was loaded for any one." He "prepared his alibis as he went along," so that he "could prove that he was told the money had been returned." Thus, when the time should come as it has come, he would be able to "demonstrate from the record" that anybody whose money he did use was "either a crook or a fool."

Mr. ROOSEVELT'S Baltimore organ, the *News*, supplements this tribute of admiration with an expression of deep satisfaction, saying:

> His detractors are now having their day, but we believe the great body of people whose battle Colonel ROOSEVELT has fought and is still fighting have unshaken confidence in his integrity and that the villification he is now being subjected to will recoil upon those who are indulging in it.

We wonder. How long—using Mr. ROOSEVELT'S expressive terms—will the fools, and how many of them, continue to follow the crook? That is the chief question to which answer must be given on November 5th.

Let us hope it will be final!

Sulzer for Governor

Our neighbor the *Evening Post* takes SULZER sadly. The Republicans, it says, "nominated a joker; the Democrats nominated a man who throughout his career has been a joke."

These are solemn times and need the alleviations of humor, and get them. OSCAR STRAUS is not exactly a solemnity, and the Bull-Moosers generally impress old-timers as proper tenants of the comic page. And MURPHY is a joke, too. It is a competition of humor, and if SULZER *is* a joke he won't be lonely in it.

DISRAELI was a joke, but never to DISRAELI. SULZER has never been a joke to SULZER. He has taken him seriously from the start, and doubtless realizes the truth, that he is very much more of a man than the jokers suppose. He was five years in the Assembly, and was its speaker one year, and leader of its Democrats one year. He has been nearly twenty years in Congress, has introduced a good many good bills, voted sometimes out of his own head and contrary to orders—against the CANNON rules, for instance—and he is chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House. That is not so important, to be sure, as the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, but still it is a post of distinction, and Washington knows what New York may not, that Mr. SULZER has filled it very creditably.

If it had been our job, we should not have picked Mr. SULZER to run for Governor. There were other gentlemen in whose efficiency in that office we have more confidence. Like the *Evening Post*, we are somewhat disappointed. But SULZER seemed to be the man the delegates wanted, and the voters seem disposed to vote for him, and it is observed that in Wall Street, a place of discernment about some things, Mr. SULZER is a strong favorite among persons who are prepared to risk their privileges as voters by betting on the election.

SULZER is a progressive; the people seem to want him, and it is current doctrine that what the people want should be everybody's favorite remedy. So there you are; and it looks as though SULZER would not need the votes he will not get.

The Politics of It

The nomination of Mr. SULZER has been well received by everybody except the *Evening Post*, which protests that the nominee isn't big enough for the job, and seems to feel that Governor WILSON might somehow have got a stronger man named.

We can't see how. Mr. WILSON insisted that the delegates should be left free to make their own choice. They were so left and they made their own choice, picking the man who undoubtedly would have won in a party primary. What more could Mr. WILSON have done or tried to do except to dictate a nomination? That is what the *Evening Post* feared Mr. MURPHY would do and it didn't like the idea. Why should it deprecate bossism by a State leader and approve bossism by a national leader? There is no logic or sense in such a position. Both WILSON and MURPHY kept hands off and the rank and file got the man they wanted, or rather, speaking exactly, they got the man who had striven successfully to convince them that he was that one.

The truth of the matter is—and the *Evening Post* and all others who advocate primaries and the like may as well recognize it first as last—that we are not going to get the best quality of candidates under the new order of things. When political parties, acting under sagacious leadership, are compelled to offer their best in order to win, they draft men like WILSON, BALDWIN, and HUGHES, but when it is left to the rank and file, those who have taken the trouble to make themselves popular with that rank and file necessarily capture the prizes. The HUGHESES and WILSONS and BALDWINS won't forsake private life to go hunting for nominations. That is the province of the HEDGESES and the SULZERS.

So now we seem to be running into an era of hopeful office-seeking. We cannot recall a time before when the two avowed and most indefatigable aspirants obtained the party nominations for Governor of New York. Mr. HEDGES frankly declared as long ago as last June that he was going after the nomination because he "wanted it" and Mr. SULZER has sought it diligently for a dozen years. It is a significant coincidence that both won out in the same year—significant because it illustrates the actual effect of "getting back to the people."

We cannot say that we deplore this trend. It is all a matter of comparative good and ill. The old system had become faulty and obnoxious and had to give way. But it is idle to maintain that the new method is ideal, when it gives us a HEDGES in place of a HUGHES or a SULZER to succeed a CLEVELAND. Possibly a way will be found in time to combine the two modes in such fashion as to get the good out of both. So at least we may well hope because, after all, we need our strongest men in the big places—men chosen for their fitness, not as a reward for their efforts in seeking the jobs.

Mr. Murphy

Meanwhile, has nobody a good word to say for Boss MURPHY? It is universally admitted that he voluntarily waived his authority and played fair throughout. That couldn't have been very easy to do when he was being lambasted from all points of the compass. Really, his conduct does not seem to us as being that of "a selfish, stupid boss," who "must be an ass." His fix was far from imaginary. Looking first one way and then another, he beheld an organization ready to turn him down if he showed himself a quitter, an aggrieved and disappointed Governor, a highly sensitized Presidential candidate, an obstreperous bunch of up-Staters ready and eager to bolt, a corps of scolding newspapers, and a very strong public feeling against dictation by or even suggestion from himself and his advisers. Out of this mess evolved harmony, general satisfaction, and a ticket that will be helpful instead of a drag. We have been expecting to see the *World* toss the Boss a bouquet in recognition of the way he met its severe requirements, but since it seems indisposed to do so we take it upon ourselves to say that Mr. MURPHY acquitted himself most handsomely, far more like a tactful and competent leader than like a stupid and inconsiderate boss. Is it not so?

Apologies

The Pittsburg *Post* quite properly rebukes us for carelessly confounding *it* with the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. Its indignation is fully warranted. We apologize to the *Post*. Also to the *Dispatch*.

Remember the Third-term Issue

Let us not forget, in our excitement over other issues, that the two-terms precedent is involved in this campaign. There are enough other reasons why ROOSEVELT should not be sent back to the White House, but if there were no others that would certainly be a grave one. If authorities to that effect were wanting, his own, though repudiated, would still be available.

But others are not wanting. Mr. EDWARD STANWOOD, the historian of Presidential elections, writing in the current *Atlantic*, has some weighty observations on the subject. After referring to the origin of the precedent and telling the story of GRANT'S defeat in 1876, he remarks that in that year the House of Representatives was practically unanimous in the desire to limit a President, not to two terms, but to one.

He adds:

> It may be remarked, in passing, that no other proposition of amendment has been offered in Congress so many times as this forbidding the re-election of a President, sometimes with and sometimes without an extension of the term to six years. The constitution of the Confederate States limited the President to one term of six years.

Both these statements are of striking significance. Of course the example of the Confederate constitution may excite a certain prejudice among thoughtless people who forget that the Presidential term never had the slightest thing to do with secession or slavery, but the example is none the less important. The framers of the Confederate constitution were nearly all men of long experience in the politics of the Union. Most of them had served in Congress. They made extremely few changes in the old constitution—not half a dozen all told. That they did make this change, quite unconnected with the dominant sectional issue of the time, shows how strongly their experience made them feel the advisability of it.

So far as can be ascertained, most of the experienced public men of to-day feel the same way. The present Congress apparently favors the change, just as did the House in 1876. Yet we are asked to vote for a man who wants, not a second term, but a third. Whether or not the campaigners keep us reminded of that aspect of the election, some of us are not going to forget it on Election Day.

Well Said

"What they (ROOSEVELT and PERKINS) want is not regulation, but perpetuation" (of monopoly), is the way the *Evening Sun* puts it. And it couldn't be put better.

The Hidden Motive

It was Brother HEARST'S intense devotion to high protection, we infer, that impelled his ardent advocacy of Speaker CLARK'S nomination.

Here is the Danger

The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* is nowadays a protectionist paper. Possibly we ought to add "Democratic" to the characterization, but the combination of Democratic and protectionist is something we could never quite understand. As to the protectionism, here is an instance from a recent editorial:

> If it is a fault of SIMMONS (Senator SIMMONS of North Carolina, a candidate for re-election) to have helped his own people and to have stood up for the South when the tariff was being made, then it is a mighty good fault for a Southern Senator to have. . . . Why should not the Southern people have the benefit of the tariff which is to be laid?

We will not stop to inquire whether the Southern people are all protected manufacturers and none of them consumers; we merely wish to point out what will happen to the Democratic party, even should it carry the Presidency and both Houses of Congress, if many of its Senators continue to display the "good fault" of Senator SIMMONS. That was precisely the "good fault" of the gentlemen who wrecked the party's programme under CLEVELAND. The *Observer* can be sure that not a single protected interest in the country will make the slightest complaint if Senators only "stand up" for their sections as it wants Senator SIMMONS to stand up for his. That is all any protectionist wants, and it is all the pro-

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tected interests need. For it means, every time, that the resultant law will be amply and defiantly protectionist, that the consumers will be neglected, that the robbery will continue.

Permit us to recall and to reiterate a prediction: If the Democrats carry the country and nevertheless come to grief, they will come to grief precisely as they did before—in the same place and in the same way. They will be undone in the Senate, and by a handful of men whom they themselves will have sent there.

Up and Doing

Acting Chairman McADOO wisely says:

I earnestly hope that the Democratic voters throughout the country will not be lulled into inactivity by the rosy prospects and reports that are current, but that they will be stirred to even greater efforts in order to make certain a victory in November.

Coming directly from the chief luller, this admonition should prove doubly efficacious.

Professor Hart on President Eliot

We trust nobody who read President ELIOT's letter to the *Times* on the campaign was mean enough not to read Professor ALBERT BUSHNELL HART's letter in reply to it. That was a bit of enterprise which ought not to have missed the attention it clamored for.

It is clever, too, the Professor's reply; cleverest in that it is not a reply at all. President ELIOT discussed only two issues, and one of these, the tariff, the Professor doesn't even mention. He is not only real practical about that, but he follows an illustrious example of dodging. The other issue President ELIOT discussed was the question of whether or not we ought to change the constitution in a hurry, and if the Professor touches it at all he manages to do it without mentioning the constitution at all. But he doesn't mention the hurry. What he insists on is that we must get in a hurry and be quick about it. That, he declares, is the up-to-date way to do things, and any other plan is stand-pat and undemocratic. He contends, too, that that is the way our reforms have all been accomplished. He is nothing if not positive, and gives civil-service reform among his examples! As that particular reform began in GRANT's time and is still deplorably incomplete, most of us have failed to observe any "impetuous rush" about it, but maybe, as the Professor tells us—"you people," we suppose, means us—we are not Progressives and therefore quite unable to "discern the real situation."

We must be in a hurry, and also we mustn't be dignified. On that point the Professor is even more insistent. President ELIOT dislikes ROOSEVELT's extravagant language, but Professor HART approves of it. He stoutly contends that it is the only kind of language that will serve the Bull Moose cause. "Such a work," he says, "cannot be done in a dignified manner."

Here we are compelled to register our agreement. We must, in fact, go farther still and congratulate Professor HART on the consistency with which he lives up to his conviction as to the proper way to advocate the Bull Moose programme.

A Pertinent Query

Can anybody imagine WILLIAM H. TAFT, while he was running for the Presidency, writing from the White House such subtle and at the same time such purposeful letters calculated to wring money from a stone as were written to the late Mr. E. H. HARRIMAN in 1904? Can anybody imagine WILLIAM MCKINLEY doing it, or GROVER CLEVELAND, CHESTER A. ARTHUR, JAMES A. GARFIELD, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, or ULYSSES S. GRANT?—*The Herald.*

Or—what is more to the point—WOODROW WILSON?

The Issue Joined

The Bull-MUNSEY *Press* hits the nail squarely on the head at last:

For the voters of the United States there is not a choice as between the election of Mr. ROOSEVELT and the election of Mr. TAFT. Not a choice as between the election of Mr. WILSON and the election of Mr. TAFT.

The only question before the country is, Shall it be ROOSEVELT or shall it be WILSON?

There are Republicans who would rather have TAFT in the White House than ROOSEVELT. But that is not the question, because that is not the thing to be decided. The thing to be decided is whether they would rather have WILSON than ROOSEVELT.

That is the issue, plain and simple. And we await the verdict of the great body of self-respecting, country-loving Republicans with implicit confidence.

Even Bryan

The impression the Democratic candidate is making may be learned from that indiscrete confession: "There'd be no question of our winning if we'd only nominated BRYAN." There is some question with WILSON, it seems, in the minds of the campaigners.—*Toledo Blade.*

True, there might be no question of the result if BRYAN had been nominated. There never has been before. But why an admission that even he could win this year should be considered "indiscrete" it takes a keen *Blade* to surmise.

Opportunity Does Not Repeat

President TAFT now says:

The American public may rest assured that, should the Republican party be restored to power in all legislative branches, all the schedules in the present tariff of which complaint is made will be subjected to investigation and report without delay by a competent and impartial tariff board and to the reduction or change which may be necessary to square the rates with facts.

Too late, Mr. President, too late. It won't do. The Republican party controlled "all legislative branches" when you summoned Congress to meet in special session to "revise the tariff downward," as you had publicly interpreted its pledge to the people. And the Republican party didn't do it. And you didn't make the Republican party do it, as you should and could have done. You had your chance. It won't come again.

Illustrative

Soon after the Pure Food law was enacted, Dr. HARVEY W. WILEY, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, was summoned to the White House to meet certain manufacturers who had complained to President ROOSEVELT that enforcement of the act was injuring their business. Among those present was JAMES S. SHERMAN, then a Representative in Congress, and now Vice-President of the United States. Recounting the incident in Terre Haute last week, Dr. WILEY said:

At this juncture Mr. SHERMAN interposed: "But, Mr. President, how about the saccharin? My firm saved $4,000 last year by using saccharin instead of sugar." I, unfortunately, "butted in" at this juncture and said: "Yes, Mr. President, and every one who eats these products is deceived, believing he is eating sugar, and moreover the health is threatened by this drug." Turning upon me in sudden anger and with a fierce visage, the President said: "Anybody who says saccharin is injurious is an idiot. Dr. RIXEY gives it to me every day." Having thus had my mental classification officially defined, I withdrew.

Two days thereafter the Remsen Board was gazetted. It was received with a shout of acclaim from the throat of every adulterator and misbrander of foods in the land.

An admirable exemplification of the theory, which the American people are now asked to confirm, that theirs is a government, not of laws, but of a practical man.

The Difference

If you want to maintain the prosperity of America, if you want to keep the farmers prosperous, and the savings-banks accounts full, and the insurance policies from lapsing, and the twenty-five million children in school, and all the opportunities of this land, of which I am sure you are all proud, vote to preserve the public policy of protection for American industry, under which we have grown so great and strong and prosperous, vote for TAFT.—*Senator* ROOT.

And so happy and contented. But the Senator is quite right. If you want to preserve the PAYNE-ALDRICH bill or get another revision upward, vote for TAFT. But if you agree with Governor WILSON when he says:

We don't want to disturb the industry of the country. We are not here to destroy the industry which these men have built up. But we are here to destroy the control over the industry of other people which these men have established and which makes it impossible that we should give ourselves a free field of service—

Then vote for WILSON.

Opening the Campaign

Senator ROOT then stepped forward and, says the *Tribune*, began his speech:

Fellow-citizens: Mr. WILSON [applause], the Democratic candidate, for whom I have great respect—and I am glad to perceive that some of you have, for he is an honest and upright American—Mr. WILSON says, etc., etc.

The senior Senator is an able campaigner. He knows how to strike a popular chord. More power to his distinguished elbow!

Easy

If Mr. HILLES is really anxious to pull off a public debate on the tariff between Mr. TAFT and Mr. WILSON, he has only to get the consent of his principal and say the word.

The Farmer at Armageddon

Replying to Mr. HILLES's charge that Harvester Trust money had been used for ROOSEVELT, Mr. PERKINS says:

This is a plain, downright lie. The Harvester Company has not, directly or indirectly, itself or through any individual, through employee, officer, director, or friend, at any time contributed one cent toward Mr. ROOSEVELT's campaign either before the Chicago convention of June or since that time.

Let's see about that. Mr. PERKINS is a director and stockholder of the Harvester Company, and the largest contributor to the ROOSEVELT fund. It was in response to Mr. PERKINS's plea that it would cost the Harvester Company a great deal of money to defend a suit brought by the government that ROOSEVELT ordered BONAPARTE to quit. Suppose he hadn't. Would Mr. PERKINS now have as much of "his own money" to put up for his benefactor as he is constantly shelling out? Whose money, if not the Harvester Company's, was that $20,000,000 extra dividend before it was divided up among Mr. PERKINS and his fellow-shareholders? And whose money was it before the Harvester Company got it by charging more for their reapers and mowers in the United States than they charge in France? It isn't Mr. PERKINS who is financing ROOSEVELT. And it isn't the Harvester Company. It is the American farmer.

South Carolina's Choice

The Democratic State Committee of South Carolina has officially and finally declared that Governor BLEASE was renominated at the recent primaries. His opponent, Judge JONES, has withdrawn his contest. This, of course, means that BLEASE will be re-elected.

Well, South Carolina's taste in Governors is peculiar—especially when one considers what it used to be. But there's no disputing about taste.

The Alibi Habit

ROOSEVELT to ORMSBY MCHARG, New York, March 4, 1912. (Note place and date):

Recently I learned that in the South you had endeavored to get delegates for me by promise of money or patronage, or in some other way that was not proper. . . . It is just as well that I should be able to answer explicitly and definitely any future accusation of the kind.

ORMSBY MCHARG to ROOSEVELT, New York, March 5, 1912. (Again note place and date):

MY DEAR COLONEL ROOSEVELT,—I am just in receipt of your letter of March 4th advising me that I am charged with endeavoring to get delegates for you by promise of money or patronage. [Follows a full and detailed denial. Mr. MCHARG says he only went as far south as Birmingham, Alabama, and that he made *no* effort to secure delegates.]

Human credulity is a wonderful thing, but isn't this taking the elder Weller's advice about alibis a trifle too seriously? Cannot even the alibi dodge be worked too often?

Mr. MCHARG was for TAFT and against ROOSEVELT until shortly before the spring primaries, when the TAFT administration deprived him of a lucrative job. He was then violently for ROOSEVELT and against TAFT. He is now understood to be for TAFT. The letters were given out by ROOSEVELT before the Senate Committee on Campaign Contributions, Mr. MCHARG being expected to testify later before the same tribunal.

Art is Mental

MOST OF MORGAN ART HERE
—*Head-line in Boston "Transcript."*

So even the *Transcript* does it. All the papers do. All of them just now speak of works of art as "art."

They shouldn't!

Art is mental. Its products are material. Nobody should confuse the two—nobody, except, perhaps, writers like THOMAS LAWSON, who churns up the parts of speech in a composition to be spread on Mr. RIDGEWAY's wood-pulp.

Secretary Stimson Never Said So

In a letter to the WEEKLY from San Francisco Secretary STIMSON says that the major portion of an alleged interview with him in a San Francisco paper, including some extracts which were quoted in the WEEKLY's "Progress of the Campaign," is "a complete fabrication," and "entirely the production of the imagination of unscrupulous journalism."

We are pained that Mr. STIMSON should have been misquoted. He says he is "strongly opposed to the candidacy of Mr. ROOSEVELT," but has not been saying about him such things as the San Francisco paper printed.

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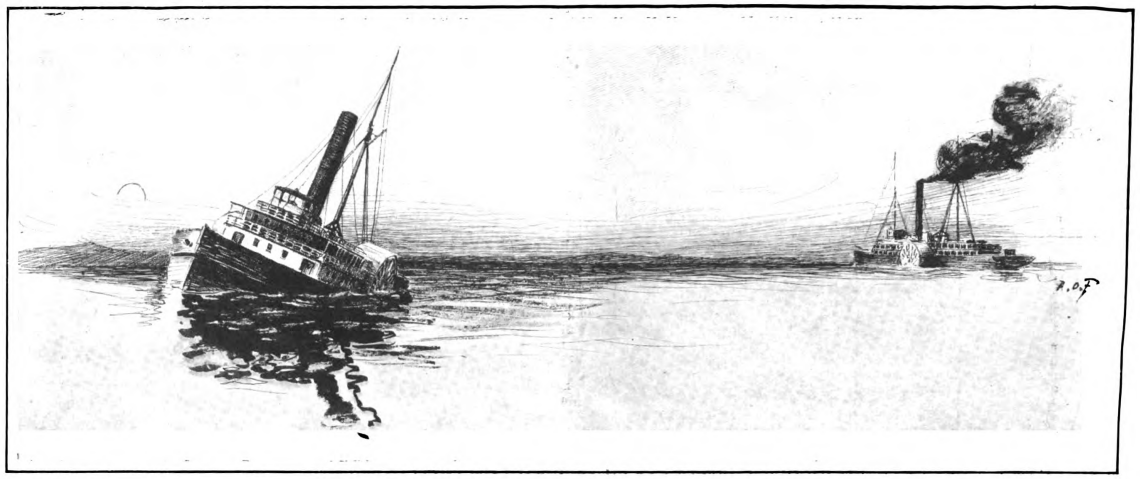


John Beall, Privateersman

THE DESPERATE ATTEMPT AND TRAGIC FATE OF ONE OF THE CONFEDERACY'S MOST FAMOUS AGENTS

By William Gilmore Beymer

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON O. FISHER

IN Toronto, Canada, one September day in 1864, two men, rounding a street corner from opposite directions, met suddenly face to face, stared in astonishment for a moment, then warmly clasped hands and turned into a near-by hotel. Captain John Beall thus met the man whom he had least expected to meet—Bennett Burley, one of his old privateersmen, the man who now was about to become second in command in the historic raid on Lake Erie.

When they had shut the door of Beall's room, "Burley," said Beall, slowly, "I want you. I want you for my lieutenant. My old plan has come at last—my big chance. I am to capture the *Michigan*, free the Johnson's Island prisoners, burn Sandusky, Cleveland, Buffalo—all the rest! You know the old plans. Will you come?"

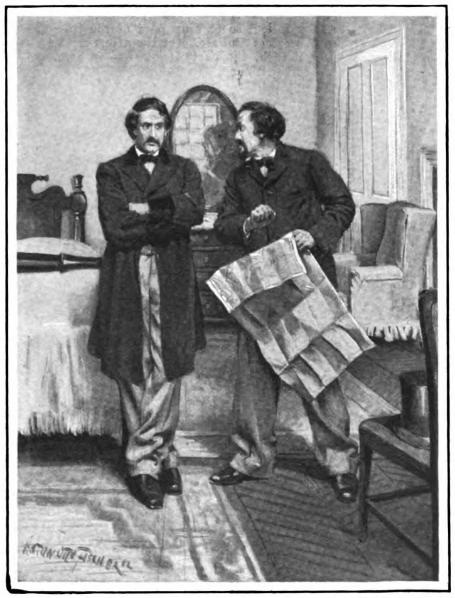
Burley nodded. "I am with you," he said. "When do we begin?" The plans, Beall explained, were not yet complete, but that very night he was to confer with "Captain Carson" and the final details were to be arranged. The expected meeting took place that night. "Captain Carson" was none other than Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior under President Buchanan, now the Confederacy's chief secret agent in Canada.

Burley was told, or gathered from the talk, all that thus far had been done. He learned that Captain Charles H. Cole, supplied with thousands of dollars by the Confederate government, through Jacob Thompson, had been living for weeks at the West House in Sandusky, in the guise of a prodigal young Philadelphia millionaire. With his easy, affable manner and his apparently unlimited wealth, Cole had had no difficulty in making acquaintances whom he had used as so many stepping-stones to cross over to Johnson's Island and the *Michigan*, which, watchdog-like, guarded it. He had entertained at lavish dinners and sumptuous banquets, at each succeeding one, more and more of the Federal officers who, in turn, had entertained him on board the *Michigan* and on the island. He explored the *Michigan* from stem to stern. On the island he learned that the garrison, originally nine hundred strong, had, in the security of the *Michigan's* protection, been weakened by no fewer than five detachments for duties on the mainland. From the prisoners (to some of whom he had of course revealed his true character) he learned that there already existed an organization for an attempt at escape, which thus far had been thwarted only by the presence of the *Michigan*. The *Michigan*, then, above all else, was the stumbling-block. Then John Beall had come to Canada, and the plan had quickened into vigorous life.

At the meeting that night in the Toronto hotel the final details were arranged. Cole, in Sandusky, was to give at the West House his most elaborate entertainment—a wine party. Part of his guests were to be his secret agents the rest every Federal officer who could be induced to attend. Those who could not be made sufficiently drunk were to be drugged; to be drugged likewise was the officer who remained in command of the *Michigan*. Of the crew of the *Michigan* more than one member was in Charles Cole's employ.

Beall and his men were to take passage on the *Philo Parsons*, a small steamer making daily trips between Detroit and Sandusky. Before they should reach Sandusky they were to capture the *Philo Parsons*. A signal, or message, from Cole in Sandusky, but two short miles away, would acquaint the prisoners, already warned, that all was ready; the prisoners then would show a signal to Beall. The approach of the familiar *Philo Parsons* would arouse no notice; she would be alongside before the *Michigan's* bewildered sailors, hesitating in the absence of their officers, would take action; in an instant Beall and his men would be aboard and at the sailors' throats. A cannon-shot would be fired through the officers' quarters on the island, and at this signal the twenty-five hundred waiting prisoners would rise against their surprised guards, and by sheer weight of numbers overpower them.

At the signal-gun from the *Michigan* the Federal officers on shore would be made prisoners. Some of Cole's agents, scattered throughout the city, would cut every telegraph wire; others were waiting to seize the arms of the National Guard. The location of every stable in the city had long since been ascertained, so that when the escaping prisoners landed they would find arms and horses with which to fight their way through the militia across the State to Wheeling and thence into Virginia. The treaty with Canada permitted the United States but one war-ship on the Lakes; thus the captured *Michigan*, manned by many of the freed Confederates, would steam out of Sandusky Bay, master of the Lakes and with the Lakes' cities at its mercy. That was the plan to which Bennett Burley listened that September night; it seemed a plan that could not fail. The attempt, at this last meeting, was set for the night of Monday, September the 19th.



At the meeting that night in the Toronto hotel the final details were arranged

On Monday morning the *Philo Parsons* with Burley aboard steamed down the Detroit River. At Sandwich, on the Canadian side, Beall and two of his men boarded the steamer, as passengers. At Amherstburg, Ontario, at the mouth of the river, sixteen men—farmers, mechanics, small tradesmen, or so they appeared—came aboard, paid their fares, and quietly mingled with the other passengers. The only piece of baggage in the whole party was one old, roped trunk, singularly heavy. The *Philo Parsons* steamed out into the lake and headed southeastward straight for Sandusky. At mid-afternoon the captain had been set ashore for the night at his home on Middle Bass Island; the monotonously pleasant trip began to draw toward its end; at four o'clock the last regular stop before Sandusky had been made at Kelleys Island, eight miles from the port of destination. When the *Philo Parsons* was well on the way once more, Beall and several of his men strolled into the pilot-house; the man at the wheel found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. At that same moment three men approached W. O. Ashley, ship's clerk, now the acting-captain, and leveled revolvers at him. The few passengers present watched with staring eyes; no one of them moved or spoke; not a woman screamed; they seemed spellbound. There was a strange, uneasy pause as though the actors had forgotten their parts. Burley hurried up. Behind him, in a small, unarmed mob, tramped his men. Burley stepped up to Ashley and tapped him on the breast with a long-barreled revolver: "Get into that cabin or you are a dead man! One—two—thr—" The clerk whisked into the cabin and they shut him in. Through a small window he watched them bring out on deck the heavy trunk, unrope it, and distribute its contents—big revolvers, two apiece, and glittering new hatchets, terrible weapons in the hands of strong, fierce men. Then the Confederates, quietly, at revolvers' points, rounded up the dumfounded, terrified passengers—eighty of them, nearly half of whom were women—marched them into the cabin, and set a guard over them. It was all ridiculously easy. The *Philo Parsons* was captured!

The ship was put about and steamed in a great half-circle back to Middle Bass Island. As she drew into the wharf, the *Island Queen*, running from Sandusky to Toledo, was seen approaching, and in a few minutes made fast alongside. The prisoners breathlessly watched from the cabin windows. Suddenly

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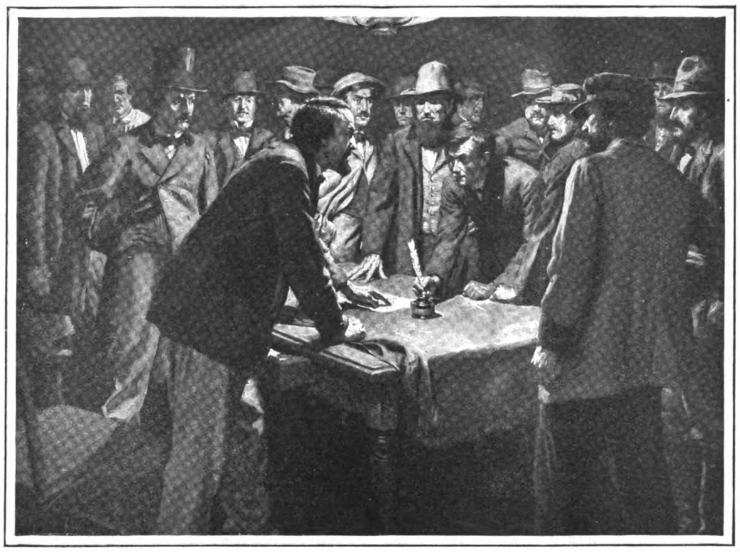
from the *Philo Parsons's* higher decks John Beall, heading his boarding-party, leaped down on the *Island Queen*. The *Queen* was crowded to her full capacity; twenty or twenty-five Federal infantrymen (unarmed), *en route* to Toledo to be mustered out, swelled the number of her passengers. There was an instant bedlam of shrieks and cries, but above all rose the savage Confederate yell as Beall and his men, gleaming hatchets and revolvers in hand, charged into the crowd. There was a moment of half-incredulous resistance; shots were fired — the *Queen's* engineer wounded; then an almost instantaneous surrender. Within five minutes the *Island Queen's* trembling passengers were being herded into the cabin and into the hold of "the pirate ship." After fuel had been got aboard, the prisoners were set ashore.

Night had come, but with it a moon almost at the full. By its light the marooned passengers silently watched the *Philo Parsons* and the little *Island Queen*, lashed together, steam out across the moonlit lake farther and farther away; saw them separate; watched till the *Island Queen*, helplessly drifting, slowly sinking, at last, before their eyes, went down. The *Philo Parsons*, her crew hot with their victories, steamed on alone to attack the *Michigan*.

It was still long until the hour for the attack. The *Philo Parsons*, her freight thrown overboard, her decks cleared for action, at half-speed slowly sailed nearer and nearer to Johnson's Island. The most trying hour had come, the dread inaction before battle, the hour of thinking. Beneath the faint glow in the sky were the unseen lights of Sandusky; somewhere among them would be the yet more brilliantly lighted windows from which would be coming the sound of revelry—Cole's wine-party in full swing. Beall, alone in the extreme bow, could almost believe he heard the drunken laughter. Dead ahead hung the low, clustered lights



"Write out a memorial of your cowardice and treachery," he thundered

of the *Michigan* and Johnson's Island; one by one they began to wink out; faintly over the waters came from the *Michigan* "Eight bells"—midnight! Cole's signal was long overdue. Beall strained his eyes, watching, watching. Next moment it would surely come! The *Philo Parsons* crept, all but drifting, nearer.

There came the sound of some one running. Beall did not take his eyes off the island. "What is it?" he said.

"Captain Beall!" Burley cried, hoarsely. "John! The men have mutinied! Only two of them will go on."

"Watch here!" Beall answered. Almost staggering, he went into the cabin. His men awaited him, sheepishly, sullenly. The signal had failed—ergo, the plot was discovered; it would be madness to go on, they said. He raged at them, pleaded with them, cursed them; then, white with anger and disappointment: "Write out a memorial of your cowardice and treachery; sign it!" he thundered. They meekly gathered beneath the swinging lamp and wrote John Beall's vindication:

"On board the 'Philo Parsons,' *Sept. 20, 1864.*

"We, the undersigned, crew of the boat aforesaid, take pleasure in expressing our admiration of the gentlemanly bearing, skill, and courage of Captain Beall as a commanding officer and a gentleman, but believing, and being well convinced that the enemy is informed of our approach, and is so well prepared that we cannot by any possibility make it a success, and, having already captured two boats, we respectfully decline to prosecute it any further."

In the gray dawn the *Philo Parsons* steamed out once more from the Canadian shore; abandoned, she steered a wavering, crazy course; slower and slower as her fires died down, lower and lower as the water rose in her hold, and then, slowly settling, at last gave a plunge and was gone. The raid on Lake Erie was ended.

The signal from Johnson's Island had not been given because the plot had indeed failed, just as all such plots usually fail—through some one's treachery. On the morning of the 19th, Captain Carter, who had returned to the *Michigan* one day earlier than expected, received a telegram from the officials of Detroit which apprised him of the whole plot.

Between three and four o'clock that afternoon, almost at the very time the *Philo Parsons* was being captured, Captain Cole was made a prisoner in Sandusky. In February, 1866, a Brooklyn, New York, judge quashed the charges against him and set him free.

Burley, believing himself safe in Canada, attempted no concealment. He was arrested and turned over to the Federal government. Like Cole, he was imprisoned, and, like Cole, without being brought to trial, eventually released.

But what of John Beall? John Beall was hanged. He went mad—the madness of fanaticism, the madness of John Wilkes Booth, the madness of John Brown, and for that he hanged. What kinder palliation can be made for him? What else other than madness could have turned John Beall—wealthy, studious, retiring, he whose dream had been to enter the ministry, into a train-wrecker, an intending murderer of hundreds of men and women and little children whose only offense was that they were Northerners?

After the failure on Lake Erie some new campaign had to be devised. A train on the New York & Erie Railroad was to be derailed, wrecked, captured, between Dunkirk and Buffalo. As for the attempt to execute this plan, the story is quickly told. Nearly thirty men were to have taken part, but when the moment for the attempt arrived only four were at the rendezvous. Colonel Martin in command, Lieutenant Headley, George S. Anderson (escaped prisoners—Raider Morgan's men), and John Beall. Once they failed, twice they failed, to tear up part of the track five or six miles west of Buffalo. On the afternoon of Friday, December 16th, the party (now five in number) tried for the third time.

Heavy snow had fallen. They drove in a sleigh to the selected spot and regained the tools which they had hidden there, a sledge-hammer and a cold-chisel—the same inadequate tools. Again the quarter-hours passed in ineffectual efforts to displace a rail. Dusk fell; the train was almost due. Then Colonel Martin discovered a spare rail close by, and laid it across the track. The whistle of the approaching train sounded; there was no time to make the obstruction secure; time only to hide in the thicket and watch. The engine screamed for "brakes"; sparks flew from the screeching wheels; the train slid up to the obstruction, struck it, and came in safety to a stop. Trainmen with lanterns leaped from the train. The conspirators fled to their sleigh, scrambled in, and set the horses galloping into the darkness. The trainmen threw the rail to one side, and the train went on. It seems almost necessary to apologize for having told such a story!

Perhaps the conspirators gave up the idea of any further attempt, perhaps only deferred it, but that night all five of them left Buffalo. At Niagara City, Colonel Martin, Lieutenant Headley, and the fifth wrecker, an unnamed soldier, walked across the Suspension Bridge to the comparative safety of the Canadian shore. Beall and seventeen-year-old George Anderson remained behind in the railroad station to await the arrival of the train from Toronto, which was to be boarded by the others at Clifton, across the river. There was a long wait. The boy, Anderson, fell asleep; near by, Beall, too, was nodding. They posed as strangers to each other. The train arrived. Beall hurried aboard, but the boy did not follow, and he dashed back into the station. There Anderson still slept as soundly as a child. A few moments were still left before the train should start, and Beall sat down close to Anderson, planning to arouse him stealthily without disclosing to others that they two were friends. But two policemen observed the stealthy movement; they drew a hasty conclusion, and, accidentally, made an important arrest.

The police accused Beall and Anderson of being escaped Confederate prisoners from Point Lookout.

"We *are* escaped Confederate prisoners from Point Lookout," Beall said. If only he might be sent to Point Lookout and there lose his identity among the prisoners of war! Perhaps he might have succeeded, but Anderson, the boy for whose sake John Beall had gone back from safety, turned State's evidence!

Only a young, frightened boy—so John Beall made excuses for him in one of the last letters which he ever wrote. He fully and freely forgave Anderson.

From the very first everything was against Beall. He wrote to Richmond asking for documents to prove that he had acted on the authority of the Confederate government; his letters were intercepted and became a part of the prosecution's evidence against him. A statement by Colonel Martin was not admitted in evidence by the commission; yet in this statement Colonel Martin asserted that the real purpose (known only to himself and Beall) of the attempted train-capture was to rescue from their guards certain Confederate prisoners *en route* from Johnson's Island to Fort Warren.

Five witnesses appeared for the prosecution; for the defense there was not one. Confronted by such witnesses as Anderson, Ashley of the *Philo Parsons*, and one of the *Philo Parsons's* passengers, Beall's position was desperate indeed. The trial, before a military commission of six officers and the Judge-Advocate, was begun on February 1, 1865, in Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor; it dragged itself out through four weary days.

On February 8th the commission met and reported their finding: John Y. Beall, charged with acting as a spy and in violation of the laws of war, was guilty on every specification in each charge. General Dix approved the sentence and decreed that "on February, 18th, John Y. Beall shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead."

Of all the strange inconsistencies in John Beall's story, perhaps the strangest is that of the untiring efforts of the Northerners who joined with Beall's friends in the attempt to save him from the gallows. Congressmen and Senators—fourteen from Ohio, seventeen from New York, among them James A. Garfield, Fernando Wood, and Samuel Cox, representatives of all but five of the Federal States, joined with such men as Ainsworth R. Spofford, Librarian of the Congressional Library; John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; Thaddeus Stevens, Governor John Andrew of Massachusetts; ex-Postmaster-General Montgomery Blair, and scores more, in the vain efforts to obtain from Abraham Lincoln the clemency of a commuted sentence for John Beall. There were midnight interviews, long, grave conferences, the appeals of women, personal friends of the President; every argument, every influence, every pressure, until at last the President closed his doors and sent out the knell of hope: "I will not interfere!"

Beall was removed to Fort Columbus, Governor's Island, the appointed place of execution. He was respited until February 24th while the case was reviewed for the correction of a technical error. The last night came. He passed it in mental calm, but in physical anguish from an old affliction—toothache. He wished for laudanum to ease the pain, but would not ask for it, he said, for fear of being misunderstood. "If they but knew," he laughed to one of his old friends who watched the night through with him, "I could have opened a vein at any time" (he tapped his left shoe as he spoke) "if I had wished to do so!" In the shoe were two tiny saws made of steel watch-springs. A rescue had long been carefully planned; it was thwarted only by the fields of floating ice that surrounded the island. The very elements worked against him.

Then at last came Friday the 24th. The hour had been set for 2 P.M. It was a perfect winter's day, crisp, not cold, with a sky of glittering blue; over all was brilliant sunshine. Passes had been given with a prodigal hand; a great crowd was present—some hundreds—many of them women. A ferry-boat hovered close inshore, her decks—crowded as for an excursion—overlooking the parade-ground.

The great inner gates of Fort Columbus swung open and a long procession marched slowly out; the provost-marshal, his aides, the prisoner, a minister, an escort of one hundred soldiers. A military band blared a funeral march. John Beall marched with the high-held head of a soldier, kept step to the music with the soldiers around him. A long military cape, thoughtfully thrown over his shoulders by a kindly officer, covered his pinioned arms to the tips of his gloved fingers. On his head already was the black cap, rolled up from his face, turban fashion; its long point and silken tassel, blown by the wind, tossed jauntily.

Full in the face of the gallows and the great crowd about it the procession came to a sudden halt. The band stopped playing. For nine terrible minutes they stood in unexplained, apparently causeless, delay. The crowd murmured loudly with pity and horror. Twice the prisoner spoke to the minister at his side: "How beautiful the sun is! I see it for the last time," and, "Tell my mother that you saw her son die without craven fear and without bravado."

The order at last, and the band struck up its march again; the procession moved slowly to the gallows; the officials and the prisoner mounted it. The prisoner respectfully rose from his chair as the adjutant began to read in a loud voice the charges and specifications and the sentence. The time had come! But no, the adjutant drew out another paper and again read loudly; it was the long, sermon-like manifesto of General Dix. At the first words of the manifesto, Beall coolly drew a chair forward with his foot and sat down again. His serenity in the face of death makes this bitter story beautiful. The reading came at last to an end. Then John Beall stood up, and in a clear, firm voice spoke for the last time:

"I protest against the execution of this sentence. It is a murder. I have nothing more to say, except—I die in the service and defense of my country!"

From behind him came the sword-flash that was the signal.

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BAYING THE TURK

THE CAUSES THAT HAVE PRODUCED THE PRESENT SITUATION IN SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE, WITH AN ANALYSIS OF THE ARMED STRENGTH OF THE OPPONENTS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

HERE is a summary of the events which have brought about the present situation in the Balkans:

In 1683 the Turks, who had overrun all southeastern Europe, besieged Vienna with a force of nearly 300,000 men. With an army numbering 70,000 John Sobieski, the Polish King, drove them headlong from their trenches. Thenceforward the flood ebbed, the Turkish Empire contracted. In repeated wars Russia shattered the power of the Sultans.

As the floods receded, submerged nations reappeared. Conquered in the fifteenth century, for the most part, they felt the impulse toward national existence and emphasized it by frequent revolts. Greece became free in 1830. The Congress of Berlin, which met in 1878 at the conclusion of the last Russo-Turkish War, gave independence to Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro (which had always maintained a quasi-autonomy by force of arms). Bulgaria, which was to be nominally under Turkish suzerainty, annexed eastern Rumelia in 1885 and declared her complete independence a year ago.

But other Balkan territories still remained subject to Turkey, notably Macedonia, which is inhabited by a mixed population, chiefly of Slavs and Greeks. After years of rivalry, intrigue, and war, between Servia and Bulgaria, during which these two States have been used as pawns in the long contest between Russia and Austria, these little countries have united to secure freedom for their oppressed fellow Slavs in Macedonia. Montenegro, also a Slav state, has joined them. Greece, for years at enmity with these countries, and desiring Macedonia for herself, has at last forgotten her quarrel and united with them against her hereditary enemy, Turkey. That is the situation to-day.

How many men can the Balkan contestants put in the field, and what kind of equipment will they have? On the one side are the four little kingdoms, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Greece, all belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church, and all mindful of former Turkish despotism. They think the hour has come for final revenge on their old oppressors. On the other side, the Osmanli Turks, last remnant of an all-conquering race, holding together the fragments of a magnificent empire. How will the two sides line up for the conflict?

The four allies are all tiny kingdoms. Bulgaria, the biggest, has but four and a half million inhabitants. Servia has three millions, Greece two and three-quarter millions, Montenegro a quarter of a million. The total population of the four kingdoms is ten million souls. There is not much material here for the formation of huge armies. But each of the four is ready to make heroic sacrifices.

Bulgaria has a revenue of some $35,000,000 yearly. She has been spending a fifth of this, $7,000,000, on preparations for war. As a result, she has about 230,000 men fairly drilled and armed with the Austrian Mannlicher rifle, the cavalry armed with the Mannlicher carbine, which takes the same ammunition as the rifle, the artillery supplied with Schneider-Canet quick-firing guns. She has thirty-six regiments of infantry, nine of artillery, and eleven of cavalry, and many of her officers have been trained in the best military schools in Europe. The Bulgarians are a sturdy race of small farmers, tough and obstinate in defense, courageous in attack, hardy from the conditions of their life, accustomed to exposure. Every man among them has served his time with the colors, and, in the first reserve, has had regular military training year after year. The Bulgarian army is full of fight, physically fit, adequately armed. Of her potential army of nearly a quarter of a million, she can probably put about a hundred thousand in the field at once.

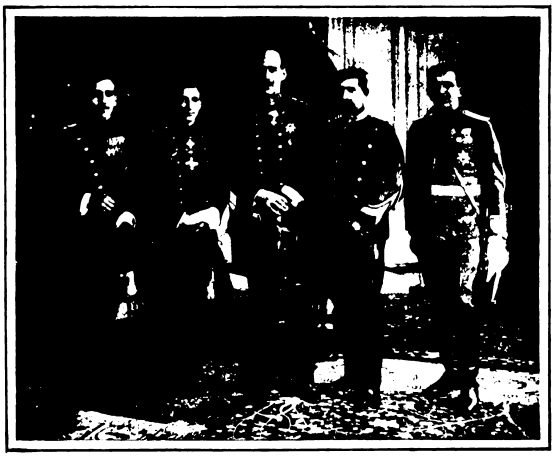
The Servian army is smaller, as Servia herself is smaller. There are five military districts in Servia, as against nine in her Slav sister on the east. Each of these districts supplies four regiments of infantry and one each of artillery and cavalry, their weapons being the German Mauser rifle and the Schneider - Canet quick-firing gun. As in Bulgaria, there is universal compulsory military service. The new recruit serves six months with the colors, then enters the first reserve, with annual training for ten years, passing to the second and third reserves, for fourteen years more. The Servian field army numbers 110,000 men, of whom fifty thousand are probably ready for immediate service. Servia, like Bulgaria, has been spending a large part of her income, some $6,000,000 from a yearly revenue of $25,000,000, on military training and equipment, and she believes that she has full value in the excellent condition of her army.

Montenegro supplies to the coalition a splendid tradition rather than a large field force. With a population of a quarter million, her contribution of soldiers is necessarily limited. But she brings the glory of an unconquered nation, representing that part of the once great Servian race which fought most valiantly against the Turks and first won independence from the Moslem conquerors. In the Black Mountain district, which we know as Montenegro, the Slavs had their last fortress against the Ottomans, and their first victorious outpost when the tide of Turkish conquest began to ebb; and the tradition of Montenegrin heroism burns brightly throughout the whole Balkan region. It was an inspiration to Servian and Bulgarian alike, in their much later wars of independence. Montenegro can perhaps supply from thirty to fifty thousand men, who have the value rather of vigorous and patriotic militia than of fully trained regular troops.

Of all four kingdoms, Greece is the most eager for the defeat of Turkey. Greece is still smarting from the memory of her disastrous campaign in the spring of 1897, when she was so badly beaten by the Turks. Greece has been spending $4,000,000 yearly, from an income of $30,000,000, on military preparations; her field army, fully mustered, will number fifty thousand men, forming three divisions, each of three brigades or six regiments, armed with Mannlicher-Schönauer rifles and Schneider-Canet quick-firing guns. To this force is to be added a small fleet, and, possibly, a corps of Cretan volunteers, with militia training.

The allies, therefore, can probably muster about 200,000 to 250,000 men, all well armed, all with some training, within a few days; and, by great efforts and at the cost of many sacrifices, can probably supplement these later by an equal number. Of this allied force, the Slav contingent on the north will number from 150,000 to 200,000 men, while the Greek force on the south will be about 50,000. It is unlikely that the four little kingdoms can keep a larger force in the field, but they can probably maintain their forces at this figure by drawing on their equally well-trained reserves.

The Balkan states and their Turkish neighbor



Five important factors in the situation

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: PRINCE ALEXANDER OF SERVIA; CROWN PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA; CROWN PRINCE CONSTANTINE OF GREECE; CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND OF RUMANIA; CROWN PRINCE DANILO OF MONTENEGRO

To come now to the Turks. They are soldiers by tradition, instinct, and training, while the Slavs and Greeks are peasant farmers. Of the Osmanli Turks, those who cast in their lot with the imperial family of Othman, there are some ten millions, of whom a million and a half are natives of Europe, while eight and a half millions belong to the Asian dominion across the straits. There are also sources of military strength among the other Mohammedan races within the Turkish empire, but they are not available in any considerable numbers for the present conflict.

The Turkish army is divided into seven army corps, each under the command of a field-marshal. Of these seven corps, one is stationed at Constantinople, one at Adrianople, one at Salonika, while the other four have their headquarters in Asia. It thus happens that the Turkish army is cut in two, since Turkey lost the command of the sea in her contest with Italy. The total numbers of the Turkish army are set at 1,800,000; the active army and the first and second reserves, men who are serving or have served their time with the colors, numbering a million of these. Turkey possesses about 1,120,000 Mausers, with half a million English Martinis in reserve, and her artillery is supplied with Krupp quick-firing guns. There are probably from 250,000 to 300,000 men, well trained and well equipped, in European Turkey, ready for instant action. If Turkey succeeds in bringing her Asian forces into the field, she may be able to double these figures.

The weakness of the allies' position seems to be that their armies are cut in two, and can only be united after they have gained a decisive victory in Macedonia, the Slavs operating from the north and west, and the Greeks operating from the south, to which they have access both by land through Thessaly and by sea. The Turks, on the contrary, have a very strong position, a triangle formed by the three cities, Constantinople, Adrianople, and Salonika, and they are admirably fitted to put up an uncommonly strong defensive fight.

What are the prizes of victory which the contestants hope for? Montenegro would like Novi-bazar, a kind of "Cherokee Strip" that now divides her from Servia; but Austria objects, hoping some day to possess herself of this strip, and build a railroad through it to the Mediterranean port of Salonika. Servia and Bulgaria would like to divide northern Macedonia between them, and to annex to their kingdoms its large Slavonic population, thus approaching more nearly to their old national boundaries, before they were overthrown by Turkish conquest. Greece would like the southern part of Macedonia with Salonika as port.

Turkey, the Ottoman nation, would be content to hold its own, not losing ground, if gaining none; holding at least a large enough foothold for the development of a race possessing many fine and noble qualities.

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Alice in Blunderland

THE PLAIN PEOPLE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, BY TWO OF THEM

PART II

III.—The White Night

ALICE walked on in an aimless sort of way, and presently found herself in the open country. She was rather enjoying her solitude, when a sudden clatter of hoofs startled her out of the road, just in time to avoid being run over by a snowy white horse, bearing a rider clad all in white armor.

She was just congratulating herself on her escape when she again heard galloping hoofs, and back came the Knight at a brisk gait. As he passed, he threw a lasso over her head and drew it tight about her waist, lifting her up on his saddle before she could realize what was happening to her.

"Bully sport!" he shouted, with evident enjoyment.

"But how ever did you do it?" she exclaimed, as soon as she had regained her breath.

"It *is* a useful little trick, it's my own invention," said the Knight, with pride. "You see, when people don't want to go with me I just make use of these inducements," pointing to the numerous coils of rope festooned to his saddle. "That's how I have so many followers. I think nothing of bagging thousands in a day—eight out of every seven is my average. Nothing like knowing the ropes, my dear!"

"But how can you know you want them, when you're riding at that speed?" asked Alice.

"I don't. But I can examine them afterward, and those I don't want I throw away."

"Well, what do you intend to do with me?" she asked, feeling rather uneasy.

"What! don't you know?" exclaimed the Knight, reproachfully. "Why, I've just rescued you from an untimely death—and oppression—and tyranny!" he went on with a rapt expression, his words dying away into a murmur, in which Alice could distinguish such phrases as "welfare of the people, life of sacrifice to great principles—leader — instrument — broken and cast aside!"

That state of abstraction gave Alice a chance to observe her strange captor. He had evidently done a lot of fighting, for the white of his armor had worn quite off in places. Across his chest he wore a sort of shield, square in shape and of an inky blackness, on which were emblazoned the words, "The White Night."

"But why do you spell it without a 'K'?" asked Alice, breaking in on his reverie.

"Why not?" murmured the Knight, absently, and fell again into abstraction; but now his speech was more intelligible: "It's because I never have time to sleep. I can't talk when I sleep, though I can talk when I doze—that's some comfort. And then I like the dark," he rambled on. "I can see better, and my ideas look more workable—and then, you know, my virtues are such as shun the glaring light of day," he said, with a modest smile. Returning to her question, he continued dreamily, "*I* prefer it spelt '*Nite*,' but they said I must choose between simple spelling and simple selling, so of course I chose the latter, it's so much more profitable, you know," rousing himself to give Alice a wink.

"What do you sell?" she asked, curiously, glancing at a large round object fastened to his saddle.

"*Whom*, you should say," corrected the Knight, sharply, now wide awake. "Why, every one who listens to me!" he said, complacently. "But I see you're admiring my beehive—it's my own invention," he added, proudly.

"But there are no bees in it," said Alice, examining it cautiously.

"I know," admitted the Knight, somewhat wistfully. "But," he went on, brightening up, "when I once get one in, I sha'n't let it escape me again! It's a Residential Bee that I'm after, you see. It's called Residential because it lives in that Residence on the Hill," pointing to a great white building that certainly had not been there ten minutes before.

"I haven't succeeded yet in getting in," the Knight complained. "I told them I'd had a pressing invitation to enter, but they only looked incredulous and closed the door in my face. Then I thought that, if I *matched* the house better, I might slip in unnoticed. So my friend, the Harvester, bought me a good coat of whitewash, and I tried again, this time by way of the second-story windows. Rather clever, that, wasn't it? You'll find an account of it in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*. But would you believe it? They'd locked the windows! I can't think why they should be so suspicious. Next time I shall take more strenuous methods. I can't decide between attempting a bolt and splitting up the party."

"What party?" asked Alice.

"Why, the Irregular party, of course; I think it's my duty as a Digressive, don't you?"

"I can't say that I do," answered Alice, truthfully.

"Well, you ought to, I'm sure!" cried the Knight, indignantly, "when it's all for you that I'm hunting the Bee!"

"For me!" exclaimed Alice, in astonishment; "why, where do I come in?"

"You don't *come* in," said the White Knight, testily; "but you can stay outside and cheer whenever I show myself at the window. That 'll be glory enough for you, I should think!"

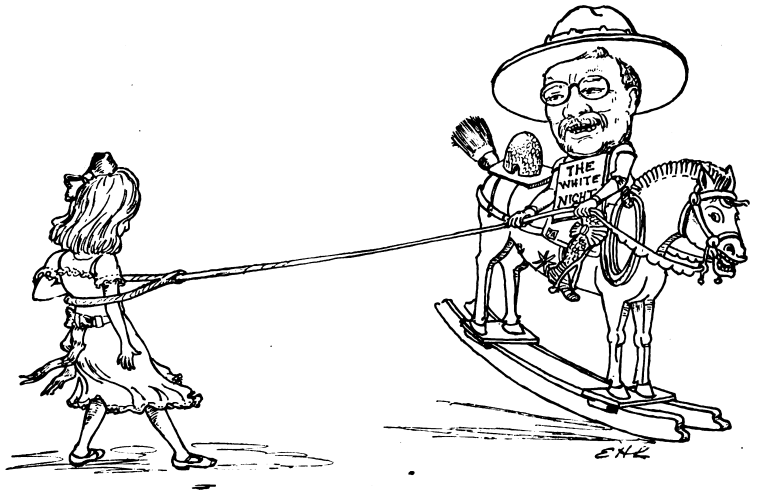
He heaved a deep sigh; then, straightening himself, and striking his chest with his clenched fist, he exclaimed, with a noble look:

"But don't be discouraged, my dear! I never knew Defeat. Frequently as I have met with him, I always act as if I had never seen him before. Not very polite, perhaps, but politic, eh? So keep a good heart. I shall run until I get ejected, never fear!"

And with that he took to his heels and disappeared from view.

IV.—The Seven Little Governors

Alice was just thinking, "Now I shall get a little rest and be able to straighten out my ideas somewhat,"



"Nothing like knowing the ropes, my dear"

when there was a great hubbub in the woods back of her, and out ran seven of the queerest little creatures in apparently the last stages of fright. Espying Alice, they all ran up to her and begged her to take care of them.

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed Alice, "what is the matter? And who are you, anyway?"

"Please, miss," explained the Oddest-looking one, "we are the Seven Little Governors, and could you tell us where the Boss is now?"

"Why, you must mean the White Knight!" cried Alice. "Come to think of it, he *did* look the very image of the Blunderboss, only his armor rather disguised him. If it's the White Knight you want, he ran off in that direction," she said, pointing; but to her surprise, the Bee's residence had quite disappeared from view.

As the Seven Little Governors seemed rooted to the spot, she exclaimed, impatiently, "You'll have to hurry if you want to catch him," and gave a push to the nearest one, who was hanging rather heavily on her arm. His Stubby form promptly lost its balance, and he fell in a heap to the ground, setting up a wail as he sat there helpless and apparently quite unable to rise to his feet.

"Or," suggested Alice, ignoring him, "shall I call him back?"

"No! no!" they protested, in a terrified chorus, "we want him *there*, not here!"

"You see," began one of them, lowering his Bass tones to a confidential whisper, "we didn't really know him when we first took up with him. And now he leads us such a dance, you can't think! He's just as apt to say, without the least warning, 'Up with your heels!' And there we are, all seven of us, with our heads stuck in the mud and our heels waving in the air, and everybody laughing at us! And you know it *is* hard to see things straight when you're turned upside down."

"Particularly with your head in the mud," put in another Little Governor, with a sob.

"Though *he* says," continued the first, "that things look much more natural to *him* in that position. He says it's then that his ideals are realized—and he's very strong on ideals, you know."

"*Wrong*, I should say!" exclaimed Alice, scornfully. "I never did hear such nonsense!"

"And as for mud," wailed another Little Governor, in perplexity, "*he* holds that it is a gentleman's fittest element!"

"Oh, oh!" suddenly cried one of the little creatures in dismay. "We've lost our brooms, and now he'll kill us surely!" And there arose such a tumult of cries and groans that Alice had to shake them all roundly before she could get an answer to her question: "What in the world were you doing with brooms?"

"Why, sweeping our States, to be sure," explained the Little Governor with the Bass voice, "and you've no idea what hard work it is. I speak from my own experience. No sooner do you think you've swept one corner clean, than up comes a wind from another quarter, and you have to begin all over again. They do say, 'A new broom sweeps clean,' but I find the old one's easier to handle, myself."

"As we seem to be safe for the present," said the Stubby Little Governor, still seated on the ground, "I vote we postpone looking for our brooms and have a little poetry to hearten us up. And I vote to recite it myself."

There was some grumbling from the other Little Governors, but before any concerted action could be taken the Stubby one was on his feet, and with a profound bow had announced:

"THE PINCHER AND THE HARVESTER

"The Pincher and the Harvester
Were walking on the Strand:
They wept like anything to see
No Popular Demand:
'If we could only stir one up,'
They said, 'it would be grand!'

"'If Seven Little Governors
Should make their little try,
Do you suppose,' the Pincher said,
'That they could raise the cry?'
'I doubt it,' said the Harvester,
And wiped a tearful eye.

"'Oh, People, come and shout with us,'
The Pincher did entreat.
'A lusty shout, a speedy rout,
Will work the foe's defeat:
Our modest call is just for all
To join us in the heat.'

"The Wiser People looked at him,
But never a word they said;
The Wiser People winked an eye
And shook a wise old head—
Meaning to say they would retain
Their sanity instead.

"'The time has come,' the Pincher said,
'To slander everything:
To upset Trust—and Government—
And President—and King—
To see there is no credit left
When we have had our Fliing!'

"'It does seem rude,' the Pincher cooed,
'To fleece them one and all,
After they've been so prompt about
Responding to our call.'
The Harvester said nothing but
'My purse has grown too small!'

"Oh, People," said the Harvester,
'You've seen some Bully Sport.
Shall we be getting car-fare out?'
But answer came there naught.
And this was scarcely odd because
It was in vain they sought.

"'Poor People!' sighed the Harvester,
'We'll take you on our cart,
The trials of the Worthy Poor
We always have at heart.
Now, if you're ready, my dear friends,
We shall get in and start.'"

At this moment a shout was raised, "The Boss! The Boss!" and there followed a series of squeals and shouts, as the Seven Little Governors scrambled to their feet and fled to the woods as fast as they could go.

Alice concluded it to have been a false alarm, for there was no sign of Blunderboss nor Knight; so with a sigh of relief she strolled off by herself, thankful for the peace and quiet which had at last descended upon her.

(To be Concluded)

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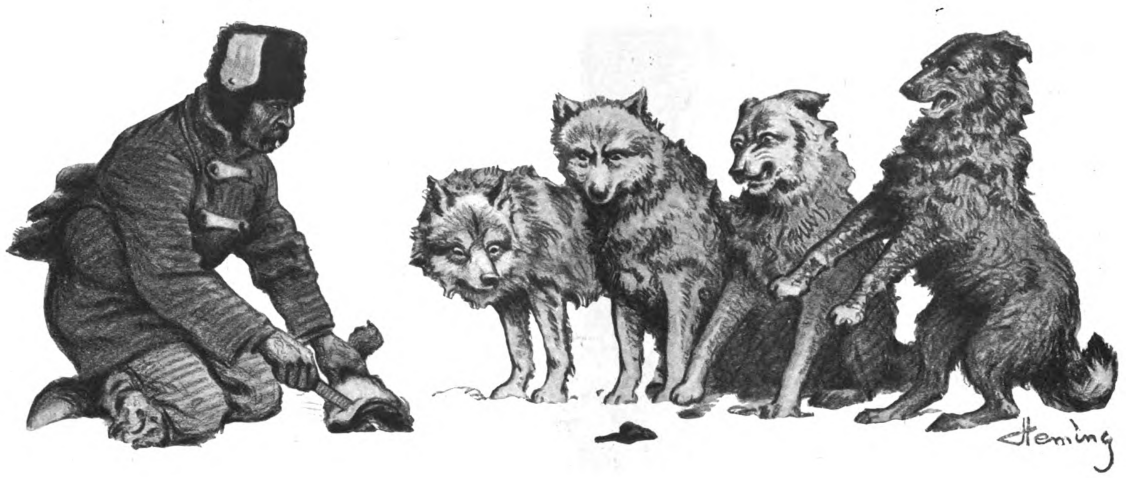

The Last Patrol

By Alan Sullivan

A TRUE RECORD COMPILED FROM THE REPORTS OF THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE. NO MORE HEROIC DEEDS EXIST THAN THOSE WHICH ARE NARRATED ANNUALLY IN THESE RECORDS

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING

FITZGERALD'S patrol was due in Dawson on February the 1st. After three weeks of storm and cold the Indian Esau arrived, saying that he had left Fitzgerald on January the 1st, at Mountain Creek, twenty days' easy traveling from Dawson.

Thereupon Snyder, commanding B division on the Yukon, thought hard, and telegraphed to Perry, Commissioner at Regina, *via* Eagle, Valdez, and wireless.

Perry's answer halted, for the wires went down under the weight of winter winds. But, when it did arrive, Dempster's patrol pulled out for Fort McPherson on the very same day. With him were Constable Fyfe, ex-Constable Turner, Indian Charles Stewart, and three teams of five dogs each.

Three weeks later Dempster, having tramped four hundred and fifty miles, was swinging down the Peel River. His eyes, roving restlessly, picked up an old snowshoe trail. Turning sharply, he followed it up the steep bank and pushed his way into a clump of ground willows. There he stopped, stared hard and long, and stooped over something that broke the smooth curves of drifting snow.

From Fort McPherson southwest to Dawson as the crow flies is three hundred and fifty miles. As man walks it is five hundred. As water runs it is a good deal more. Inspector Fitzgerald told Corporal Somers that it was just about thirty-five days, and, as you will see, Somers had reason to remember that just three months later.

Fitzgerald's orders were very brief. He was to patrol to Dawson in the winter of 1910–11. Thus wrote the Commissioner in Regina to the Comptroller in Ottawa, the summer before. There was nothing unusual about it. The Mounted Police were threading the wilderness everywhere.

So Fitzgerald gathered in Constables Kinney and Taylor, and Special Constable Carter, who had made the trip once, from the other end, four years before. Also he requisitioned, to be exact, twelve hundred and fifty-six pounds of supplies. These included nine hundred pounds of fish for the fifteen train-dogs. In other words, he allowed two and one-quarter pounds of food per man per day, which is less than the subarctic standard ration. It was to be a record patrol. Every pound of weight was a handicap.

Now the recognized route is up the Peel a hundred miles, across the big bend eighty more, hit the Peel again, then turn up through the Big Wind into the Little Wind River, till you strike Forrest Creek. This takes you by way of Mountain Creek to the gaunt backbone of the big divide. Here the waters on your left hand flow into Bering Sea and on your right into the Arctic. Once over the big divide you strike Wolf Creek, then down hill, across the glaciers, the Little Hart River and Christmas Creek and the Blackstone. These are Yukon waters. All of this sounds geographic. In winter-time, in the North, it is something more, for here geography is vital and insistent.

On December the 21st, which was a Wednesday, a pygmy caravan swung out on the broad expanse of the Peel. Three men, three dog teams, one man—that was the order of going. The wind was strong and the cold was bitter. Fifty-one below on the tenth day—you have the figures in Fitzgerald's diary for it. Half-way over the eighty-mile portage is Caribou Born Mountain. Eighteen hundred feet above the stark wilderness it shoulders, mantled with great drifts, plastered with ice, searched and harried by every wind that lifts across these speechless wastes. The trail clings to its bleak flanks; and over the trail toiled Fitzgerald's patrol.

What shall be said of the trail to you who know it not? The air is tense and sharp, it almost rings. The nights are luminous with ghostly fires that palpitate through the sparkling zenith. The days are full of aching, destroying, indomitable effort, when the body summons all its powers to live under the weight of arctic frosts. And through the body run the pain and torture of burning sinews and scorched sight, till the innermost essence of courage and fortitude and contempt of death rise up to laugh out in these silences. Here the soul of a man shouts aloud, for life is terrible and fierce.

On January the 8th, on Little Wind River, it was sixty-four below, with a strong head wind. A day or two before the temperature was the same, and Fitzgerald records some slight frost-bites. What eloquence of brevity!

The Indian Esau arrived

Then began the search for Forrest Creek, that led to the big divide. It will be remembered that Carter had come from Dawson once, but he had come north. There was a vast difference. In between times he had been roaming the sub-arctics, and, with the exception of a few gaunt landmarks, the great ridges and plains of the Yukon district are like brothers all. There was also the map that Darrel drew the summer before. But Darrel was on his way in a canoe from La Pierre House, near the Alaskan frontier, to the Red River, south of Winnipeg. This was a matter of some three thousand miles. So he was in a hurry and did not spend much time when he stopped at the Fort, and Fitzgerald was not there to see him draw it and ask questions.

A few days later the inspector pulled up. The Dawson trail was lost. The tributaries of the Little Wind River, among which somewhere lay Forrest Creek, had yielded no clue. Precious days were spent in which dauntless humanity had braved the double rigor of cold and a gradually increasing hunger. In these latitudes the body cries out for food. Its demand is primordial and relentless, and what the body receives it almost instantly transmutes into strength and bodily warmth, into an inward glow to fortify it against the death that otherwise is sure. In the north to be hungry is to be cold, and to be cold is to invite the end.

All of this Fitzgerald knew, and yet, when his lean brigade faced backward on the trail, there was left of the provisions only ten pounds of bacon, eight pounds of flour, and some dried fish, the latter for the dogs. The delay was the price of his contempt for hardship and danger. But you must know that hunger and cold were no strangers to the police. They met and grappled yearly with no quarter asked.

On the seventeenth of January began the retreat of beaten men. Who shall say what thoughts animated them, moving like specks, infinitesimally small, over a blank and measureless expanse? With nightfall came the first tragedy. The first train-dog was killed.

Now the dog of the North is cousin to the wolf and kindred to the fox. He is very wise and his teeth are very sharp. But here, more than in all the world, he is the friend and servant of man. By the trail you will know him, when his shoulders jam tight into the collar and his tawny sides break into ripples with the play of tireless muscles underneath. Man may at times kill man, but not, save in the last extremity, may man kill dog.

Fitzgerald's ax fell. There was a quick twitching of sinews and a snarling from the fourteen comrades of the trace. Then something older than man himself rose in them and they drew back from the gory fragments of their brother. Their bellies were empty, their eyes glanced shiftily and winking at their masters. Insensate hunger was assailing their entrails, but dog would not eat dog.

Thus continued the agonizing march. Their bodies, lacking natural food, began slowly to capitulate their outposts to the frost. Gray patches appeared on faces and arms and there was no rush of warm blood to repel the invader. Day by day with dwindling strength these indomitable souls fought on, giving of themselves to the fight, but day by day having less to give. That is the great drama of the North. It demands, it seizes, it usurps; but, for itself, it does nothing but wait. It closes in little by little, by day and night, always wait-

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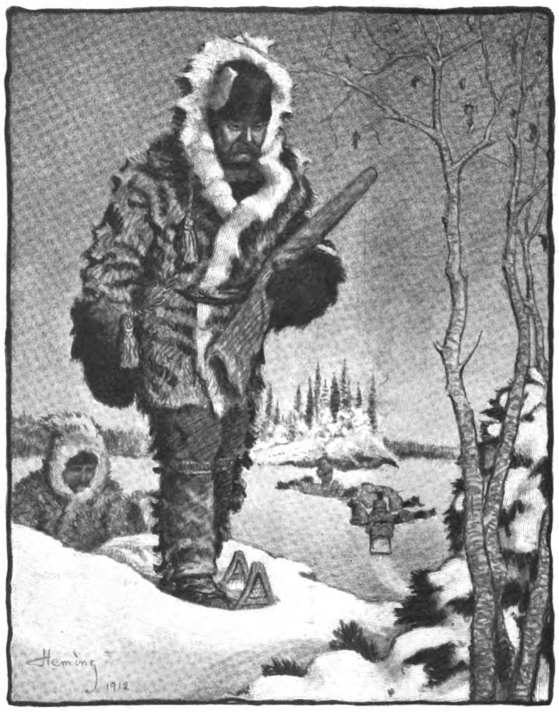
ing and always taking, till, after a little moment of its eternal silence, it has taken everything.

By February the 5th many things had happened. The dauntless four had traveled about two hundred miles on dog-meat. The river ice was weighted down with its burden of snow, and both Carter and Taylor had plunged through into numbing waters while the temperature was fifty-six below. The human organism shrank from its savage portion of canine flesh. The skin began to split and peel and blacken. The tissues of their bodies shrank and contracted closer and closer round hearts that still beat defiantly. Feet and hands began to freeze, and ominous gray patches mottled their high cheek-bones that stood out sharply from hollow faces.

When and where Taylor and Kinney dropped behind is the secret of the North. But soon after the fifth a morning came when they did not break camp with the others, and the fort was only thirty-five miles away. The parting must have been brief. Then, in the gray of the arctic morning, Fitzgerald and Carter summoned their last reserves of failing strength and staggered on for help.



He stopped and stooped over something that broke the smooth curves of drifting snow

The day waxed and waned in the little camp and all around closed in the stark and stinging wilderness. Food there was none. By now the organs of the body, lacking sustenance, had turned upon each other to destroy. Hunger had changed from a dull pain to a fierce gnawing and snatching at the vitals. With cracked fingers they chopped at a moose hide and boiled the fragments. But their stomachs, which receded to the backbone, refused to harbor it. So beneath the Alaska robes they lay and waited.

Taylor spoke. There came no answer. He looked into Kinney's face. It stared up blankly and the hardening body did not yield to his touch. The comrade of the trail had changed places with Death—with a new bedfellow from whose chill embraces he struggled weakly to escape.

Strange visions came into his mind: thoughts of running water and warm weather and bronzed men sitting round big camp-fires telling stories of patrols. And the most interesting of all was about the Dawson patrol that broke the record from Fort McPherson under Fitzgerald. Just as he was getting a light from the next man his elbow touched something, and, turning, he saw a corpse that looked like Kinney. He thrust out a hand and it encountered something cold. So his eyes traveled slowly till they saw Kinney's face, and it was gray with frost. The fire went out. The men stopped talking. All at once he heard something coming through the underbrush. It was strangely difficult to move, for he was still very sleepy, but he did manage to get hold of his carbine. Then something lurched toward him, lumbering and dreadful, and he pointed the carbine straight at its crimson, dripping mouth, and crooked his finger.

A shot rang out, sudden and sharp. It rolled from the little camp, through the scant timber fringing the river-bank, up into the motionless atmosphere and toward the diamond-pointed stars. There was no one left to hear it. But Christ is wise and merciful, and He understood how it was that Taylor lay with the top of his head blown off, beside his comrade of the trail.

The price was not yet paid; the North demanded full tribute. Ten miles nearer home, twenty-five miles from the cheer and warmth of Fort McPherson, it was paid in full. Ex-Constable Carter lay on his back, with folded hands and a handkerchief over his face. Beside him crouched Fitzgerald, battling for life. His stiffening fingers wrote laboriously with a charred stick on a scrap of paper. His stricken eyes moved from it to the still figure, then back to his writing. "All money in despatch-bag and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my beloved mother." It was all very clear and plain. Then, as the ultimate distress seized him, he added, "God bless all."

He was now conscious that it was left for him to balance the account. The physical struggle was ended. There remained only the mental anguish. So Fitzgerald must have summoned to his aid all the heroic traditions, all the magnificent discipline of the service. He faced the end like a soldier and an officer, without rancor, fear, or complaint. He gave himself, all of himself, to that baptism of mortality with which the vast spaces of this silent country are being redeemed.

Winds blew. Snow fell. The hollow caverns of the North emptied themselves of storm and blizzard. And after weeks of silence came Dempster.

He had searched Forrest Creek, but found no sign. Little Wind River did not speak of the vanished brigade. The Big Wind had no word of them save deserted camps and the black hearts of dead fires. Caribou Born Mountain held its peace, for they were not there, but the sign came when the Peel began to broaden to the Arctic.

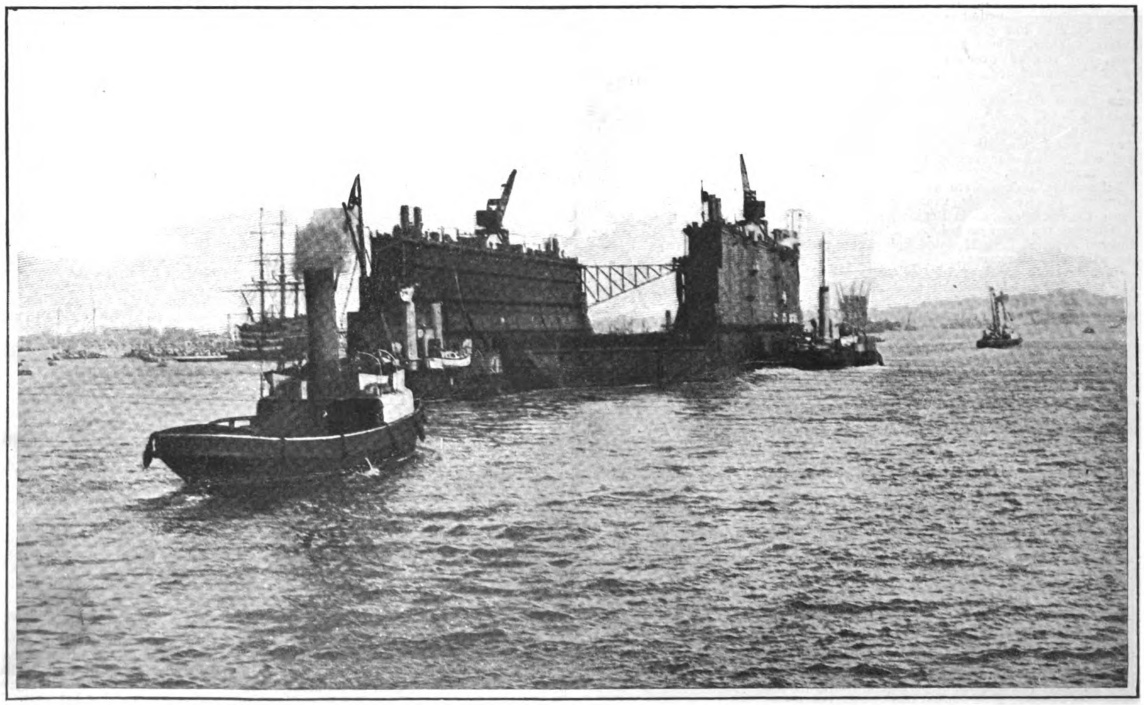
First, a despatch-bag in Old Colin's lonely cabin; then a tent and a stove; then dog-harness from which had been cut all hair, and hide that might retain anything of nourishment. Thus grew the tokens that tightened the cords round Dempster's breast and chilled the hot blood pumping through his heart.

And, at the end of it all, two rigid forms beneath their sleeping-bags. The face of one blue and blotched, painted with all the fearful coloring of frozen death. The other no longer the face of a man.

A few miles farther on, their brothers of the trail, the hands of one crossed, his eyes decently closed and covered. Beside him the lost leader, the last to die.

Race now with Dempster to Fort McPherson, only twenty-five miles away. Call Corporal Somers and make with him the last short journey that brought Fitzgerald's patrol back home again. Stand and watch the three Indians dig a great grave in the iron earth. Listen to Whittaker, English Church missionary, speaking trembling words over the four rough coffins. Guard your ears while the red flames leap and the echoes crash from the rifles of the firing party. And, when you have done all this, do one thing more: Remember that while the wilderness endures there will also endure those to whom its terrors are but an invitation; those who will meet its last demands with the calm cognizance that mocks at danger.

Brothers of the pack-strap and the saddle—well-tried comrades of the trail—sojourners in silent places—honor to the Service and to you all!



England's huge new floating dock in Portsmouth Harbor. It is 700 feet long, 150 feet wide at the entrance, and has a lifting capacity of 40,000 tons

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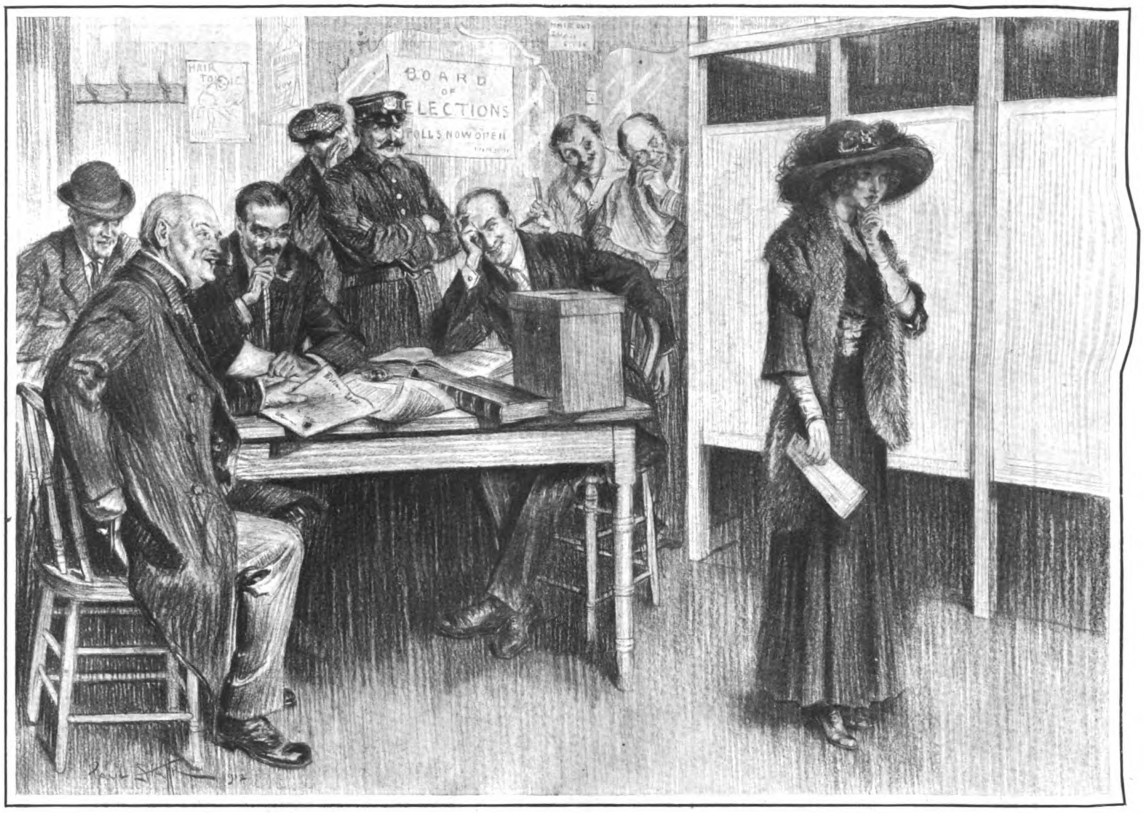

HER FIRST VOTE

Interludes

A PROFITABLE FARM

THEY were traveling on the limited, and as the curling smoke rose from their cigars to the top of the car they began to compare notes as to business.

"Things pretty good in your line?" asked the hardware drummer, with a glance at his companion, a little man with a chin whisker that caused him to look very much like the cartoonist's ideal of Uncle Sam.

"Very good—fact is, never better," returned the little man. "So good indeed that I am now on my way to New York with my family, where next Saturday we are to take a steamer for Europe. I propose to rest over there for the next five years on this year's profits."

"Fine!" cried the other. "You must have struck it rich. What was it—gold-mine in your back-yard?"

"Well—sort of," smiled the little man. "It came along just at the right time, too. Up to a month ago I was what you might call on the ragged edge—hangin' on by my eyelids, as it were. I've been losin' money year after year for goin' on ten years. No matter how hard I worked there was always a loss here or a loss there that wiped out all chances of profit, until at last even the little capital I had left in reserve was gone. I was face to face with ruin. Worst of all, the banks had seen how things were goin' with me—the country bank, you know, is pretty keen at sizin' a feller up—and I couldn't beg, borrer, or steal a dime to help me out. It was a pretty tough situation for a man with a wife and three daughters."

"I should say so," said the drummer. "But the tide turned at last, eh?"

"You betcher!" grinned the little man. "And all inside of a month, too. Ten days more and I'd have been down and out for good, but now I'm in the capitalist class. Made ten thousand clear almost, you might say, overnight, and, by ginger, I'm goin' to enjoy it."

"Mighty interesting," said the drummer, enviously. "May I ask what the line was?"

"Oh, farmin'," said the little man, handing over a thirty-two-cent Havana.

"Farming, eh?" said the drummer. "And all of a sudden after years of losses you switch into the profit class for ten thousand?"

"Yep," said the agriculturist.

"H'm!" mused the drummer. "Wasn't that rather sudden? You must have changed your system radically. What did you raise? Hay?"

"Nope — alfalfa, beets, potatoes, squash — all staple stuff," said the farmer.

"And you changed over to what—artichokes, asparagus, and endive salad, I suppose?" said the drummer.

"No," said the farmer. "I just leased the farm for twenty years for ten thousand a year to another party."

"That was clever," laughed the drummer. "But if you couldn't make it pay, how is he going to?"

"Oh," said the farmer, "he's all right—he's rented it to a golf club for twenty years at twelve thousand per annum."

A MEAN TRICK

"THAT was a mean trick Bluffkins played on his ex-wife when she got married after divorcing him," said Wimples.

CRITIC: THERE WAS ONE THING YOU GOT OFF THAT DELIGHTED ME.

COMEDIAN: WHAT WAS THAT?

CRITIC: THE STAGE.

"What did he do?" asked Jinks.

"Sent her a return ticket to Reno, good until used, for a wedding present," said Wimples.

A FAMILIAR PATH

"WELL, Jorrocks, I understand you are to lead Mrs. Wintringham-Jones-Smythe to the altar," said Bubbleton.

"Not on your life," returned Jorrocks. "She knows the way—I'm just going along."

MORE LIKE IT

"BY Jove," said Dingleberry, enthusiastically, "look at that girl sitting on the beach there. Isn't she a perfect Naiad!"

"Nope," said Wigglethorpe. "She hasn't been near the water—she's more of a Dry-ad."

WISE JOHNNY

"MERCY, Johnny," cried the boy's mother. "You oughtn't to bolt your food that way."

"Why, ma, I'm only doin' it to get it down before the price o' beef gets so high we can't afford to eat it," said the youthful economist.

THE KNOCKER

HAMMER and clang!
Hammer and clang!
List to the Knocker with clamor and bang,
Lamming and slamming,
And jamming and ramming,
Sniffing and biffing, with clatter and clang—
Hitting to right of him—
Oh, the great might of him!
Striking to left of him—
Just watch the cleft of him!
Whacking and cracking each head on the way,
Rapping and slapping by night and by day—
None can escape from his clamor and clang!
Refuge is none from his hammer and bang,
Whanging away
Day after day!

Still, let him hammer and hammer along!
Think not to shrink from the sound of his gong!
Maybe on you
He beats his tattoo,
Filling your life
With anger and strife—
Yet let him hammer and clamor away
Day after day:
Heed you his clamor, and list to his say.
You are the steel to be fashioned, and he—
He is the Hammerer, destined to be
Just what you need in the difficult quest,
Seeking the bay, who, with hammer and bang,
And clamor and clang,
Scolds you and molds you, providing the test
To prove that your metal is wrought of the best!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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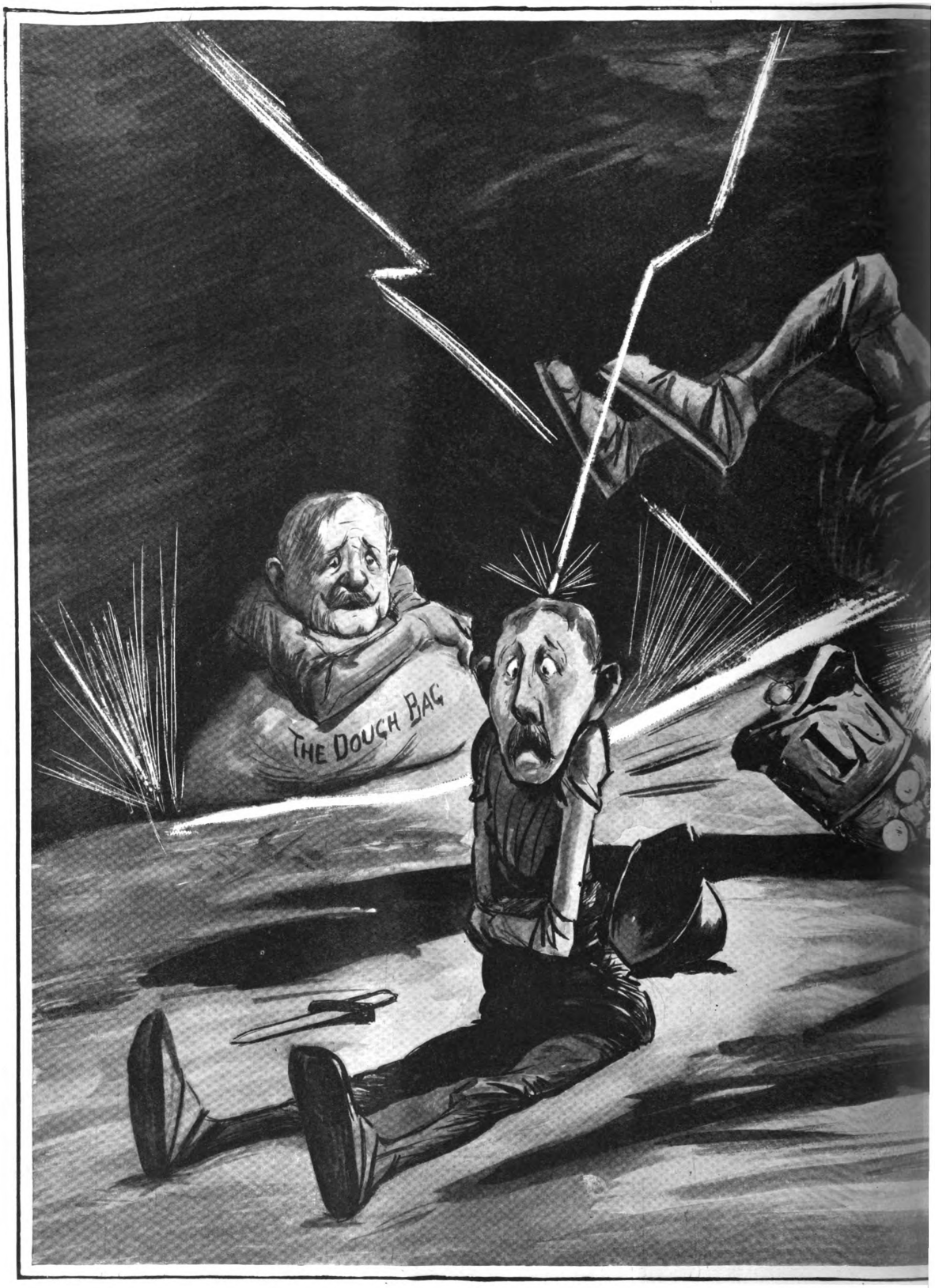

REVELATION. N

"AND HE GATHERED THEM TOGETHER INTO A PLAC
AND THERE WERE VOICES, AND THUNDERS, AND L
SUCH AS WAS NOT SINCE MEN WERE UPON THE

DRAWN BY

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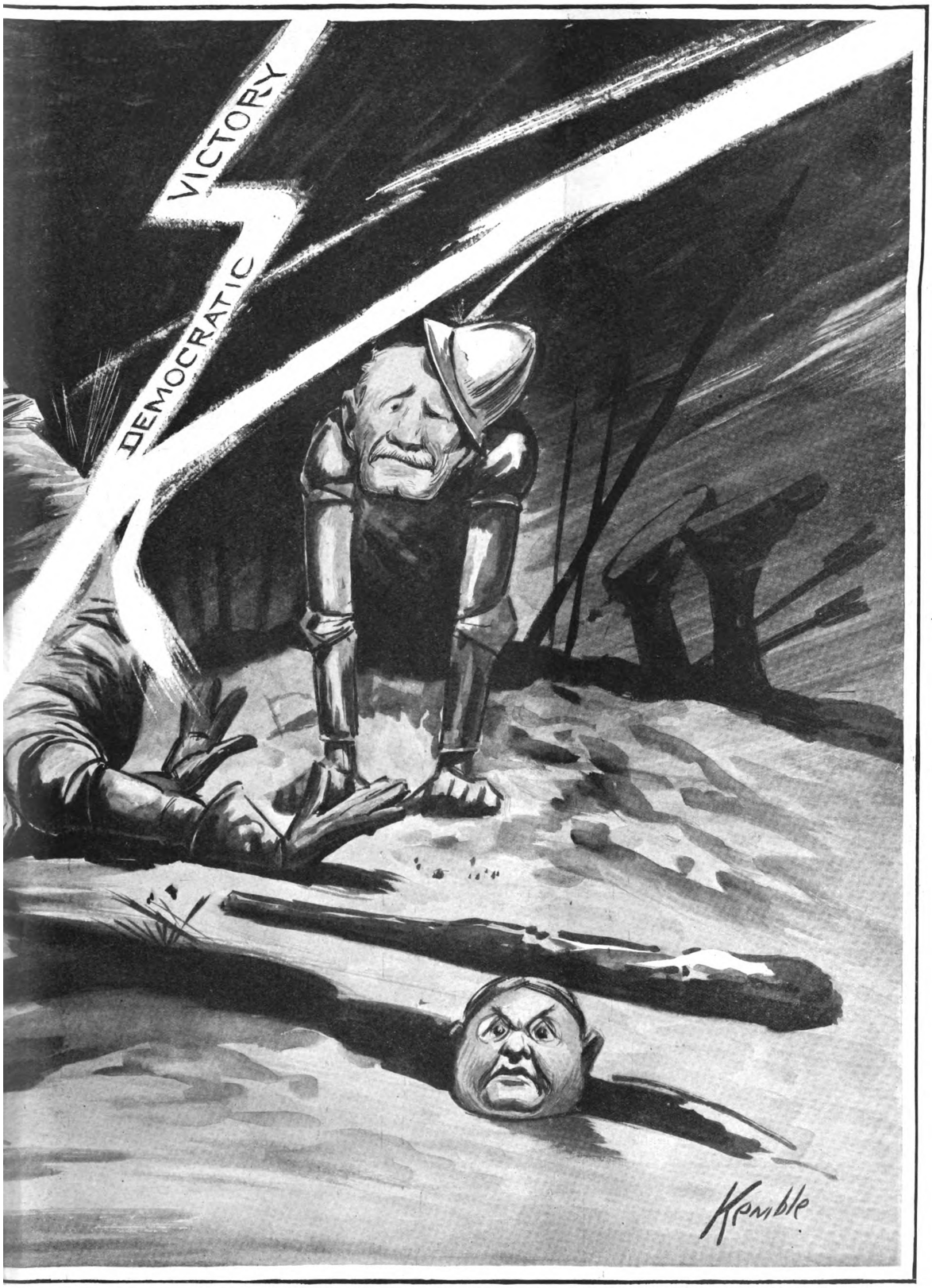

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CALLED IN THE HEBREW TONGUE ARMAGEDDON....
HTNINGS; AND THERE WAS A GREAT EARTHQUAKE,
RTH, SO MIGHTY AN EARTHQUKE, AND SO GREAT"
W. KEMBLE

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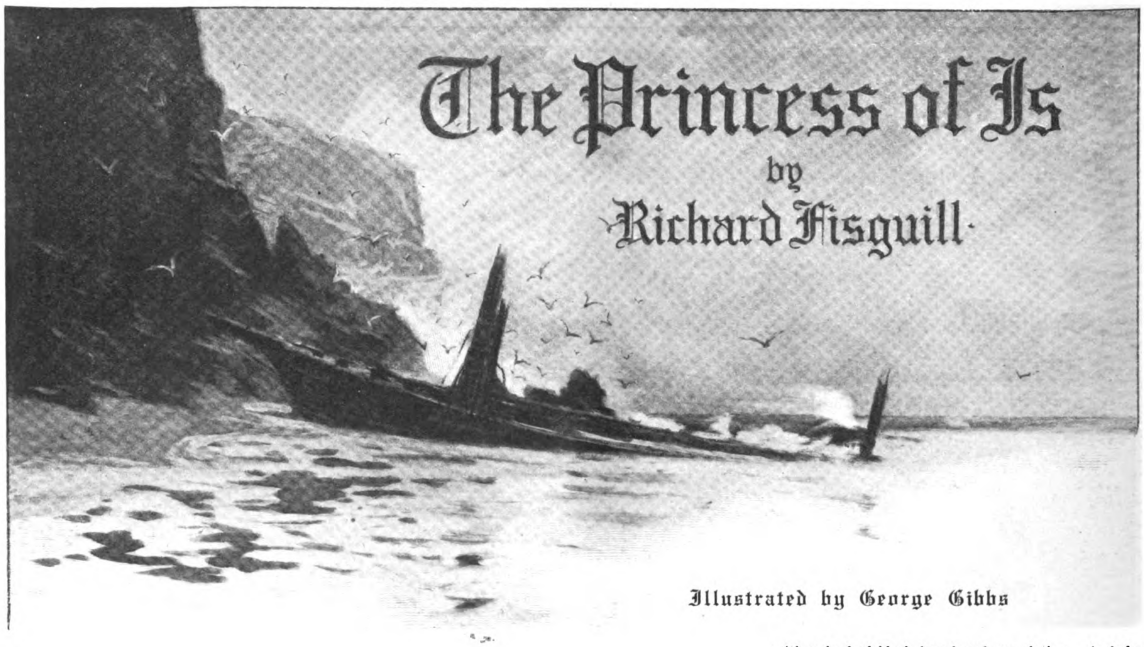

The Princess of Is

by

Richard Fisguill

Illustrated by George Gibbs

"LAST night," the Norman painter remarked as he offered his corner to the Italian historian, "you spoke of how bitter sacrifices might cause commotion among spiritual laws and bring about extraordinary events. I have in mind an incident which took place last summer and goes back two thousand years for its initial impulse—"

"Tell us about it," the Sicilian soprano begged. "If you will I'll let you have your pillow." And she passed over to the Norman his precious prop. Whereupon the Asturian bull-fighter and the Brazilian balloonist said nice things in Spanish and Portuguese, respectively, each trying to persuade the other that his own rug was quite sufficient for bolstering up the prima donna's back. As on the previous evening, we were taking our coffee at the round table which used to be in the smoking-room of the good ship *La Provenza*.

"Are you going to begin with last summer or with two thousand years ago?" the soprano inquired.

"I will ask your countryman which method is best," the artist replied. "He's a historian." The old Italian smiled, then said:

"I have never quite agreed with Horace's doctrine of *in medias res*. A logical beginning, it seems to me, ought to begin with the beginning, not in the midst of things."

"In either case," the prima donna announced, "I'll take my hair down; it's so heavy. And two thousand years is a long way to travel." Her two thick, black braids looked yet longer to me. I saw them stretching back to Eden, coiling for man's discomfiture about the tree of good and evil. "I'm ready," she proclaimed. "Was it a he or a she, and where did it happen?"

"A she," the painter answered, "and in Brittany. Her name was Dahut."

"'La Ville d'Is!'" the Italian historian exclaimed "That story has always interested me. But I had no idea it was commonly enough known to have a repercussion in modern times."

"There isn't a child in Brittany," the painter assured us, "who doesn't hear it a dozen times every winter."

"I'm not a Breton child," the Brazilian yawned. "Was it a ship, your city of Is?"

"No, it was a city. The Bay of Douarnenez swallowed it up. You've seen the word 'Douarnenez' on sardine boxes, haven't you?" And there was a touch of malice in the artist's voice.

"Lots of times," the balloonist remembered. "So Miss Dahut lived there, did she?"

"She did."

"Which one?" the prima donna asked. "The two-thousand-year-old girl, or the one you met last summer?"

"Both. But how am I to begin at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end all at one and the same time?"

"I'll strangle the very next person who asks you a question, and do it operatically," the prima donna promised. "Now!" And I— Oh, how I yearned to be strangled! But I held my peace, letting the groaning ship and the throbbing engines tell all the ocean and the little fishes that my heart was on board a pitiful prisoner bound for parts unknown.

"Well, here's what they say about the first Dahut," the artist related. "Where the Bay of Douarnenez is at present there existed two thousand years ago the city of Is. A granite wall with a flood-gate of solid oak protected the city from the sea. Grallon, the King of Is, lived there in a granite castle with his daughter Dahut and with Guénolé, the royal high counselor. Dahut was twenty years old, beautiful and perverse. The good king was weak. His noble subjects and his beautiful daughter led a life of debauchery in spite of Guénolé's exhortations. Guénolé, by the way, was a saint. And Heaven grew tired of Is's sins. One night, after Dahut and her courtiers had indulged in various forms of wickedness, a reveler proposed the flooding of the sacred temple, claiming that by means of the great oak flood-gate the water could be stopped at will. A sufficient amount would be let in to give them a bath in the temple. They would swim down the nave and dive off the altar. Dahut agreed to the plan. Stealing into the castle where her father slept, she took from about his neck the golden key which opened the flood-gate. They let the sea in. Water bore down upon the city, sweeping everything before it. Hearing the noise, Guénolé guessed the truth, hastened to the royal apartments, and woke the king. Grallon mounted his swiftest stallion, taking his daughter up behind him. Guénolé mounted another. These royal stallions had been brought up on black wheat and were very swift, but the sea was swifter. The flood was soon breast-deep where the stallions ran. Saint Guénolé, inspired by Heaven, begged the king to give Dahut up to the sea. 'Grallon,' he cried, 'it's Satan in person you have up behind you!' The king refused to sacrifice his child. 'Grallon,' Saint Guénolé warned, 'we shall surely perish unless you give Dahut up to the sea!' The old king's reply was a moan: 'My daughter. . . . My daughter. . . .' A wave covered them. Grallon was strangling. Reaching back, he pushed Dahut off the horse. Satisfied with its prey, the sea stopped immediately. But Is was destroyed.

"I spend my summers at Douarnenez doing landscape and sea work. Indeed, I painted my St. Peter there. I had chanced upon a real fisherman who looked to me like an ideal St. Peter. The church authorities were good enough to agree with me, so were the learned critics—all except one. My St. Peter instantly brought me into prominence; and I owed it all, I knew, to the fisherman model. Yves was his name—Yves Trellu. And one morning last summer, just as I had sat down to work, my old friend Yves, accompanied by the mayor of Douarnenez and the parish priest, showed up in my studio. Their mission was an odd one. Claiming that I was the only person in the community who spoke both French and English, as well as Breton, they begged me to go with Yves and see if I could bring to Douarnenez a British skipper who had lost his crew and schooner on the Devil's Needles, just outside Douarnenez, and who now, demented, refused to leave the rocks. The priest appealed to me on the grounds of humanity. The mayor contended that his township was desperately poor, and that as matters now stood he was obliged to supply the British skipper with bread and water every day or let him starve out there on the rocks. The mayor's idea was to induce the skipper to come to Douarnenez, and, once there, to put him on board some English schooner bound for Plymouth and ship him off to English charity.

"I was frightfully busy that morning and did not relish the idea of laying my brush aside.

"Then Yves stated his side of the case. He asserted that the British skipper was none other than King Grallon himself. Yves said that ever since the king had been out there on the rocks the bells of Is had been tolling and that all the fish had been frightened out of the bay. The fisherman's appearance indicated that something had driven the fish away: he looked hungry, and I knew he had eight children. Remembering what an important part he had played in my St. Peter, I agreed to accompany him on his mission to King Grallon.

"We started immediately. It was a fine summer morning and the sea tempted us both. We decided to swim to Grallon rather than reach his cove by crawling along the cliffs. Yves tied his clothes and a skin bottle of water to the back of his head. I imitated him with a loaf of black bread and my clothes. And for the sake of that rebel critic who has always found fault with my St. Peter, I desire to publish the fact that when the best swimmer in Brittany reached the Devil's Needles I was not more than fifty yards behind. We had wriggled a mile through water two hundred fathoms deep. Above us shot granite cliffs three hundred feet high.

"'King Grallon stays in the little cove just beyond that headland.' Yves pointed. But I begged to rest a little.

"'Do you hear the bells?' he whispered.

"'But, Yves,' I protested, 'you are confusing legend with history. The city of Is existed, was wicked, was destroyed. That's fair enough. But you know perfectly well that no bells ever made by man could ring in the sea, as you say, for two thousand years. What you hear, man, is the tide rushing into grottoes!'

"'That may be,' the fisherman admitted. 'But what I know is that fish don't come into the bay while that gurgling or tolling is going on.'

"'Isn't it always going on when the tide is at this point?'

"'No. The bells never ring unless King Grallon comes back.'

"'How often does he return?' I asked. 'You know he has been dead quite a while.'

"'This is the first time I have ever seen him; but my father saw him twice, and he told me his father had seen King Grallon as many as five times.'

"'But the mayor and the priest,' I objected, 'can prove that the wretch to whom we are taking bread and water was an Englishman—a British skipper who lost his crew and his schooner out here on these Needles!'

"'He was all that,' my St. Peter granted, 'until Grallon's spirit took possession of him. But he is King Grallon now. He speaks Breton as well as I do. Have you ever seen a British skipper who could speak Breton?'

"'The thing is possible,' I advanced. I speak Breton.' Yves smiled damnably, then continued:

"'When the British skipper climbed out here on the rocks he could speak English only. I was here with the life-saving crew. None of us understood him, but we recognized his English *th*. All at once he began in Breton, telling us he was King Grallon and that he had lost his daughter Dahut. The bells of Is started ringing. Since then the fish have stayed outside the bay. If you are rested we'll take him the provisions and beg him to lift the curse.'

"'As you will,' I assented, remembering that it was that same look of deep conviction on Yves's face which had made my St. Peter famous.

"Crawling round the headland, we came to a cove with a small beach of white sand. Half buried in the sand lay the hull of a schooner. As we approached the wreck hundreds of sea birds rose screeching into the air. Yves called out in Breton:

"'Grallon! King Grallon!' The head of a man rose from the wreckage. 'King Grallon,' Yves promised, 'if you stop the bells we'll give you bread and water.' A pair of broad shoulders came into view, finally the whole man—a very tall one—clad in an ulster which clearly was English in its cut. He looked old; but, leaping from the wreckage with youthful agility, he came straight toward us.

"'Subject,' he ordered, addressing the fisherman in irreproachable Breton, 'deliver up my food!'

"Yves obeyed; nor would I have acted otherwise. The giant's attitude was threatening. He fell upon the black bread. I waited till he had satisfied his hunger, then asked in English as naturally as I could:

"'How are you coming on by now?'

"He started, quickly carrying his hand to his head.

"'Are you Guénolé?' he asked in Breton, and he trembled.

"'Why, no,' I replied; 'I am no more Guénolé than you are King Grallon. I am a painter; and you, as I take it, are a skipper—a British skipper. I came over to have a chat with you.' By the look

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in his eyes I could see he understood me. But he went on in Breton, inquiring:

"'Where is Dahut?'

"'Have you lost your daughter?' I asked, but still in English. As usual, he replied in Breton:

"'*Iă*, Dahut has perished.' His trembling changed to paroxysm. He fell upon his knees, clutched at his breast.

"'Dahut hasn't perished!' I exclaimed. The convulsions that were choking the gray-haired giant of a man choked me. I couldn't endure the scene. 'No, Dahut hasn't perished.'

"'Where is she, then?' he burst forth in the English of an Englishman.

"'She . . .' I hardly knew what I said. 'She is in the city of Is alive and happy.'

"'Take me to her!' he ordered.

"And inspiration deserted me. Here was an excellent opportunity of getting the old man back to Douarnenez. But should I take him back by the rocks or by the sea? A man needed all his senses for either route. There came to my mind two images—one, that of a struggle with the powerful old man a mile from shore in water two hundred fathoms deep; the other, a struggle on the edge of a cliff three hundred feet high. I chose the cliff. Making a sign to Yves, I started toward the granite wall, saying in English for the benefit of King Grallon:

"'This way to the city of Is.'

"He looked up at the black rock which towered above us, hesitating, as I thought, at the difficulty of the ascent. But he corrected my false impression.

"'Wait an instant,' he ordered. 'I will take Dahut a gown. . . .' Nimbly as a boy he ran toward the half-buried hull of his schooner. I explained my plan to Yves. The fisherman smiled in a way I didn't like. I should have asked him what his smile meant, but at that moment the old man came back. Over his arm he carried a lace garment which sparkled in the sun. He seemed pleased at the look of astonishment on my face.

"'She is a princess,' he explained. And he exhibited the splendid gown as best he could.

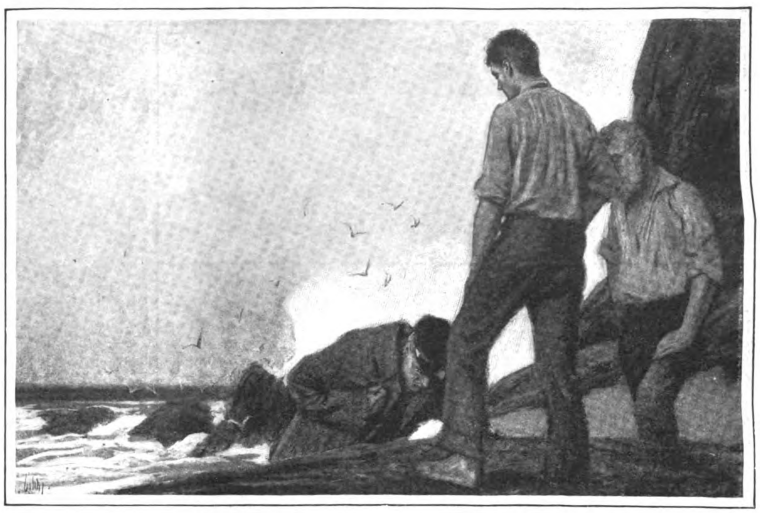
"It was a costume such as an opera-singer only could have worn, but the old man handled it so clumsily that I couldn't identify the rôle. Nor without a much closer examination would I have been able to tell whether the gems with which the dress was studded were genuine or false. But the garment blazed there in the sun like an angel's shroud.

"'You can't carry it like that,' I remarked. 'Let me fold it for you. . . .' Gazing at the bespangled dress, I had reached out my hand. Yves shoved me to one side. I caught a glimpse of the old man's hand dealing a blow to space, in the hand a knife.

"'Touch Dahut's gown! He was about to spring at me again when Yves called out in royal Breton:

"'No, King Grallon, he did not touch the sacred gown; I thrust him back.'

"'It is well he did not.' The old man grew calm as suddenly as he had become enraged. Hiding the knife under his ulster, he ordered in Breton, 'Lead me to Dahut.'



Breathing as naturally as if he had just risen from sleep

"I started up the wall of three hundred feet, picking out fissures for my hands and feet. Over my shoulder I saw that the old man was next to me and Yves close behind him. The king had wrapped his daughter's lace about his neck, after the manner of a scarf. I saw by the way he was scaling the cliff that dizziness was unknown to him. Once I caught sight of him as he was looking back at the hull of his schooner, which at that moment was directly beneath us some ninety feet. The narrow ledge on which he stood was not over six inches wide, but he was gazing down as calmly as if he had been in a balcony. Up we went, higher and higher, along the granite wall. Two hundred feet were below us now. I saw the sea birds swooping back to their cove and alighting as so many white specks about the schooner. I ceased looking down, not because I am subject to vertigo, but because the old man with the glittering scarf about his neck made me nervous. At any moment he pleased he could have caught me by the foot and thrown me down. One thing only reassured me: Yves was close behind King Grallon, watching his every movement; and for some reason I now found the fisherman's odd smile agreeable. Yet I was quite nervous. In all probability vertigo would have come over me during the last fifty feet had not the old man begun to chant an air. For the time being, at least, he was not meditating violence. He was thinking, doubtless, that he neared his daughter. I recognized the air as being from 'Rigoletto.' I concluded that his daughter had sung in 'Rigoletto.' He was thinking about his daughter, not about me. Realizing this, I managed to climb the last fifty feet. But when I reached the top I barely had strength enough left to throw myself back a few feet from the brink of the precipice. The king's head showed above the cliff. He was still chanting his royal air. Then he asked:

"'Where is Dahut?'

"I was glad he put the question in Breton, for Yves, thinking I had not heard the king, replied from below:

"'Look across the strand and you will see the towers of Is.'

"They were the steeples of Douarnenez, which now stood out on the horizon. The old man gazed at the distant city. I was afraid that some recollection of Douarnenez, which as skipper he must have visited many times, would come back to him and show up the deception we were practising. The more I saw of the old man's vitality, the more I feared him. He sat there on the edge of the cliff, his legs dangling down, breathing as naturally as if he had just risen from sleep. I waited for the old man to finish his scrutiny of the city of Is. Suddenly he burst out laughing. I did not know whether to feel relieved or not. As he threw back his head to laugh his cap fell off. On the top of his head I saw a ragged gash but half healed. I guessed the truth. In some way the skipper had received a blow—a blow which would have killed a less vigorous man.

"Leaping from his seat with a sudden bound, the old man thundered out in Breton: 'Men, put the first mate in irons. My daughter is not a demon! Put the mutineer in irons!' The mad skipper glared at me as he pointed toward Yves.

"'We have him in irons, sir,' I replied. And I spoke Breton, that Yves might act out his part. 'What are your further orders, sir?'

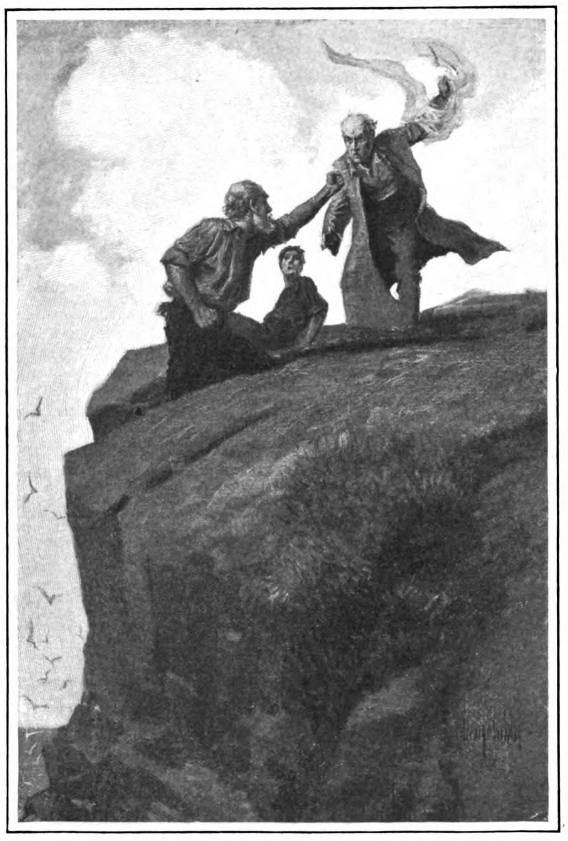
"'Port the helm; we'll thread the Needles!'

"I pretended to execute the orders. The old man strode about his imaginary deck. At every instant I expected to see him fall over the cliff. As the scene wore on I made out the tragedy. An English schooner was in a frightful storm; on the bridge an English captain and his beautiful daughter, below a superstitious Breton crew. The captain's daughter had been carousing with the officers all that evening, then the storm beat down upon them there in the midst of the Devil's Needles. Already mad from the recklessly exposed beauty of the captain's daughter, the Breton crew had gone over to that other madness which comes down upon men at the sudden approach of death. But these men were Bretons; and Bretons look upon death as being due to the presence of a demon. They accused the captain's daughter of being Dahut, the demoniacal offspring of Grallon, and demanded that she be given up to the sea to still the storm. The skipper refused. With his daughter on his left arm, he fought with his right. Straight to the Needles shot the cluster of cursing, fighting human beings. As the schooner struck, the captain had received on the head from the first mate a blow which had fixed upon his brain the idea of his identity with King Grallon, whom the Bretons accused him of being.

"Yves bided his time. In pretended irons he wriggled now this way, then that, and finally reached a point on the precipice where the granite wall leaned out over the sea. After him and round him stalked the mad skipper, shouting orders to the man at the wheel and always supporting on his left arm the glittering lace gown, as if it had been his daughter in person. Yves stopped at a small, shallow fissure just on the edge of the cliff. His smile left him; his lips began to mutter. I knew he was praying, but fancied it was for the purpose of exorcising the mad skipper. But when the fisherman's thin lips suddenly stopped moving and slowly clamped together like the jaws of a vise, I became apprehensive. I knew my St. Peter. Just as I was on the point of crying out to him, Yves jumped to his feet, shook his fist at the mad skipper, and cried out in Breton:

"'Grallon, I command you in the name of Almighty God to throw Dahut into the sea!'

"The Englishman paused an instant only, then leaped at Yves's throat. The fisherman threw himself face down into the crack, which was barely deep enough to shield him from the human projectile that shot past and then down three hundred feet to the city of Is. Peering over, I was too late to see the old man strike the water, but the pretty lace dress, freed now from the fond left arm, was still floating gently down as I looked. Two sea birds pursued it, attracted evidently by the sparkling scales; and when it struck the water I saw all the birds as so many white specks settle down upon Dahut's gown."



Yves stopped at a shallow fissure of the edge of the cliff

The painter came to a halt. The prima donna was leaning over upon the table, her face hid in her arms. Raising her head, she slowly turned her eyes upon me.

"Aren't you an Englishman?" she inquired. "Then take me out on deck. That countryman of yours who loved his daughter so much—who loved her more than the real King Grailon loved Dahut— He was—I like him. I like those who love. Come—take me out on deck!"

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MAN: A MECHANICAL MARVEL

BY LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. MATHES

Swallowed two hundred and eight articles, consisting of nails, tacks, keys, watch chains, knife blades, dog collars, and broken glass

THE Harvard students, who named the seven modern wonders of the world the other day, included aeroplanes and the Gatun Dam, but failed palpably to include the greatest mechanical apparatus of them all, one beneath their very own noses—to wit, man himself. "When naked for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife." A pendulum, a cheeseparing, a shadow of a shade, a glassy essence, the paragon of animals, yet withal the veriest quintessence of dust.

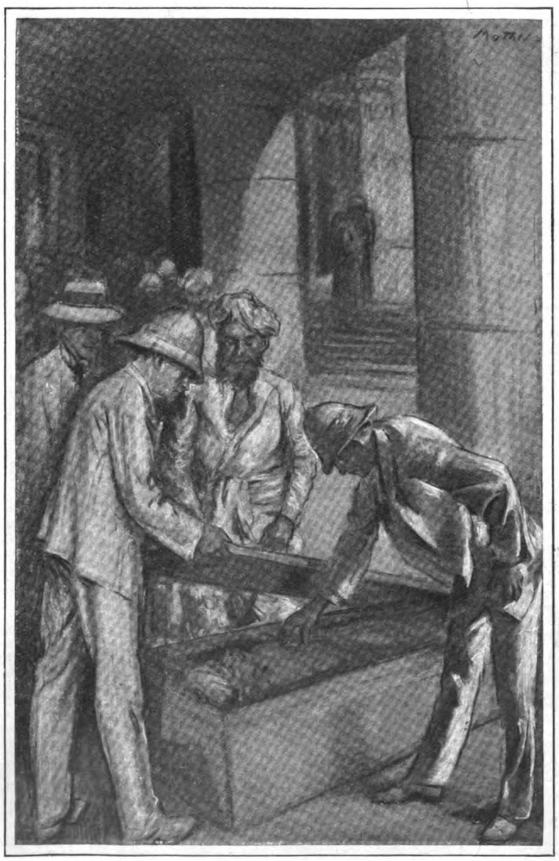
Yet man is a marvelous machine, with a nearly perfect mechanism. Fortuitous mishaps that inevitably destroy all human-made engines fall harmless upon the human body. He survives poisons and parasites, mutilation and massacres, chiropodist and chirurgeon. You may hack him, you may dirk him—yea, cut off his nose, amputate his legs, pluck out an eye or his tongue; he will still remain an efficient machine, running down the stream of time as well as before.

There are those in our midst who to-day regard with twinkling skepticism the narrative of Joshua, who, like a traffic-squad gendarme, waved back with the calming palm of his hand the mighty orb of day. Nay, there are those who with scoffing sneers even doubt that a whale ever reached the Orient, not to mention having swallowed Jonah. But even these may not deny to the human body the honors that are due its mighty creation. Indeed, it seems at times to transcend the very laws of nature to overcome the sequence of cause and effect. Almost any man-made engine can be put out of business by one blow, but seldom indeed is it possible to deliver such a thing as a fatal blow to the living body. Even the most malignant onslaughts upon the most vulnerable, vital spots are not necessarily and inevitably death blows. It is simply amazing to see an apparently lethal accident result in no harm at all to the individual.

There is a universal notion that any serious injury to or about the brain is incidental to sure death. Popularly this is exemplified by gum-shoe artists and apaches who brain their unfortunate victims with blackjacks and sand-bags, and by suicidal lunatics who shoot out their brains by snapping the pistol against the temples. Yet how many sand-bagged men ever succumb? How numerous are the half-shot, would-be suicides that actually recover! It is truly unusual to find them completely decimated.

Physicians and employees about hospitals are constantly astounded at the relatively slight damage done to the gray matter within the skull cap after what might be thought a fatal bullet wound. I have witnessed more than one such perforated brain that suffered so little harm that a jail sentence followed for the pitiable creature. True enough, most of them die, but many of them remain alive long enough to tell all about the affair to prevent the police from looking for the perpetrator of a dark and dastardly deed.

Thus, it may be realized how continuously the mind of man will further the vital activities of the body. He thinks steadily, he talks connectedly, his pulse beats violently, he breathes, he lives long after the bullet has plowed an extra furrow through his brow. Often the end does not come—except when the vital nerve-centers are severed—for a definite interval after his last wishes have been expressed.



The Hindu was freed, subjected by the doctor to restoratives, and lived happily ever afterward

It is useless to fare far afield for examples of this strange human resistance to death and disintegration. There are on record many—too numerous in fact to mention. That of Patrick P. O'Hara is one of them that is perennial in its interest. O'Hara was a granite blaster; he was engaged at the crucial moment in tamping dynamite into the serpentive crevice of a precipitous cliff. The tamping device was a vanadium steel machet somewhat less than fifteen pounds in weight, but only a little over an inch in diameter. When the explosion cleared away, it was discovered that this bar of steel had been driven right into and through the luckless laborer's cranium.

It penetrated the left cheek just beneath the high cheek-bone, went on up just behind the eye socket and into the brain, and passed out at the very pinnacle of his dome-shaped head. At the top of his head there remained a rough, lacerated hole larger than a half-dollar and as long as a good but cheap cigar.

His optic nerve was severed, but, except for the unilateral blindness, he was quite strong and at work four weeks later.

Mountainous to the imagination in the record of its almost unbelievable resistance to death or destruction is the case of A. S., a carpenter twenty-one years old, reported by Professor William S. Halsted of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. This young man fell into the hands of certain hilarious students, and while saturated more or less with their open-hearted hospitality made so bold as to boast of his prowess as the only original living human ostrich in captivity. Challenged by a wager of cheese and small beer, he sat himself down and swallowed two hundred and eight various and sundry articles consisting of nails, tacks, keys, watch chains, horseshoe nails, knife blades, handles, tins, dog collars, and two and one-half ounces of broken glass. In his account of this marvelous human goat, Professor Halsted has attached a photograph of the contents of the stomach as removed by him five days after this drunken saturnalia of nails and needles, knives and chains. Exactly four weeks afterward this iron-fed young man left the Johns Hopkins Hospital as sound as a cowbell. This was twelve years ago, and he is alive and well to-day.

Just a few years previous to Dr. Halsted's celebrated case, Dr. Meisenbach reported to the American Medical Association that he had extracted from a patient's stomach twenty-five barbed wire fence staples, fifteen large screws, sixteen horseshoe nails, thirty-one half-inch wire nails, sixteen thirty-two-caliber cartridges, five thirty-eight-caliber cartridges, two knife blades, two inches of wash-stand chain, some brass nails and staples, as well as some electric-light globe. Like the other young man, this patient completely recovered.

Such heavy articles of diet are, fortunately, rather uncommon, but there are equally strange examples of the power of complex human tissues refusing to be annihilated. There is the account of Hasselquist's travels in the Levant, where one thousand native Abyssinians were found destitute of provisions en route to Cairo. Before the encounter they had lived two months on gum arabic alone, and, except for some slight emaciation, no illness had occurred. The oft-discussed experiment of the American, Dr. Tanner, who, some few years back, fasted without ill results for forty days and forty nights, scarcely needs repetition here.

The newly elected president of the American Medical Association, Professor Abraham Jacobi, of New York, tells of an interesting instance of fever or high temperature in a fireman who was injured by the revolving rods of an engine, where the thermometer registered the astounding figures of one hundred and forty-eight degrees. "The temperature was taken carefully in the presence of many persons, with various thermometers, and in several different spots of the body. For over five days it maintained an elevation above 120 degrees." In discussing this case Professor Welch told of one that had for a brief interval reached 171 degrees. One hundred and six degrees is usually regarded as the highest temperature which the body can give out for more than a very limited period without death supervening.

If you were to take a four-cycle engine from your motor boat or your touring car, cover it with dirt, bury it some feet below the surface of the earth, and exhume it a month later, how efficient would it be afterward? Yet this is done seemingly with impunity by the Hindu fakirs to their very own selves. Dr. Königberger, a physician in the Punjaub, who doubted these frequently repeated stories, determined to make the most rigid tests to exclude all possible fraud. One of these Brahmin fakirs allowed himself to be buried by the doctor and his suspicious colleagues in a well-fastened and sealed vault. The burial lasted such a long time—for forty days—that some corn planted upon the soil above the vault sprouted into bloom before the unhappy fellow was released. Then the Hindu was freed, subjected by the doctor to restoratives, and lived happily ever afterward. Sir Henry Lawrence, an English scientist who assisted the German savant, substantiates the whole account. The chest in which the fakir was buried was firmly sealed with clamps, and when the fellow was brought out he was cold and apparently lifeless.

The incontestable proof of the human mechanism's strength and efficiency under the worst possible conditions is to be found in the numerous non-fatal injuries and accidents to the heart. A boy recently stabbed in a street fray was left with the dagger run through the heart. He was taken to the hospital and the heart was stitched. He recovered. A man of sixty-five, suffering from paresis, passed a hat-pin into his heart. He had some slight disturbance of his heart beat for a month and then fully recovered.

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The Arithmetic of Music

THE pitch of a musical tone can be calculated arithmetically. While the human voice in song is something of an unknown problem, the notes of a musical instrument are adjusted according to the number of vibrations per second made by each note. The shorter, finer, and tenser the piano-string, the greater the vibratory speed and higher the pitch; the longer, coarser, and less tense the string, the slower the vibrations and lower the pitch.

The human ear becomes sensible to sound when vibrations have a speed of sixteen per second. As the vibrations increase, the pitch ascends, until 36,000 are attained, when the result is inaudible. The practical range on the piano is from 32 vibrations to 4,096.

Thirty-two vibrations is the number designated for the note of C, three octaves below middle C on the piano. The next C has twice the number of vibrations—64; the next, twice that—128; the next, 256, being middle C; doubling again for the ascending octaves, the successive C's vibrate, respectively, 512, 1,024, 2,048, and 4,096 times per second. The pitch of the intervening notes is regulated proportionally according to the chromatic scale.

These figures have not always been the same. The early instrument makers of Europe had many disputes concerning the measurement of the musical strings and pipes that determined the pitch.

The A string of the violin gives the tuning note for orchestras. On the piano, it is the first A above middle C. From early times to the middle of the nineteenth century, this pitch note varied from 377 to 445 vibrations per second, but 435 proved to be the most acceptable pitch.

In close calculations, temperature has some influence, so that some experts do not advocate striving for greater accuracy than within five vibrations for the pitch note.

The celebrated high C of the soprano voice has a vibration of 1,024. There is record of a woman, Lucrezia Ajugari, who is vouched for by Mozart to have reached an octave above, thereby causing her vocal cords to vibrate at a speed of 2,048 times per second.

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And terror of those who flee.

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Eyes that are dull with the clods.
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They who have laughed at the gods.

Their pitiful lore of books
Traced never my pinion's curve,
For I am the god of the air;
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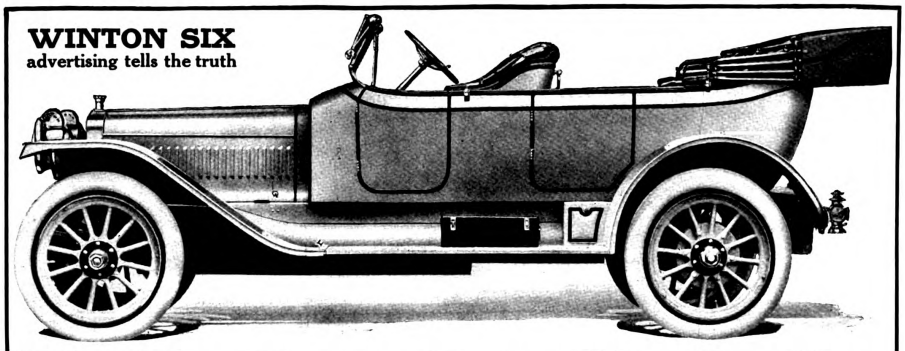

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Jose Collins and Forrest Huff in "The Merry Countess"

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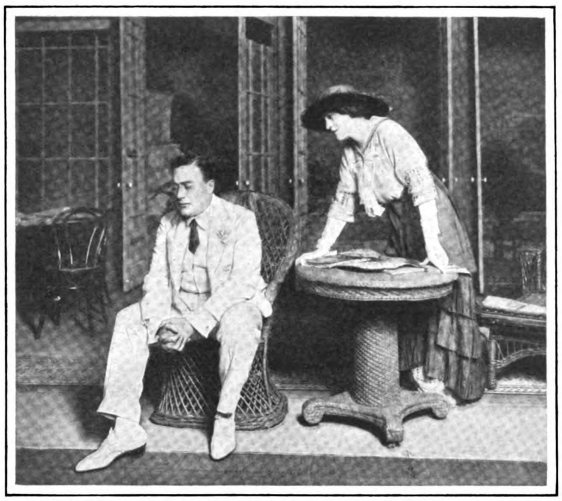
John Mason and Martha Hedman in "The Attack"



Hale Hamilton and Katherine Kaelred in "The Ne'er-Do-Well"

A crucial scene from "Within the Law"

In "Tantalizing Tommy"—John Park and the chorus ladies

Madge Kennedy and William Morris in "Little Miss Brown"

AUTUMN PRODUCTIONS AT THE THEATERS

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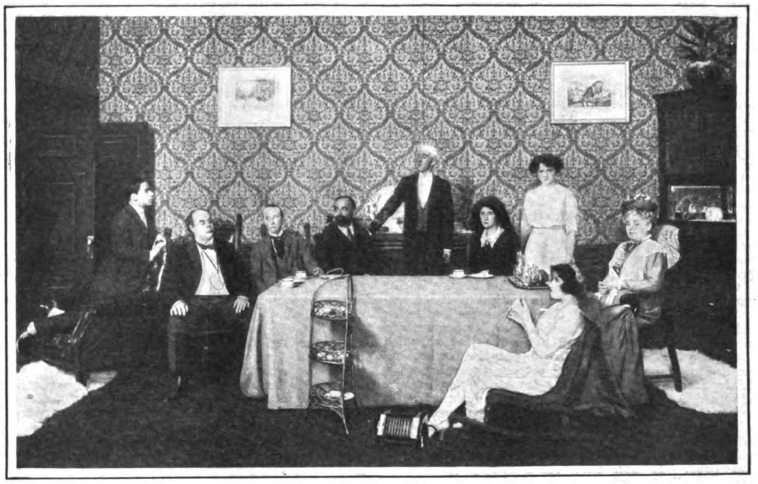
A love scene from "A Polish Wedding"

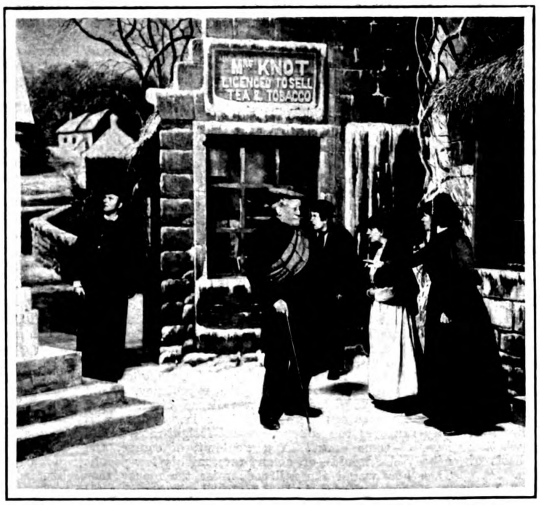
"The Governor's Lady"—the famous scene at "Childs"

Clifton Crawford in "My Best Girl"



A scene from G. B. Shaw's anonymous satire, "Fanny's First Play"

Ann Swinburne and George L. Moore in "The Count of Luxembourg"



A scene from "A Scrape o' the Pen" (by the author of "Bunty")

One of the quaint apparitions in "Milestones"

SCENES FROM THE SEASON'S NEW PLAYS

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

THE PROBLEM OF THE RAILWAYS

VII.—THE REMEDY. HOW CAN THE PUBLIC'S CONFIDENCE IN RAILWAY SECURITIES BE RESTORED?

IN the preceding articles in this series the effort has been made to set forth the conditions responsible for the present unpopularity of railway securities as investments. The question is, What is to be done about it? Railroading is about the most important industry we have, and the undermining of confidence in railway securities which has resulted in investors being unwilling to put their money into this kind of enterprise is a serious matter. To look into the causes of a thing is all very well, but, after all, the really important thing is the remedy. We have seen why it is that railroad securities are under a cloud and why investors don't want them. How is that condition to be corrected?—that is the great question.

1. *By an understanding of what is the reasonable basis of freight-rates.* That is the first thing. Without it we are absolutely in the dark. What ought to regulate the amount a railroad can charge?—the amount of capital invested or the value of the service rendered? That may sound technical, but it isn't in the least, and it's enormously important. In fact, until that question *is* settled in people's minds and in the mind of the Interstate Commerce Commission which represents the people, little or no progress toward the settlement of the railway problem can be looked for.

John Smith has a cement plant located out in a town half-way between New York and Chicago. In the same town and on the same railroad, John Jones has a silk-mill. For the railroad to charge Smith as much for hauling a barrel of cement—worth $1.50—as it charges Jones for hauling a bale of raw silk—worth $1,000—would, of course, be out of the question. Some sort of an adjustment has got to be made, and the two rates have got to be fixed on a definite basis—either on the basis of such a charge as will give the railroad a fair return on the capital it has invested, or on the basis of what the service is worth to the respective shippers and what will stimulate the greatest amount of business.

Can there be any doubt in the mind of any intelligent person who has given the subject a little consideration as to which of these two bases for fixing rates is the fair and reasonable one? Suppose for a moment that, on a railroad along the line of which there are located a number of new industries, the method of fixing rates so as to give the railroads a "fair return on the capital invested" were to be adopted. What the new, struggling industries might be able to stand wouldn't enter into the question at all. The only thing that would count would be, What rates will give this railroad its fair return? If the shippers along the line were able to stand them, well and good. If not, they could simply go out of business. Which, of course, would be a highly desirable development from a traffic standpoint!

Now suppose that in this same case the principle of charging for the value of the service instead of at a price to yield a certain profit were followed. What then would happen? Exactly what has happened in thousands of similar cases all over the country where railroads have sought to build up industries along their lines at the sacrifice of immediate income to themselves. Here, says the traffic-manager, are a lot of new industrial plants along our line which can't afford to pay much for transportation—not even as much as would be a fair charge for the service we are giving them. The thing for us to do, therefore, is to charge them a very low rate and give them a chance to compete in distant markets and grow strong. At the very beginning we may lose money on the business, but as these companies get better established they will be better able to pay us what the service is worth to them. And so that is what is done, and these industrial establishments which, had freight-rates been fixed on a "fair return" basis would have been put out of business, are built up into strong and well-established concerns.

In the space of an article like this it is of course impossible to develop the full argument in favor of fixing freight-rates according to the value of the service rendered rather than according to the amount of capital employed. Whether it would be worth while is, indeed, very much of a question. Any fair-minded person has but to turn the matter over in his mind to see the folly of eliminating all incentive toward efficiency by making a regulation that, whether a road be well managed or badly managed, its freight-rates shall be so adjusted as to allow only the earning of a fixed amount on each $100 or $1,000 invested. By practically all students of railway affairs, whether they side with the railways or not, such a basis of fixing rates is declared to be absolutely wrong.

Why, then, do we have this persistent demand for a "physical valuation" of the railways—for the making of a great inventory of what they are actually worth, so that freight-rates can be readjusted accordingly? Simply because of the capital which has been made out of the general public's ignorance on transportation matters by agitators and demagogues. Tell the average man who hasn't thought much about it one way or the other that Delaware, Lackawanna & Western normally earns somewhere around forty per cent. on its stock, and the chances are that he will declare that that's too much and that the road ought to be made to reduce its freight-rates. On the face of it, it does look that way, until you come to figure that Lackawanna's freight-rates are no higher than any other road's, and that its big percentage of earnings is due mainly to the efficiency of the plant and its management. The great majority of people, however, don't stop to figure it out that way. This road is earning so-and-so-much, they are told, and that road so-and-so-much. Doesn't that *prove* that freight-rates are too high? Doesn't that *show* that the public is being robbed? And so, from all over the country—or, at least, from those sections where the agitators are most busy—there comes this continuous demand that a "valuation" of the railroads be made and that freight-rates be adjusted accordingly.

The whole thing is folly, but lots of foolish things have been put through in this country by a sufficient stirring up of the popular imagination, and the cry for a physical valuation of the railroads is not to be treated lightly. There is just one remedy—the education of the public to the facts of the case. For the agitator to make the average citizen believe that he is being robbed by the railroads is the easiest thing in the world, until the facts of the case are put up to him. Just there the power of the demagogue comes to an end. With the general public informed on this subject of freight-rates and thus cognizant of what would happen to business were rates to be based on the amount of the railroads' investment, the demand for a physical valuation of railway properties would die out overnight. And that would be a long step toward the restoration of confidence in railway securities as investments.

2. *General appreciation of the fact that railway profits, ought not to be limited by law*—that is the second great remedy. Why should I buy railroad securities, the investor asks, as long as there exists this strong sentiment that the railways oughtn't to be allowed to earn but so-and-so-much, anyway? Why isn't it better for me to put my money into something else where there is no danger of such limitation of profits? It is, and the investor knows it, and just as long as a large part of the public keeps on demanding that laws limiting earnings be passed, investors' confidence in railway securities is bound to remain impaired.

How is this demand to be checked? By showing the public that the principle of limiting by law the profits of the country's most important industry is all wrong, and that if such a law were to be enacted its consequences would be disastrous. How is the public to be convinced of that? In the same way as it is to be convinced that value of service rendered and not capitalization is the sensible basis of freight-rates—that is to say, by a straightforward presentation of the facts in the case.

The railroads, the argument runs, are really public-service corporations. They operate under franchises granted by the people and are entirely dependent on public patronage. Why then should they be allowed to earn what they can? If the earnings of some road run up to fifteen or twenty per cent., isn't it a reasonable assumption that the public is paying too much for the service it is getting? The road is operating under public franchise—keeping some other road from being built, probably, which would be willing to do the business for a smaller profit. Why then should it be allowed to keep on making these big profits at the expense of the public, without whose favor and permission it couldn't remain in business at all?

That is the argument, and, goodness knows, it can be made plausible enough. But only as long as the man who is being talked to doesn't start to go a little below the surface. As soon as that happens, "it's all off." If he has any fair-mindedness in his make-up, he is bound to ask right away how, when the franchise *has* been granted and investors all over the country have been induced to put their money into the enterprise, there is any justice in passing a law which will so greatly reduce the value of these investments. And then, going a little beyond that, he is sure to ask himself whether a law that limits earnings to a certain amount wouldn't be likely to have the effect of keeping capital out of railway enterprise, and so interfere with the industry's growth and the quality of service. Furthermore, how about the effect on the railroads and on business of the crazy system of freight-rates which would come into effect were it ordained that each road could only charge enough to give it a profit of so-and-so-much?

Leaving the right and wrong of the thing out entirely, and considering only the expediency, would *you* invest your money in a railroad stock if you knew its earnings were limited by law and that if they ran over the allowed amount freight-rates would have to come down? You wouldn't, of course, and nobody else would—or, at any rate, mighty few people. Then how would the railroads raise the money they need to carry on their business? They're growing all the time, and with the increase in the country's business and population they've got to have new capital and lots of it—at least a billion dollars a year, unless they are to run behind. Who, under the circumstances, would lend them that? And what, if they didn't get it, would be the consequence? An end to the opening up of new territory through the building of railroads; deterioration in freight and passenger service; loss to the general industries of the country of the big orders which the railways, when they are expanding, give out.

That is one way in which business would be affected. Another and even more important effect would come through the arbitrary rearrangement of a freight-rate structure built up over a long series of years to fit the needs of business. Two factories located at widely separated points, we will say, compete in the same market. Manufacturing conditions in the two towns are very different, wages and general costs being much higher in the one than the other; but because of the arrangement of freight-rates, finished goods can be laid down in the common market by either factory at the same price. Now suppose that a law limiting railway profits is passed, the result being that on one of the roads hauling the two competing factories' products to market freight-rates are very much reduced. What kind of a position, then, would the factory located on the other road be in? With its rival getting the benefit of much lower freight-rates, how could it continue to compete?

That is only one illustration of what might be expected to happen were freight-rates to be so rearranged as to yield no more than a certain profit. Any number of others might be given, but they would all tend to show the same thing—that to attempt to limit railway profits through meddling with freight-rates would be a dangerous piece of business. These rates, as has been shown, have been established over a long period of years and with a view to developing business to the greatest possible extent. If, now, this whole carefully-built-up rate-structure is suddenly to be made over, the shock is going to make itself felt from one end of the business world to the other.

And what, in the event of the limiting of profits, and the fixing of freight-rates accordingly, is going to happen to the weaker railroads, the efficiency of whose plant doesn't allow them to convert as high a proportion of gross earnings into net as does the efficiency of some of their stronger competitors? Several railroads connect two given points—New York and Buffalo, for instance. A law is passed that no road shall be allowed to earn more than a certain percentage on its stock. Now one road connecting these very two points earned thirty-two per cent. last year and thirty-five per cent. the year before. In order to reduce the earnings of that road to what would be considered a "fair return," therefore, its freight-rates would have to come away down. Bad enough for that particular road, but how about the other roads connecting the same two points, whose plants are not in as good shape and whose earnings, with freight-rates as they are, are not any too large? How could they get any business at all when this one road was offering to do it so much cheaper? What would inevitably happen to them?

All this is a side of the question which only a part of the public understands. As realization of what it would mean to business to limit the profits of the railways becomes more general, the demand for such legislation will die out and investors' confidence in railway securities be correspondingly increased.

3. *Realization on the part of legislators that the interests of the railroads and those of general business are identical*—that is the third great remedy. Let those who make the laws come to realize that anti-railroad legislation is anti-business legislation, and we shall have far less of the passing of the kind of laws which during the past couple of years have operated so strongly to drive investors away from railway securities.

Does the statement that anything that hurts the railroads hurts business in general, require proof? Isn't it perfectly plain that the condition of an industry employing close upon two million men must of necessity exert the strongest kind of an influence upon every other kind of industry in the country? Consider how great is the difference in the spending power of the two millions of railway employees when conditions in the transportation industry are good and when they are bad. Consider the orders for untold millions of dollars' worth of merchandise which the railroads themselves place when they are making money and which they don't place when they are not making money. Is there any need of going into details to show the close connection between the railroad business and every other kind of business? Is it necessary to make a long argument to prove that their interests are one and the same—that what hurts the one hurts the other?

Legislators and railway commissions haven't realized it. If they had, we never should have seen the baiting of railways which has been going on during the past couple of years—we never should have had the flood of half-baked, ill-advised "railway bills" which the various State legislatures have been putting on the statute-books. All that has done the railroads a great deal of harm and has gone a long way toward making investors believe that railway securities had best be left alone.

Some of it has been deliberate, of course, and with full appreciation of the harm that was being done. But in the case of the great majority of these bills, had those responsible realized what their effect on business would be, they never would have been enacted. That seems to be proved by the great falling off in the number of such bills passed during 1911, a year of poor business, which has furnished an object-lesson to over-zealous legislators in every part of the country. According as the lesson has been learned, and the realization fixed in mind that to harass the railroads is to hurt business, the situation will have been improved and investors' confidence in railway securities restored.

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The Traveling Rat

THE migratory rat, it is said, made its first appearance in this country in 1735, when it disembarked from British warships. However that may be, there is no doubt that modern shipping is a great rat-breeder. It follows, therefore, that the rat is not confined to any special portions of this earth. Cold and ice alone can stop it. Islands planted in mid-ocean are easily reached by rats. The Antilles, the Azores, and the islands of Cape Verde swarm with them. In this respect, a curious fact about the animal was brought to light the other day by accident. Rats were so numerous in the Channel Islands and vegetation there so poor that it became a problem how the creatures managed to exist at all. It happened, however, that a man in digging near some burrowed ground discovered sixteen crabs at the bottom of a passage and six in another. These crabs had had their claws bitten off by the rats, which thus took care to make their prey incapable of escape and also to guard themselves against getting pinched.

Many methods have been tried to stamp out rats. On the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief" other animals are used to prey on them. Of these the mongoos has not justified itself. In the West Indies it not only failed to kill off the rats, but robbed birds' nests into the bargain. Also it develops ticks. Cats and dogs are hard to beat when they can be induced to tackle vermin. Unluckily, good ratters among them are scarce. In Bombay attempts to make the English tabby feel at home were only partly successful. On the other hand, Japan has imported cats with good results. The number of cats in Tokio alone is 30,000. Municipal cats, in fact, have been enlisted to help out. Among other natural enemies of the rat are the weasel, the marten, and the sparrow-hawk. The owl eats young rats. Very useful, too, is the ferret. Again, it has been suggested that non-venomous snakes might answer the purpose.

Traps are all right in a way. But these contrivances, although they may catch rats, are but attempts to fool the animal and do not go to the root of things. Still, a great improvement has been made on the old-fashioned trap which often enough consisted of a log of wood propped up by a bit of stick.

In the Paris sewers they use a permanent trap which takes the form of an electric wire stretched an inch or more beneath the pavement. Baits are placed at intervals and the current electrocutes the rats that come to feed. Yet more complete is the electric trap in which the rat announces its death by ringing a bell and lighting a lamp which shows the exact spot where it met with its up-to-date fate.

In killing rats in a sewer, a warehouse, or the hold of a ship resource is had to poisonous gas. A special boat at Hamburg port makes fumigations in suspected vessels. Nine hundred rats have been accounted for in a single operation.

At the London docks there were killed in eight months by similar means 640,819 of these vermin. In Liverpool all ships from infected districts are visited on arrival by the port rat-catcher.

Other means include the use of several bacteria. Among new virus are the Pasteur, Liverpool, and Laroche, etc. The great objection to poisons like arsenic, strychnine, and phosphorous pastes is the danger from their distribution in a dwelling-house, for the rat has a habit of hiding its food. The knowledge that his home is strewn around with tempting bits of some quick poison is apt to make the boldest citizen feel nervous. The children may mistake these baits for candy. Food for the table may get mixed up with the poison. On the other hand, non-poisonous preparations, it is said, cannot kill rats, while, if they do, the effect will be the same on human beings and domestic animals. It is for chemists and professors, therefore, to find a poison dangerous only to the rat.

In case of a plague of rats it has been found a good idea to organize against them as if they were political opponents. This was done in 1907 in San Francisco by dividing up the city into thirteen districts, where the rats were localized and poisoned systematically. In Bombay they did the same thing, using both poison and traps. Unfortunately, however, the Hindus took the rat's view of the situation and proclaimed it publicly by writing on the doors of their houses, "No rat-catchers received here."

Rats cost a heap of money. The United States Secretary of Agriculture estimates the annual damage done by them at a hundred million dollars. The toll in Germany amounts to fifty millions. In France they pay out forty millions, and in Great Britain, where the number of rats is said to equal the population, the tax is seventy-five millions.

The Booby

THE booby-bird never leaves the broad seas, where his harsh cry is heard from the Hebrides to the Faroes and from the cliffs of Scotland to the coast of Norway. He revels in the storms and screams above the roar of the sea. The booby has green feet, yellow eyes, and a defiant head covered with a yellow cap. Each of its wings is three feet long and its beak is so stiff and so strong that it fears no enemy but the frigate-bird. The frigate-bird is the terror of the birds of the sea, though he ignores all but the booby. Owing to the breadth of his wings, the frigate cannot fish; he is forced to remain in the air. But as he cannot get fish in the air, and as he requires fish for his nourishment, he presses the booby into his service. When hungry he swoops down upon the booby and gives it a vigorous thrust in its throat. Then the booby's mouth opens and the fish caught in it drops out. The frigate has only to give one peck at the booby's throat to get his dinner.

It happens occasionally that the booby attacked by the frigate has nothing in its mouth. When the frigate pecks in vain, he belabors his slave with his beak and drives him, bruised and terrified, into the sea to catch fish.

The Evolution of Wall-paper

THE idea of adorning walls with paper appears to have originated in China, where it was so employed as early as the fourth century. It seems to have remained unknown to Western nations until the sixteenth century, when Holland, at the height of her naval supremacy, borrowed the notion from the Chinese and introduced it to the rest of Europe.

In China the first wall-papers were printed from blocks, painted by hand, and stamped with great seals. Modern ingenuity provided rolls of such paper showing a continuous duplicate of design quite unknown to the Celestials.

Until the end of the seventeenth century the imported product was well-nigh prohibitive in price except for the very wealthy, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that wall-paper was a common article of commerce. The first European papers were made in imitation of tapestry. By the time of the Stuarts the arras of Shakespeare's era was beginning to disappear.

Maine's Needle Rock

IN Blue Hill Bay, Maine, there is a pinnacle rock only six feet in diameter at its top which projects to within seven feet of the surface of the water and rises nearly perpendicularly out of a depth of seventy-eight feet. The existence of this rock is an evidence of the difficulty, even in well-known waters, of demonstrating that no isolated rocks are lying in wait for heedless victims.

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Nervous troubles are more often caused by improper food and indigestion than most people imagine. Even doctors sometimes overlook this fact. A man says:

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"At times I would have no appetite for days, then I would feel ravenous, never satisfied when I did eat, and so nervous I felt like shrieking at the top of my voice. I lost flesh badly and hardly knew which way to turn until one day I bought a box of Grape-Nuts food to see if I could eat that. I tried it without telling the doctor, and liked it fine; made me feel as if I had something to eat that was satisfying and still I didn't have that heaviness that I had felt after eating any other food.

"I hadn't drank any coffee then in five weeks. I kept on with the Grape-Nuts and in a month and a half I had gained 15 pounds, could eat almost anything I wanted, didn't feel badly after eating, and my nervousness was all gone. It's a pleasure to be well again."

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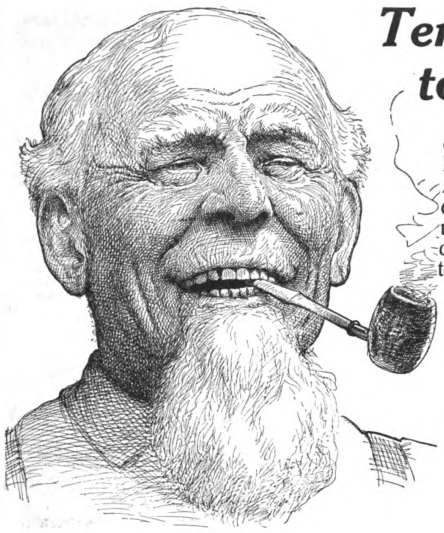

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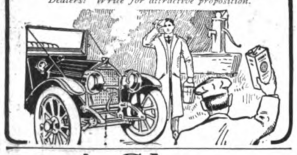

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A Bombardment Two Thousand Years Ago

By CECIL SEYMOUR BROWNE

THE outer fortifications or old city wall of Pompeii is in an excellent state of preservation.

The original Samnite wall, the greater portion of which was not overthrown by the earthquake of A.D. 63, is built of massive blocks of tufa stone; the top of the wall is about ten feet in breadth and formed a road for the passage of the defenders and at intervals are placed watch-towers.

I wish to draw attention especially to that portion of the wall without the Porta Vesuviana, or the gateway nearest to Vesuvius.

If one carefully examines the face of the wall it will be found to be pitted with a series of round hemispherical holes; there are a great number of these holes of various sizes, and they are all perfectly defined cup-like incisions in the wall.

I am strongly inclined to think they are due to a bombardment with round stones thrown by the *catapultæ* or *ballistæ* which formed the field artillery of the Roman armies.

The *catapultæ* were military engines of a cross-bow type for throwing large stones and were the invention of Dionysius of Syracuse (399 B.C.).

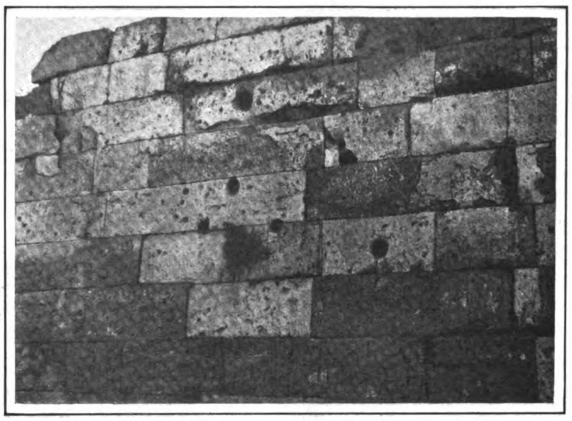
The *ballistæ* were in the form of a cross-beam or swinging plank. At one end of the beam was a heavy weight and at the other a box to contain the stones, which was brought to the ground by means of pulleys. The box was then loaded, a catch released, and the projectiles discharged on their warlike errand.

These engines are supposed to have had a range of about one thousand yards. We know that Sulla assaulted the city of Pompeii about 80 B.C. during the Samnitic wars, and the point of his attack would most certainly have been at one of the city gates.

The stones thrown by the engines would strike with great force, indenting and bruising the softer tufa stone. This bruised portion would in time fall away, leaving the clean-cut incisions that we now observe.

On further examination one finds that several of the blocks are actually split, the splits radiating from the center of the holes, and in some instances the cavity is between two of the tufa blocks. This proves beyond doubt that they are not due to any natural process or to the decay of any weak spots in the stone and must have been caused in the manner above indicated.

I think it will be admitted that I have reasonable grounds for referring these indications to the assault and capture of the Samnite city of Pompeii by the Roman legions under the command of the Consul L. Cornelius Sulla.



Marks made by missiles from catapults on the walls of Pompeii two thousand years ago

Chance in Invention

THE making of khaki, the olive-colored canvas cloth so widely used for soldiers' uniforms the world over, came about in a curiously haphazard way.

For years there had been furnished to the British troops in India a greenish-brown cotton material, the chief defect of which was that it faded when washed with soap. A Manchester man, being told of this defect, set about to remedy it. For a long time he searched for an olive dye that would remain impervious to soap or soda. Months of experimentation were required to solve the problem. The cloth that finally resisted soap proved to have been dyed by a liquid that had rested in a metal dish of a certain kind. It was some quality of this metal that had contributed the very quality needed to insure permanence. The remainder of the problem was easy. The khaki that we know was the result, and a most profitable industry sprang up.

Years ago a firm of printers in Paris executed an unusually large order for almanacs. Each sheet was punched with a small hole for eyeleting, and an immense number of tiny circles of colored paper accumulated in the workrooms. One day a workman grabbed a handful of these and, in a spirit of fun, threw the bits of paper over a girl worker who was passing. She retaliated; others followed the example of the two, and a miniature snowstorm was in progress when the head of the firm entered. Being a man of imagination, he saw "something in it." Confetti was the result. Instead of destroying the punched-out circles of paper, he ordered new and special forms of machinery for turning out the little papers that form so picturesque a rôle in many festivities throughout the world. It is said that this firm alone turns out more than sixty tons of confetti a week.

One day a man entered the office of a paper manufacturer, holding in his hand a hornet's nest. "Why can't you make paper like this?" he asked. The manufacturer's imagination was appealed to; he had seen that the hornet began to make its nest by first chewing particles of wood until they were a fine pulp. This little incident led, it is said, to the utilization of wood pulp in making paper.

An Ancient Library

EXCAVATIONS have revealed to us some astonishing facts with regard to the literary attainments of the ancient peoples of the East. The most interesting of these finds were those encountered in the ruined palace of ancient Nineveh.

It was no mere religious literature that was there discovered; it possessed far more solid elements. The tablets found on the site of the city that long ago crumbled into the dust show that the scribes studied their literature to advantage. Commentaries, dictionaries, and critical works evidence a love of literature, not the mere making of books. The Ninevite Library presents several curious features that for some time the archæologists found it difficult to explain.

In the first place, it is pointed out, there are no tablets, except state documents or historical inscriptions, prior to the reign of Assurbanipal (B.C. 668–625), a circumstance that indicates that the library was founded in his reign. Then, too, the careful arrangement of the tablets in groups and sets, with an index or catalogue in many cases, shows that it was formed on a definite plan and was not a gradual growth during a long period of time. Finally very large numbers of the tablets have an endorsement to the effect that they were "like the old copy."

The question arises, What was the origin of these older works? The first indication was afforded by the statement on certain of the tablets that they were copies of tablets from Babylonian cities, and the discoveries in the libraries of Babylonian temples of duplicates of tablets already known to the archæologists from the Assyrian Library proved that the Babylonians had a similar literature. Copies of the Creation legends have been found at Borsippa, and the Assyrian Library had a copy of the Code of Hammurabi transcribed into the Assyrian script. It is clear, then, that it was Babylonia that furnished the "old copies."

All doubt as to the Chaldean origin of the literary treasures of the royal library at Nineveh is removed by a tablet in the British Museum. This consists of a letter written, apparently, by Assurbanipal, but probably by the priest scribe who acted as the royal librarian. It was addressed to a certain Shadunu, who was a man of considerable importance, and, as is now ascertained, the head of a manuscript commission despatched to search for tablets in the Babylonian libraries. It has been translated thus:

"The word of the King to Shadunu: I am well; mayst thou be happy. The day thou seest this letter of mine take [certain persons] and such persons of Borsippa, as thou knowest, and seek out all the tablets which are in their houses, and all the tablets laid up in the temple of E-zida. Seek out the rare tablets such as may be found on your journey which do not exist in Assyria, and send them to me. I am giving orders to the treasurers and prefects. Thou shall put them in a strong box. No one shall withhold tablets from thee; and if there be any tablet or stele of which I have not made mention to you, and thou shall learn of it, and it is good for my palace, search for it and get it and send it to me."

It thus appears that a commission with unlimited powers was despatched by the Assyrian king to search both the temple and private libraries of Babylonia and take from them works suitable for the newly established royal library at Nineveh.

The destruction of Nineveh occurred about 609 B.C., so that the library had a life of only about half a century—a fact that would account in a great measure for the freshness of the tablets.

Barrels

NOBODY knows who invented the barrel. It has been used since time immemorial.

Barrels are used for all manner of articles, solid and liquid. There are barrels for holding sugar, salt, apples, potatoes, and so on; for all sorts of oils, from the heaviest lubricants to the most volatile products of petroleum; for beers, wines, and all sorts of beverages. It is contended that the barrel is the strongest structure of its size that can be made from an equal amount of wood. Its contents are frequently the strongest that can be made from liquids.

The barrel has tremendous power of resistance to pressure from within and from without. A barrel set on end will, it is claimed, support half the weight of a railway car while the truck is taken from beneath for repairs. Yet the primitive barrel is put together without nails, screws, bolts, or pins—it is entirely self-fastened.

The barrel is smaller at its ends than it is in its middle, so that the wooden hoops, self-locking, may be driven on, tightening the staves and pressing the heads into the chines. Although not calked, barrels are water-tight. A small barrel is a keg, a big barrel is a cask, and a still bigger barrel is a hogshead.

Quito's Water Porters

AROUND a fountain in one of the principal squares of Quito assemble every morning the city's *aguadores*. These water porters differ from the less energetic ones of some South-American cities in carrying their jars upon their back instead of on the backs of mules. Their earthen jars are deep, have a wide mouth, and hold about forty liters.

The porter carries it on his shoulder fastened with leather straps. He never detaches himself from his jar either to fill it or to transfer its contents to that of his customer.

He turns his back to the fountain so that the jar comes under one of the jets of water, listens to the sound of the water in the jar, and his ear is so well trained that he always walks away at the exact moment when it is filled to the brim.

Arriving at the house of a customer, he goes to the household jar, makes a deep bow, and disappears behind a torrent of water. Foreigners can never receive without laughing the visit of their *aguador*, the respectful little man who bows to one behind a cataract of water.

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Temperature and Other Things

It is such a lonely business, being gripped by a powerful story. The woes of the characters inundate and muffle us to the actual world, yet the actual world laughs at our vicarious distress and refuses to see that it is itself which is for the moment unreal, not the story. The pitiless march of circumstances embroiling the characters weighs on us so that we could sob openly for the intensity with which we are implicated in their fate, yet they will have none of us and our friends will have none of our anguish for them.

We go about burdened with our predicament. Try as we will, we cannot effect an exchange. The characters ignore us completely, in spite of the fact that we have given up an entire day to being passionately sympathetic with them. We cannot eat, we cannot talk, and no one sympathizes with us for the grief that has come to us in the hero's death. The heartlessness of one's family added to the heartlessness of the characters toward us is the final touch, and our distress for others becomes distress for ourselves, which is a familiar road back to the ordinary ways of every-day living.

There lingers, though, a distaste for the book we have liked so much, and what keeps us from rereading it is a little the sense that we have been badly treated. Those mornings when our first waking thought was that something dreadful had happened—and we then quickly remembered the last chapter and that we had been unable to help them in any way—is a sharing so complete that we cannot help feeling it entitled us to some recognition on the part of the characters. That it never came is a grief we keep to ourselves, and our proper pride bids us not demean ourselves by anything so spiritless as a reperusal.

There is something Puritanical in looking forward to winter. Probably no one without latent New Englandism in him ever does it. Our natures are not as strong as our austere ideals prick us to desire, and with frank homeliness we are grateful to the practical help of winter. We have always distrusted summer for its delights and leisure. There is something wrong with a season that tempts us to capricious idleness and rewards, not punishes, us for it. All narrow souls—and most of us are narrow because we find it easier to keep upright if closely confined—respect winter more and respect ourselves more in winter. If we are idle we are cold. That is just as it should be—immediate chastisement for obvious wrongdoing. Relying for high moral pitch on an incompetent furnace does not embarrass us in the least. It is properly humbling to be reminded how frail a thing is human virtue. If bad weather forces us to something that passes for mental concentration we are wearily glad to have it come in any form from any cause. With the unconscious cynicism of the laboriously moral we take ourselves as we find ourselves and have no shame at our implication that goodness is, after all, a matter of temperature.

Northern races are, of course, infinitely better than the iniquitous people who live in decent climates. But then think how few temptations the former have to be anything but virtuous and how few checks the latter have on being anything but recklessly abandoned. If you are so chilled that your blood circulates with difficulty you must be a perfect fiend of a person if you are anything but a pillar of respectability. Chill passes for self-control and prohibits all self-expression.

What safer position could be desired? The slightest rise in temperature and one becomes limbered, presently fluid, and if the temperature increases one boils over in perpetual self-expression. One could not run a greater risk. To overflow and not to be dangerous is to have achieved a triumph. A single afternoon of intense, prostrating heat should make us comprehend without superiority the morals of the tropics. If for all intents and purposes one lives in the lower region, one's very sense of fitness makes one's actions justify one's residence. Of course we feel active on a frosty morning; we are driven to it by our instinct for self-preservation. Of course we are content to pass hours merely breathing on a deliciously warm day; our sense of values was given us by Nature and is not yet wholly perverted by man. If we welcome winter it is a hard-headed inclination to do penance quickly and so keep our accounts balanced and ward off a complete retribution by grasping at known inconveniences.

The only people who ever insist upon perfect sincerity are the ones who unconsciously invite horrid revelations for themselves when they do it. No really dear person ever harps on sincerity and insists that the minor lies be dropped. They would be quite safe themselves if a rule of complete sincerity were established, for every one would behave toward them in practically the same way.

It is the deadly dull people who carry a deep suspicion about that one is not sincere. Quite right one is not with them, and they should be profoundly thankful. It is the decent insincerities that save them to any sort of life at all. If one acted toward them as one feels, one would walk through them and over them, unconscious that they cluttered space.

Sincerity is one of those words that have been captured by the wrong party, and they use it as a cudgel to threaten and batter the contending force until the contending force, through sheer irritation at their misuse of a rather nice word, would like to annihilate both them and it by showing them what sincerity really is. Self-control is not sincerity, yet it is the self-control of other people that permits us to live in peace at all. Half the respect and courteous attention there is in the world is not sincerity; it is leniency and pity and despair. People should be more careful what they demand. They may have the extreme ill luck to receive it.

New Hunting Laws

The man who goes forth with dog and gun during the coming hunting season will do well to inform himself as to the laws and regulations in force in the particular region which he is visiting. No fewer than 260 new laws will be in force, in addition to the complexity of regulations already existing—Federal, State, and local; and a largely augmented army of game wardens will see to it that each and every one of the regulations is enforced.

On the whole, new legislation during 1911 was directed to changes in the warden service, control of license funds, and curtailment of bag limits, rather than to modifications of seasons. Vermont and Washington passed doe acts; a Federal act renewed the protection of antelope in Arizona; absolute protection was given to all big game, except deer, in South Dakota; the sale of quail and robins is no longer permitted in Tennessee. For the first time since 1903 an open season for prairie chickens is established in Illinois.

Novelties in the way of game legislation were: Prohibition of the use of dogs wearing bells or other noise-producing devices in wild-fowl shooting in Delaware, of automobiles in duck-hunting in North Dakota, and of guinea-pigs in hunting rabbits in Michigan; the establishment by Michigan of a twenty-five-day deer license with a forty-five-day season; the disbarment of claims for damage to crops by deer by owners of lands posted against deer-hunting in Vermont; and a measure by Maine authorizing the export of game for advertising purposes.

Some important modifications in seasons were made, the general tendency being toward further restriction. Absolute protection was given to elk and sheep in South Dakota, to elk in British Columbia, to deer and elk in seven counties in Idaho, and to all big game in four other counties in that State; to deer in five counties in Oklahoma and to sheep in several districts of British Columbia. The deer season was shortened from eleven to six days in Colorado and from one hundred and nine to sixty-two days in California, but was lengthened in Michigan, South Carolina, Vermont, and Wyoming. Cottontail and brush rabbits were put on the game list and provided with a season in California. Wood ducks were added to the list by Delaware and South Carolina. Delaware placed woodcock on the game list; Kansas, fox-squirrels and snipe; Maine, eider-ducks; Nebraska, killdee and doves. Absolute protection was given to gray and black squirrels by Kansas, wild turkeys by Massachusetts, wood ducks by Maine and Vermont, sheldrakes (on fresh water) by New Hampshire, upland plover by New Jersey, doves and swans by North Dakota, and Chinese pheasants by Oregon. Spring shooting was abolished in Maine in the case of shore birds; by Michigan as to snipe, geese, and brant; and by Oregon as to geese and swans in nine counties. In Rhode Island the shore-bird season will hereafter open October 15th instead of July 15th.

In Minnesota and seven counties in New Hampshire the bag limit for deer has been reduced from two to one. California established a daily limit on rabbits, grouse, and sage-hens and a weekly limit on ducks and brant. Delaware established a limit on all game animals and birds except plover, snipe, and reedbirds. Kansas established a limit on snipe; Massachusetts on black ducks; New Jersey on upland birds and water fowl; Vermont on rabbits; and New Brunswick on partridges, woodcock, and ducks. Wisconsin limited the amount of the mixed bag of a resident to twenty game birds. Bag limits were reduced by California on mountain quail; by Kansas on prairie chickens, quail, plover, and water fowl; By Maine on ruffed grouse and woodcock; and by Minnesota and Wisconsin on grouse, prairie chicken, woodcock, partridges, shore birds and water fowl. In Kansas the limit on grouse was abolished, and in Idaho the limit on snipe and plover was increased.

To the majority of hunters the license question is one of great consideration. During the past year thirteen States and one province of Canada modified their license laws. California established a dealer's license, Minnesota a separate resident big-game license, New Hampshire a guide license, South Dakota a big-game resident license, Washington an alien gun license, Wyoming a bear license, and New Brunswick a sink-box license. On the other hand, West Virginia abolished its resident license, Vermont its alien license, and Delaware, through failure of legislation, all hunting licenses. More liberal provisions were adopted by Michigan, which passed a law permitting a non-resident to take a day's limit of small game home; Nebraska, which allowed boys under eighteen to hunt without a license if accompanied by parent or guardian; New Hampshire, which placed non-resident landowners on the footing of residents; Oklahoma, which repealed the law prohibiting non-residents from hunting deer, turkeys, and prairie chickens; and Wyoming, which passed laws allowing a non-resident paying one hundred dollars taxes yearly on property in the State to take out a resident license, and permitted the killing of two elk under the fifty-dollar non-resident license instead of requiring another fifty-dollar license for the second elk. Minnesota and Nebraska passed laws requiring residents to secure licenses to hunt in their own counties, and Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Nebraska placed age limits below which applicants cannot secure licenses or must have the consent of parent or guardian. Minnesota adopted Michigan's plan of not permitting licenses to be issued until within three days of the opening of the season, and Michigan adopted the unique expedient of lengthening its deer season from three weeks to forty-five days, but limiting the life of each license to twenty-five days.

Michigan repealed its law prescribing a penalty for the careless shooting of human beings, while New Hampshire adopted a measure of this kind.

It is highly desirable that prospective hunters should acquaint themselves with the local as well as the State laws in the region in which they propose to hunt. In Maryland, for instance, the laws are different in almost every county, with peculiar restrictions as to hunting on certain days of the week, election days, etc. Arkansas does not permit hunting by non-residents except in a few counties; all other States, the provinces of British Columbia, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland issue non-resident licenses at a cost of from $2.75 to $50. Either $10 or $15 is the usual non-resident license fee in the United States. Failure to comply with the game laws entails in many States confiscation of the hunter's gun, as well as fine or imprisonment

Elephants and Railways

More than one railway train in Siam has of late had encounters with elephants. In two cases the animals were killed, but in one the train was derailed and several cars were telescoped.

Oriental cars have no "cowcatchers," for Old World engineers generally smile at cowcatchers as devices suitable only for what they deem to be American conditions of traffic. It is now observed, however, that the American device might be very serviceable in the case of stray elephants. Cowcatchers have already been introduced on the large locomotives of the line between Damascus and Mecca in anticipation of possible collisions with camels.

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Queer Manx Laws

THE Isle of Man presents many curious features, none of which are more curious than its laws. For instance, the legislature is called the House of Keys and was in other times a judicial body charged with the duty of interpreting the laws. Any person so bold as to slander this House of Keys was liable not only to a fine in the amount of £10, but to the loss of both his ears.

Two deemsters were once appointed to execute the laws which before the year 1417 were uncodified, and these were known as Breast laws, for the reason that they were imparted to the deemsters in secret, to be kept by them within the secrecy of their own breasts as long as they chose or during their whole service, though they were authorized to impart and explain to the populace as much of these special laws as should at any time seem wise and expedient.

Certain of the Manx laws, as set down after the codification, are extremely quaint. Here are a couple of extracts from the Manx legal rulings:

"If a man steal a horse or an ox it is no felony, for the offender cannot hide them; but if he steal a capon or a pig he shall be hanged."

"In case of theft, if it amount to the value of sixpence halfpenny, it shall be felony and death to the offender; and under that value to be whipped or set upon a wooden horse which shall be provided for such offenders."

The arms of the Isle of Man, which, though it may sound like an Irish bull to say so, are legs—three legs bent at the knee and apparently kicking outward from a common center in the midst of a shield—have provoked a number of jocular descriptions, of which the best declares that one leg spurns Ireland, one kicks at Scotland, and the third kneels to England.

On July 5th of every year the laws of the Isle of Man are still read aloud to the assembled people from the top of Tynwald Hill. This is said to be the most interesting and archaic legal ceremony observed to-day in Europe.

False Colors

THE opal has no color in the sense of pigmentation. To break open an opal in order to observe its hues would be the equivalent to killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Neither golden eggs nor rainbow hues would be found.

Opal consists of hydrated silica. It is not uniform in texture. If the word surface may be used for interior conditions, it might be said that the opaline silica is in the form of surfaces and layers that lie compactly against one another. These layers refract the light at various angles, giving forth the colored flashes in the same way that a pure crystal prism refracts the colors of the spectrum. Technically speaking, these layers of silica are said to possess a different index of refraction from that of the matrix. As the opal is moved the various layers break the light into colors, which change, of course, according to the position of the stone.

The iridescence of nacre, or mother-of-pearl, is also a matter of form and not actual color. In fact, all "changeable" colors are more or less the result of form even where there is pigmentation beneath, such as in certain ribbed silks. When sunlight bears directly upon finely ribbed metal, as a file, there is the same play of colors.

In the case of mother-of-pearl an interesting experiment has been made. An impression of the pearl was taken upon pure white wax. It was then found that the apparently smooth surface of the pearl had still sufficient irregularities to impress upon the wax a surface that resulted in similar color manifestations.

A Secure Jail

ONE of the oddest of jails is that at Clifton, Graham County, Arizona, which lies in one of the copper-mining centers of the new State.

This jail comprises four large apartments hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance is situated in a box-like vestibule built of heavy masonry, and the gates have three sets of steel bars.

At intervals in the rocky walls holes to serve as windows have been blasted and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel has been fitted firmly in the rock.

The floor of this rock-bound jail is of cement. The prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In certain places the wall of quartz about the jail is no less than fifteen feet in thickness. So solid and heavy are the barriers to this institution that no prisoner has ever attempted escape.

THE MONKEY: "The Subway may be all right, but I prefer the Elevated."

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This ***Pierlot "Sans Sucre"*** is not only perfectly harmless, but possesses certain stimulative qualities which justify physicians in recommending it to patients suffering from diabetes and gout, and who derive actual benefit from its habitual, but, of course, moderate use. The beneficial action upon the system of the comparatively small amount of natural alcohol contained in this champagne is exactly the reverse of that of all other champagnes to which alcohol and sweetening matter have been added. Physicians are well aware of this fact. The amount of natural sugar, 0.36 per cent., as reported by Caswell-Massey Co., is an absolutely negligible quantity. Their report follows:

"We have analyzed a bottle of Pierlot Vin Nature Champagne, Sans Sucre, sent to us by you for that purpose, and we find it wholly free from added sugar, and without added alcohol; the actual amount of sugar being 0.36 per cent. Such a wine can be advantageously used in cases of gout and diabetes, where any but the very smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious.

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The *Sportsman*:—"It is a wine of good body and extraordinary flavor and bouquet, and wonderfully clean."

The *Irish Times*:—"Pierlot Champagne 'Sans Sucre,' which is now becoming so fashionable, is a drink devoid of evil after-effects."

The *British Medical Journal* says:—"A perfect champagne, absolutely free from sugar, yet light and agreeable in taste."

The *Lancet* states:—"It is a brilliant, sparkling wine, possessing all the agreeable qualities of a high-class champagne, and yet one that may be taken, according to our analytical observations, where strong alcohol and saccharin drinks are prohibited."

Prof. Dr. NOTHNAGEL, of Vienna:—"It may be taken with advantage by those debarred from taking any sweetened champagne."

Prof. FRESENIUS, of Wiesbaden:—"The result of my investigation has proved this wine to be free from added sugar, and without any added alchohol. It can be advantageously used in cases where even the smallest amount of sugar is considered injurious."

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The Red Man's Rally

THE redskin is not altogether down and out. That the comparative monotony of civilized life threatens the disappearance of remaining Indian tribes is not borne out by figures. On the contrary, the total number of these aborigines has increased from 248,253, in 1890, to 265,684, in 1910, an addition of 17,430 individuals in twenty years. Broadly speaking, States northeast of the central group show a diminution. The same is the case with Nebraska and Minnesota. Along the Mississippi there are but 2,612 Indians, where formerly 3,396 were registered. Pacific States have lost a few hundreds. Other groups show an increase.

The red man has increased at a rate of 7 per cent. only, against an advance of over 11 per cent. among negroes and of 15 per cent. among whites. The fact is, he is becoming assimilated. Only in Oregon, Arizona, and the two Carolinas is intermarriage forbidden. Also, the red man is adaptable. Of Indian blood to-day there are breeders, planters, bankers, ministers, lawyers, doctors, journalists, schoolmasters, artisans, and working-men. According to the law of 1887, it is permissible for every Indian to become an American citizen, provided that he lives apart from his tribe and cultivates a plot of ground. In consequence, the number of Indians paying regular taxes, and so entitled to the rights of citizenship, is largely increasing. In Arizona 8,000 Indians have the right to vote. In Idaho are 3,860 Indian electors; in Minnesota, 9,160; in Montana, 6,000; in New Mexico, 7,000; in California, 3,500; Nevada boasts 2,000, and Oklahoma the star total of 32,000.

The Squirrel

THE squirrel is one of the most innocent and faithful of animals, and the husband of one wife even in Turkey, where he is found domesticated, as in China, Norway, Brazil, Siberia, on the banks of the Ganges, and in the Congo. Nothing maternal can exceed the mother squirrel's tenderness for her young. They accompany her when she goes hunting, they dance with her in the woods, and assist in the search for nuts. Frolicking at their task, mother and father lay in the winter stores. Their larder is full of seeds, grain, and nuts, and is situated in the hollow of a tree or under the snow in a mossy hollow. As long as there is anything to be found in the woods the careful parents shun the larder, and owing to their prudence their provisions last until the woods again yield tribute. The squirrel is not satisfied with one hiding-place; he hides his provisions everywhere, and he is one of the best of foresters, for the nuts and seeds hidden by him and forgotten grow into trees. He is a skilful architect. The nest that he plaits with little twigs is well made. The entrance is perpendicular and narrow, and sheltered from the storms by a leafy cone. It is so nearly the color of the tree trunk that it is almost imperceptible. In some countries the squirrel's nest is a burrow provided with five or six exits by which the tenant can escape from unwelcome visitors.

The flying-squirrel is found chiefly in the forests of Norway and Lapland, but even there it is rare. It feeds on the buds of the pine and birch trees, and on wild seeds. Its "flying" members are two membranes which serve as a parachute at the moment of flying.

The Prison Van

By Don C. Seitz

DIM through the bars the haggard faces show,
As down the street it jolts its load of woe;
Luckless and lost, the hapless of mankind,
To meet with Justice, which, alas, is blind!
Blind to the Cause and heedless of the end,
Leaving to Chance their wretched ways to mend!

Sleeping Compasses in Japan

IN Japan no native ever sleeps with his head to the north, for the reason that the dead there are always interred with their heads in that direction.

One result of this custom is that in the sleeping-rooms of many of the private houses of Japan, to say nothing of the hotels in the cities, there is conspicuously posted on the ceiling, for the information of guests, a diagram of the points of the compass.

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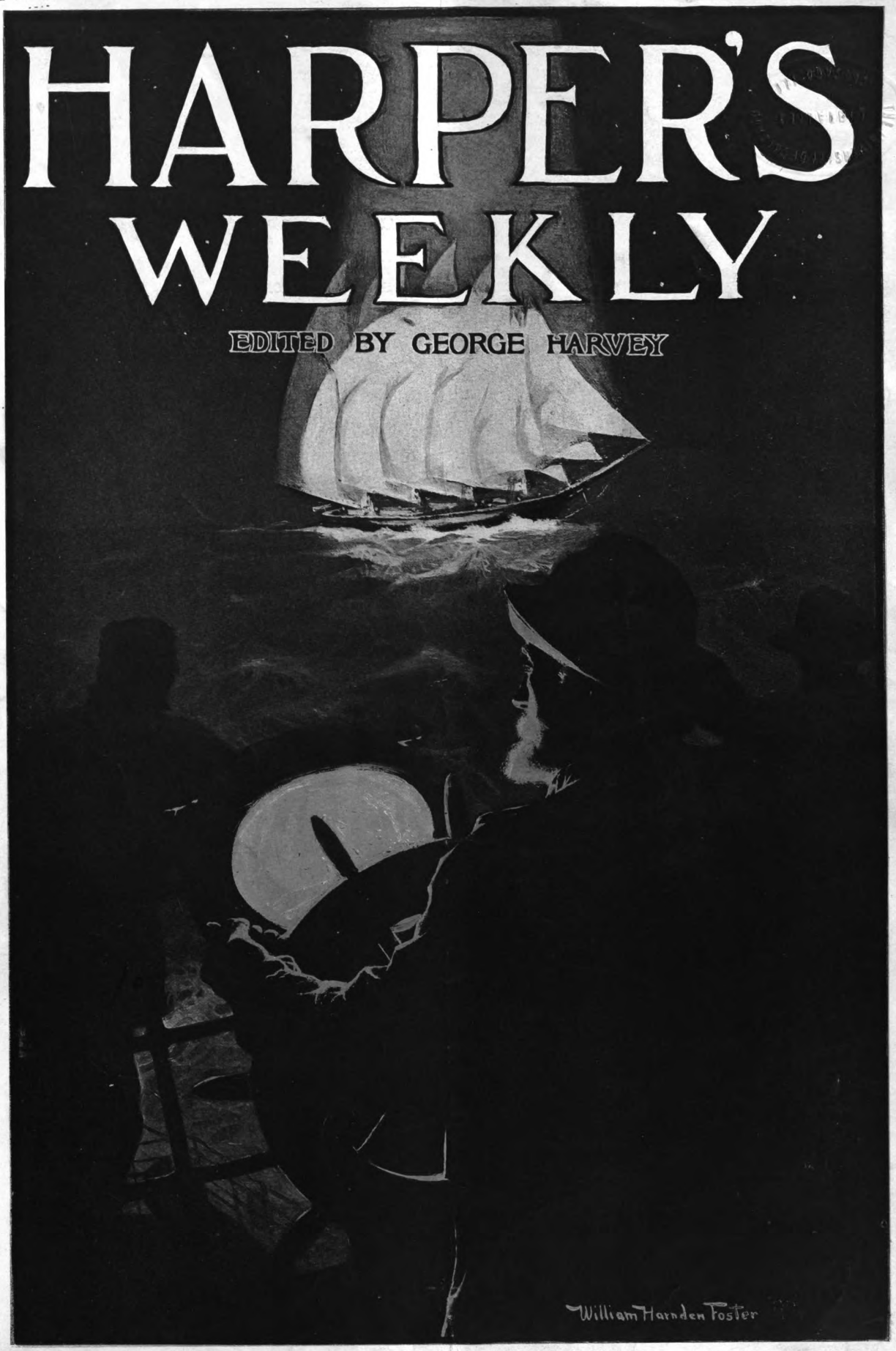
OCT 2 1 1912

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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STATEMENT MADE UNDER NEW POSTAL LAW IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

of HARPER'S WEEKLY (Insert title of publication.) published Weekly (State frequency of issue.)

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George Harvey
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

President

Sworn to and subscribed before me this fourth day of Oct., 1912

Philip J. Fox
Notary Public

[SEAL.]

(My commission expires March 30, 1913.)

Form 3526. 5—8012

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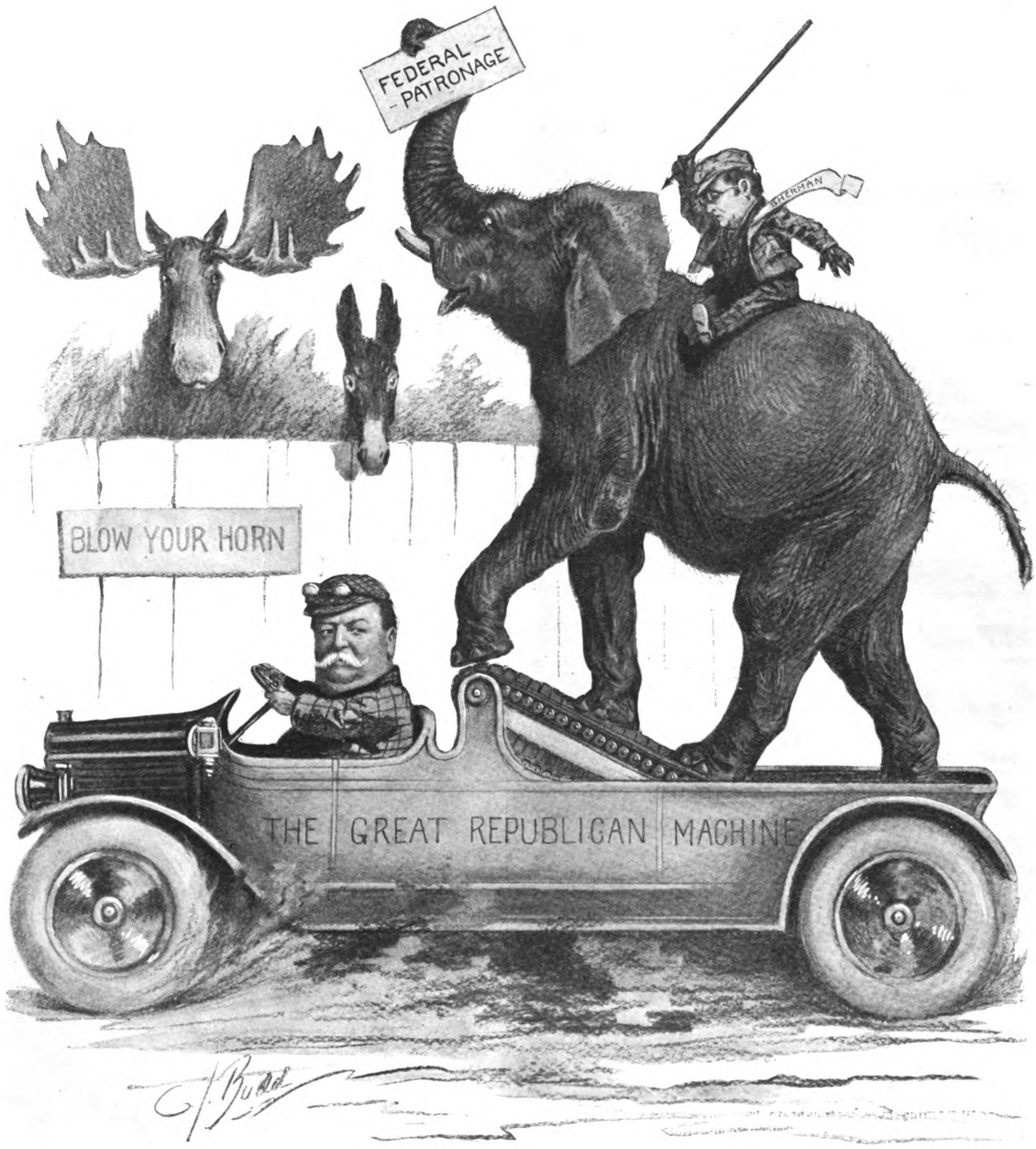

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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Frederick T. Leigh, Treasurer, Franklin Square, New York, N. Y.

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Comment

Wilson and Roosevelt on the Trusts

As the campaign has progressed, Governor WILSON's speeches, instead of falling off, have been steadily gaining in interest and power. They are already a remarkable series of discussions of great public questions. Before he was nominated, an eminent college president predicted that if he were named his public discussions alone would prove of incalculable value to the country. The remark is already justified. Not within the memory of the present generation has any candidate for the Presidency done so much to illuminate issues and to clarify public opinion.

There was never much doubt that on the leading issue of the campaign, the tariff, Governor WILSON would be more than a match for his two adversaries. Neither of them has ever shown the slightest mastery of that issue, and the country, moreover, has indicated that it favors the Democratic position. As a result, the Democratic candidate has had a clear and increasing advantage every time the tariff has been touched.

That being obvious, some may therefore be moved to criticize his judgment for giving so much time to the trust issue, for going into it so fully. It may be thought that in this regard it would have been better politics if he had not met ROOSEVELT's challenge so promptly and completely.

But Governor WILSON was right—right in his judgment as well as in his conscience and his courage. He was right for three reasons. The first is that the tariff issue and the trust issue are, as he has again and again pointed out, inseparable; he is correct in holding that the tariff has been the most potent cause of monopoly in this country, and that that phase of it cannot be neglected. The second reason is that ROOSEVELT's trust programme, artfully contrived to mislead well-meaning people, demanded analysis and exposure. The third reason was that Governor WILSON knew exactly how to analyze and expose it.

He has done it, and done it so well that nobody should ever need to do it over again. He has done it so well that no intelligent man has any right to be in doubt any longer as to what ROOSEVELT's and PERKINS's trust programme really means. Neither has anybody any excuse for uncertainty as to where Governor WILSON himself stands on this question.

The Issue Absolutely Clear

Those enlightening speeches ought to be read in full by every serious-minded American, concerned for the future of his country. But it seems to us possible to put into a mere paragraph the essence of the matter as Governor WILSON explains it. Indeed, he has by a single phrase put his finger on the heart of the unsoundness of the entire ROOSEVELT proposal. He has called it a proposal "to legalize monopoly." When that was said, pretty nearly everything was said that was necessary to enable us to condemn the plan. For the phrase is absolutely correct. ROOSEVELT and PERKINS of course prefer the word "regulate." But to regulate is to recognize, it is to accept, it is to validate, it is to legalize. It is, as Governor WILSON has made plain, to condone and to pardon the methods by which monopolies have been established, methods which are at last understood, and can therefore be attacked by law. It is to tie the hands of government. It is in effect to surrender to a thing which democracy has been fighting for centuries.

This is not rhetoric. It is cold fact and clear reasoning. It brings us up with a jerk and makes us realize the actual peril we are confronted with, it makes us see with startling distinctness just what is ahead of us if we are going to follow any longer the leadership of loose-thinking men like ROOSEVELT and his present associates.

Nor is Governor WILSON one whit less clear in stating his own position. He does not, like ROOSEVELT, talk as if he knew all that can be known about this problem of great combinations. He does not treat it as a simple matter or pretend that he and he alone has completely mastered it. But he tells us plainly where he stands and what he will do and what he will not do. He will not, he pledges himself, consent to legalize monopoly without considering the methods by which it has been attained. He will not accept the fact of bigness as a proof by itself of superior economic efficiency. On the contrary, he will do all he can to prevent the achievement of monopoly by unfair methods—and he specifies the methods that are unfair. He will go farther and do all he can to destroy monopolies that have been established by those unfair methods, and not by superior efficiency. He will thus stand for freedom in business, for the freedom of both the big and the little enterprises. He will thus stand for freedom and for real efficiency, and he will stand for honesty and justice.

There is the issue, gentlemen of the electorate. ROOSEVELT says, "Monopoly is inevitable: let us regulate it and try to make the monopolists be good to us." WILSON says, "Monopoly is not inevitable, except in those industries which economists have all along recognized as 'natural monopolies.' The other sort of monopoly I will not recognize. I will not accept it, I will not legalize it. So long as I have breath in my body I will fight it, for in fighting it I am fighting for democracy, I am fighting for freedom, I am fighting for the ideals of this American republic."

Contributions That Are Too Big

While we are all talking and thinking about campaign contributions, we may as well try and make a thorough job of it. The discussion will do no permanent good unless we arrive at some fairly clear notions on the whole subject, unless we reach some kind of an agreement as to what is right and reasonable, as well as what is wrong and unreasonable. It takes money to run campaigns, and money will continue to be raised for that purpose. We have been hearing a lot about improper ways of raising it. What are the proper ways?

The minute one broaches that question one is bound to be more than ever impressed by the startling fact that in 1904 a very small group of men, acting either for themselves or for certain corporations, contributed about three-fourths of the entire Republican campaign fund. What makes the fact so startling is that it does not stand alone. Pretty much the same thing seems to be true of both the ROOSEVELT and the TAFT funds in this year's preliminary campaign; that is to say, they were both made up mainly of very large contributions from a very small number of contributors. This criticism cannot be made nearly so strongly of any Democratic campaign fund yet investigated, but we wish to be perfectly fair, and it strikes us that Democratic managers, and candidates, also, though as a rule they have had to rely far more largely on small gifts from many givers, have nevertheless got rather too large a proportion of their funds from a few men who gave liberally.

Not Enough of the Other Kind

Look at the thing honestly and sensibly, and this neglected side of the matter is bound to take on more and more importance. It is deplorable that a few men and a few great corporations should have secretly supplied these enormous sums to win primaries and elections. Nobody believes they have been doing it because they monopolized all the patriotism or the healthy party spirit in the country. Their motives are questioned, and not without reason. As a rule they are not the sort of people who are accustomed to give something for nothing. What is worse, they are people generally supposed to know very well how to get something quite worth while for what they do give. We all know of instances when they did get something. The whole thing is admittedly shameful and dangerous.

But is it not equally plain that for the long prevalence of this evil the rest of us are also to blame? Have not campaign managers been practically forced to rely on the big secret contributions by the insufficiency of the small and open contributions? Is there any doubt that any manager or any candidate would rather rely on the latter kind if there were only enough of them?

Of course, this is not all there is to the problem, but the problem would certainly be simplified if the so-called popular subscriptions were more successful. For more people to give small sums openly is certainly one way to remedy the evil now so freely admitted; it is certainly one way to free our parties and our government from the control of great selfish interests. Other things, no doubt, should be done. Campaign funds are often far too large, and the law should limit them. Corrupt-practices acts should be made more and more stringent. Above all, there should be more and more publicity, and it should be more and more pitiless. Let us by no means rely on one remedy alone. But when all is said there is no substitute for simple patriotism in the mass of our citizenship. If we want to put a stop to improper big contributions by a few men, we should all make proper contributions according to our means to the candidates and causes we believe in.

That applies to all the parties and to everybody. But it should appeal especially to Democrats this year. Governor WILSON and his managers are making a brave effort to run their campaign right. It is the duty of all Democrats to help them.

From $2,000,000 to $50,000

Ex-Senator DUBOIS must have felt like a piker when he had to confess to a pitiful $50,000 expended in Mr. CLARK's canvass—with a deficit at that, which the Speaker had to make up out of his salary.

Mr. Morgan

The sturdy old *Hartford Courant* says:

> Mr. MORGAN is not a popular citizen; he's too powerful and too rich. It is in human nature to be jealous of both these attributes. In fact, he is a loyal citizen and the country is under heavy obligation to him for what he has done for it in many ways, and at all events the most prejudiced critic should give him the "square deal" and judge him fairly.
>
> It strikes the *Courant* that his recent appearance before the Congressional investigating committee was altogether to his credit. In making his own statement he said:
>
> "I want it distinctly understood that J. P. MORGAN & Co. never made a single subscription to any election with any promise or expectation of anything, or return in any way, shape or manner, and we never made it without we deemed it advantageous for the government and the people. We never had a communication from any candidate. We never had an application from any candidate for money, and anything that we did, or that was done under my suggestion—and we were in harmony—was because it was necessary for the good of the country and the business of the people, and it was done, and there was never a commitment of, and expectation of, any return, and we never got any return, either, from anybody, if I may be allowed."
>
> Now paper after paper that comes along sneers at Mr. MORGAN for saying he was moved by what he believed was for the good of the country. Pray, what other reason has a man for allegiance to any party? The cry of each party is that it is or would be the custodian of the welfare of the country. That is what people are asked to join it for, and Mr. MORGAN weighed the claims and decided that the Republican party was working best for the good of the country. Can't a rich man make the same decision that millions of his fellow-citizens make and still be sincere?

It is only natural and proper that the *Courant* should speak up for Mr. MORGAN. Hartford feels a sense of proprietorship in him, as it did in his father before him. But does Brother CLARK hit the situation quite on the head? We read most of the papers printed throughout the country and, if any such sneers as the *Courant* indicates have appeared in a journal of any account they have escaped our notice. On the contrary, we should say that Mr. MORGAN has been universally acclaimed the frankest, squarest, and most satisfactory witness who has appeared before the committee. Obviously he had nothing to conceal because he had done nothing he was ashamed of. Moreover, the committee clearly—and we think the country, too—were convinced that he spoke the exact truth in the statement quoted above. His judgment may have been at fault in regarding ROOSEVELT's election as a desirable thing for all hands—we think it was and shouldn't wonder if

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he does now—but that it *was* his judgment and his best judgment nobody questions.

Another point. The *Courant* refers to Mr. MORGAN as "not popular." We are not sure of that. For one thing, the Americans like a big man, and everybody knows he is the biggest we've got. Then again, they prefer one who doesn't let his right hand know what his left hand parcels out in good and sympathetic works—in building hospitals and the like on the quiet, so to speak. It goes against the American grain, somehow, to have a man exploit or encourage others to exploit even the greatest gifts. And you can't fool our Yankee folks one little bit. They know perfectly well that, great as may be the achievements of Mr. MORGAN as the JACQUES CŒUR of his day and generation, his finest monument is in the hearts of the thousands whom he has helped in their sickness and distress.

No, sir; the great majority of our citizens may differ with Mr. MORGAN politically—nobody knows, apparently, whether they do or not this year—but there is no doubt at all that he holds their admiration and, in our judgment, their friendliness, too, in a very marked degree.

The President Elects Himself

We have known for some time that Mr. TAFT is going to be re-elected. Mr. HILLES frankly admitted it on the day he took hold of the throttle. Mr. HENRY W. TAFT, moreover, confirmed the report by cable. Despite the fact thus firmly established, however, we have awaited somewhat impatiently presentation of the details of the great victory to be won by the Republican party on November 5th. At last we have them straight from the President himself through the medium of his loyal supporter, the *Sun*, which conveys the joyous information, "on indubitable authority," that Mr. TAFT is now not only "optimistic," but "buoyant."

It seems that the President is going to get 301 votes in the electoral college, although he really needs only 266. He learns this, Brother REICK solemnly reports, from "alert Republicans in all the States who are keeping tab on conditions from day to day." This simple statement, we may remark parenthetically, possesses news value. To tell the truth, we haven't seen or heard of an alert Republican since the campaign began. That the species is not extinct, however, is evidenced by the facts and figures which have reached the President from "all the States," beginning alphabetically with Alabama and ending with Wyoming. These facts and figures, indubitably authorized, show that ROOSEVELT will draw twenty-five per cent. of the Republican vote and fifteen per cent. of the Democratic vote, thus giving the President the following States by pluralities set forth in due and proper form:

Votes.	States.	Taft.	Wilson.	Roosevelt.
13	California	214,398	108,368	72,723
7	Connecticut	84,686	58,017	38,467
4	Idaho	39,466	30,738	18,579
29	Illinois	472,447	383,176	225,101
13	Iowa	206,408	170,655	98,918
10	Kansas	147,912	137,028	73,438
6	Maine	50,240	30,093	22,057
18	Massachusetts	199,475	132,312	89,822
15	Michigan	251,685	149,405	110,261
12	Minnesota	156,822	92,991	55,371
4	New Hampshire	39,862	28,707	18,235
14	New Jersey	198,995	155,182	93,716
45	New York	652,553	567,348	317,637
5	North Dakota	43,260	20,052	19,253
24	Ohio	429,234	427,313	218,486
5	Oregon	46,898	32,342	21,339
38	Pennsylvania	559,334	381,461	253,762
4	Utah	45,761	36,211	21,644
4	Vermont	29,664	9,722	11,612
7	Washington	79,547	49,887	35,319
8	West Virginia	103,402	94,705	51,180
13	Wisconsin	185,809	141,637	86,933
3	Wyoming	15,635	12,630	7,439
301		Plurality, 36		

These figures are absolutely correct. We hereby confirm their accuracy in every particular, and duly certify that, if President TAFT carries the States enumerated, he will be not only re-elected, but re-elected "triumphantly," as he telegraphed JOB about New York.

Now we should have expected and had a right to expect that Brother REICK would throw up his hat when he got this indubitable information straight from headquarters. But, strange to relate, he didn't throw up anything. The truth is, between ourselves, that Brother REICK is temperamentally so conservative that he becomes almost cautious at times. Now, for example, he draws a line through California for no better reason than that "TAFT has no electoral ticket in that State and can't get one." He also shakes his head over New Jersey, where he used to live when he was just an ordinary reporter. Taking those two out, Mr. TAFT would have only seven votes to spare—and Brother REICK seems to think that is hardly enough to justify a bet.

Dear! dear! What foolishness! Think of Mr. TAFT pretending to expect he can win when his greatest hope is for a plurality of less than two thousand in Ohio! Think of his chances in Indiana, in Iowa, in Kansas, to say nothing of New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, and Maine, the loss of any one of which would be fatal, on his own buoyant figures.

It is pitiful, really. There are twenty-three States on the list. If Mr. TAFT carries six of them, he will be lucky.

However, no harm comes from conveying a favorable impression. Another golfer, who also was an adored husband, once returned from the links. Sequel:

HUSBAND: BROWN went around in 76; I did it in 110.

WIFE: So you had the higher score. I'm so glad you beat him, dear.

Must There Be Masses?

President BAER, of the Reading Railroad, made a speech on October 3d at the dedication of the MARKLE library at Hazleton (Pennsylvania). According to one of Mr. HEARST'S papers:

He declared there was no reason for the modern spirit of discontent; that many well-meaning revolutionists were nothing more than habitual grumblers; that it was useless to try to make people righteous by law; that the United States is prosperous; that men of means were never so charitable as to-day; that the masses are better off than at any time in the world's history.

Mr. BAER'S premises seem to be all right. We guess that all his statements, as above, are true, but they are not closely enough related to his conclusion that there is no reason for modern discontent.

We are discontented in proportion to our strength, and a well-nourished discontent, expedited by gasolene motors, is more effectively urgent than one that is feeble and half-starved.

Mr. BAER doubtless knows, but perhaps omitted to say in his address, that contentment, though not unrelated to the means of subsistence, is largely a spiritual condition, and not at all incompatible either with narrow means or with activity in trying to better what is fairly good.

Another thing, suggested not in criticism either of Mr. BAER'S sentiment or of his language, but merely as a subject of reflection: Are we expected to have "masses" in this country? Do the designs of the fathers contemplate "masses"? Should our political architects and carpenters calculate on them as a permanent part of our national family for which provision must be made? Does a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," include or reject the idea of "masses"?

Candidate Bird

It is to admire the heartiness with which Bull-Moose Candidate BIRD, of Massachusetts, invites Republican Candidate WALKER to retire from the campaign. Mr. BIRD says his party has 50,000 enrolled voters, and that it is "absolutely safe to figure on four votes for every enrolled vote." So he is sure of 200,000 votes next month. He proceeds:

That leaves Mr. WALKER less than 75,000. I call upon him to withdraw. He is the minority candidate. He can save Massachusetts from FITZGERALD and his Democrats, and it's up to him to do it, and to do it now. If I were in his shoes, I would do it.

Mr. WALKER'S withdrawal is not imminent, but how funny it all is! The Massachusetts Progressives ought to be supporting the Democratic ticket, but hating the Democrats, they have split their own party in two, thereby making Democratic success rather more likely than if they had done the natural thing. Now it makes them mad to be told that they are sending "Honey Fitz" to the Senate.

Well, well! There will be no more interesting election returns than those from Massachusetts. We shall want to see whether Mr. BIRD gets his 200,000 votes, and if FITZGERALD goes to the Senate, at least it will be some comfort to some elderly people in South Carolina.

Raise It

Governor MARSHALL, of Indiana, is quoted as of opinion that the salary of the Vice-President should be increased.

It should. In so far as the inconvenience and tiresomeness of being Vice-President can be alleviated by doubling the present pay, it should be so alleviated. About that there is no doubt at all. Nobody who is fit to be Vice-President ever wants that office. Mr. MARSHALL is an example. He is fit but reluctant. Perhaps good men would not shy at it quite so much if the salary were twenty or twenty-five thousand instead of twelve.

High Homicide Rate and Why

The homicide rate of the principal American cities for the last ten years is the worst yet. Memphis has the highest rate. Next in order, Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis. That means, of course, negroes.

It recalls an article in the New York *Times* of September 29th, wherein Dr. CARL JUNG said of us Americans:

In America the Indians do not influence you now. They influenced your ancestors. You to-day are influenced by the negro race. In the North the negroes' present influence is not great. In the South . . . their influence is very great. They are really in control.

Flags

Of course that Cedar Grove (New Jersey) school board that wants its Canadian high-school pupil to declare allegiance to the United States flag every morning has misapprehended its duties. But it is getting abundant instruction, and will doubtless learn.

Our people generally are not as well informed as they should be about what is due to their flag and what is also due to other people's flags. Mrs. LUCIA AMES MEAD complained in the Boston *Transcript* the other day of the American propensity (shown even in Boston) to use nothing but our national colors in decoration. Even at American entertainments given to foreign guests the chances are that the American flag will be the only one in sight. "No other country in the world," says Mrs. MEAD, "confines itself as we do to a national flag for all decorative purposes."

To teach the public-school children to respect the American flag is an excellent thing, but they might well be taught a little more hospitality to the flags of other people. We are more intelligently tolerant in matters of religion in this country than we are in matters of bunting.

The Balkans

The war between Italy and Turkey can no longer be treated as a huge international joke. It would no longer be a joke even if it had ended a fortnight or more ago, as was several times reported. For even in that case it would have lasted long enough to stir up a contest which is likely to prove only too real, only too savage and bloody and horrible.

The little Balkan States, with Greece, had their grievances against Turkey long before Italy seized Tripoli, but it is doubtful if they would have come together as they have, and to the point of warlike action, but for Italy's course. The great Powers and winter may perhaps even yet restrain them and force the patching-up of another makeshift arrangement between them and the Turks, but the situation is quite likely to grow worse rather than better. It is no longer a thing to take lightly or carelessly.

Not even to us Americans. True, Europe's "near East" seems a very far East to us, and farther away in its problems and its civilization than it is in miles. The spectacle of religious persecution, of fighting and slaying for religion's sake, is happily unfamiliar to us. We are not entirely ignorant of race hatred, but we do not know the horrible ferocity of it as does southeastern Europe or eastern Asia. But we do know the peoples of those regions. We have them among us, and in great numbers. When the war-call rises, many of them who are now on our shores respond to it. We are again reminded that immigration has made us sharer in the hopes and sorrows of all the peoples, that in a new sense nothing human, anywhere, is entirely alien to us.

The Noisiest Issue of All

With so much politics to think about we had almost forgotten to speak of the great interest which for the moment most absorbs the attention of the American people. As we go to press, the outlook for the Giants looks pretty bleak! The culture of the Puritan metropolis, represented by WOOD, BEDIENT, and other mathematical experts, seems to have the struggling MCGRAW on the hip. He may squirm down, though! Perhaps we are lucky in going to press while there is still hope.

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Traveling Companions

It is not, as a rule, those who travel most who are the most delightful traveling companions. To be sure there are some few mortals for whom the zest of motion and change of scene never wears threadbare; who have so cultivated the feeling for atmosphere, the eye for unaccustomed outline, the perception of beauty and of novelty, that they are the most agreeable of companions. They are people who never tire of the lust of the eye; never become indifferent to the wonderful forms and colors with which the substance of the world decks itself. Whether it be a gray cathedral town in the north of France, where the high steeples cut the same-toned sky; or the wonderful stretch of buildings across Trafalgar Square when the clouds hang low; or the long, faintly tinted stretch of the Champs Elysées; or a group of hunched and peering purple mountains looking down on a silver river between green meadows, these people know the joy of the eye and quick response of the heart to the beauty of the world.

But there is double poignancy in the delight of a starved traveler; one who has the traveler's heart and eye, and yet the opportunity to see little. Such a one was met near some Canada fall recently by a lady and gentleman who, having seen their share of the world's sphere, were strolling indifferently toward the top of a waterfall advertised as higher than Niagara. Having missed the way, they accosted an exceedingly pretty-looking young girl walking in the opposite direction. She shook her head at the English speech and intimated that she understood nothing at all. Then the lady addressed her in French. Did she know where the Falls were and would she point the way? She knew quite well, and would be delighted to lead Madame to them. In vain Madame protested that she should not derange herself and retrace her steps. The little French girl insisted. Nothing could give her greater pleasure than to lead Madame to the right spot. It was so easy to miss the Falls. Finally a rocky stairway was reached, down which one must go to see the point where the water rushed over and the rising spume caught the sunlight and turned it into a myriad broken rainbows. At the top of the steps protestations began again. Madame insisted that the little girl should not go out of the way, and then the truth came out. "Ah, Madame," she said, "it is that I have not seen the Falls at all! I am traveling all alone, and for the first time in my life. I would not risk it to go down all alone and stand on the narrow plank. It is so large a world, and one cannot tell who might join one down there out of sound and sight of every one." She had yearned to go down, but she had promised her mother at home to be discretion itself if she were trusted to take this trip. She had now been away from home four whole days and she was going to stay four more in order to see more of the world. And the beauty, the unexpected beauty of it all! She had never dreamed that it was like this! A whole day gazing at this sparkling water seemed to her as a single moment. "*C'est tellement beau, Madame, n'est-ce pas, c'est tellement beau!*"

She had made her studies at the convent in her village, and was now the assistant postmistress. She had always wished that she might do better with her English, but she had no talent for the languages. This was her first holiday, and all her life she had longed for travel, and so she had made this long, long journey. Yes; it was a long distance from home. She had left her mother at the station as early as eight o'clock, and had not reached Quebec till one that same day. Madame said that she had traveled from Virginia. That was even a longer journey, taking several days. "Yes," said the pretty assistant postmistress, "that must be very, very far. She supposed that Madame would hardly have had the courage to come so far even to see such beauty but that she had Monsieur with her. She also had a brother who had made a great journey—to Oregon. She was not sure whether that was near Virginia or not, but it was a long, long distance. But, Madame, is it not worth it?" she asked, with her eyes sparkling. "Worth all the danger and the risk and the loneliness of night in strange places, just to see the wonder and the beauty of life? Who could believe it, had they not seen it? The great, wild, sparkling water, all froth, making its way over the rocks and catching the sunlight below and then flowing so deep and quiet toward the great river that made toward the sea. She had never seen the sea; and Madame?"

Yes; Madame had seen the sea. Had, in fact, been out on it some fourteen days at a time with only sea and sky in view. The great smooth St. Lawrence was but an atom compared with the gray stretch of sea. And the bit of sea over which one's eye could range was a mere scrap compared with the sea one imagined, the sea which the moon looked down upon and hauled silently toward the north.

"Ah, Madame, how the world is large and how one's conception of it extends with travel!" Yesterday she had visited the shrine of the good and motherly Ste. Anne, and there she had wandered all about unprotected and having no fears because, of course, the good Ste. Anne, having been herself the mother of the blessed Lady, would certainly be mindful of a young girl taking her first trip alone. And, as a matter of fact, nothing had happened to her. She had the happiest and freest of days, and returned quite safely at night to Quebec, where she lodged with some distant relatives of her mother's. To-day at the Falls she had felt differently. People on the porch of the hotel had been having strange and fiery drinks, and then, too, she hardly supposed that the good Ste. Anne, having so much to do at her own shrine, could not take care of young girls at such a distance. It was, indeed, a great pity that the saints could not function at greater distances, but for this reason it was all the more wonderful and delightful that she should have met Madame and Monsieur, so that she might revel in the joys of travel and of new-found friends without any sense of insecurity.

She was the true traveler, was the little French postmistress, making her first jaunt into the world. She had the double sense belonging to every wayfarer, of the beauty and strangeness of life and the insecurity and isolation of the individual. Such a big, beautiful world! Such a little, lonely soul a-foot in it! Would Madame not like to travel forever like the clouds that were never still or like the wind that swept round the world singing to itself as it went? Ah, the wind that could go round the world seeing all that was to be seen on both sides.

Yes; Madame understood the feeling about the winds; and also she envied all the birds of lonely flight who traveled, some of them, all the way from the arctic zone to the equator once a year, sampling climates and only stopping off where the scenery and atmosphere attracted them. The traveling of birds in squadrons was perhaps more beautiful to look at, especially the swooping, blue flight of pigeons, or the dark armies of martins and swallows that set forth in the early autumn. But both Madame and the postmistress agreed that the most delicate aroma of travel might be lost if one did not travel alone—or alone with just one other who loved travel in the same way; who liked the sense of loneliness and strangeness, and did not mind even a little touch of fear, provided it went with the keen and alert perceptions and an adoring love of the face of the world in all its changing aspects.

A Reconstructed Socialist

Socialism is the fairy gold at the end of the rainbow, radiant and alluring in the pursuit, never to be overtaken or attained. Could one reach the rainbow end, there would be no pot of gold there, only a gust of dripping mist.

Universal Socialism has never been tried. Fortunately for humanity, it can never be tried. But local and partial experiments have been made, and these have swiftly and invariably ended in failure. We have had two recent demonstrations of the practical working of Socialism: in Milwaukee and Schenectady. The Mayor of Milwaukee has been repudiated by his fellow-townsmen after a sufficient opportunity to demonstrate his faith by his works. Schenectady has been chiefly remarkable so far for dissensions and desertions; or, not to use a word that suggests discredit where only credit and congratulation are due, Schenectady Socialism has been peculiarly successful in opening the eyes of a few able and generous-minded men who set forth to chase the fairy gold and soon found themselves sunk in a swamp. Nothing but credit is due to them when they courageously struggle back to land and try to prevent others getting mired.

The most outspoken and informing of the disillusioned Socialists of Schenectady is Mr. Ben S. Henry, who was business manager of the Socialist Mayor's paper, *The Citizen*, and who has now given up that position and resigned his membership in the Socialist party. He gives several reasons for this wise and courageous step, three of which are particularly noteworthy. The first, to quote his own words, is this: "The longer I stayed the more disgusted I became with the delusion and inconsistency of Socialism as I beheld it. I resolved to follow my conscience and get out of this deluded rut and to do so at once, lest I might get so filled with the dope and become like an opium fiend, unable to leave its dreamy atmosphere of self-hypnotism, making oneself believe the impossible and impracticable. Not unlike the opium fiend raving for dope are some of the wild clamorings, abusive language, wholesale denouncement of everything except that which they want and are willing in some cases to sacrifice all to get." Mr. Henry has evidently reached the conclusion that Socialism is not an economic question nor a legal one, but rather a pathological question, the manifestation of a morbid moral and psychical condition, the mainsprings of which are envy and hatred. A pathological condition, moreover, which is highly contagious.

Mr. Henry wisely lays stress on the element of illusion or delusion in this morbid condition of feeling and thought: "The [Socialist] party, and especially the rank and file of the party, has many well-meaning members who will wake up some day and come out of the trance, and they will see how foolish they were to believe such fairy tales—as when children they heard the story of Jack the Giant-Killer and the Bean Stalk they thought it so real; so Socialists depict the monsters who are after the working people and hosts of other stuff fit for the kindergarten and children's story-books."

The second serious charge Mr. Henry brings against the Socialist party as he knows it is lack of candor, lack of sincerity. "I was thoroughly disgusted," he says, "with the wrangling and intense discontent among members at the party meetings, among an organized body whose teachings are comradeship, and the inconsistency of it all; for if they are so discordant among themselves as a small body, how can they for a moment figure out that the whole world would be such an ideal, harmonious sphere under their theories; they have every chance in the world to try out their theories at their own meetings, but what terrible discord reigns!" A second phase of insincerity, according to Mr. Henry, is the practice of "bossism" throughout the Socialist party: "Let the rank and file want something, do the rank and file get it? Tactics come in, and my observations showed me that the big fellows of the party usually get their way. Then where does this democratic expression come in, and what effect has it as far as results go?" Mr. Henry makes it sufficiently clear that genuine democratic expression does not come in at all, and that the bosses rule the roost in the Socialist party as effectively as they do at Tammany Hall. There is a third phase of this dislocation between promise and performance. "I am disappointed," says Mr. Henry, "in what I expected of Mayor Lunn in the administration of city affairs after telling so strongly what they were going to do previous to their election. I am utterly disgusted with labor conditions at their newspaper plant; and in behalf of a square deal for organized labor I took it upon my shoulders to refuse to sign an agreement for the contract system, although ordered and directed to do so by a meeting called for that purpose. The contract system was put into effect in spite of my protests. This strikes me as very peculiar, as Socialists howl so much about exploitation and how the contract system makes it possible; and why they should use the excuse of its being cheaper and adopt it I cannot figure out." Here, perhaps, we can help Mr. Henry. Socialists are generous and lavish in distributing wealth when it belongs to other people. When it is a question of money that belongs to them, why "that is quite different." Then envy and self-seeking can operate freely.

Mr. Henry then brings forward a third serious charge, which in reality lays bare the root of the first two. "Another important reason," he says, "for my total disgust is that to study Socialism and become saturated with its teachings and follow out its doctrines leads absolutely to a disregard of the holy teachings of the churches and synagogues and those early religious teachings received from our mothers. I believe in God, and my experiences and study with Socialism convince me absolutely that it is impossible for a person to be a sincere Christian or Jew and a sincere Socialist. Socialists are opposed to religion on principle and must necessarily place all the obstacles in the way of religious progress.

"Socialists," cries Mr. Henry in conclusion, "you must wake up to the fact that your doctrines cannot prevail, and you know well that Socialism has failed whenever and wherever it has been given a trial. Socialism is a fantastic dream utterly impossible, impracticable. Socialism is an insult to the laboring man. It reduces him to the condition of a brute, to be provided only with food, clothing, and shelter. Dogs and horses get that in the way of feed, blankets, and a place to sleep. What have the Socialists done for labor? Still, they condemn everything if it cannot be lined up as Socialism. Yet so long as there is a God in heaven there is hope that you Socialists will some day be inspired to see the light and realize that only the golden rule of God can bring the golden age of man.'

Correspondence

THE CASE OF MORSE

Detroit, Mich., *September 26, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I read with a great deal of interest your correspondence with our esteemed Governor of the State of Michigan. It was certainly rich.

I want, however, to particularly compliment you on the stand you have taken in regard to Mr. Charles W. Morse. I do not know Mr. Morse or his family, but I have felt, in common with others, that Mr. Morse is entitled to consideration before the public. In addition to what you have said on the subject, there are several other thoughts that suggest themselves to me. In the first place he voluntarily returned from Europe to meet the charges against him, when he need not have done so. In the second place, while he was under the indictment he made every possible effort toward restitution, and, as I understand the matter, succeeded very materially in paying up the debts of the institutions, even while he was in jail. In the third place, he was only following the practice of others in the community, and while it was a wrong practice, yet at the same time it looked very much to an outsider as if he was made the scapegoat.

In any event, he has been severely punished, as well as his family, and not only the influence of his friends helped to secure his pardon, but the influence of others who are not his friends, but who felt that Mrs. Morse should receive all possible aid in her efforts, which were perfectly proper and just. He was fortunate in the fact, as you have pointed out, that he had friends, but I do not think that that would have been sufficient; I think it was the justice of the case as much as anything else.

In other words, I think that Mr. Morse is certainly square with the public for anything he has ever done, and is entitled to a fair chance in the world, and I certainly hope he will be successful. Certainly Mrs.

(Continued on page 20)

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The Disruption of Mexico

By Elisha Hollingsworth Talbot

WITH a billion good American dollars invested in Mexican railways, mines, smelters, real estate, agriculture, banking, manufacturing, and mercantile pursuits, not to mention the professions and numerous less conspicuous investments of cash and energy, it is the most natural thing in the world that the people of the United States should feel a deep interest in the events now happening in their neighbor republic south of the Rio Grande.

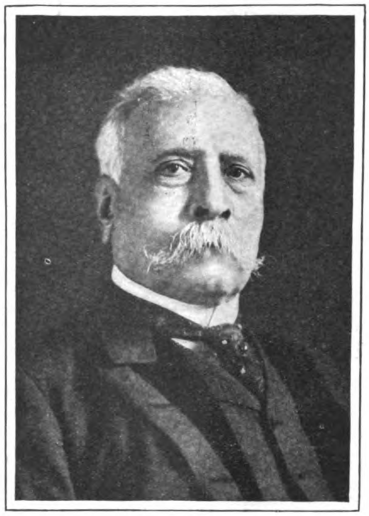
In every part of Mexico there is a struggling colony of enterprising Americans who have left home and friends and the language of their forefathers behind them, and, not questioning either the purpose or ability of the Mexican government to protect their lives and property, have established themselves in the new field of endeavor.

When the Madero revolution took form, some two years ago, these colonies contained at least thirty thousand members and were contributing mightily to the development of the country's natural resources. They were notably conspicuous at Mexico City, Monterey, Chihuahua, Torreon, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Cananea, Puebla, Parral, El Oro, Oaxaxa, Aguascalientes, in the rich oil and agricultural region back of Tampico, and in the Mormon settlements of northwestern Chihuahua.

Until two years ago, when it became evident that the Diaz reign was really in danger, American capital in Mexico had been generally prosperous, American enterprise had been encouraged, and Americans themselves had enjoyed absolute protection. American banks had been established in the more prominent cities; a magnificent addition to the aristocratic "West End" residential section of the capital had been built, rivaling in splendor the famous "Back Bay" district of our own Boston; long-neglected mines had been reopened; immense smelters, extensive rubber factories, and modern packing-houses testified to the resistless daring of American enterprise. Agriculture in all its branches was being profitably engaged in by farmers from Oklahoma, Texas, southern California, and Utah. A dozen or more newspapers were being successfully conducted in the English language. More than ten thousand miles of railway had been built by American engineers with American capital, and were being operated by American experts. American schools, churches, clubs, hotels, and hospitals had secured a satisfactory foothold in the more populous communities of the republic.

At the outbreak of the Madero revolution 31,000 mining properties were producing $160,000,000 in precious metals annually. Shares of the National Bank which are now selling at 380 were quoted at 450, while those of thirty-four others were quoted well above 100. Imports from and exports to the United States had increased steadily from infinitesimal values thirty years before to splendid proportions with results most favorable to the reciprocal trade relations of the two neighbor republics. And there was to the ordinarily observing eye every indication of universal contentment and general prosperity, whatever may have been conditions under the surface.

From Mexican official sources I find that in the fiscal year 1910–11 Mexico's total exports to the outside world were valued at $293,753,639.99 (Mexican), of which $224,113,170.37, or 77 per cent., came to the United States; and her imports totaled $205,874,273.39, of which $113,146,983.88, or 55 per cent., were supplied by the United States. In the five years from 1907 to 1911, inclusive, the country's total exports were valued at $1,275,658,737, and imports at $1,011,260,116.



Porfirio Diaz, the past ruler of Mexico

The total exports of precious metals in the fiscal year 1910–11, which were the greatest in Mexico's history, were: Silver, $40,000,000; gold, $31,000,000; copper, $13.000,000; lead, $3,000,000; antimony, $1,000,000.

There is neither natural nor artificial reason why such of our products as are adapted to Mexico's needs should not gradually and because of their actual merit advance to and beyond 90 per cent. of her total imports, and certainly there are many reasons why we should purchase fully that proportion of the surplus products of Mexico. The time will never come when we shall not need them nor will the increase in supply ever exceed the increase in demand. And our markets should always meet the prices obtainable elsewhere.

When there shall come again to the fair land of Mexico the peace that brings with it re-established confidence, then will American capital and enterprise find there more doors open to golden opportunities than ever before. As the conflagration that destroys a Chicago or a San Francisco makes possible a greater city, so the fire of revolution through which Mexico is passing and from which she must soon emerge, if she would not face the greater calamity of intervention, may yet be transformed into a real blessing, through the intelligent development of her wonderful resources and the removal of evils that are admittedly responsible for existing conditions.

What has been accomplished in Mexico in that country's brief period of upbuilding can only be fully appreciated if considered in connection with the materials at hand which the builders had to work with. These were certainly most unfavorable to speedy success. Think of undertaking such a task with a population containing only 20 per cent. white, with 37 per cent. Indians and 43 per cent. mixed blood, at a time when less than fifteen in every one hundred persons over twelve years of age could read and write. It must be admitted that they were real artisans who with such material could accomplish in less than half a century the splendid results that have marked the industrial and moral development of Mexico.

That such a country, with so favorable a start in the race of nations, should deliberately cast to the winds the benefits of so many long years of splendid effort and of a money expenditure reaching far into the billions, should turn back the hands on the dial of progress and deflect the tide of investment and enterprise toward other fields of endeavor, passes understanding. Is the personal ambition of any man, whether he be a Diaz or a Madero, worth a national sacrifice so great? The purpose of the Madero revolution was to change certain objectionable policies of government rather than to dethrone Diaz and enthrone Madero.

In all the more than thirty years of Diaz there had appeared no perceptible opposition to the man; and until a very recent period no convincing voice had been heard in serious criticism of the policies which dominated his official conduct. No public gatherings of citizens had attacked these policies or even discussed them. There was universal acquiescence, if not actual approval. To the observer, and on the surface at least, there was little to criticize and much to praise. As in all governments, there were errors both of omission and commission, but these could undoubtedly have been corrected within a reasonable time by intelligent concerted effort and without resort to arms.

Be this as it may, and admitting for the sake of argument that conditions were as bad as they have been painted by the original revolutionary party, has any real progress been made by Madero in promised or needed reforms?

Peace and order have not been restored.

The great landed estates are still intact.

A ruler is in power who is unable to rule.

Debt is piling up on debt.

Business is practically at a standstill.

The lives and property of foreigners are unprotected.

The taint of nepotism is upon President Madero.

A vice-president, with the possibility of succeeding to the presidency, was foisted on a people against their protest.

Confidence has not been re-established.

The hero of two years ago is without an effective following.

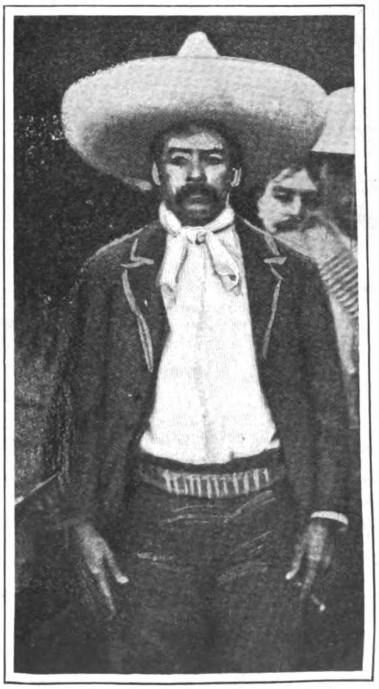
The president has not measured up to the requirements of his office.

It would be folly to claim that Madero has fulfilled the expectations of the people of Mexico or of the outside world. A bumper crop of every variety of reform fruit was promised and doubtless in the best of faith, but the harvest has been bumper in disappointment only.

The events that have followed the Madero and Orozco victories in the north and the co-operative achievements of Zapata in the south, emphasized by almost daily reports of rebel or bandit outrages upon properties and persons in widely separated sections of the country, which have signalized the operations of the second or present revolution, force the conclusion that Madero is absolutely unable to prevent or punish these brutal acts. Will he be able to stop them before the growing sentiment in favor of intervention becomes a compelling demand, a calamity the thought of which must cause a shudder in every mind capable of understanding its full meaning?

Until two years ago the question most asked by contemplating investors in Mexico was: After Diaz, what? It is now being answered by Zapata's bloodthirsty hordes in the south and Orozco's brigands in the north; by the murder of non-combatants and the burning of bridges; by indiscriminate robbery, defiance of the laws of civilized warfare (if warfare is ever civilized); and by shattered confidence, uncultivated fields, closed mines, reduced values of everything except the necessities of life, suspended enterprises, broken promises of protection, clogged wheels of commerce and industry, and a sum total of damages and financial losses impossible to estimate.

Francisco I. Madero, the president of to-day



Emiliano Zapata, the problem of the future

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The Cruises of the "Alliance"

WHEN COMMODORE JOHN BARRY FIRED THE LAST SHOT OF THE REVOLUTION

By William Barry Meany, M.D.*

"Beneath his guidance, lo! a navy springs;
An infant navy spreads its canvas wings."

IT was in the seventy-four-gun ship *Alliance* that Commodore John Barry, father of the American navy, performed his most illustrious deeds; yet before attempting a sketch of her cruises a few words of introduction will not be amiss concerning the career of one whose achievements first made our flag respected on the seas, and who, incidentally, fired the last shot in the War of Independence.

John Barry was a master mariner and prosperous ship-owner in Philadelphia during the years preceding the outbreak of the American Revolution. Although his wealth and his interests might have inclined him to join those Tories who, having "a stake in the nation," espoused the cause of the King, there was never the slightest doubt in Barry's mind. He was from the earliest clash unhesitatingly in favor of America for the Americans. He was of those who freely pledged their lives as well as their fortunes in the struggle for liberty. He took an active part in the early movement of the Colonies for independence, and was one of the signers of the resolutions adopted by a Congress of the Colonies at Philadelphia denouncing the taxes imposed by England and the purchase of English goods, condemning the importation of slaves, and demanding the suppression of slave traffic and the punishment of slave-traders.

John Barry was in London with his ship, the *Black Prince*, the largest and swiftest of the American mercantile marine, in September, 1775, when the break between England and the Colonies seemed imminent. He hurried home and arrived on October 13th, the very day Congress resolved to fit out two armed cruisers, one of ten and one of fourteen guns. Barry at once offered his own services and the *Black Prince* to Congress, which accepted. He was then thirty-one years old, at the flood-tide of health, strength, and success, all of which he devoted to the patriot cause. From that day, October 13, 1775, until the termination of his eventful career by death, on September 13, 1803, John Barry was the senior or ranking officer of his ship and squadrons, and at no time did he serve under the orders of a senior officer, inasmuch as he reported direct to Washington, to Congress, or to the Secret and Marine Committees.

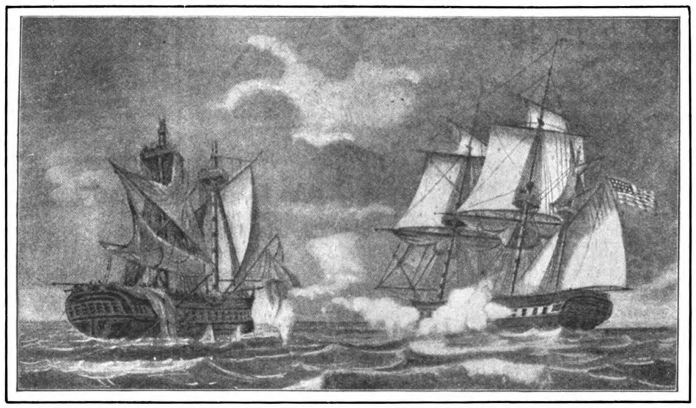
John Barry was commissioned captain—the highest rank in America's infant navy—by the Continental Congress on December 7, 1775, and raised his flag on the *Lexington*. In this little brig of fourteen guns he dropped down the Delaware at dead of night, stole past the two British war-ships guarding the mouth of the river, and put to sea single-handed—"to take, sink, and destroy the enemy's ships." The British fleet then guarding the American coast included seventy armed vessels. Once clear of the Capes, Captain John Barry raised for the first time, under authority of the Continental Congress, that flag "which never while God is just will disappear from the sea." For an account of the ships Barry sank or captured, of his organization and management of transporting Washington's army across the ice-blocked Delaware for the victories of Trenton and Princeton, and a complete record of his career, I must refer the reader to my book—*Commodore John Barry, the Father of the American Navy.*

Reverting to the frigate *Alliance*, we find that, before taking command of her, Barry was appointed to the command of the seventy-four-gun ship *America*, then under construction at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. This ship was presented by the Continental Congress to his Most Christian Majesty the King of France, as a testimony of gratitude, to take the place of his *Magnifique*, lost by mischance in Boston harbor.

In command of the *Alliance* Barry sailed from Boston in 1780, conveying the Colonies' special commissioner, Colonel John Laurens, and suite on an important embassy to the Court of France. Thomas Paine and the Count de Noailles were also on the ship. Barry safely landed his passengers. Colonel Laurens secured from the French king a gift of six million livres (gold), and it was this money that enabled Washington to pay his army and transport it to Yorktown. Not only had the soldiers been without their pay, but they were destitute of medical and food supplies and without proper clothing. In addition to paying the wages of the soldiers in specie—the paper money issued by the government was, at that time, without value as a purchasing medium—this money bought food, clothing, shoes, and munitions of war, and enabled Washington to compel the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Barry sailed from L'Orient, France, early in 1781, and on the twenty-eighth day of May two ships were discovered on the weather bow, standing for the *Alliance*. After approaching near enough to be in sight during the night, they hauled to the wind and stood on the same course with the *Alliance*. These vessels proved to be the *Atalanta*, Captain Edwards, with one hundred and thirty men, and the *Trepassy*, Captain Smith, with eighty men. Barry fought and captured these vessels, engaging both ships in a single battle, which lasted from daylight to 3 P.M. The *Alliance* was fought under great disadvantage, owing to unfavorable winds. When Captain Edwards, of the *Atalanta*, was conducted to Commodore Barry, who was confined to his cabin by a severe wound in his shoulder from a grape-shot, he presented his sword, which was immediately returned to him as a testimonial of the high opinion entertained for his bravery. The Commodore observed at the same time that "He richly merited it, and that his King ought to give him a better ship."

The *Alliance* had eleven killed and twenty-one wounded; among the latter, several officers; her rigging and spars much shattered by the shots from both of the enemy's ships, and her hull much damaged. The enemy had the same number killed and thirty wounded. Both of the enemy's ships were cut nearly to pieces. Never was a more brilliant action fought.



The Frigate "Alliance," under John Barry's command, in battle with the English war-ship "Sybille"

In the same ship and in one engagement Barry fought and captured both the *Mars*, a heavy-armed vessel of 26 guns and 112 men, and the *Minerva*, 10 guns and 56 men. Barry in the *Alliance* captured the British war-ship *Alert*, said to be a sister-ship named after a vessel he captured with the brig *Delaware* at an earlier date in the Delaware River, with supplies, which he turned over to Washington for the American army. Barry made many captures of prizes with the *Alliance* on this cruise.

On October 19, 1781, part of the British forces had surrendered in Virginia, but instead of being sent to capture and destroy the vessels of the enemy Barry was ordered to fit out the *Alliance* for an important voyage to France. He was again intrusted with the safe delivery of another envoy to France, her own distinguished son the Marquis de Lafayette. The importance of Lafayette's mission to France was considered by Washington to be greater than any service that could be rendered upon the field in America. On the 25th of December the *Alliance* sailed with Lafayette and Count de Noailles aboard, and Barry landed both back in France.

On one cruise in the *Alliance* to France Barry brought into L'Orient four of nine English vessels he had captured, loaded with valuable cargoes. He sent the other five prizes under prize-master orders back to America. The four prize vessels were sold at public auction with their cargoes, in Paris, in the presence of the Judges of the Admiralty and the King's Attorney in virtue of the condemnation of his Excellency Benjamin Franklin, Esq., plenipotentiary of the United States at Paris. They yielded more than two and one-half millions of dollars gold.

In the following letter we have an evidence of Barry's innate modesty, a characteristic which distinguished him throughout his entire career. After capturing the nine valuable ships on a single cruise, he wrote to Franklin:

"L'ORIENT, *31 Oct., 1782.*

"SIR,—Having nothing to communicate to your Excellency of any consequence but my arrival here, and that Mr. Barclay [U. S. Consul-General.—W. B. M.] promised me to announce, I, therefore, thought it would only be troubling your Excellency to write, as I was at that time in expectation of being at sea before an answer could come from Paris. Some necessaries being wanting to the ship has detained her longer than I expected.

"Lieutenant Barney of the Continental ship *General Washington*, being just arrived, and who informs me he is under your Excellency's particular orders—as she was built for the purpose of a cruiser [not as a cargo-carrier.—W. B. M.] and of course will be of little or no service on that head—I think you would render great service to the United States to order her out with the *Alliance*, who sails in about ten days.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"(Signed) JOHN BARRY.

"To His Excellency
"Benj. Franklin, Esq.,
"Paris."

Barry in the *Alliance* on a cruise in foreign waters captured an English war-vessel which had taken a Venetian ship as a prize—though Venice at that time was at peace with England. She was a valuable ship with a valuable cargo. Notwithstanding that Barry could have claimed her as a prize to be disposed of in part and the proceeds of the sale distributed among his crew, he, without hesitation, ever zealous of the integrity and welfare of his country above all other considerations, denounced the English captain who had seized her and at once released the captured Venetian ship and cheerily bade her captain a pleasant and safe homeward journey.

Barry fought the last battle and fired the last shot of the Revolution when in March, 1783, he left Havana for Philadelphia on the *Alliance*, thirty-six guns, convoying the Continental ship *Luzerne*, twenty guns, Captain Green, both ships carrying a large amount of gold on Continental account. Three English frigates were discovered, dead ahead, at two leagues' distance. The American vessels were hove about; the enemy gave chase. The *Luzerne* not sailing as fast as the *Alliance*, Commodore Barry, fearing a likely capture, ordered her captain to throw her (the *Luzerne's*) guns overboard. A sail was then discovered on the weather bow, bearing down upon them. Commodore Barry prepared the *Alliance* for action and concluded to engage single-handed the nearest of the enemy's three ships (the *Sybille*) in battle. He inspired his crew with an address, and, going from gun to gun, cautioned his men against too much haste and not to fire until ordered.

The enemy's ship was of equal size with the *Alliance*. Yet, as the guns on English war-ships were heavier than those on American ships, an English war-ship rated twenty guns would be about equal to an American ship of twenty-five or more guns. A severe engagement followed. It was very soon perceptible that the *Alliance* was gaining the advantage; most of the enemy's guns were silenced, and after an action of fifty minutes the enemy's ship was so severely damaged that she hoisted a signal of distress and her two consorts hastened to her assistance. The loss on board the *Alliance* was trifling (three killed and eleven wounded) when compared with the loss on board the *Sybille* (thirty-seven killed and fifty wounded).

Dennie, of the *Portfolio*, in 1813—ten years after Barry's death—wrote: "A respectable gentleman of this city [Philadelphia], to whose politeness we [Dennie] are indebted for important aid he had given us in the preparation of the article [Dennie's biographical sketch of John Barry], was in the *Luzerne* at the time of this engagement and had his eye upon Commodore Barry throughout the engagement. He says: 'Language cannot do justice to his gallantry.'" Dennie further writes: "A gentleman of distinguished naval reputation when in the Mediterranean with the American squadron was introduced to Captain James Vasham, now Vice-Admiral of the Red, the commander of the British frigate engaged with the *Alliance*. In the course of the conversation he made particular inquiry after Captain Barry, related the circumstance of the action, and, with the frankness of a generous enemy, confessed that he had never seen a ship so ably fought as the *Alliance;* that he had never before, to use his own words, received such a drubbing, and that he was indebted to the assistance of his consorts."

Incidentally, let me here state that when our present navy was established Barry was selected as its commander-in-chief by President Washington, who well knew his Revolutionary services, as did his successor, President Adams, when operations against the French were ordered. Barry again performed some notable exploits in the capture of French cruisers and privateers. After the election of 1800, when President Jefferson proceeded to reduce the naval forces, nine captains only were retained; of these Barry was still the senior officer—commander-in-chief—holding that exalted position until his death, September 13, 1803, at Philadelphia, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

*Author of *Commodore John Barry, the Father of the American Navy:* Harper & Brothers.

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Importing Our Insane

MEASURES MUST BE PROVIDED TO CHECK THE STREAM OF THE MENTALLY AFFLICTED THAT POURS INTO AMERICA

By Thaddeus S. Dayton

THIS country has been called the "melting pot of the nations"; but comparatively few persons have more than a vague idea as to the quality of the material that is being poured into it.

In the asylums for the insane and the feeble-minded the foreign-born inmates are in the majority. In nearly every part of the country they are crowding out the native-born, for they are increasing two and one-half times as fast. One alien out of every 50 becomes a lunatic; the ratio among the native Americans is one in 450. The statistics regarding the feeble-minded are not so comprehensive or so exact as those relative to the insane, but the proportions undoubtedly are similar. Generally speaking, therefore, about two immigrants out of every 50 that enter this country are either actual or potential mental cripples.

A doctor scrutinizing an immigrant to discover signs of feeble-mindedness

Condensed in a paragraph, that is the situation that has lately been set forth in many State and Federal reports. All over the United States to-day a protest is rising against the practice of this country in admitting and acting as the benevolent and gratuitous guardian and supporter of these tens of thousands of mental incompetents who are the subjects of other nations. Each of these defectives costs the State about $3,500 to maintain until his existence ends. If no more aliens were admitted to the institutions, the total bill for the maintenance of those already there would be in the neighborhood of $175,000,000. It will continue to increase each year until some adequate remedy is found.

In point of numbers New York State is the most interested. It is costing New York nearly $4,000,000 a year to feed and house the alien insane that are in its civil and criminal asylums. There are nearly 33,000 patients in these institutions, or about one-sixth the total number in the United States. Of this number 13,709 (according to the statistics of February of this year) were foreign-born. This is an average of more than 43 per cent. The New York commission, which is still in the midst of its labors, has reported that the number of alien insane is even greater than these figures show, and that the percentage will probably be considerably increased in the future. In the two largest hospitals—the Manhattan and the Central Islip—that draw their patients from New York City and have a total of about 9,000 inmates, the percentages are respectively 59 and 57 for the foreign-born. In some of the Western States the percentage is above 70.

The primary causes of this condition of affairs seem to lie in the existing immigration law and the lack of adequate Federal legislation for the return of the human débris that has been dumped here by other countries. Under the Federal statute an alien can be deported within three years of the time he lands in the United States if he has become a public charge "from causes existing prior to his landing." The burden of proof is on the government, and it is particularly difficult to establish that a person who has been adjudged a lunatic within the time limit was insane before he reached this country. Last winter the New York State Legislature enacted a law that a person must be a citizen to be entitled to treatment in a State hospital. This law further provides that any foreigner who is at present an inmate of an asylum may be returned to his home abroad at the State's expense if he consents or if his relatives desire it.

"It must be remembered that foreign countries look with favor upon emigration to America of diseased and defective persons," says the report of the New York State Board of Alienists for the year ending September 30, 1911. "Examination by American officials at the ports of embarkation in Europe has been strenuously opposed by certain foreign governments, and it is a notorious fact, commented upon in every annual report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration, that the steamship companies make only the most perfunctory medical examination of passengers upon their embarkation for America. Thus there are no obstacles in the way of diseased persons embarking for this country. In the case of those returning, however, the conditions are reversed. The passengers are carefully scrutinized by ship's surgeons at the gangway, as they embark at the port of New York, and those who do not satisfy the steamship officials or the representatives of foreign governments stationed on such ships are peremptorily refused passage, even although they have been only a short time away from the countries to which they still owe allegiance. As soon as it is learned that an applicant for passage has been in an institution for the insane he is at once rejected. It can be seen that, with an unimpeded inflow of inferior immigrants to this country, and with an outflow which is so carefully regulated that only the prosperous and sound can return, we must ultimately become the asylum for an increasing number of those unable to sustain themselves."

The watch for "the person likely to become a public charge" begins the moment the immigrant sets foot on Ellis Island. Necessarily the scrutiny there must be rapid, for from 3,000 to 7,000 immigrants pass through that gateway to the nation every day. It is here that the most important part of the great work of sifting out the unfit must be done. About one person in every ten is held for a thorough search for mental and physical defects. Those who are detained are given every possible chance to prove their right to enter the United States. The process may take days or weeks, or even months, but the sorting is conducted with infinite patience and care. The tests that are applied are many and various. Some are scientific, some are based on the results of long experience, and some are the "indefinite tests" that are founded on an expert knowledge of human nature. The wisdom of science and the wisdom of Solomon each has its place in the scales of judgment.

The way in which the immigrant's mental ability to take care of himself in the New World is gaged by the medical inspectors is perhaps the most interesting of all. It is a part of the sifting that the general public that visits Ellis Island never sees. The mind of the immigrant must be kept as unperturbed as possible. He must be given every chance before his judges.

Half a dozen great steamers have come gliding up the Bay since morning. The number of immigrants to arrive from each ship is posted on the bulletin boards, so that each department may know the work that is cut out for it. It is a heavy day—the "peak of the load," a transportation man would call it. The barges discharge the immigrants in quick succession, and the long line creeps endlessly from the landing-stage toward the laboratory of humanity where it is to be analyzed. The "adventurers," as they were called two centuries ago, shuffle in single file, with burdens on heads, in hands, and tagging at mothers' skirts. In the first big room the file twists uncertainly, like a footpath in a forest, before it passes through the doorless portal into the next. There an interpreter, like a rock in the stream, divides the human river into several iron-piped channels. In each of these, a little distance apart, wait two khaki-clad doctors, shoulder-strapped, golden-eagled, the first watchmen of the Republic.

Chalk-marking a suspected imbecile

It is a mingled current that flows past. It had its sources in Eastern Europe: from the countries that touch the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, from lands up beyond the Iron Gates of the Danube, and from farther north. Its elements differ in language, in dress, in physique, but they are all one in hope. You stand beside one of the doctors. He comments rapidly as he works. He is on the lookout for traces of mental defects. His companion farther up the line is looking especially for trachoma and lupus and other visibly apparent diseases that are the curse of the Old World.

"Insanity is only a viewpoint and not really a tangible condition," he tells you. "There is not even a complete definition of it. The French say that half the world is off and half is not quite on. The greatest alienists cannot tell at a glance those whose minds may become unbalanced. The most that we can do here at this first inspection is to use our expert judgment and experience in handling humanity as a mass and pick out those that to our trained observation give some hint of being mentally infirm. We are not infallible by any means. We cannot be. We haven't the time for a thorough preliminary investigation. Each day's grist must be ground with as little delay as possible. All we can do is to sort out those that seem suspicious. Those are detained and examined carefully and thoroughly. You'll see later how that is done."

While he has been speaking a score of persons have passed before him. He has looked into the eyes of each. A glance tells him whether the shape of their heads corresponds with the racial standard of the country from which they come. Some races have sloping brows, yet are intelligent; others have bulging brows, yet are intellectually inferior to an American child of twelve. To many he puts a question or two in their own tongue—these Ellis Island doctors of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service have a working knowledge of a score of languages. "Where are you from? How old are you? How many are four and two? Six and six?" and so on in Slavish, Lithuanian, German, Yiddish, Italian, Greek, Russian. He does not look at the cards that the immigrants carry in their hands, and rarely makes an error and has to repeat his questions in another idiom.

Doctors examining the mental condition of an immigrant with the aid of an interpreter. These examinations are always held in private

To some he puts no questions at all at first. He simply points a finger at them. They pause and look up wonderingly. A few begin to fumble in their pockets. Others look up with intelligent questioning in their eyes; others dumbly; others with vacant grins.

While the number of the insane and the feeble-minded aliens who are known to be in this country runs into many thousands, the majority of them have already left descendants here, and thus have started a vicious strain that will lead to misery and loss in future generations and will influence unfavorably the lives of a vast number of persons.

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Alice in Blunderland

THE PLAIN PEOPLE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS, BY TWO OF THEM

PART III

V.—Humpty Dumpty.

ALICE was wandering, in a dreamy sort of way, along a road edged on one side by a high fence, when she was startled by a shrill cry of "Bully, by Jove!" just above her head.

She looked up and saw the oddest being, quite round in shape and with a mouth extending from ear to ear, skilfully balanced on the fence. On his head was perched a huge Panama hat, which he had just replaced after waving it in the air.

In spite of his exclamation, the strange creature seemed quite unaware of Alice's existence, for on her exclaiming indignantly, "I'm *not* a bully!" he started and looked quite taken aback. Then, glancing in her direction for the first time, he said, rather testily, "Well, that's not *my* fault! What *are* you, then?"

"Why, I really can't tell you, I'm called so many names. You're Humpty Dumpty, though, I'm sure. But why do you sit on a fence? I should think it would be so wobbly!"

"That's easy to answer!" said Humpty Dumpty. "So that I can jump off on either side if I see danger coming. Ask me another!"

"But how can you see what's happening on the other side?" asked Alice, noticing that he never turned his head.

"That's easier still!" said Humpty Dumpty, with some scorn in his voice; "I've a face on the other side, too. And that accounts for my breadth of view and the strength of my morals. Also it gets me the reputation for great impartiality, you know—no one can say I don't see both sides. In fact, I pride myself on seeing the other side even more clearly than my own!"

"Then how do you know which is your own side?" asked Alice, somewhat perplexed.

"I don't," said Humpty, with evident enjoyment. "But neither does any one else. That's what makes it so interesting. And the moral of that is," he continued, as Alice tried to puzzle it out, "'It's a poor fool that doesn't look both ways.'"

Poor Alice was quite frightened, and to mollify him hastily exclaimed, "What a lovely hat you're wearing!"

"Ah!" said Humpty Dumpty, with the first genial smile he had given her, "that's my Panama; it *is* a beauty! And, by the way, I got it from Colombia for you," presenting it to her with a flourish. "But you'll let me wear it, sometimes, won't you? Let me wear it—on parade days, for instance, when I have my little cruiser parties at Pollywog Bay. You may come sometimes, if you do just as I say." He balanced the hat upon the fence beside him.

With that he took a double somersault, made a swift pass before her eyes, and to her astonishment there was the Panama back again in its original place on his head!

"Perhaps you don't know me in my rôle of Prestoagitator," he said, smiling at her bewilderment. "You've certainly noticed my taking ways, though. And you've surely heard about my Doughnut party? No? Well, an admirer of mine put the account of it into verse and I'll recite it for you, if you'll promise to be sufficiently bored. Now then, I'll begin:

"THE DOUGHNUT PARTY.

"I passed by the brick-yard and marked as I laughed
How the Boss and the Billy divided the Graft.
The Goat cracked the nuts and extracted the meat,
While the Boss took the Dough as his part of the treat.

"Now, if you like, I'll sing you a song in my true falsetto voice. Focus your ears at four and a half blocks, please. Are you ready? Go!

"'Twas the voice of the Soap-Box; I heard him declare,
'You've forgot me too long, I must forth from my Lair.'
As the Boss with his silver, so he with his Brass
Gets together his boosters, and turns on the gas.

"When the Box was in office and Bosses around,
His voice had a fawning and soft-soapy sound;
But when the tide turns, stranding him on the beach,
He scourges the Boss in each Shampaining Screech."

VI.—The Providential Ejection.

Humpty Dumpty set off at a swift pace, and Alice, seeing him disappear through a hole in the wall, went in after him. She found herself in a great hall which seemed entirely empty, but, hearing a sound of hammering at the far end, she walked in that direction. There was her friend, seated upon the floor in a khaki uniform, driving nails into some boards laid parallel to each other. He was having a hard time, as he had only a very small hammer, and with it seldom succeeded in hitting a nail on the head.

"It's my Platform," he explained, wiping the beads of perspiration from his brow. "I find the planks very difficult to join together; but these Attacks are pretty strong, I flatter myself, and I'm adding a Bolt or two, which may come in handy."

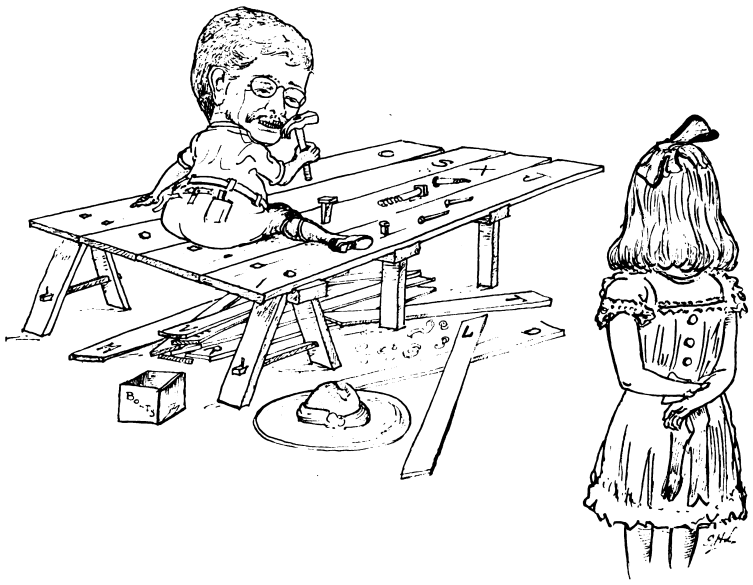
"But isn't it rather shaky?" asked Alice, as it creaked beneath his weight.

"Oh, it only has to support me through my speech," said he, reassuringly. "It can go to pieces afterward, for all I care."

Coming nearer, Alice examined the Planks curiously. They were all decorated with printing, but she was puzzled to find she could make very little of it.

"Italian, French, Russian, Polish, German, Greek—to fetch the foreign element, you see," explained the Carpenter, a shrewd wink causing him to resemble the Blunderboss strongly. "I got a traveler's phrase-book, and copied out in each language: 'You can count on me for a Square Meal.'"

"But what is this?" said Alice, pointing to a series of boards containing all the letters of the alphabet, shuffled up and dealt out with no semblance of rhyme or reason. "'D. Z. X. R. Q. L.'—What *does* it mean?"



"But isn't it rather shaky?" asked Alice

"Don't ask *me!*" exclaimed the Boss (for it was certainly he), impatiently going back to his work. "how should *I* know? It's just my policy for reforming the Government in the name of the People and Human Justice."

"But what do you mean by your policy?" asked Alice.

"Nothing whatever, my dear; but then, *they* don't know that. If I said something they could *understand*, you see, they'd know it wouldn't cure matters; but so long as they can't understand, they can't prove it won't!"

Just then there was a pounding on the door, and the Blunderboss hastily threw the remaining nails under the half-finished Platform, exclaiming peevishly, "There! that will have to do. They didn't give me half enough time. Silly of them to insist on a Platform, anyway—a Soap-Box would have done quite as well, as I told them. I am always practical!"

While speaking, he had put on his coat and moved to the door, which opened as he reached it. In came his friends, the Pincher and the Harvester, and behind them marched a vociferous crowd who were introduced to Alice as the Tough Hiders. They raised a shout on seeing the Blunderboss, and clapped him on the back till she thought it would surely break. But he appeared to enjoy it hugely, and gave as good as he received—if not a little better. Then he marched them up to their places in the gallery. "Reserved for my most intimate friends," as he explained, "only two hundred and fifty of them."

Then silence reigned, and the speaker advanced to the edge of the Platform:

"Behold!" he cried. "Behold, my friends, the Champion of the Great American Hypocrisy! I stand before you as the only real Digressive Candidate. I believe in the Right of the People to Fool Themselves—provided they do it by strictly unconstitutional means. [Loud applause.]

"The Digressive party is growing daily in strength. At first it was small, due to the general lack of comprehension of three of my Planks:

"1. The Ignitiative: Many balked at the Ignitiation.

"2. The Preferendum: It was so difficult to decide which *I* preferred.

"3. The Pit-Fall: The Judges objected to that, although I planned it especially for them.

"But since I have explained that my Platform is self-supporting, and that no one needs understand it in order to vote for it, the party has been rapidly increasing."

At this point, the Rabbit, who had been scurrying around among the audience with note-book and pencil, interrupted the speaker to whisper in his ear.

"What?" said the Boss. "You say the farmers have arrived? Very well—" and he turned again to his audience.

"Now as to Agriculture," he shouted, "I represent the interests of the Sower and the Harvester! I will support them—provided they support me. I will supply them with whatever seeds they may wish to sow, whether of sedition or tradition. And with the aid of our Official Muck-Rake, I think," he smiled complacently, "we can sufficiently enrich the soil to insure a heavy crop of discontent. I want to boss that job! [Cheers.] You can rely on me to make mistakes," he continued, reassuringly, "and the best of it is they'll be my own mistakes—no one can make them so well!"

[Cheers and applause.]

"Now as to the Bosses, let us understand first who they are—a simple matter, after all. The Bosses are those who support the other man; those who support me are the Servants of the People. The Bosses are in league with the Capitalist to get my support away from me. That is why I believe in Capital Punishment. I object to the Bosses taking votes away from me. I mean to get them back—by foul means if possible, fair means if necessary.

"To accept the help of Bosses is base, brutal, and indecent. But my language is always parliamentary. I merely throw out this slight allusion in passing. I am so strong a believer in fair play that I would give even a Boss a square deal—provided he played his cards for me."

Suddenly darkness fell upon the scene, and an instant later there was a thunderous assault upon the great entrance-door; it burst open, and in rushed a horde of demoniac horsemen, their animals breathing fire, themselves waving torches, setting off rockets, and shouting, "Long live the Boss!"

All at once the lights were again lit, the horsemen drew their revolvers from their belts, there was a deafening confusion of shots, and in the ensuing lull their leader the Blunderboss shouted, "Cast your ballots!"

There was much confusion before the result could be ascertained. Finally a dead silence fell, and the Rabbit, trembling from ear to ear, appeared upon the platform and announced.

"Twenty-three votes for the Blunderboss; seven hundred and eighty-six votes for—"

"Silence!" roared the Boss, apparently on the verge of apoplexy. But recovering himself at once, he addressed his audience with characteristic nobility of mien. Smiling his most dazzling smile, he shouted, "Friends and Fellow Countrymen, it gives me profound delight to accept this emphatic evidence of your approval. It had been my avowed intention not to run for the Ejection, and I need hardly say that it is greatly to my surprise that I find myself here. But the Popular Demand was Overwhelming, and my customary sense of Duty compels me to accept the nomination."

Alice, who had been struck dumb during his brief speech, here regained her voice, and starting to her feet, indignantly protested:

"But you weren't nominated at all! It was—"

To her alarm and dismay, the now riotous mob turned upon her; everywhere were threatening faces. But worst of all, the Blunderboss, showing his teeth like the fangs of a wolf, and growing larger and larger until he towered over her like a giant, howled at her:

"That was when I could make use of you. But *now* I'm through with you. Out of my way!" and with a blood-curdling yell, he swung his club above her and—

Alice woke with a cry.

She opened her eyes and found herself on the grass near Grant's Tomb. Below her on the river the busy little boats were puffing up and down. The City seemed peacefully dreaming in the golden haze of Indian Summer. The passers-by looked prosperous and content.

Alice heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"I'm glad it wasn't true!" she murmured.

(Concluded)

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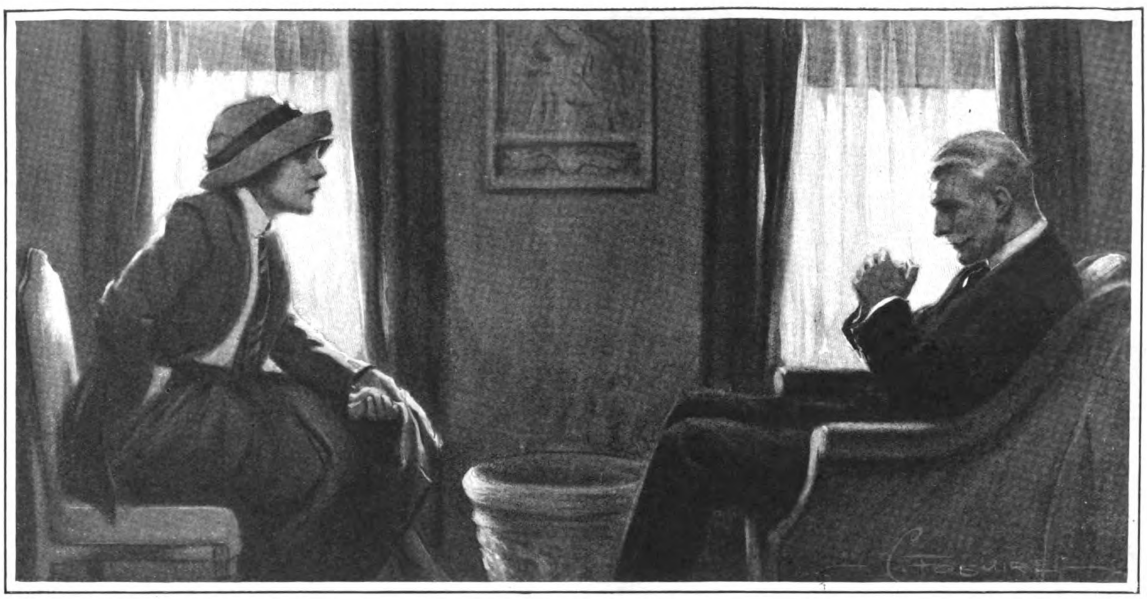

An Equal Suffrage Dialogue

THE BOY-GIRL THRESHES OUT A BURNING QUESTION WITH THE IDEALIST

By Charles Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY CYRUS FOSMIRE

"WHY, *of course*, we ought to have votes, and we are going to get them, too, if we have to fight forever!"

The place was a cool drawing-room. The speaker was one of those Boy-Girls who, with the mannish child, are so thoroughly characteristic of this our enlightened and civilized age. She is destined, I think, to grow into a man-woman, a blend of the graces of both sexes. She is one of the kind that the young men call a good all-around sport, a jolly chap; she aspires to polo, yet gushes and goo-goos at a baby, will scream at a mouse and jump into an aeroplane, will go out hunting with you, and suddenly fall a-sighing; in short, a Boy-Girl, as I have called her.

She spoke to a good friend of mine, to whom I go for counsels of perfection, an idealist, with a charitable heart and a gift of direct speech.

"You will probably get them," said my friend, "but not by fighting for them. Women will not gain votes for women. Their efforts generally have the contrary result. Compare London and San Francisco. In London, the smashing of windows, the slapping of secretaries of state, the pinching of prime ministers, the hunger strikes at Holloway have not convinced serious Englishmen that women are fitted to solve imperial problems. If the women who are really desirous of gaining votes are wise, they will leave the matter to the men. There is a fund of chivalry in the hearts of American men, which, if left to work, and not wildly and hysterically pushed and pulled, is certain to make them give women anything they think women ought to have!"

"Why, I think that is outrageous!" cried the Boy-Girl, flushing cherry-red. "Why, the idea of women getting votes because men, in their insufferable conceit, deign to give them to them, as they give them boxes of chocolates and theater tickets! The idea!"

"By the way," softly said the idealist, with concealed guile; "it *is* nice to get candy from some one one respects and likes, isn't it?"

"Why, of course it is!" chirped the Boy-Girl, rapturously; "why, I just adore—" then she suddenly checked herself, and my friend smiled.

"Take my advice," he said, "if you really want votes for women, that is the practical way. Leave it to the native chivalry of the men. The women will only make a muddle of it. And you know, I think, as I said already, that I believe votes for women are coming; probably coming very soon. Now, tell me, please, what you think will be the result."

"Why," answered the Boy-Girl, who generally begins her sentences in that way, except when she is making a speech on some weighty problem of economics or politics, in which case she begins by saying, "Now—" As this was a conversation, not a speech, she on the present occasion began, "Why, everything will be better. To begin with, women will have justice instead of being oppressed, as they have been for centuries, mere playthings and chattels of men—"

"Also their mothers," gently interrupted my friend; "but don't go on, please, till you have told me just what you mean by justice."

"Why," said the Boy-Girl, "justice is, well, it is justice of course! It is—"

"An equal opportunity for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," prompted my friend. "But surely, as far as life and liberty, which means, I suppose, security of person and property, go, women are already pretty well supplied. So I suppose we come down to happiness. Women should have votes, because votes will make them happy?"

"Yes, and everybody else happy, too!" ecstatically echoed the Boy-Girl.

"I have often wondered," said the idealist, gently smiling at the Boy-Girl's fervor, impervious even to satire, "what it is we mean by happiness. And I have wondered, oftener still, whether we do not set about the pursuit of it in just the wrong way. I have a fancy that happiness is the health of the soul, and that it is to be won, not by rushing wildly in pursuit of it, but rather by forgetting all about it, and about oneself too, and turning all one's effort to learning and obeying the law of spiritual health."

"Just what exactly do you mean by that?" queried the Boy-Girl, genuinely perplexed.

"I suppose," answered my friend, "if happiness be the health of the soul, then its laws must be something like the laws of bodily health; or, rather, the laws of bodily health are something like the laws of spiritual health, for I am old-fashioned enough to believe that spiritual things come first, and that bodily things are the shadow of them."

"I wonder just what you mean?" said the Boy-Girl, doubtingly.

"When you were at college," said my friend, with sedate patience, "did you study the laws of health?"

"Why, certainly!" quickly answered the Boy-Girl, now back once more on firm ground; "hygienics and eugenics and sanitation and all that. Why, I wrote a thesis—"

"And did not the professor explain," went on my friend, in the same quiet, even tone, "that this is an enlightened age?"

"Sure thing!" said the Boy-Girl. "Why, when we get votes for women—"

"And that, in the dark ages," my friend headed her off, "people did not understand the laws of health, and so they had stuffy rooms and unsanitary food, and imposible drainage, and tainted water-supply, and all kinds of dreadful and horrible things—"

"Why, the way they pigged along was something terrible," assented the Boy-Girl; "why, in my thesis, I said—"

"And all the while the plain simple truth was, that men and women and children sickened and died because they were ignoring and breaking the simple laws of health. Now, I have a fancy that, just as we turn up our noses at the unhygienic, unsanitary dark ages, an age to come, and to come pretty quickly too, will look back at us and our ignorant, stuffy age, and will say that we strove desperately to be happy, and wondered that we were not, while all the time we were flagrantly violating the rudimentary laws of happiness, and doing things as conspicuously bad, in their way, as having a manure-heap under our bedroom windows.

"Happiness," said my friend, wisely answering the soul, not the old Adam, "happiness is a very wonderful thing, and comes, I think, from obedience to the will of the Father. I have a fancy, you know," he went on, not heeding the shocked face of the Boy-Girl, who evidently thought that, in discussing the works of the Creator, the Creator Himself should never be mentioned— "I have a fancy," went on my friend, "that the Father has a plan for each one of us; for each thing amid all His works, indeed; an ideal pattern or mold, already formed in His thought; not stereotyped, of course, for His thought is always living, but with a defined form for each moment. And I fancy that happiness consists, or rather, perhaps I should say, happiness is what we feel when, in any degree, we are able to follow that pattern.

My friend ceased. There was a pause. It was broken by the Boy-Girl, who, with evident perplexity, said:

"Yes, of course, but what has all that to do with votes for women?"

My friend looked at her for a moment, with an enigmatical smile, and said:

"We agreed, did we not, that the sum and goal of votes for women is happiness, the general happiness of everybody?"

"Why, yes!" cried the Boy-Girl, enthusiastically; "I didn't know you would admit that!"

My friend did not make the point that no admission had been made, but went sedately on:

"If, then, general happiness be the aim and goal, is it not wise to ask whether that is the best way to attain it? Perhaps there is a more excellent way to find out what is the plan, the model, the pattern that the Father has in His thought for us, and then to try, with humble and contrite hearts, to follow the pattern to the practical application. I think we may be sure that the Father meant men to be manly, women to be womanly, and children to be childlike."

"Why, yes, of course!" assented the Boy-Girl, "but I don't see—"

"Exactly what I mean by manly and womanly? That is, of course, the crux of the question. But I suppose there are many qualities every man would like to have: courage, to begin with; then honesty, integrity, truthfulness. Think of the joy of valor, the joy of the lone sentry, slain in the dark, true to his duty. And think of the creeping shame of cowardice. Much of the trouble of our age is, that men are such cowards.

"Of course men are horrid," doubtingly assented the Boy-Girl, "but women—"

"What is the true ideal of womanliness?" asked my friend. "Is it not inspiration? Is it not the power to make lovely and lovable whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are noble? By being these things, to make them attractive to men and to her children also? And, to do this, to fulfil her mission, she must forget herself in the love of her ideal. Women are meant to preside over the things of the soul, as men preside over the things of the body, the outer world. Look out of the window. What do you see?"

The Boy-Girl looked. "Why, houses and streets and things," she said. "But, why—"

"Have you ever considered," my friend went on, "that everything that you see, every brick in every house, was put there by the hand of a man? And, in the last analysis, it was laid from love of a woman. But that is not my point. The streets are straight, are they not? the walls perpendicular? That means man's mastery over material law, over natural forces. But I am convinced that woman should have the same assured mastery over spiritual things and the same knowledge of spiritual law. She should lose herself in the things of our immortality, building, in the divine world, the house not made with hands."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said the Boy-Girl, "but votes for women—"

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A Profit-sharing Experiment

HOW MONSIEUR GODIN TRIED TO SOCIALIZE HIS STOVE-FOUNDRY AND HAD TO USE BENEVOLENT AUTOCRACY TO BRING HIS WORKMEN TO REASON

By C. S. Bremner

ONE of the most important and stable co-operative schemes ever devised is in operation on the south side of the English Channel in the small town of Guise, France. Begun in 1880, it is now thirty-two years old. It has extended and developed, gradually the workmen have become the proprietors, and never has it been more flourishing than to-day. The scheme is known as the Association of the Familistery.

Jean Baptiste André Godin, the originator of the scheme, was born in the little village of Esqueheries in Aisne Department in 1817. He was the son of the village blacksmith. When he was eleven he gave up school-books to enter his father's workshop. At eighteen he began his journeyman's tour of France as a working blacksmith. He worked the fifteen-hour day of the common laborer, slept in verminous holes, ate the coarse food with which labor was paid; dirt, disease, ignorance, degradation, bad pay, wretched conditions were his lot wherever he went. At the end of his tour young Godin vowed that if Fortune favored him he would do something great for labor, attempt to raise it out of these shameful conditions. The familistery is the noble fulfilment of that vow.

Following his journeyman's tour, Godin spent two years in his father's shop. Then he decided to specialize on the manufacture of stoves. He married a workman's daughter, receiving a dowry of $800 from her thrifty French parents, and with this capital and an equal sum of his own he set up a shop. In those days a customer for a stove would come to the village blacksmith and instruct him how to make it. Sheet-iron was used and hammered into the requisite shape. But young Godin was soon teaching the customer what he should ask for; he was the first man in France to use cast instead of sheet iron. The business and his reputation grew so rapidly that in 1846 he removed to Guise to develop it still further.

From the very first the condition of his employees occupied his care. The working-day was diminished to fourteen, thirteen, and then twelve hours; a sick-benefit society was founded, and the fines by which discipline was enforced were used to swell its funds. Very early he decided that the justness of a wage depends upon its purchasing power. As the Guise tradesmen sold a poor quality at a high figure, he started a co-operative store for the men with his own money. This store was the first step toward the foundation of the scheme as it exists to-day.

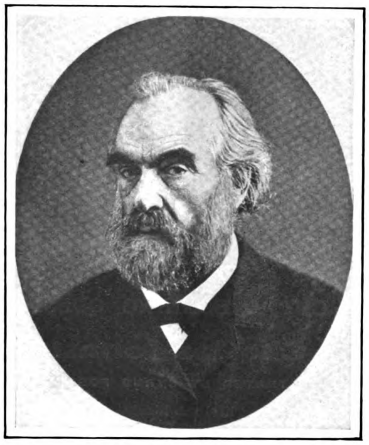
Godin was thoroughly well read in the theories of social reconstruction which were put forth in the first half of the nineteenth century. It seemed to him that custom, convention, law, government were all hostile to labor. He turned to America for better things, and when Victor Considerant sailed with a band of workers to found a labor colony at Reunion, Texas, Godin accepted the post of European director of the new venture and subscribed $20,000, a third of his fortune at the time. Reunion broke up in 1855 amid a good deal of dissension, having lasted three years. Through it Godin had acquired a profound experience of men and things. He concluded that the next scheme to benefit labor must be carried out in France, at Guise, among his own workmen, under his own direction.

His men lived in unsanitary dwellings and paid a high rental fixed by local landlords. He decided to build flats for them at a reasonable price, embodying all the latest improvements. Bit by bit he had been purchasing land near the foundry. The east wing of the flats was first erected in 1859, finished and occupied two years later; the central building followed and was completed in 1865; finally the west wing completed the series in 1877–80. The whole estate covered by the works, familistery, streets, grounds, etc., comprises nearly ninety acres, thirty-five of which are open space. The demand was so great that in 1882 another large building distinct from the main one, the Pavillon André Godin, was erected. In all there are 487 flats at Guise, housing about 1,600 persons.

The rents are very moderate. A workman can have an excellent two-room flat, a cellar, and strip of land for $32 per annum. He is free to use the beautiful grounds, can use baths and washhouse, the library and theater, send his children to kindergartens and admirable elementary schools at which attendance is compulsory.

Godin was a sound business man and got excellent value for his money. The east wing has now been standing fifty years, but so thoroughly good are the materials, so perfect the workmanship, and the whole building is maintained in such admirable order by a paid staff of cleaners that it looks quite new. To prevent any root of bitterness from springing up, every flat is measured and paid for at so much a square yard according to the story. Certain flats are much desired, and, as there never is an empty one, applicants' names are printed on a large board, with the date of application, so that all may know when their turn comes. There is no compulsion to live in the familistery; but the highest benefits that the association assures its members can only be enjoyed by those who do.

Godin's employees, including the women in the familistery and stores, had to work conscientiously, but they received good wages. All the advantages of wealth were theirs save one—assurance that the conditions would continue when the founder should be no more. It was his intention to bequeath to them



Jean Baptiste Andre Godin

the works, the familistery, stores, schools, pleasure grounds, everything. But he knew that every co-operative scheme that had ever been devised, if it were only extensive enough to cover the whole of life, had come to grief, and that before many years had passed. Associated in a great enterprise, the workers slackened effort and initiative. They wanted to take too much out of the common stock and put in too little.

Godin summoned his workers to the theater to help him in the drawing-up of suitable plans for perpetuating the benefits they were receiving. Very few of them came to hear what it was about, and hardly any had an idea to offer on the subject. He suggested that the workers should form themselves into groups, group-unions, councils of direction, and general councils. The groups were to be numerous rather than large; a worker could choose the one he preferred to join and might belong to several. Only about a third of the men ever attended the meetings, and only a fourth enrolled themselves in groups. One or two wrote anonymous letters saying that they disapproved of the scheme. The groups were intended to give advice as to the cutting down of expense, prevention of waste, to suggest uses for by-products, and improved methods of doing the work, to help in the work of invention. They were never to criticise individuals, and members were to be paid a small sum for their attendance.

The workers looked askance on the scheme; they considered there was too much prating of humanity about it. Its real aim, they said, was to squeeze more work out of them without a corresponding increase in wage. Heads of departments were opposed to the idea that they should receive advice and "suggestions" from the men under them. If these were refused, ill feeling might spring up. There was a good deal of plain speaking by the master to the men. He told his employees he had found nothing but selfishness and distrust among them. He pictured himself as the Christopher Columbus of a new and better world about to arise for labor, while they were the timid crew more ready to turn back than go forward. Ultimately a certain number of groups were formed and functioned for a few months, and then this part of the scheme was quietly dropped.

Godin had been in the habit of paying his men a yearly bonus when the balance-sheet was made. Payment of this bonus was not made in the year 1877; instead the amount was entered on a certificate to secure for the worker a title to become a shareholder in the firm. Immediately a cry of distrust went up among the workers. They had not been willing to assist their employer in his efforts to provide for their future welfare, and now they resented his proceeding without consulting them.

Godin then summed three of the ablest lawyers in France—experts in the relations of labor and capital—to aid in evolving a scheme, and after more than two years of hard work the statutes of association were completed. They number 172, and were so well thought out in every detail that the scheme has worked for thirty-two years with scarcely any alteration. Godin died in January, 1888. When his will was opened, it was found that he had left the workers a fortune of $620,000. This convinced some that all the talk about fraternity was not mere vaporing. When the first certificate began to be paid off in cash in 1894, the conviction was complete that the workers had not been cheated and that the certificates meant good money, as solid as the former bonus. All new certificates are issued to workers only, and by this simple device the capital of the association remains in their hands.

More than 2,000 men and women now work for the association, which, despite the French passion for equality, marks a complete hierarchy of graded labor.

The statutes reward ability of every kind. The director, for instance, has a fixed salary of $3,000 per annum; his ability has gained for him and the association a very substantial addition to that sum. A distribution rate is worked out by a long and complicated method. Every member has his wages counted double to share in this division; every associate's wage counts as one and a half; every participant's as one. Whatever sum accrues is not paid in specie, but entered on the worker's savings certificate. He thus saves automatically and the certificate is paid off in cash at the end of fourteen years, when fresh certificates are issued to the workers. Some men have hundreds of dollars standing to their credit. In 1910 all members earning $500 per annum had $105 entered on their certificates.

Workmen leaving the Godin stove-foundry at Guise

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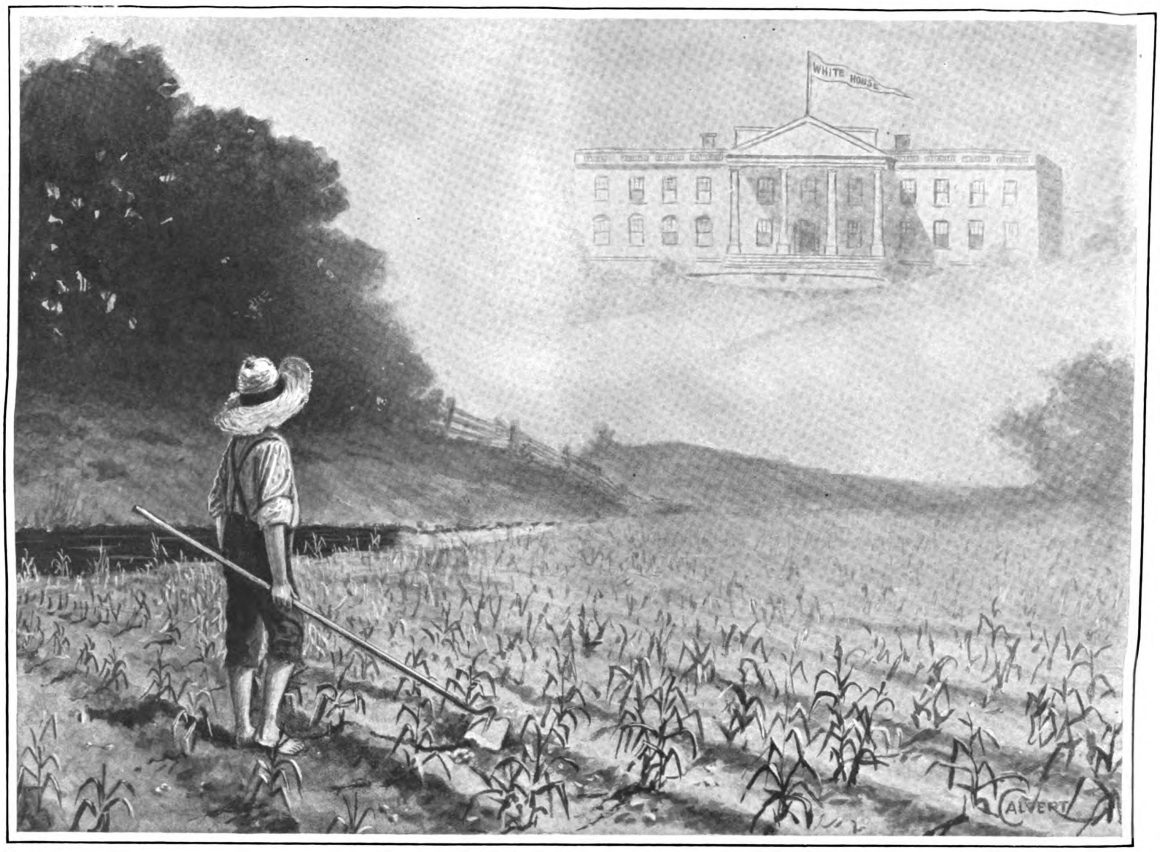

ASPIRATIONS

Interludes

FOOTBALL ETIQUETTE

IF in the middle of a scrimmage at a critical point in the game three men try to step on the nose of a prostrate adversary at the same time, the two lighter men must step aside, giving precedence to the heaviest player. This will put the victim's nose beyond the reach of further injury.

Owing to the large number of ladies on the grand-stand, players, when kicked in the shins or spiked in either ear, must not retort with profane or rude language, but should content themselves with quotations from the classics, with which they are supposed to be familiar, such as "O Zeus!" "Great Cæsar," or, in cases of extreme provocation, "Pallas Athene!"

In butting your way through the line great care must be taken not to push your head through your opponent's vermiform appendix, or to get your hair tangled up in his ribs. Either of these acts under the rules constitutes a foul play, and is directly out of keeping with the well-considered deportment of a perfect gentleman.

When one player finds himself standing in the way of an onward-rushing phalanx of two-hundred-pounders on a muddy field, he should politely bow to the oncoming mass, and lie down before them, folding his head under his arms, thereby affording them a bridge, as it were, over a damp and slippery spot. This will show that the player is a true gentleman.

It is not *de rigueur* even under the excitement of a rush for a player weighing two hundred and eighty-six pounds to seize an opponent weighing under two-hundred by the hair and fling him over the side-lines into the grand-stand. Such an act is not only discourteous to your opponent, but might result as well in disarranging the hat of a lady visitor who has attended the game in perfect good faith, which no gentleman would willingly do.

In kicking a goal no player is ever excused, even on the ground of extreme provocation, for intentionally kicking the head of a man holding the ball instead of the ball itself. Such an act would not only be disloyal to a fellow-member of your eleven, but would savor of rudeness as well, and give heart to those who claim that football is not a gentleman's game.

It is not permissible, even in the face of an eleven famed for its "head-work," to fill the folds of your football clothes, fore or aft, with scrap-iron, nor, if peradventure you belong to the butting team, to wear headgear with a spear-topped point at its apex like that on the German army helmet. Either act is reprehensible in that it prevents the game from being carried on in that courtly and chivalrous way for which it has of late years become famous.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

"I WANT to see the head of the house," said the agent at the door.

"Ye'll have to come back later," said the new maid. "The boss is up-stairs sleepin' ut off."

AN OMINOUS DESCRIPTION

"YA-AS," said the farmer, "ye can git to Swattleburrer by this here rud. Keep right on till ye come to the sheriff's haouse at th' top o' the hill, then turn to the right till ye pass Si Medders's place—he's taown-constibull—then ye go on fer haff a mile to Bill Widdems's—Bill's our pros'cutin' atterney—after passin' which ye'll see Jestice o' the Peace Whibley's res'dence loomin' up ahead on ye—ye can't miss it—it's got a pink barn in front of it—and then ye turn to the left past the Court Haouse with a clock over the door, followin' the road to the big brick buildin'—thet's the jail, an' ye'll find Swattleburrer waitin' fer ye with open arms."

FARMER: LOOKS MIGHTY SKEERISH, BUT I GUESS IT 'LL BLOW OVER.

A NATURAL INQUIRY

"HERE'S an item in the paper," said Jimble, "saying that an American denies that he was robbed on the Continent."

"Really?" said Winkle. "I wonder what hotels he could have stopped at."

THE PROUD FLY

THE Fly looked around at her progeny
As they swarmed up the walls and stairs,
And proudly smiled, "Well, it seems to me
That I am a sort of a Carne-gie,
For I rank with the million-heirs!"

REFLECTIONS OF A MORALIST

IF we remember rightly it was the Prodigal Son who began this "Back To The Farm" movement, although Adam and Eve are said to have had longings in that direction.

If the man who thinks he is a good talker would only take it out in thinking, he might seem less thoughtless to thinkers of real thoughts.

The man who sneers at old maids should bear in mind that there is always a lot of the original as well as much added flavor to preserved peaches.

Can a woman drive a nail? Maybe not—but she is a corker when it comes to manicuring a bunch of them.

A correspondent of a woman's journal asks, "Why does a match go out?" Well, generally speaking, we should say that a match goes out for much the same reason that men do—to cool off.

RATHER HARSH

THE famous barytone had been giving his concert, and the critic from the country was asked:

"How was the timbre of his voice?"

"Well," said the critic, "it seemed to me to be full of knot-holes."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

"WHAT a conceited little bump Bingleton is!" said Hawkes. "I wonder if he ever gets a glimpse of himself in the glass."

"I guess that's the trouble," said Jinks. "He probably uses a magnifying-glass."

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A Shepherd's Year

THE RECURRENT PHASES OF THE SHEEPMAN'S LIFE ON THE WESTERN RANGES

By Will C. Barnes

However rough the usage she never utters a sound, but undergoes the ordeal quietly and patiently

IT is spring in the West, and all over the lambing-grounds the old ewes are dropping millions of little, wobbly-legged creatures that scarcely have strength enough to make their stumbling way to their mothers' distended udders.

"Of all fool things on earth," once said a sheepman, "a two-year-old ewe with her first lamb is the foolest."

To her all lambs look alike, and the sense of smell is the only way in which she can detect her own. Sometimes even this fails her, and the herder plays all sorts of tricks on the mother to force her to acknowledge her offspring.

If a ewe loses her lamb a careful herder will deftly strip off the skin almost before it is cold, and sew it on some unfortunate orphan. The lambless ewe, knowing no way of recognition but by her sense of smell, tests the masquerader which the herder shoves under her nose, and, finding it satisfactory, allows it to feed. Often a foolish young ewe will refuse to own her offspring; then she is shut in a little pen, so narrow and close that she cannot turn to fight off the hungry little thing, and it is not long before she surrenders to its persistence.

Where it is possible lambs may also be saved by means of cow's milk. Thus the "galvanized iron ewe," provided with twenty rubber nipples fastened to as many tin tubes opening into a large tub filled with warm cow's milk, saves many an orphan lamb for a certain Montana sheepman; while down in Utah a certain pet cow is shown in proof of the thesis that the old story of cattle and sheep not getting along together on the same range has no meaning there.

The coyote is the worst enemy of the sheepman. About some lambing-camps huge cowbells, red lanterns, and red and white rags are hung on the bushes, or on sticks set up in the ground. These keep waving and ringing both day and night and may scare away some of the prowlers. The soft-footed "bob-cat" and lynx, although not so numerous as the coyote, are also ever on the watch for fresh meat at the sheepman's expense.

Some owners keep men who patrol the range near the lambing-grounds, firing off shotguns. Many buy dynamite cartridges and fireworks, especially rockets and aerial bombs, which are fired off at intervals during the night, and huge fires are also built at points about the lambing-ground. All this is done to scare away predatory animals.

Most stockmen gladly furnish ammunition and guns to herders, and, in addition to the State bounties, pay an equal sum for each animal killed. It cost one New Mexico sheepman over $1,000 in the year 1910 for the payment of extra bounties to his herders.

In Colorado a sheep-herder once dug out a wolf-den in which were twelve pups, and later shot the mother as she was returning home. The pups were worth $10 each and the adult $20, in bounties; and the sheepman doubled the State bounties. Two of the pups were raised in camp and as yearlings sold for $35 each to an Eastern "zoo."

Then, too, the eagle must be reckoned with, and there is no valiant Chanticler to warn and protect the flock. A dark shadow sweeps over the little scattered band, there comes a "swish" of wings, a fierce whistle as the sharp talons fasten in the curly covering of some lamb, and the eagle and its victim go swirling skyward.

Occasionally the eagle finds his talons fast in the wool of a lamb too heavy for him to lift. I once knew a dog do battle with such an eagle, losing both eyes in the fight, but holding on to the great spreading wings until the herder killed the bird with clubbed rifle.

Many a lamb is lost in his infancy through stumbling into the open badger and prairie-dog holes that yawn like bottomless pits all over some ranges, while the ewe wanders on in the band, voicing her alarm with loud bleating, but never turning back to look for the lost one.

Quickly the lambs gain strength. The wobbly legs get wonderfully straight and firm, the comical tails flirt in the air like banners. On moonlight nights they will gather by hundreds in one bunch and play like school children, keeping up their game until the herder comes out from camp and chases them away to their mothers.

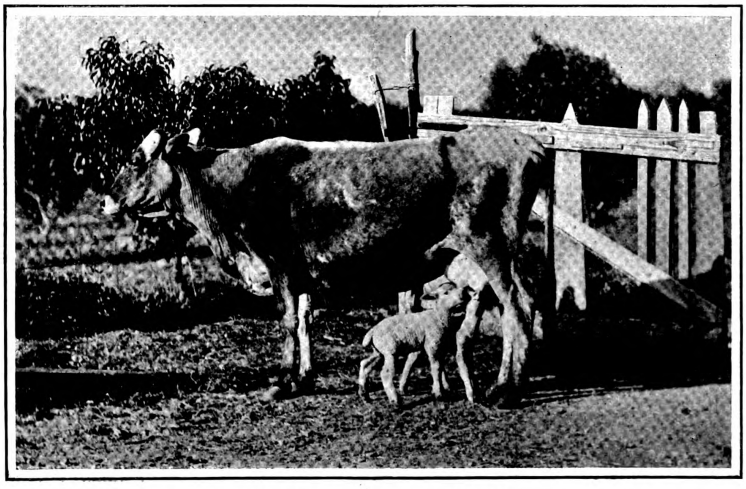
In two or three weeks the lambs are placed in a corral and with a sharp knife or a small hatchet every tail is docked about two or three inches from the body. Their ears are marked with their owner's individual mark—generally the ewes with one mark and the wethers with another, so that when separating for market it will be easier to select the males. This process ended, the bands are made up for the summer ranges.

High into the mountains the sheep go, up where the trees stop, where the nights are cold even in July, and the days bright, where the meadows are knee-deep in grasses and flowering plants.

How the lambs do grow and spread out! Their mothers must fairly fight to maintain their footing when their youngsters come tearing up like crazy things, almost lifting them off their feet in their quest for some of the rich milk which the green lush grass furnishes.

Poisonous plants often make great holes in the prospective profits of the summer. The herder drifts the sheep into some open park in the mountains glorious with the varicolored flowers of the pretty lupines. Sheep love this feed, but at certain times in its growth it is as deadly as strychnine. In half a day dozens are dead and the alarmed herder hurries the rest away from the spot.

Then "pile-ups" and "smotherings" cost the sheepman many a hard-earned dollar. Maybe the herd is asleep in a corral or pen; something startles them and they stampede wildly, and, reaching the fence on the opposite side, pile up against it three or four feet deep, smothering to death those underneath before the herder can come and pull the mass apart.



How a Utah sheepman saves his orphan lambs

Last summer, in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, one of Andrew Little's herds was grazing on a hill-side at the foot of which was a small arroyo, about four feet deep and that many wide. An inquisitive bear suddenly appeared upon a ledge above. One look, and down the hill they fled, nor stopped when the arroyo was reached, but into it went the leaders, and on top of them the rest, till a bridge was formed, across which the others went on the bodies of their mates. Out of the arroyo the herder afterward dragged 146 dead sheep.

Then comes the fall; the leaves on the aspens and willows turn into glorious rainbows. Here and there a thin skim of ice covers the pools of water. The sooner the lambs are *en route* to market the better for their owner.

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The herds drift slowly down into the lower country and are trailed toward the shipping-pens, often a hundred and fifty miles distant. There the lambs are crowded into double-deck cars three hundred or more to each car, and—well, lamb chops are good, and the American people are eating more and more of them every succeeding year. By sunset of the day of separation the mothers have ceased to cry for their sons and have taken up life again in the old way.

The ewes are now trailed to the winter ranges on the deserts. When the herds were taken to the summer ranges it was impossible to take the sheep-wagons with them. So they were left behind at some handy place and their contents packed on horses or mules. Now these wagons are overhauled, the covers repaired, wheels greased, bolts and nuts tightened up, supplies for the trip loaded into them. And the wagon will be both kitchen and parlor from now on. It is so wide that the herder's bed can be laid on a frame that runs from one side to the other, with the space under the bed for storeroom and cellar. With a kerosene lamp swinging from the ridge-pole of the cover and his dogs for company, the herder is not half so badly fixed as many people imagine, especially since $50 a month and board is the average wage paid to first-class sheep-herders.

Very early in the morning the sheep move out from the bed ground and begin feeding, while the herder cooks and eats his breakfast and follows them as soon as he can. The best herder is the man who does not worry the sheep with too much watching and dogging. Dogs are the lazy herder's best friends, and many men in the West will not allow herders to use dogs with the sheep because of the danger of dogging them too much.

Every herder is supplied with strychnine in small bottles. A long-eared jack-rabbit is killed and poisoned, or used as a drag to draw the coyotes or wolves into a trap. Whether this trick succeeds or not is due to the amount of care which the herder uses in setting the trap. No bare hands can be used; no cigarette stubs or other evidences of human presence may be in evidence if the cunning robber is to be caught.

In using the drag the herder cuts open the rabbit and drags its carcase over the range, carrying at the same time a tin can from which he occasionally drops a "bait" made of a piece of bacon about an inch square, inside of which he has concealed a dose of strychnine. These baits he takes from the can, with a couple of little sticks used as pincers in order to avoid the human contact.

The coyote or bobcat, trotting about the country, runs over this drag and with keen scent follows it up. One of the scattered baits attracts his attention and the result is a dead coyote.

The long nights pass rapidly. Inside the snug wagon many a Western sheep-herder has gained an education through a correspondence course, working out his problems under the light from the swinging lantern while the winter winds howl about the camp and the coyote's shrill yelping keeps his dogs barking all night.

There are days when the storm king is abroad. Out of the north comes a blast, the air is filled with flying snow, and the sheep drift before it in spite of all the herders can do. If it be possible they are carefully worked into the lee of some hill or under the shelter of a bunch of trees.

Failing these they drift into a deep wash or arroyo under the sheltering banks, finding temporary but dangerous protection. It is dangerous because the drifting snow is likely to cover them up and smother the sheep as they lie there in fancied security.

Every range has its tales of such losses during each winter. In the winter of 1900 out on the Red Desert of Wyoming a Basco herder and two thousand fine ewes slept into eternity under a snowy covering in such a place where he had gone for shelter from the blizzard. A few winters ago in southwestern Colorado another herder, stumbling along behind his flock driven before such a storm, found himself looking down a cliff a hundred feet high over which he had almost stepped.

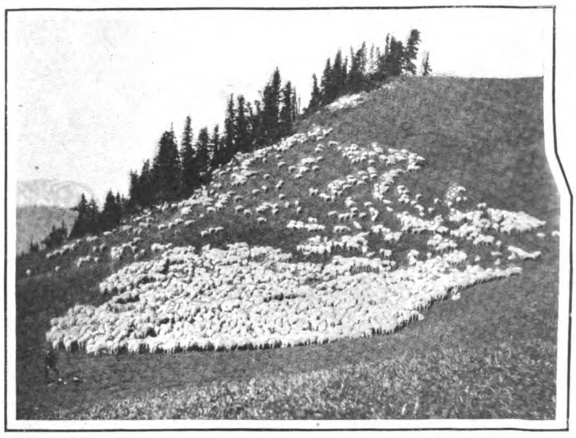
His woolly charges, blinded by the snow, their eyelids frozen together, had walked over the edge one after the other, finding death on the rocks below.

In the old days of the open ranges sheepmen fought for their feed summer and winter. Now, with the Forest Service in control of the National Forest lands, practically all the summer range is protected and peace reigns there. In the winter ranges, however, there is no control or legal authority to designate who shall or shall not use them. Thus on these ranges there is continual strife.

Some day the same power which keeps the peace on the summer ranges will be invoked to keep it on the winter ranges. The sooner the better if either the ranges or the sheep industry is to be saved.

When the snows melt on the deserts the bands work their way toward the shearing-pens. Most sheep are now shorn by machinery, but one may still find a great many small outfits that shear by hand in the old-fashioned way. There is much that is picturesque in a hand-shearing outfit. Very early in the morning, when it is still dark and chill, the cook starts a din on the iron triangle, which brings the whole camp to life.

The sheep-bells tinkle softly as some herd leaves the bed ground in search of feed. The burros come hobbling up to the camp, hunting for pieces of bread thrown out by the cook, and away in the distance a band of coyotes sound their shrill yelps, which the dogs in camp answer defiantly.



Bands are made up for the summer ranges

The sheep which were sheared yesterday are let out of the corrals and start toward the range, shivering and shaking from the loss of their wholly covering. How naked and forlorn freshly shorn sheep do look! The paint brands placed on all of them after shearing stand out on the clean white backs like beacon lights, while the sheared lambs, in addition to losing their wool, have received a "fire brand" on each side of the nose or cheek, as well as the paint brand stamped on the wool, with a wooden letter or figure dipped in red or black paint.

Breakfast over, the men start for the shearing-pens. Each has spent half an hour the night before in giving his shears a razor-like edge, using first the ordinary grind-stone and then a small oil-stone which every shearer carries in his pocket.

A fresh band has been driven in, and in each little pen adjoining the shearers' pen, ten unshorn animals are placed. Quickly the shearers seize one by the leg, drag it out of the little pen, set it up on its rump, and the process is begun. Then one understands the old Bible words, "as a sheep before her shearer is dumb," for however rough the usage she never utters a sound, but undergoes the ordeal quietly and patiently. Even when the shears, carelessly used, cut gashes in the skin, she makes no vocal protest.

When the shearer has finished the ten sheep in the little pen he calls "tally" and the tally-man comes and counts out the shorn sheep and counts in a new lot, giving credit to the shearer for the number shorn. The tar and fire branding finishes the operation.

As fast as a fleece is taken off it is tied up firmly with string, and taken to where, on a huge "gallows frame" the eight-foot-long wool sack is suspended, inside of which a man tramps the fleeces down. The average sackful weighs between 325 and 350 pounds.

Some owners have presses in which the wool is pressed into more compact bales, but the majority of western wool goes to market in the long sacks.

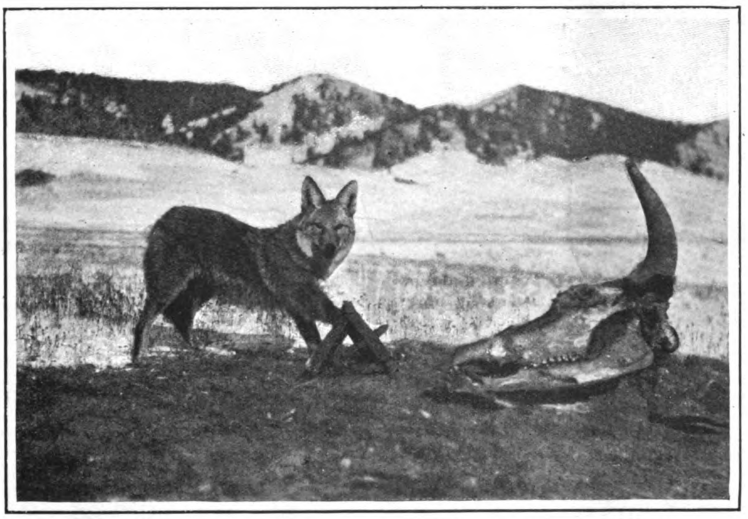
There is yet one more ordeal for the flock before they are ready for the range. This is the dipping which must be given them as a cure and preventive for scab.

Scab is the only disease which Western sheep-men must meet, and may be kept away only by constant watching and dipping.

The dipping vat is a long narrow trough three or four feet deep and about eighteen or twenty inches wide. One end opens into a pen in which the sheep are placed; the other has a short sloping runway up which the sheep climb from the dip into another pen, "the dripping-pen."

A sheep is thrown into the vat, through which it must swim the full length, requiring about a minute to make the trip. During the passage, by means of a pole with a fork in the end, its head is pushed down two or three times beneath the nasty mess, so that every inch of its hide is touched by the liquid.

At the end they clamber out, the most bedraggled, sorry-looking things imaginable, stained various colors according to the dip used—generally bright yellow from the sulphur. Some few are drowned and a few die from swallowing the liquid. By the time the last sheep has been dipped, the busy sheep-man must be preparing for lambing again. The year is over and a new one is at hand. The year ends, but the work of the sheep-owner never does.



The coyote is the worst enemy of the sheepman

Two Philosophies

By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

Youth has a hundred ways for tears,
  A thousand moods for sorrow,
It has no wisdom of the seers
  That sleeps and waits the morrow.

The wings of Love are always wet
  With the tears his lovers weep him;
Love's a young god that will forget
  Howso they strive to keep him.

The lips of age writhe up to smile,
  Easily moved to laughter,
So little grief is worth the while,
  Gray mockery comes after.

Age laughs above the shadow-show,
  Yet it were fain to borrow
For one sweet hour, as long ago,
  Youth's heritage of sorrow.

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The Thinker and the Gum-Tree

By Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

THERE are three things which are beyond philosophy and logic—three things which turn mild men to rage and to the performance of heroic deeds. The one is love, the other is religion, and the third is land.

And a thousand dollars' worth of theory is worth exactly one cent in the market-place where practical experience is so dearly acquired.

Since human nature differs very little, whether it finds a setting on the top of a London omnibus or on a bench in Central Park, or in the dark interior of an Isisi hut, this story of K'maka may have interest for the student of mankind.

There was a man of the Isisi people who was a great thinker. He thought about things which were beyond thought, such as the stars and the storms and time which began and ended nowhere.

Often he would go to the edge of the river and, sitting with his chin on his knees, ponder on great matters for days at a time. The people of the village —it was Akalavi by the creek—thought, not unnaturally, that he was mad; for this young man kept himself aloof from the joyous incidents of life, finding no pleasure in the society of maidens and absenting himself from the dances and the feasts that make up the better side of life on the river.

K'maka, such was this man's name, was the son of Yoka, the son of N'kema, whose father was a fierce fighter in the days of the Great King. And on the dam side he went back to Pikisamoko, who was also a strong and bloody man, so that there was no hint of softness in his pedigree. "Therefore," said Yoka his father, "he must be mad; and if the matter can be arranged without Sandi knowing, we will put out his eyes and take him a long way into the forest. There he will quickly die from hunger or wild beasts."

And all the relations who were bidden to the family palaver agreed, because a mad son is an abomination. He wanders about the village and, in his wanderings, or in the course of his antics, he breaks things, and does damage for which the family is legally responsible. They talked this matter over for the greater part of the night and came to no decision. The palaver was resumed the next day, and the elder of the family, a very old and a very wise chief from another village, gave his decision. "If he is mad," he said, "by all laws and customs he should be destroyed. Now I am a very clever man, as you all know, for I have lived for more years than any of you can remember. Let me, therefore, test K'maka, lest he be not mad at all but only silly—as young men are when they come to the marrying age."

So they summoned K'maka to the council, and those who went in search of him found him lying on a soft bank in the forest. He was lying face downward, his head in his hands, watching a flower.

"K'maka," said the man who sought him out, "what do you do?"

"I am learning," said K'maka, simply, "for this weed teaches me many things that I did not know before."

The other looked down and laughed.

"It is a weed," he said, "bearing no fruit, so, therefore, it is nothing."

"It is alive," said K'maka, not removing his eyes from the thing of delicate petals, "and I think it is greater than me because it is obedient to the law."

"You are evidently mad," said his cousin with an air of finality, "this is very certain."

He led him back to the family conference.

"I found him," he said, importantly, "looking at weeds and saying that they were greater than he."

The family looked darkly upon K'maka, and the old chief opened the attack.

"K'maka, it is said that you are mad—therefore I, being the head of the family, have called the blood together that we may see whether the charge is true. Men say you have strange thoughts. Such as the stars being lands afar."

"That is true, my father," said the other.

"They also say that you think the sun is shining at night."

"That also I think," said K'maka, "meaning that it shines somewhere. For it is not wise to believe that the river is greater than the sun."

"I perceive that you are indeed mad," said the old man, calmly, "for in what way do the sun and the river meet?"

"Lord," said the young man, earnestly, "behold the river runs whether it is day or night, whether you walk or sleep, whether you see it or whether it is unseen. Yet the foolish think that if they do not see a thing then that thing does not exist. And is the river greater than the sun? For if the river runs by night, being part of the great Way, shall the sun, which is so much mightier and so much more needful to the lands, cease to shine?"

The old chief shook his head.

"None but a man who is very mad would say such a thing as this," he said, "for does not the sun become the moon by night, save on the night when it sleeps. And if men sleep, and goats sleep, and even women sleep, shall not the sun sleep, creeping into a hole in the ground, as I myself have seen it."

They dismissed K'maka then and there. It seemed useless to talk further.

He slept in a hut by himself. He was late returning to his home that night, for he had been watching bats in the forest, but when he did he found six cousins waiting. They seized him; he offered no resistance.

They bound him hand and foot to a long pole and laid him in the bottom of a canoe. Then his six cousins got in with him, and paddled swiftly downstream. They were making for the Forest of Devils, which is by the Silent River—a backwater into which only crocodiles go to lay their eggs, for there are sandy shoals which are proper for the purpose.

At dawn they stopped, and, lighting a fire, cooked their meal. They gave their prisoner some fish and manioc.

"There is a hungry time awaiting you, brother," said one of the cousins, "for we go to make an end of you, you being mad."

"Not so mad am I," said K'maka, calmly, "but that I cannot see your madness."

The cousin made no retort, knowing that of all forms of lunacy that which recognized madness in others was the most hopeless.

The sun was well up when the canoe continued its journey, K'maka lying in the bottom intensely interested in the frantic plight of two ants who had explored the canoe in a spirit of adventure.

Suddenly the paddles ceased.

Steaming up-stream, her little hull dazzling white from a new coat of paint, her red-and-white deck awning plainly to be seen, came the *Zaire*, and the tiny blue ensign of Mr. Commissioner Sanders was hanging lazily from the one stub of a mast that the vessel boasted.

"Let us paddle nearer the shore," said the chief of the cousins, "for this is Sandi, and if he sees what we carry he will be unkind."

They moved warily to give the little steamer a wide berth.

But Sanders of the River, leaning pensively over the rail of the forebridge, his big pith helmet tilted back to keep the sun from his neck, had seen them. Also he had detected concern in the sudden cessation of paddling, alarm in the energy with which it was resumed, and guilt confessed in the new course.

His fingers beckoned the steersman, and the helm went over to port. The *Zaire* swung across to intercept the canoe.

"This man," said the exasperated chief cousin, "has eyes like the okapi, which sees its enemy through trees."

He stopped paddling and awaited the palaver.

"What is this, Sambili?" asked Sanders, as the steamer came up and a boat-hook captured the tiny craft.

Sanders leaned over the side rail and addressed the cousin by name.

"Lord," said Sambili, "I will not lie to you: this man is my cousin and is mad; therefore we take him to a witch doctor who is famous in such matters."

Sanders nodded and flicked the white ash of his cheroot into the water.

"I know the river better than any man, yet I do not know of such a doctor," he said. "Also I have heard that many mad people have been taken to the Forest of Devils and have met a doctor whom they have not seen. And his name is Iwa, which means Death."

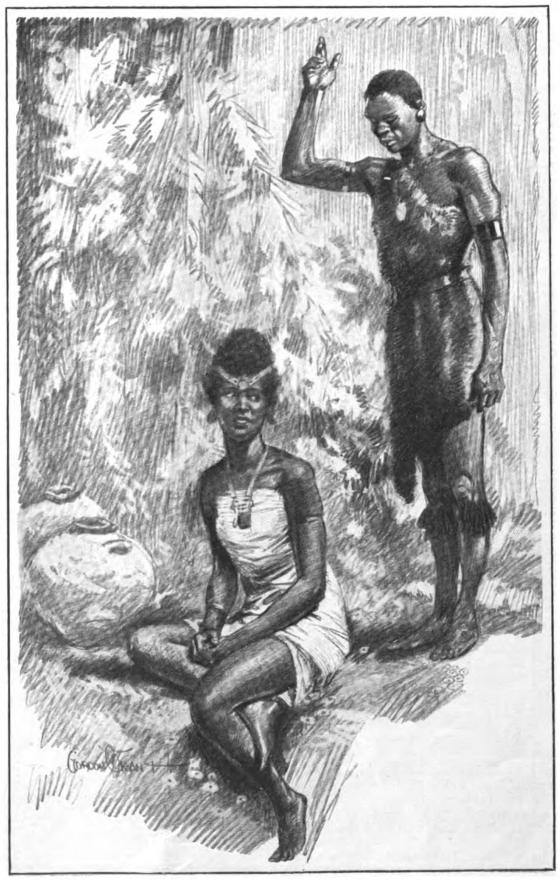
Two of his houssas hauled the trussed man aboard.

"Release him," said Sanders.

"Lord," said the cousin in agitation, "he is very mad and very fierce."

"I also am fierce," said Sanders, "and men say that I am mad, yet I am not bound to a pole."

Released from his bondage, K'maka stood up, rubbing his limbs.



K'maka busied himself with mundane affairs

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"They tell me you are mad, K'maka," said Sanders.

K'maka smiled, which was a bad sign, for native men, far gone in sleeping sickness and touching the verge of madness, often smile in this way. Sanders watched him curiously.

"Master," said K'maka, "these cousins of mine think I am mad because I think."

"What manner of things do you think, K'maka?" asked Sanders, gently. The other hesitated.

"Lord, I fear to say lest you, too, should believe in my madness."

"Speak," said Sanders, "and have no fear, for I am as your father and your king, being placed here to rule you by a man who is very high in the council of kings."

K'maka drew a long breath.

"I think of life," he said, "and of the stars, of why men do certain acts. I think of rivers. Lord," he asked, "why does a stone thrown into still water make little ripples in true circles widening, widening until the waves reach beyond sight?"

Sanders looked at him narrowly. He had heard of this thinker.

"Go on," he said.

"Lord, this also I think," said K'maka, encouraged, "that I am nothing, that all this is nothing"; he waved his hand to the white hot world, "that you our lord are nothing."

"This is a shameful thing to say," said the chief cousin, shocked, "and proves beyond doubt that he is mad."

"Why am I nothing, K'maka!" asked Sanders, quietly.

"Lord," said the man, gravely, "that which is not always is nothing."

"Hear him!" appealed Sambili in despair—"hear this madman, Oh ko ko! Now, K'maka, you have shown your madness to our lord beyond doubt."

He waited for Sanders to summon the Man of Irons to shackle K'maka to the deck. Instead, Sanders was leaning against the rail, his head sunk in thought.

"K'maka," he said at last, "it appears to me that you are a strange man; yet you are not mad, but wiser than any black man I have seen. Now you are so wise that if I leave you with your brethren they will surely kill you, for stupid men hate the learned, and it seems to me that you have too much learning."

He gave orders that K'maka should be housed with the crew.

As for the cousins, he turned them into their canoe.

"Go in peace," he said, "for you have rid yourself of your 'madman' and have saved yourself a hanging—I will have no putting out of eyes in this land."

Sanders had no man handy to whom he might speak of the Thinker, for his two subordinates were down with fever and on leave at the coast. He was inclined toward experiments. Bosambo of Monrovia had been an experiment and a most successful one. Just now Bosambo was being a nuisance, as witness this journey which Sanders was making.

Contiguous to the land of the Ochori was a narrow strip of territory which acted as a tiny buffer state between the Ochori and the Isisi. It occupied a peculiar position, inasmuch as though completely unimportant, it was desired by both the Ochori and the Isisi, and had at various times been absorbed by both, only to be ruthlessly restored to its neutrality by the iron hand of Sanders. There was no reason in the world why both nations should not have free access and passage through the Lombobo—as it was called—and a wise chief would have so ordered things that while Ochori man and Isisi moved in and through it, neither nation should claim the right to lordship.

This chief Sanders had been long in finding.

He had appointed many.

Kombanava the N'gombi, who sold his kingship to the Isisi for a thousand rods and twenty bags of salt; Olambo of Akasava, who had hardly been installed before he bartered away his rights to Bosambo of the Ochori; N'nabo the coast man, Tibini the lesser Isisi man—a whole string of little chiefs of Lombobo had come and gone.

Sanders thought of these, sitting under the awning of the bridge, as the *Zaire* drove through the black yellow waters of the Big River.

He was very patient, and his was the patience of years. He was not discouraged, though the bitterness of a recent failure still rankled. For he had placed one Sakadamo in the seat of chiefship, and he had known Sakadamo for years.

Yet, once Sanders was out of sight, the mild Sakadamo, stiff with pride, had gathered his fighting men and had led them with fine impartiality against Ochori and Isisi, and in the end had sold the country to both.

For which offense Sakadamo was at the moment working out a sentence of two years' labor in the Village of Irons, and Lombobo was chiefless.

Sanders smoked two cigars over the matter, then he sent for K'maka the Thinker.

They brought him, a tall young man inclined to thinness. Sanders took him in from the broad crown of his woolly head to the big feet which ended his thin legs. He had nobbly knees and the skin cloak which partially covered him revealed the same tendency to thinness.

Sanders put his age at nineteen, which was probably an accurate estimate.

"K'maka," he said after his survey, "such a man as you it is not usual to meet, nor have I met your like. Now I know you to be a man above ambition, above hates, and understanding large matters of life."

"Lord, I am one who thinks, and I myself do not know whether my thoughts be mad thoughts, or whether they are high above the common thoughts of men."

"Take to yourself the pleasure of knowing that you are not mad," said Sanders, drily. "Surely I believe this, and, to give you a sign of my faith, I am for making you chief of Lombobo, standing in my place, giving and taking justice and laying over the fiery spirit of your people the waters of your wisdom."

"Lord, I will do as you wish," said K'maka.

And so it came about that at a great palaver at which the head men and lesser directors of the people were assembled Sanders made the Thinker paramount chief and lord of the Lombobo tribe, hanging about his neck the steel chain and medal of his rank and office. To a separate palaver Bosambo and the king of the Isisi were summoned and plain words were spoken.

After the Isisi had departed, Sanders took the young chief a journey to the very edge of his new domain, and with them went Bosambo.

In a clearing on the very border, and by the side of the path which connected the two little countries, grew a great gum-tree, and here the party halted.

"Bosambo and K'maka," said Sanders, "this tree shall mark which is Ochori and which is Lombobo. For all that is on one side belongs to one, and all that is on the other belongs to the other."

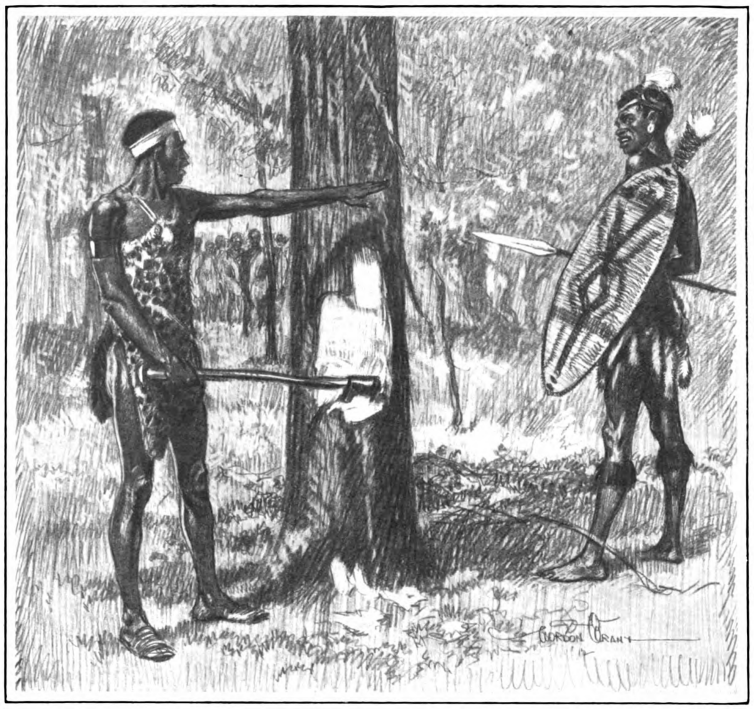
They looked at the tree, the two chiefs; they regarded it long and attentively.

"Lord," said Bosambo at length, "your meaning is clear, yet in whose country does this tree stand?"

It was a question worthy of Bosambo.

"That half which faces the Ochori is in the Ochori country, that half which faces Lombobo is in the Lombobo country," said Sanders.

One last warning he gave to K'maka.



"One half is yours," said Bosambo, "and, behold, I cut down that half which is mine."

"To Ochori and to Isisi," he said, "you will give communion and freedom of trade; you shall hinder none, nor help any at the expense of the other. You shall be wise and large."

"Lord, I will do this," said K'maka, nodding his head, "for the things that grow and perish are nothing, and only the spirits of men endure."

With which wise saying in his ears, Sanders took his departure, happy in the belief that Providence had sent him at last a solution of the buffer-state problem.

It is placed on record that K'maka began his rule with wisdom. The Lombobo people, used by now to strange chiefs, did their best to help him to destruction. They brought forward litigation for his judgment—litigation which would have taxed the sagacity of a supreme court or the judicial committee or the privy council.

As for instance: If a man buys a wife, paying for her with two bags of salt, and she be a vixen and moreover undesirable from many points of view, how shall he recover the price he paid for her, when the salt has been capsized out of his own canoe, rowed by two of his own paddlers and two of his father-in-law's paddlers?

Also: A man has borrowed a neighbor's spears to go hunting and has invariably paid for the loan by a proportion of the kill. One day he went hunting with a defective spear and became lamed by a leopard. Can he claim compensation because the spear was a bad one, if the lender can prove that its defective condition is due to the carelessness of a mutual cousin?

These were two of the problems they propounded, sitting in a solemn circle at palaver, and the Thinker judged at length. He was four days delivering his judgment in the first case. His people sat spellbound, hypnotized by words. They did not understand his philosophy, they could not follow his reasoning, they were altogether fogged as to whether he decided upon the one side or the other, and at the end, when he raised his two hands according to custom and said, "The palaver is finished," they went away pleasantly confounded.

"We have a chief," said the head man of the fishing village by the river, "who is wiser than all other men; so wise that we cannot understand him."

K'maka busied himself with mundane affairs. He even took a wife. Also he allowed free passage to Isisi and Ochori alike. Both nations sent him presents, which he accepted. On the third day of his chieftainship his head men had come to tell him that the Ochori were fishing in Lombobo waters, and that the Isisi were hunting in the Lombobo forests.

"Let this be," said K'maka, "for the forests and the rivers are for all, and there are no boundaries to necessity. For this is not my land nor my river, nor is it yours, being rather for all men who find therein certain requirements."

This was as Sanders required, and when the news came to the commissioner, as it did, he was pleased.

Then an evil gossip brought to K'maka stories of his girl wife who was attractive.

"I am no man to set a fence about desire," said K'maka, "nor shall man or woman in this my land be enslaved by custom."

Two months passed smoothly. K'maka grew in influence daily, his crowning achievement being a judgment which took nine days to deliver.

Then a head man came with a plaint against the Ochori.

"Lord, they cut wood in the Lombobo country and carry it to their city," he said.

"The wood is free to all," said K'maka.

He sat on the little carved stool in the center of the half-moon of huts which constituted his administrative headquarters.

"Yet," he went on, "since this is my land and the people my people, and since I have been set to guard them, it is a shameful thing that robbers should spoil this land."

A fortnight after this a party of Ochori hunters came into the Lombobo country hot on the trail of an elephant. K'maka sent a regiment to seize them and impound the elephant.

"For this I say," said he to his captives, "and my words are of such wisdom that even Sandi bows before them. That which is on one side of a certain tree on the Ochori road is mine, and what is on the other side is your master's."

"Lord," said the chief huntsman, "it was a palaver that there should be free hunting in your land."

"And free fishing," said K'maka, with savage sarcasm, "and free wood-cutting by Death! And that thief, your master, would spoil my beautiful land, sucking it dry, and make mock of me, a chief of a thousand spears! Go back to Bosambo, and summon him to meet me by the gum-tree on the road."

The empty-handed huntsmen returned home to meet with the wrath of their lord.

Bosambo swore in Karo, in Arabic, in Bomongo, in Swaheli, and in English, calling K'maka a "damn black nigger" and casting reflections upon his parentage.

At an appointed time the two chiefs met, K'maka being late in arriving.

"Lord Bosambo," said he, speaking from a place which was on the Lombobo side of the gum-tree, "I have shame in my heart that I did not come at the hour. But I have a wife who had a lover, putting shame on me, and this day I killed her and him according to the law."

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"These things happen," said Bosambo. "Now have I come to you, K'maka the Thinker, because of a certain strange occurrence which has come to my ears. It is said that you have forbidden the Ochori to hunt or chop wood in your territory."

"That is true," said K'maka, "for the land this side of the gum-tree is mine, and I am chief of the country as far as your eye sees."

"The land is for all," said Bosambo, with some unction.

"The world is for all," corrected the Thinker, "yet rabbits do not nest in trees, or eagles burrow in the earth. Each kind lives in the place appointed, and it was appointed the Ochori should live on the one side and the Lombobo on the other."

Bosambo was aroused.

"It seems that you are an avaricious dog," he said; "and if I chop wood to the edge of my country, behold I begin."

He called for an ax, and they brought him one, thin of blade and very sharp.

He struck twice at the tree.

"Bosambo," said K'maka, quivering with rage, "what do you do?"

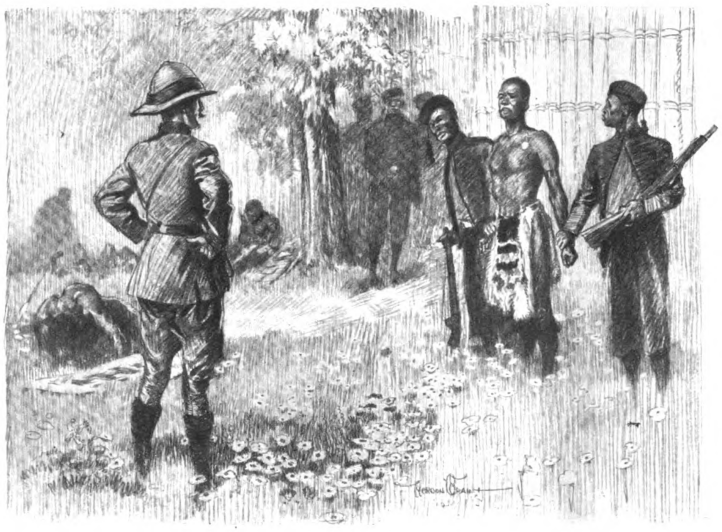
"Dispenser of justice," mocked Bosambo, "former of fat words, talking fish, and breeder of wisdom as a dirty hut breeds vermin, since you ask me, I go to cut my tree."

"It is my tree!" roared K'maka, and reached behind him for a throwing spear.

"One half is yours," said Bosambo, chopping steadily, yet with an eye to danger, "and, behold, I cut down that half which is mine. And if by your wisdom you keep your half standing, then you are a prince among thinkers."

He continued cutting whilst K'maka watched, boiling with rage.

"If you continue in your evil practice," he said, "what shall prevent the tree falling?"



"White man," said K'maka, haughtily, "I do not speak with servants"

"Nothing," said Bosambo, significantly, "for the nights of wind are coming—and the wind blows toward the Ochori: and, behold, when the tree falls it shall belong to—"

K'maka drew back his hand swiftly and threw his spear.

"They are in that clump of bush," said Sanders.

His face was reeking wet and there was a thin trickle of blood on his face.

"I'll put a couple of shells into 'em," said the houssa captain: "these Lombobo people fight fairly well."

Sanders said nothing. He bared his white teeth in a smile—but he was not really amused.

"Ahmet," said the houssa captain kneeling on the deck and keeping his field-glasses fixed on the little patch of wood that hid the enemy, "as you love the faith and hate all Kaffirs, do not drop your shell short again or I will beat you on the feet."

"Lord, the light is bad," said the gunner. He brought the muzzle of the gun a little higher and fired.

This time the shell fell true. Over the trees a white ball of smoke came into existence, and they heard the "krock" of its shell as it burst.

The houssa captain rose and walked to where Sanders stood.

"Exactly what is all the bother about?" he asked.

Sanders said nothing for a while.

"Bosambo had something to do with it," he said, "yet the rascal was only acting according to his rights. K'maka is raising Cain. He has fought the Isisi and raided their territory; he has pushed back the Ochori to the edge of their city—they had to fight like the devil to save it. K'maka has proclaimed himself King of the Ochori, the Isisi, and the Lombobo, and has sent to the Akasava and the N'gombi to bring him presents and do homage."

His voice choked; then the humor of it appealed to him and he laughed.

He went ashore with the houssas and led the section which stormed the last stockade.

Revolver in hand, he raced across the little clearing, the houssas with fixed bayonets flanking him.

K'maka, surrounded by the remnant of his captains, made a fierce resistance, but it was futile.

Suddenly his men flung down their spears and bolted.

"Take that man!"

A group of houssas flung themselves upon the struggling philosopher and bore him down.

They brought him, bleeding but defiant, before Sanders, and for the space of two minutes they looked at each other.

"K'maka," said Sanders at length, "you have done a terrible thing, for you have brought war to this land by your arrogance and pride."

"White man," said K'maka, haughtily, "I am a king and the master of these countries—I do not speak with servants. Therefore, O little man, bring me before your king that we may speak, equal to equal."

Sanders said nothing, then—

"Catch him!" he said, quickly.

For K'maka went suddenly limp, his knees gave way, and he slid down to the earth.

He was wounded to death, as Sanders saw when he examined him.

They carried the man to the shade of a tree, and Sanders sat by him.

The man looked up at the commissioner.

"Lord," he said, faintly, "I think I go beyond your punishment."

"That is true, K'maka," said Sanders, softly, "and I could have wished you had gone before you brought all this sorrow to the Lombobo people."

K'maka shook his head.

"This is the Way," he said, drowsily, "for the living things prey upon the living things, birds upon insects, leopards upon birds, men upon leopards, and since there is naught greater than man, then man preys upon himself. This is ordained—"

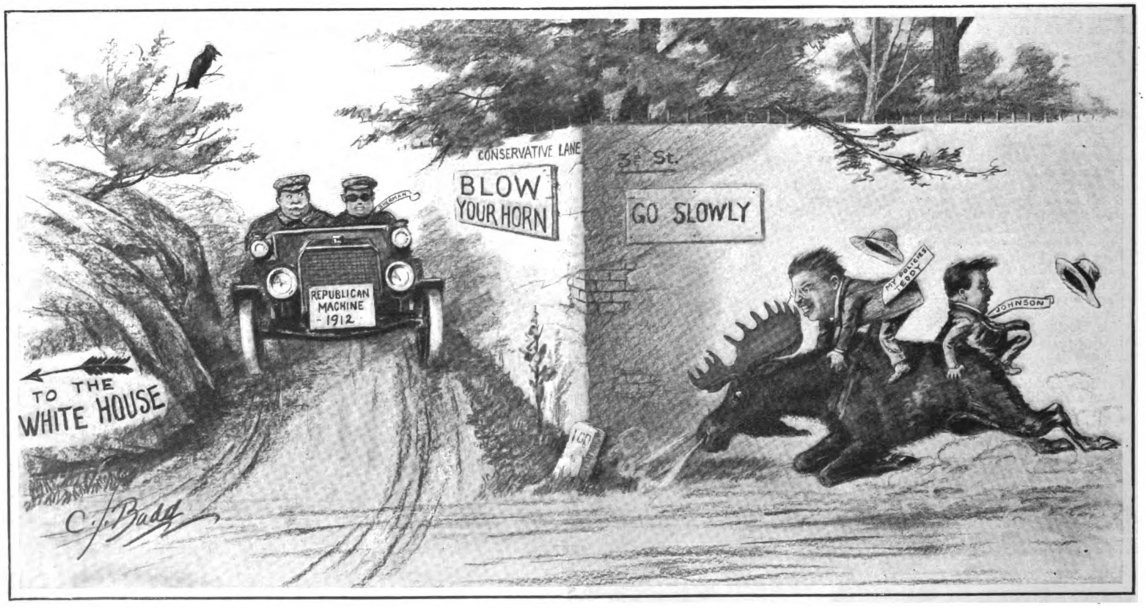
They gave him water, and he opened his eyes again.

"Lord," he said, and now he spoke with difficulty, "I have discovered in my thinking the greatest truth in the world."

A strange light came to his eyes, they danced eagerly with the greatness of his discovery.

"All your wise men do not know this," he whispered. "Death is—"

Sanders waited, but K'maka the Thinker carried his secret with him to the land of sleep.



TROUBLE AHEAD

Drawn by C. J. Budd

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The lovable "Dorothy"

The hateful "Becky"

THE STRANGE "CASE OF BECKY"

Lewis Waller as "Henry V"

Julie Opp, who will play Shakespeare

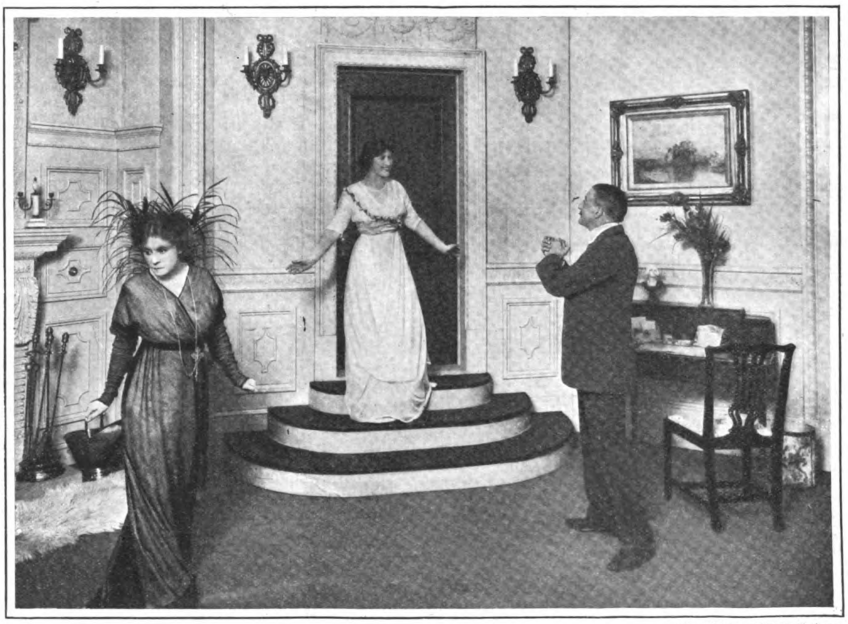
Viola Allen in "The Daughter of Heaven"

H. E. Herbert (left), William Raymond, and Billie Burke in "The 'Mind-the-Paint'-Girl"

Grace George, to be seen in repertoire

Marie Doro in "Oliver Twist"

Frank Reicher, with Winthrop Ames



Copyright by Charles Frohman

Margaret Watson (left), Nina Sevening, and John Drew in "The Perplexed Husband"

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 6)

Morse and her sons are entitled to be let alone. They have shown a fine spirit all the way through.

I do not agree with all the policies that you advocate, but I always read with a great deal of interest your editorials. I am, sir,

F. B. SMITH.

IMPRESSIONS OF WILSON

ANNAPOLIS, MD., *September 19, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have received the five volumes of Wilson's *History of the American People*, and take pleasure in handing you herewith check to cover September and October payments due thereon.

I feel constrained to digress a little from the beaten path of business, and give my impressions of Wilson, as a man.

I first knew him (by sight) when he was elevated to the presidency of Princeton, and I then wondered what sort of a scholar could be behind such a homely (not to say ugly) face.

I next noticed him when he was snatched from the quiet pursuits of the schoolman and pitched into the very hotbed of rotten politics, and was amazed at the political sagacity he there displayed.

During the past winter I stood in a crowded legislative hall for seventy-five minutes and heard him hammer his merciless logic of current events into the faces of the full combined Democratic and Republican membership of both Houses, and was charmed by his eloquence and fair-mindedness.

Then in my mind's eye I saw him in the Baltimore convention, when the bosses were doing their utmost to defeat the popular will, and from his strength there shown was led to feel that if he became President of these United States his strength of character and high-minded patriotism would serve to check current political events, and it would be shown that popular government here was not a thing of the past.

Lastly, I have followed him closely through almost the whole of his unrivaled *History* and cannot express my delight found in the reading of it.

I am, sir,

JOHN S. STRAHORN.

THE SOUTHERN NEGRO DELEGATES

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., *September 10, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your able articles in HARPER'S are much appreciated by our native Southerners. We are very much amused when we read the speeches of Roosevelt challenging the honesty of Taft's nomination, because of alleged frauds in choosing the Florida and other Southern delegates to the Republican National Convention. It is within the knowledge of practically all Florida people that the negro delegates and white delegates to the Republican convention of 1912 were selected by the Florida Republican machine, and they were practically the same men that were lined up by Roosevelt for Roosevelt in 1904, and the same that Roosevelt lined up for Taft in 1908. As an old darky expressed it—"Dis de God's truff."

The Republican party in Florida now consists, and ever has since the Civil War, of Northern-born officeholders and a few inferior-class negroes, who, however, have long ago become skeptical about the "forty acres of land and a mule." We have become accustomed to seeing every post-office paying a salary occupied by Republicans, some of whom are foreigners recently naturalized and appointed.

It was more than ridiculous for Colonel Roosevelt to kick our Southern negro out of his convention at Chicago, for was it not he that invited the best Southern negro we had to dine with his family at the White House? I may divert here by adding that this one act of the great leader "battling for the Lord," while no harm within itself, cost the South many outrages and untold trouble among the lower class of whites and negroes.

Roosevelt will never divert many Southern votes by suddenly changing his coat of many colors and feigning at this late day a friendship for the white party of the South, who he now says "have always shown a deeper friendship for the colored neighbor."

A most disgusting freak of the Roosevelt convention in the judgment of our people was the great noise that "Moosers" made over, it is said, one of our old Confederate soldiers—"Colonel Lloyd of Florida," the Roosevelt political organ, the *Outlook*, calls him. They enticed him to let them have him make a speech surrendering the white Democrats of the South. It may be that this "Colonel Lloyd of Florida" is a most admirable citizen; however, a general search of the roll of Confederate soldiers of this State, and a general inquiry of people from nearly every section of the State, has failed to reveal that he has ever been either "a prominent soldier" or "a prominent Democrat."

In Roosevelt's article in the *Outlook* he says: "Our hope is that under the lead of practical, competent, high-minded white men we shall in the end everywhere see the right of free political expression secured to the negro who shows that he possesses the intelligence, integrity, and self-respect which justify such right of political expression in his white neighbor." The Southern Democrat is willing to make the same date on the same conditions and always has. But the Southern Democrat will never take the advice of Roosevelt, for he was President for nearly eight years and yet he never practised nor preached this new doctrine, neither has any other Republican. Near the close of Roosevelt's last term, through a letter to the chairman of the Republican party of Florida, he lined up this same element he now vilifies and puts the boot to at his convention. These are the same negroes he now describes thus: "There have usually been a number of negro delegates from the South—largely men of bad character, almost openly venal—and none from the North." It is well to note that the Democrats of the South have never undertaken to dictate what the status of our colored people shall be in the North, socially or politically. We wish as much could be said of our Republican friends.

I am, sir,

CHARLES O. ANDREWS.

THE TERM OF A PRESIDENT

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *October 1, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your extremely interesting article on "The Political Situation," published in the September *North American Review*, you state that President TAFT'S term will end at midnight, March 3, 1913. Is there any constitutional or statutory authority for this statement?

It is generally believed that a new President's term begins at noon on the 4th of March, when he is inaugurated and takes the oath of office, and that the outgoing President's term expires at that time. But if the outgoing President's term ends at midnight on the 3d of March, then we apparently have these results: (1) The term is twelve hours less than four years; (2) The country is without a President during that period of twelve hours.

It seems to the writer that the points here raised are worthy of treatment by you in either HARPER'S WEEKLY or *The North American Review*.

I am, sir,

MONROE.

The fundamental act relating to the term of the President and Vice-President is that of March 1, 1792. Section 12 provides—

That the term of four years for which a President and Vice-President shall be elected shall in all cases commence on the fourth day of March next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors shall have been given.

Section 10, which specifies the procedure in case the offices of both President and Vice-President become vacant, providing for such a contingency as might arise from a change of date or of duration of term, defines the method "if the term for which the President and Vice-President last in office were elected shall not expire *on the third day of March next ensuing.*"

No such change having been made, the term of a President does expire at midnight of March 3d, and the term of his successor begins simultaneously and expires at midnight of March 3d four years later.

It makes no difference when a President takes the oath of office. Although March 4, 1789, was set for the inauguration of George Washington, he did not take the oath until April 30, 1789. At the time of Hayes's election the fourth day of March came on a Sunday, so he privately took the oath of office on Sunday, March 4th, and then was publicly inaugurated on March 5th.

A chosen President cannot "enter on the execution of his office" until he has taken the oath, but he may, if he sees fit, and doubtless would in case of stress, take the oath a fraction of a second after midnight of March 3d, or at any moment thereafter. Meanwhile, the country is never without a Chief Executive. Under the Succession Act, the Secretary of State, whose official life is indeterminate, is empowered to act between midnight of March 3d and the moment when the new President sees fit to take the oath of office.—EDITOR.

SUNDAY MAIL

CINCINNATI, O., *September 14, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to your editorial on Sunday mail, I think you gave the matter no real thought or investigation. What you say sounds as if you expressed your own opinion from a newspaper point of view without in the least looking into the merits of the matter. Let me give you a concrete example.

Here in Cincinnati it was long the fashion for business men to go to the post-office Sunday mornings, get their mail, and then spend an hour or two in their counting-rooms opening and sorting it. This was work that belonged strictly to Monday. Nothing was gained or lost by this useless Sunday labor. When the heads of the business took to getting the Sunday mail, the clerks soon formed the habit of coming to the office to see if there was anything exciting in the correspondence. As a result business went on seven days in the week, and Sunday lost its distinctive features of absolute change from the ordinary week-day occupations. This is the danger: If the facilities are offered for doing business or thinking of business or preparing for business on Sunday, then business will prevail and Sunday as a day of rest or recreation or religious quiet will be gone. As a business man, having long observed the mischief the Sunday mails have done, I heartily commend Mr. Mann for stopping them. I feel sure that when you become used to getting along without them you will wonder why you ever thought them a good thing. It is not a matter of a few postal clerks, not at all—it is a matter of saving Sunday to the public.

I am, sir,

JAMES A. GREEN.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS., *October 1, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am one of the many who have read with interest your view of the possibilities of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential situation in the event of a failure of the Electoral College to make a choice. Without disagreeing with the general conclusions drawn, it occurs to me that the Constitution has been misread in one particular.

In case the Electoral College fails to elect a President and the Lower House also fails to name that officer in accordance with its right in such contingency, then, as provided in the first paragraph of Article XII. of the Constitution, "the Vice-President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President." I understand your assumption to be that the Vice-President now in office would, in the contingency stated, be called upon to serve for the four years ensuing from March 4, 1913. But would it not rather be the Vice-President-elect, if any, who by the terms of Article XII. would be entitled to act as President? . . .

The following is the course events may possibly take: The Electoral College will make no choice. The House of Representatives may fail to elect a President. Then, if the Senate does elect a Vice-President, he will be called upon to serve as President during the next four years. If, however, the Senate also fails to elect, the office of President will devolve upon the Secretary of State or other Cabinet officer holding office March 4, 1913, as provided by the Act of 1886, and a new election for President will be called. In no contingency will the incumbent of the Vice-Presidency, by virtue solely of his present office, occupy the Presidential chair.

I am, sir,

ARTHUR P. CHICKERING.

Quite so. The Vice-President succeeding would be the Vice-President chosen by the present Senate from "the two highest on the list" in the Electoral College. We fail to see how our language could be interpreted in any other way; but you never can tell.—EDITOR.

THE HERMIT ON EDUCATION

CLEVELAND, O., *October 9, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The hermit, in his excellent talk on education in the current HARPER'S WEEKLY, certainly shows that he possesses the rare "faculty of seeing things as they really are." Which is an old-time definition of common sense.

When the giant oak was a tender plant it could have been warped by a dewdrop. The proper starting-place to reform college men and women is in the primary and grammar schools. The restlessness and lack of continued voluntary attention in those grades cannot lead to good results in later years. What Plato refers to as the divine art of arousing the dull and sleepy brain with arithmetic is out of fashion in the lower grades. Good teaching in arithmetic is first-class mental discipline.

Since the "sound method" of teaching reading was introduced many teachers have considered whether the good results have been so general among the children as when they were taught from the beginning to spell the words and pronounce the syllables. A surprisingly large number of the successful school-children are assisted at home by the parents, by older brothers and sisters, or by private teachers. The help given them in arithmetic is often detrimental to their progress. This lack of good teaching in arithmetic and reading partly explains why so many children are in classes too low for them.

Those who have been so fortunate as to sit under the inspiration of good teaching—and there is nothing more uplifting—realize the value of it and deplore the fact that it too is becoming a lost art.

The hermit is rigit. Education ought to have a good effect on us. "Junius" says in his *Letters:*

"But neither should I think the most exalted faculties of the human mind a gift worthy of the divinity, nor any assistance in the improvement of them a subject of gratitude to my fellow-creatures, if I were not satisfied that really to inform the understanding corrects and enlarges the heart."

I am, sir,

ETTA GRIFFITH.

CANNERS AND BENZOATE OF SODA

NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION,
OFFICE OF SECRETARY, BEL AIR, MD., *September 26, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The attention of this office has been called to a cartoon which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY in its issue of September 14th, in which Dr. Wiley is caricatured, and back of it a reference to canned foods which we feel is unfair to both the manufacturer and the consumer.

From inference you seem to have the impression that the canner uses benzoate of soda in the preparation of his product. This impression is incorrect and Dr. Wiley will so tell you if you will address a communication to him. Our industry was one of the first food organizations to ask for the passage of the present pure-food law. Since that time at every annual convention we have reaffirmed our opposition to the use of chemical preservatives of any kind, and this action has brought numerous protests from those food manufacturers who favor the same.

It seems unfortunate that with this record our products should be caricatured with the skull and cross-bones and "Beware," by any journal, especially one as intelligent as yours. The only preservative canners use is intense heat sterilization, which effectually kills all germs and spores and prevents decomposition so long as the outside air is excluded.

We know the reputation of your paper for being entirely fair, and feel sure that after you have verified the statements in this letter you will give us an editorial correction of equal prominence with that of the cartoon to which exception is taken.

I am, sir,

FRANK E. GORRELL,
Secretary.

CONSISTENT ATTITUDE COMMENDED

BETHEL, O., *September 20, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read your WEEKLY less than a year, and like it.

The impartiality and penetration of your political observations are unique among present-day publications, and courageous in the face of the power of influence accompanying the political hypocrites of to-day, who must wince at your shafts.

Incidentally permit me to extend my commendation for your consistent attitude in the tilt with Governor Osborn. I am, sir,

P. A. PATHE, JR.

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Choosing Books for Boys and Girls

By EDWARD W. MUMFORD

How to Tell Whether the Stories You Buy for Children Are Helpful or Dangerous

THE following article is—with slight modifications — taken from a paper, "Juvenile Readers as an Asset," read before the convention of The American Booksellers' Association, by Edward W. Mumford, of Philadelphia. Although the paper as a whole was designed for booksellers, this part of it is of vital importance to all parents, guardians, teachers, library committees, and others who buy books for children.

What sort of stories are the children near you reading?

Every educated man and woman knows that story books are powerful influences in the molding of character. How many parents study their purchases of children's books from this angle?

Mr. Jacob A. Riis says in a recent letter: "Let the best—first and foremost for boys, Cooper's novels, Walter Scott, etc. —let the very best be pushed in the cheapest form, and so be rubbed in. . . . A boy would rather be good than bad; give him a chance."

Why not give the parent his chance also? He often buys ignorantly, accepting anything, provided it is cheap and he thinks the child will read it. When convinced that he has been acting against his child's interest he will buy better books, even at a higher price. His eyes will be opened if he can be persuaded to read for himself—out loud—the poor story books he buys.

Every story cheap in quality, whether high or low in price, helps to make a cheap boy or girl, to lower the moral tone, to coarsen the character fiber, and turn the child away from what is fine, true, honest, and worth while. Before he knows it he has been cheated out of his noblest heritage.

Bad Books Are Wide-spread

With the demand for lower prices has come an enormous output of juveniles sold within the limit of the child's own pocket-money. They are bought by teachers to present to their classes. They are purchased for Sunday-school libraries, although many of them are grotesquely out of keeping with the teachings of the school. Many a parent who would promptly take John out to the woodshed if he learned that the boy was collecting dime novels himself frequently adds to John's library a book quite as bad.

Characteristics of Trashy Stories

This book—the commonest purchase for a child of ten to fifteen to-day—is usually one of a series (several pages in the body of the story advertise the other books of the set). Its infallible hero and his friends are invariably opposed by a despicable villain and an assistant who, although a little worse than the villain, is often reformed. The villain seldom reforms, as he is needed for the plot of the next book. The forces of vice and virtue invariably clash in the first chapter, and thereafter the villain stops at nothing that will injure the hero. If they are rival candidates for the position of pitcher on the school nine the hero may expect to be assaulted by thugs at night. If it is a girl's book the heroine (blonde) has a "dangerous enemy" (brunette) in the person of a rich schoolmate. The youthful villain, by the way, is almost invariably rich.

Books Hastily Written

These characteristics sound most unbelievably ridiculous, but they are found in scores of such books. It is amazing how often the same old plots and themes, revamped with a few allusions to modern boats, airships, and other inventions, pass muster as new stories. They are, of course, cheaply and, therefore, hastily written. One writer produced recently in one year fifteen new books of this kind. Another well-known author easily surpasses this annual output by frank use of the factory method, outlining the plots, incidents, and characters to a corps of assistants, who submit their work for his final revision.

The Indictment Against Harmful Juvenile Stories

Now the final verdict of the book-buyer depends upon his vote on certain counts in the indictment against such stories.

Do we wish our boys and girls to think straight?

These poor juveniles distort facts, make impossible feats possible. The young hero of one series builds and runs an airship with sleeping berths and automatic control, has miraculous escapes from earthquake, hurricane, and shipwreck, thwarts gangs of desperate men, captures bank-robbers, rescues beauty in distress, and presents to his sweetheart diamonds worth thousands of dollars. In another, boy aviators reach the south pole. In another "our hero" on a motor-cycle jumps a fifteen foot gap in a broken bridge. In another, two poor girls of fourteen and sixteen attend balls and yacht parties given by the exclusive set of Newport. In another a girl says she has "a perfectly crazy desire to excite love." Do such books help or hinder the development of a love for fact and the habit of *straight thinking?*

Shall we teach children that honesty is the best policy?

The hero in these juveniles often wins his point by lying, evasion, or smart trickery.

Respect for Elders

Should children learn to respect their elders?

The hero or heroine in low-grade juveniles almost without exception is in opposition to some older person. The hero is always proved right. The parent or guardian, or other person in authority, is as invariably wrong. Does the constant repetition of this make for discipline among young people, or the reverse?

Read What You Buy

These are some of the characteristics by which the false and dangerous story may be detected. If every buyer of children's stories will read what he or she buys before putting it into the hands of children, or into libraries for their use, such stories will be easily avoided. There should be, and is beginning to be, hearty co-operation among booksellers, parents, teachers, librarians, members of women's clubs, and all other enlightened influences in the community, to stem the tide of poor juvenile stories now on the market, and enlist public opinion on the side of literature that enriches and ennobles the child's mind.

But the individual book-buyer can accomplish much by simply knowing something besides the price of the children's stories purchased. No parent or child-lover will long remain contented with the position "It may be poison, but the boy likes it, and it's cheap."

A Word to Wise Sportsmen

OWING to the rapidly growing complexity of regulations — Federal, State, and local—a brief law course would seem an almost necessary part of the education of the modern sportsman. Non-resident gunners, whose ranks receive thousands of recruits each season, should be most particular to acquaint themselves with the laws of the particular region of their prospective exploits. Licenses, bag limits, and export regulations are points upon which the non-resident hunter should particularly inform himself.

In Arkansas, except in a few counties, non-residents may not shoot at all except on their own premises, and in all the States except Delaware and throughout Canada licenses must be secured before non-residents can take any or certain kinds of game. In thirty-six States and seven Canadian provinces a like restriction is imposed on residents, but the fees are usually nominal only, ranging from fifty cents in Arizona, Louisiana, and Vermont to five dollars in Missouri, South Dakota, and Washington. The non-resident licenses for both big and small game range from ten dollars in a number of States to fifty dollars in Alaska, Wyoming, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Ontario, and Saskatchewan and one hundred dollars in British Columbia and Yukon. A special kind of license, generally referred to as the "alien" license, is being generally adopted to restrict shooting by persons who are not citizens of the county and is now in force in about half the States.

Pennsylvania prohibits aliens from shooting or even owning guns in the State. New Mexico has a $10 license, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island have special $15 licenses; California, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and Oklahoma a $25 license, and Utah and Alaska a $100 license for aliens; Washington, Wyoming, and Manitoba a $50 license for non-resident aliens, while Arizona prescribes a $25 bird license and a $100 big-game license for aliens. Licenses are generally issued only for the open season and thus expire on fixed dates. Some are necessarily very brief in duration. Michigan issues a $25 non-resident deer license good for only twenty-five days of season. In a few instances licenses are issued at reduced rates for a week or for a few days, of this character being the non-resident bird licenses good for one week, issued by Colorado and to British subjects by British Columbia, and the daily licenses issued for shooting birds in Colorado and any game in Lafayette, Marion, and Sumter counties, Florida.

Special exemptions are made in favor of non-resident members of fish and game clubs by Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Quebec. In Virginia no license is required of bona fide guests of residents and in Ontario no fee is charged for a guest license. In Maine on wild lands of the State, except from December 1st to the 15th, in New Brunswick on wild lands, and in South Dakota, Wyoming, and Nova Scotia non-residents are not permitted to kill big game unless accompanied by qualified guides. Nearly every State requires licensees to have their licenses in personal possession while hunting, and to exhibit them on demand of any warden, while in New Hampshire, New York, and Iowa the license must be exhibited upon the demand of any person.

Laws limiting the amount of game which may be killed in a day or a season are now in force throughout the United States except in Kentucky, Rhode Island, and Virginia, and in all the Canadian provinces except Prince Edward Island. These measures are of comparatively recent origin, one of the first statutes of the kind being that passed in Iowa in 1878, limiting the killing of prairie-chickens, snipe, woodcock, quail, and ruffed grouse to twenty-five in a day. These bag-limit laws have been tested in the courts and upheld by the supreme courts of several States, notably those of Maine and Wisconsin. In recent years bag limits have been materially reduced and only a few States now allow more than two deer a season or one head of other big game, while the usual limits per day in the case of birds are ten grouse or woodcock, fifteen quail, and twenty-five water fowl. In Canada bag limits on most game are more liberal than in the United States.

Since the constitutionality of the Connecticut statute prohibiting export of certain game was established by the Supreme Court in 1896 non-export laws have been generally adopted, and at the present time every State prohibits the export of certain kinds of game and some of any whatsoever. In most States sportsmen are allowed to carry a limited amount of game out of the State under special restrictions.

All the States west of the Mississippi, excepting North and South Dakota, prohibit export of all game protected by local laws, and these permit the export only of plover, woodcock, and cranes. East of the Mississippi laws prohibiting the export of all game, or, in some cases, all but one or two unimportant species, are in force in all the States except a small group along the coast from Massachusetts to North Carolina and Florida and Kentucky.

Sportsmen frequently find themselves in difficulties through failure to take note of changes in the game laws. Besides county regulations, there will be in effect this season sixty-seven new State acts, almost all of a restrictive nature. The average game warden is a particularly unsympathetic individual and not at all inclined to accept as an excuse the fact that something happens to be prohibited this year which was permitted last season. Aside from any question of ethics, it is by far the best policy to observe strictly both the spirit and the letter of the law of the region in which one is permitted to shoot.

Nebraska Pumice

NEBRASKA possesses extraordinary deposits of pumice. Practically the whole State is overlaid by natural deposits of this substance, in all stages of consolidation, from fairly solid rock to the finest dust.

Pumice is a volcanic product, and its presence in such large quantities in Nebraska and some adjoining States is taken to be evidence of former volcanic activity in that region. It is produced by the rapid expansion of gases in lava, due to sudden release of pressure, which either forms a very light porous rock or may completely shatter the lava into dust, in which state it may be transported great distances by wind and deposited in drifts.

In the western portion of Nebraska there are impure masses of it, probably deposited in this way, one hundred feet or more in depth. Nearly all the pumice or the volcanic ash used in the United States is made into polishing-powder or incorporated in abrasive soap. Other uses are the manufacture of semi-fused filling-brick or mineral wool or cement and of a cheap kind of glass.

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

A QUESTION OF MEANS

CONTINUANCE OF THE PRESENT IMPROVEMENT IN BUSINESS LARGELY A QUESTION OF THE SUFFICIENCY OF CAPITAL SUPPLIES

THERE is no questioning the improvement in business under way at the present time. The tendency, it is true, has made itself felt more strongly in some directions than in others, but that business all along the line is getting more active is evidenced unmistakably by the trend of bank clearings, railroad earnings, foreign trade, and the other visible signs of conditions as they actually are. However true it may be that there have been plenty of times in the past when trade has been better than it is now, there is no denying the fact that present conditions are far better than those prevailing only a few months ago. There is no mistaking the improvement which has already taken place or the fact that business is strongly on the upturn.

With the wheels of the great business machine turning faster and faster, and predictions current that record speed is to be attained, it is only the part of caution to pause for a moment and see what shape the machine is in—to note, for instance, whether it has sufficient lubricant (in this case, money) to keep it from running hot. That is the first thing you would naturally look at in any machine which is to be run at high speed, and that is the first thing to be looked at in connection with this question as to how fast the wheels of the great machine of business can be driven. What proper lubrication is to bearings and axles, a sufficient supply of money is to business. With the prospect before us, therefore, that the improvement is to continue, and that trade is to become more and more active, the question of the money supply becomes an all-important one. Is there or is there not available a supply of money sufficient to allow of further broad expansion in business? That, more than anything else, will determine whether the improvement is to continue.

In the minds of a good many people there is an idea that this question of the bank position and the supply of money is an exceedingly complicated one, and that it is impossible for any one outside the banking business to tell anything about it. That, however, is far from being the case. Four or five times each year, on dates arbitrarily chosen by him, the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington asks for a simultaneous report of condition from all the national banks in the country; and these reports, when they have been properly tabulated and classified, are made public. There are, of course, a good many banks which do not do business under national charters, and whose reports, consequently, do not appear in the Comptroller's reports; but that does not alter the fact that these statements faithfully portray money conditions as they are. They do, indeed, epitomize the position of the banks all over the country to a remarkable degree, and form, as it were, a composite picture of the state of credit.

Taken individually, the Comptroller's statements are not of any very great importance, but from a series of several of them the trend of things can be read as in no other way. The bare statement, for instance, that the report just made public shows loans of all the national banks amounting to $6,040,000,000 means nothing in itself, but, taken in connection with the amount of the loans shown in the statement of three months ago and one year ago and two years ago, means a great deal. By taking the important items in any one statement and comparing them with the similar items in statements that have gone before the main tendencies in commerce and finance can be clearly seen.

In their bearing, therefore, on this question of whether or not there is enough available money in the country to finance a real forward movement in trade some of the items in the Comptroller's statement just made public are of very great importance. Particularly true is this of the item of loans. If loans of the banks as a whole are well in hand and these institutions haven't been extending themselves, it ought to be possible for them, now that business is moving forward as it is, to extend to mercantile interests all the accommodation they need. If, on the other hand, bank-loans, at the very beginning of this improvement in business, stand already pretty well extended, it is hard to see how the banks are going to furnish to business interests the additional supplies of money which continued expansion in trade will require.

No very great study of the statement is required to see that the latter rather than the former is the case. The most striking thing about the report, indeed, *is* the tremendous expansion in loans. At $6,040,000,000, the total of loans shows an increase since the middle of June, when the last statement was made, of $77,000,000. For the year the increase amounts to no less than $377,000,000. And that big gain, it must be remembered, came on top of a two-hundred-million dollar increase registered between September, 1910, and September, 1911. Since the former date, therefore, in a period of only two years, the loans of the country's national banks have been expanded by the neat little sum of six hundred million dollars.

Now this is a big country, and the resources of its seven thousand-odd national banks have grown during the past couple of years, and it is quite right and natural that there should have been *some* increase in loans. But an increase of six hundred million dollars —ten per cent.—it is readily apparent, is far beyond the gain which might normally be expected. The capitalization of the banks, for example (including the new banks established during the past two years) increased only $42,000,000. And as to their cash holdings, they increased only about as much. Between September, 1910, and September, 1911, the gain in cash amounted to $43,000,000, and since September of last year the gain has been inconsiderable—less than a million dollars. During the past two years, to put it another way, the whole gain in the amount of cash held by the banks has been $43,000,000. Against that there has been an increase in loans of $573,000,000. With that proportion in mind, to figure out what has happened as "normal" is a hard proposition.

Comparison, moreover, is purposely carried back to a time when business was active, and when there was a good demand upon the banks for accommodation. Nineteen-ten may not have been the best business year in the history of the country, but it was a time when the recovery from the panic was under way and when business was being done in more than average volume. Bank-loans toward the close of that year were on anything but a small scale. That makes all the more impressive the fact that the gain since then has amounted to almost six hundred million dollars. Such a gain registered during two years of sharp rebound from a very much depressed condition would be large. But when, as has been the case this time, it has been registered during a two-year period following a time when business was already very active, the gain can only be considered abnormally great.

What has been responsible for the fact that the banks are extending half a billion dollars more in credits to borrowers than they were extending at this time only a couple of years ago? Is increased activity in the security markets the cause? Hardly that—the past few months have seen a little activity in stocks, but before that we had record-breaking dullness running back over a long period. Is it then that business has been so much more active, and that increased demands upon the banks originating from mercantile sources have done the trick? Hardly that, again, for certainly as late as last spring business in general was not on any very large scale. For the big loan expansion of the banks neither business nor speculative activity is responsible. That is the result of one thing, and of one thing only—the rise in the price of commodities.

The big Wall Street banks loan out their funds mostly on stocks and bonds as collateral, but outside of the cities that isn't the case. Here and there the collateral may consist of securities, but in the vast majority of cases it consists of commodities—of grain and cotton and meat and sugar and the thousands of other things which are "carried" on money borrowed from the banks. That is the regular way in which the merchandising of these things is accomplished, and there is never a time when the amount of bank money loaned out on them as collateral does not largely exceed the total of loans made on the security of stocks and bonds.

In making a loan on, for example, grain or cotton the bank is willing to advance such-and-such a percentage of the market price. If wheat, therefore, is selling at a dollar and a quarter per bushel, the amount of bank money needed to "carry" that bushel of wheat is larger by a very considerable percentage than if the price of wheat is only one dollar. An advance in the price of any commodity used as the basis of bank-loans, in other words, means an increase in the volume of such loans. The thing is automatic. When the price of wheat and cotton and the other things extensively used as collateral are rising, bank-loans tend strongly to expand. When prices are on the way down, and less money is needed to "carry" commodities, loans tend strongly to contract.

How prices have gone up during the past couple of years is very fully realized by the man who pays the bills. The price-level as shown by the various "index-numbers" is right at the top. To "carry" the same amount of commodities now as two years ago requires a good deal more bank-credit.

Right there we have the explanation of most of the increase in bank-loans which has taken place. It isn't that business is so much more active now than two years ago that half a billion dollars more is needed to carry it on. It isn't that there has been any such increase in the need for money for speculative purposes. It is simply that prices have gone up so that to "carry" only the *same amount* of commodities a far greater amount of money is required.

So much for the item of loans. Now how about the percentage of reserves? By the way in which they have been swelling their loan-accounts the banks must have been greatly weakening their position, unless they have been correspondingly increasing their reserves. What has been the effect, on the reserve percentage, of the big increase in loans which has been going on?

Take first the banks of the three "central reserve cities," New York, Chicago, and St. Louis. On June 14th, the date of the Comptroller's previous call, they were able to show a percentage of cash to deposits none too large, but yet slightly in excess of the twenty-five per cent. required by law. The expansion in loans since then, however, has had the effect of so cutting down this percentage that, on the date of the call, the results of which have just been made public, it stood at slightly less than the amount required by law. On June 14th the percentage of cash to deposits was 26.19, and the banks of the three central reserve cities held $20,549,000 more in cash than the amount legally required. On September 4th their percentage of cash to deposits stood at 24.74, and their cash holdings were $4,235,000 *less* than the amount legally required.

Considering the size of the figures involved, the fact that the reserves of these banks were some four millions below legal requirements is not in the least alarming. What it does show, however, is that at the very beginning of the season during which demands upon the city banks for cash are heaviest they were not in a position to let a dollar get out of their vaults except by making a corresponding reduction in their loans. To have run a little below legal requirements was not so bad; but that condition once disclosed in the Comptroller's statement, it was distinctly up to the banks not only to see that the deficiency ran no further, but that it was as soon as possible made good.

With the banks in the forty-seven "other reserve cities" the case is just the same. On the date of the June call for conditions their cash holdings were 25.48 per cent. of their deposits, the amount held in excess of legal requirements being $9,347,000. During the summer all that margin was wiped out, the percentage on September 4th standing at 24.92. That meant that the banks of these cities on that date held $1,559,000 less than the amount they should have held. Not a very formidable amount, it is true, but still hardly suggestive of any ability to increase credits.

In no section does the Comptroller's statement show the country banks to have run behind on their reserve requirements, but in every section except New England the summer saw the process of reducing the percentage of reserves go steadily on. In the Middle States, for instance, the percentage fell from 16.42 to 16.23. In the Southern States the decline was from 16.95 to 16.74; in the Western States from 17.08 to 16.82. The Pacific States showed the greatest amount of decline—from 17.60 per cent. to 17.25 per cent. Taken altogether, the country banks of the United States reduced their percentage of reserve from 16.53 to 16.40.

Having reserves of $48,726,000 in excess of the amount required by law, the country banks are without doubt in a position somewhat to increase their loans. Compared even with the normal seasonal increase in demands upon them, however, the extent to which they are in a position to expand credits can only be regarded as very moderate. The forty-eight millions of surplus reserves held by the country banks, it must be borne in mind, are not all cash, half this amount being redeposited in banks in the cities. The amount that these interior banks can extend their loans is really very moderate in comparison to the demands which even a mild revival in business would speedily bring upon them.

It is a well-known fact that up to within a few months ago business in general was conducted on a "hand-to-mouth" basis, stocks of merchandise being held down to the lowest possible point and the amount borrowed at bank running far below normal. Suppose now that the recovery in business is to continue and that, instead of the old "hand-to-mouth" policy being kept in force, merchants and manufacturers start restocking their shelves and doing business in the old way. Will not that mean that this man and that man who have been getting along on their own capital will have to go around to the bank and try to arrange a loan? And is it not a certainty that the aggregate of such demands for money to carry on business will run into big figures?

Are the banks in a position to take care of this demand for money which continuance of the present business improvement is bound to develop? An open-minded examination of the figures does not, it must be admitted, lead to the conclusion that they are. Instead of resources having accumulated during the past two years of quiet business and moderate speculation, loans have been steadily expanded to by far the highest point ever reached. Increases in cash holdings in the mean time have nowhere near kept pace. On September 4th the percentage of cash to loans figured out at 14.83 per cent., which is a new low record. Even in August, 1907, just before the panic, it was higher.

The big increase in bank-loans and the low percentage of reserves doesn't mean that we are on the verge of another panic, but does mean, to any one able to read the warning, that the red lights are set against any further great expansion of business at the present time. Increasing activity in trade calls for an increasing supply of credit, and that the banks, for the time being at least, are in no position to furnish. If, while they are getting themselves into a position to furnish it, a check is put upon the tendency of business to expand, it will be a whole lot better for the country in the long run than if the machine is allowed to get up further speed with its present insufficient lubrication.

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An Aristocrat

ANCESTORS is some folks 'way back
Keeps puttin' pennies in a bank
Till boys get big enough to know
Who 'tis they mus' turn 'round an' thank.
That's w'y it is I mus'n't go
Across th' street again an' play—
My Gramma "don't know nothin' 'bout
Those folks's 'young ones,' anyway!"

But Johnny Jones talked dreffle loud
'Bout how "stuck up" *some* folks can be,
An' pegged all glass an' stones an' such
Right straight across th' street at *me!*
Till I jus' went an' 'xplained to him
(I guess 'at you'd have done it, too)
'Bout how it ain't *my* fault at all
If all my blood is very blue.

'Tain't not no diff'unter fum his'n,
That Johnny Jones he says, 'n, he
Can pull his coat off pretty quick
'Cause he "will prove it right to me."
'Tain't w'at you learn in Sunday-school,
But straight at him my two fists go—
He's got to take it *right straight back,*
'Cause w'at a Gramma says is so!

Don't mind how queer my eye it looks,
Nor w'at has happened to my nose;
A hero man gets all banged up—
(He's got a Gramma, too, I s'pose).
I think a Gramma she should stay
A-makin' choc'late cake some place;
'Tain't p'lite to call a hero in
An' 'vise him go an' wash his face.

Right in th' "spare room" by hisse'f
'S where boys mus' go 'at looks like me,
An' they won't be allowed to take
No 'musements wif um, "no, siree."
All they can do is think *real hard*
An' nen repeat a Golden Tex'
While she an' Grampa wonder 'bout
W'at mischief "he'll get into nex'."

An' till they 'cide how much it's bes'
For them to "discipline th' child"
My Gramma s'poses there *has* been
Good mans 'at might have "sowed a wild
Oat" more 'n they should—an' Grampa says
P'raps *he* was "something of a limb"—
Folks might have tho't my Gramma took
Some chances w'en she married him!

"Somehow" my Grampa "never took
Much stock in that there feller Jones";
It did him good to see young Jack
A-scrapin' 'quaintance with th' stones.
I'm glad my Gramma didn't say
How tight up you mus' shut th' door:
It comforts lonesome little boys
To hear w'at folks will say some more.

But w'en you hear th' little noise
Like some one coming up th' stair,
It's bes' to be all quiet-like
'Way in th' corner on a chair.
An' w'en a Gramma soothes an' rubs
Wif arnica your bumpy head
You'll "'member *better* 'nuther time
'Bout w'at it is a Gramma said."

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Our Desert Reptiles

MANY are the stories, mostly of a mythical nature, that are told of the reptiles of our Southwestern deserts. As a matter of fact, naturalists aver, there are in the whole Southwest only three species of really deadly reptiles, of which the most to be dreaded is the rattlesnake.

Contrary to the popular notion, the centipede, the Gila monster, the tarantula, and the scorpion, though by no means pleasant companions, are not really dangerous.

Probably there is no other living creature more feared by the ignorant than the Gila monster, about which all manner of weird tales have been told. It has even been held that the mere breath of this animal is sufficient to cause death to the one upon whom it fell. Scientific inquiry, however, fails to disclose a single instance wherein the breath or even the bite of this creature has resulted fatally. The fact that dissection and microscopic examination do not reveal any trace of glands for the secretion of venom is sufficient evidence to indicate that this curious member of the lizard family has been slandered.

Some years ago a civil engineer in the Southwest undertook to settle once for all the question whether "the monster" was deadly or not. A fine specimen was captured and confined in a wire inclosure. A chicken was obtained and its feathers were removed in order that the lizard might have every opportunity to strike at the breast. The chicken was then held quite close to the Gila monster, which soon snapped viciously and secured a firm hold on the fowl's breast, retaining this grip for more than ten minutes. When the victim was released it was found that the chicken's breast-bone had been broken. Nevertheless, the fowl quickly recovered, the bone knitting and the wound healing with no symptoms of poisoning. It is very probable that the reputation for evil borne by the Gila monster is due simply and solely to its most repulsive appearance.

Whether the tarantula is venomous or not has always been disputed. There seems to be no doubt whatever that the bite of this creature is one of the most painful that can be inflicted by any creature, reptilian or not. People in the Southwest will tell one that Indians, who have borne the torture of the sun dance without flinching, have rolled upon the ground in agony when bitten by a tarantula, whose bite leaves a livid scar never quite effaced. While it is possible that the bite of this creature is really fatal, the fact remains that there is in the annals of science no well-authenticated instance of the kind.

The centipede leaves a little trail of white blisters wherever it crawls over one, each of these developing into a painful ulcer. Its bite, like that of the tarantula, is extremely dangerous, but not at all painful.

A most unpleasant companion of the deserts is the scorpion, whose venomous powers have, however, been greatly exaggerated. There is no authenticated case of a fatal bite on its part.

The hog-nosed viper, the real terror of the Southwest, is found in southern New Mexico and Arizona. No more repulsive creature than this could well be imagined. It derives its name from its turned-up nose, which curiously resembles the snout of the hog. Over its eyes stand two horn-like scales that look something like the goggles worn by chauffeurs. It rarely attains a length exceeding eighteen inches. It hides in the sand, which is precisely of the same color as its body, a circumstance that is likely to lead the wanderer to tread upon it accidentally. Many sheep-herders have been fatally bitten by this reptile. Its fangs are almost exactly like those of the rattler and the venom is fully as deadly.

The Antiquity of Porto Rico

ETHNOLOGISTS have reason for thinking that Porto Rico and the adjoining islands may have been peopled from the valley of the Orinoco instead of from Yucatan. When first occupied by man Porto Rico may have been a part of a peninsula connected with South America. Its fauna and flora are of the South-American type, and it contains relics of a forgotten race which show evidence of a high grade of culture. Few traces of these aborigines are now to be found except in the interior of the island. Among the curious remains are stone-inclosed plazas on which ceremonial dances were performed. The remains of carved idols and pottery show no small degree of skill and taste. No traces of stone buildings resembling those of the Mayas are found, but the houses are of the South-American type. The manner of disposing of the dead also resembled that practised in the valley of the Orinoco.

The Cement Gun

THERE is a cement gun which is used to apply a mortar covering to structural steel work. A mixture of dry sand and cement is shot from a nozzle by compressed air. A second hose delivers to the same nozzle a supply of water under pressure, and the mixture of sand, cement, and water is shot out with a velocity of about three hundred and fifty feet per second. The nozzle is arranged to produce a thorough wetting of the material. As the mixture strikes the surface to be covered the coarse sand grains rebound until the fine cement mortar, which adheres immediately, has formed a plastic base in which the coarse particles become embedded. A covering of any required thickness is then rapidly built up.

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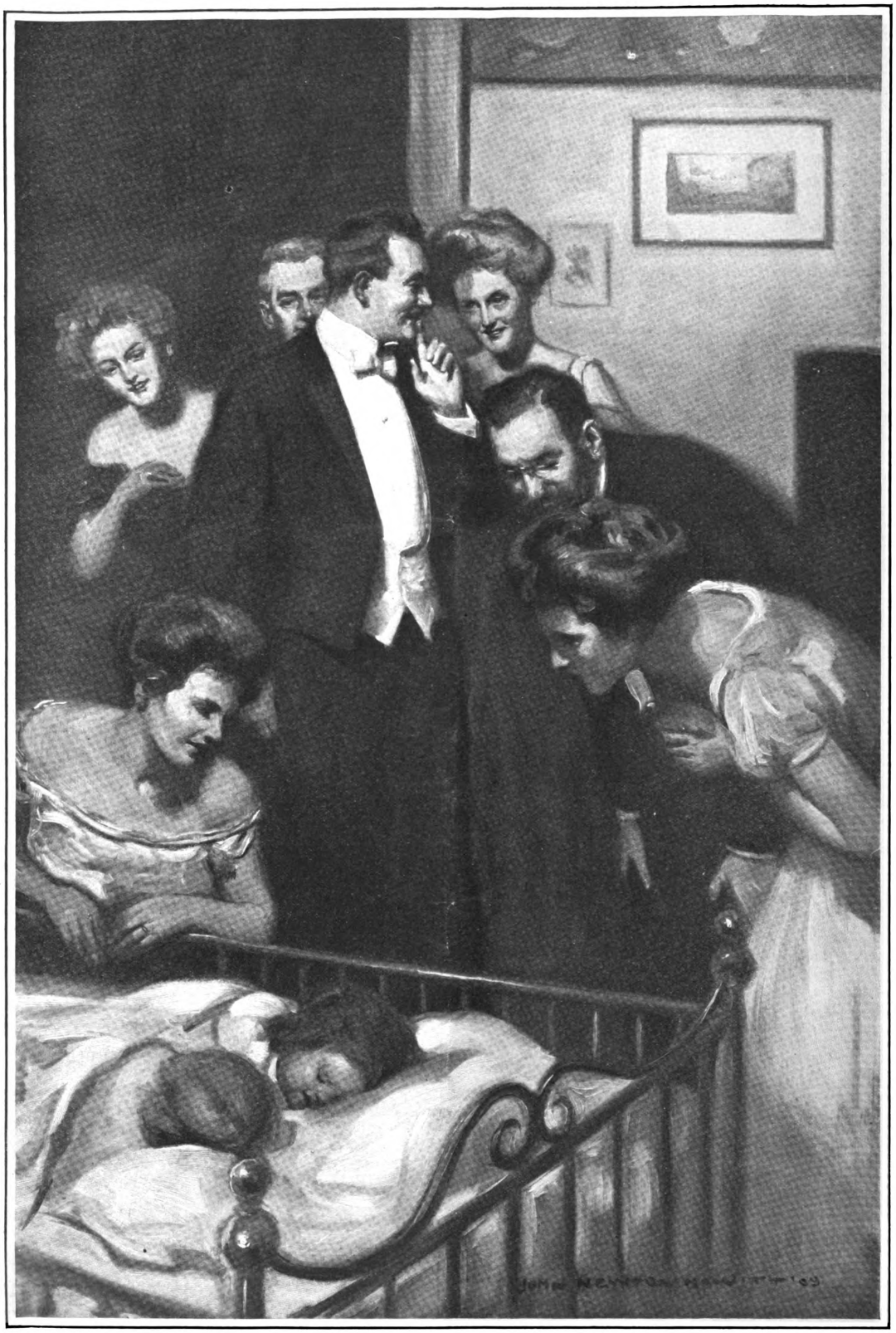

THE MIDNIGHT INSPECTION

DRAWN BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

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The Gentler View

By FLORIDA PIER

Gatherings

It is odd to remember that society is based on the family, for at moments the family seems so fiercely anti-social a thing. There is a sagacity in communists who apparently feel that the first step toward engendering a social sense is to blur the lines that mark off each family group. One has almost the impression of early barbarism in viewing a closely knit family. They are as isolated as a solitary man in a primeval forest. Their absorption in themselves constitutes an oblivion of everything except as it concerns them, so that when one is with them one has a curiously wraith-like sensation; a feeling that, to them, one exists as a chorus and commentator for them, so that if one ceased to be, that one would, as far as they were concerned, cease to be at all.

Contact with a family is terrifying in its chill if one happens to be a single and unattached person. The impossibility of ever being included on any such general ground as that of being a human like themselves is so reducing that one is not a human with them, but a reflector. If one is of a family group one returns to it in a panic of gratitude for its existence. If society is to be made up of these hotly individualistic groups there is but one mode of protection and that is to be wholly of a group of your own and so gain the benefit of having it wholly for you.

How can the boundaries of national or class feeling ever be broken down when our simplest emotions are confined to a tight circle? We are unstinted in our extravagance so long as it benefits the family. We diminish faults by leniency and affection in the family. Our charity and service and understanding and optimism are amazing. But the cleavage that marks its boundary is so sharp that one's hopes for a changed society collapses in despairing amusement at the universality of the thing. Family virtues are social vices. We must be indulgent with our own, so we cannot have rigorous theories about others. Eugenics and feminism seem will-o'-the-wisps when one realizes that every one is some one's child or some one's else wife or daughter. We have evasions for our own people and laws for other people. We have tender perception for a half-dozen and dogmatic dismissal for the rest. We have protection for sorrow that is personal to us or pity for sorrow that is so far away as to be merely theoretical, but we do not have pity for sorrow simply because it is pitiful. Our real emotions are as walled as gardens; the cultivation of them is intensive. Our conversational emotions are mirages of the other, inverted pictures on the sky.

A change is always for the better. A new inconvenience is so infinitely more stimulating than an old one. Half the worry of a disagreeable thing to which one is accustomed is the being so accustomed to it. To get used to an irritation is a disgraceful capitulation and a clear indication of the complete let-down of one's character and the thorough lowering of one's standard, not to mention the dulling of one's sensibilities. People who fairly cling to known crosses in fear of new ones are not to be respected for a moment. A new cross is an opportunity. It enlivens and enlarges. It is added experience. One can test it to its last ounce of burdensomeness. One can converse about it and protest and fight and make brilliant efforts at noble endurance. It fairly passes for life and interest. An old cross is so wearisomely demeaning. One knows every step of the circle that encompasses dull protest and dull endurance. One has said all there is to be said on the subject; one has run the risk of becoming a bore about it; there is nothing further to be done but act as though it did not exist, while all the time the knowledge that it does aches in every nerve of one's flesh. This is defeat, monotony, usualness, and blank virtue.

To attempt "the absolutely untried" (a phrase supposed to detract but which sends us bounding ahead) and to come a cropper is principally humiliating, because it discloses the "absolutely untried" as well-known ground and only vanquishing to us because we were too optimistic to recognize its familiar makeup. Disillusionment is not at the badness of things, but at the knowness of them. Fresh strength to go ahead is nothing but the acquiring of a fresh attitude toward old routine which is enough of a novelty to take us another turn of the tried circle.

Words are nasty, vindictive little things. They are like gnomes who tempt you from the road and then make you lose your way. They crowd about you and turn you around and ape you until you have no sense of direction, no hope of order. One pretends to be serious and promises to lead you away from the silly crowd back to the road, only to disappear, leaving you in a *cul-de-sac*. Some dress as thoughts and strut about assuming the dimensions of ideas. Others dress as soldiers and offer themselves for warfare, only to lead you through a meaningless drill. When you are hopelessly entangled in their meshes, angry and chagrined, they crystallize into lifeless arrangements of the alphabet, who obviously could have had no influence over you and for whose number and disposition you alone are responsible.

There is no use in your protesting or explaining; you must bear the burden of them as well as you can. You did not want them to swarm around you, but no one will ever believe that. You think as poorly of them as any one can. No one can know their real worthlessness as you do who have had so many dealings with the emptiest of them. The redundant arrangement which lies at your door are the mere postures of accident into which they fell when you kicked them aside. You fought with them for peace and respectable silence, and the disarray of the battle-field is not at all what you intended and is never what you could approve of.

To Sterilize Water

One of the great problems which scientific men are at present called upon to solve is that of controlling the water-supply of municipalities so that it shall be rendered free from pathogenic bacteria. Many chemical methods, based on the addition of chlorine, ozone, and other substances, are in use, but there is always a strong popular prejudice against adding any chemical to drinking-water.

Within the last year or two attempts to sterilize water simply by exposure to ultra-violet rays have been made with some success. Ultra-violet rays are invisible radiations of the same nature as visible light rays, but of shorter wave length. They are present in the radiant energy received from the sun, but most of them are absorbed by the atmosphere.

Available sources of ultra-violet light are the various forms of electric discharge, such as the arc, the mercury vapor-lamp, and the spark. Glass is opaque to these radiations, while quartz transmits them readily. Water, too, is fairly opaque unless free from color and suspended matter, so that filtration is a necessary preliminary wherever the condition does not exist.

It has long been known that these ultra-violet radiations destroy bacteria subjected to their action and all living cells are strongly affected by them.

In an experimental run at Marseilles water was flowed through a tank so as to pass over a quartz box containing a Westinghouse Cooper-Hewitt quartz mercury lamp operating on three amperes and 220 volts. This operated successfully day and night for about six weeks, treating 600 cubic meters per twenty-four hours. During the test the raw water varied from 30 to 300 bacteria per cubic centimeter, with 50 to 1,000 colon bacilli per liter, indicating distinct pollution. After treatment no colon bacilli were ever found, and a potable water of the highest character was obtained. The energy consumption was about 100 kilowatt hours per million gallons and the cost $10 per million gallons. Lately the cost has been reduced to $7.60 per million gallons, but even this is too costly according to American ideas. Nevertheless, the cost is not far out of range and these experiments make it highly probable that with some further improvement this method of sterilization will soon be made applicable to American conditions.

The Cutting of Diamonds

It appears that prior to the fourteenth century no one knew how to cut and polish diamonds. They were esteemed for their wonderful hardness, but not greatly admired for their beauty. There is a tradition that a journeyman jeweler of Flanders, one Louis van Berghem, discovered the art of cutting diamond with diamond; but it is probable that he only made some notable advance in the art, since associations of diamond-cutters had existed in France and Flanders from the fourteenth century.

Louis van Berghem's most famous achievement was the cutting and polishing of a huge diamond belonging to Charles the Bold. Charles was so delighted with the result that he liberally rewarded the artist and declared that the diamond would now serve him for a bedroom lamp. This jewel, which was found on Charles's body after the Battle of Nancy, is still in existence.

King George's Choristers

There are ten boys in London who every Sunday and on state occasions wear suits of clothes that in each instance cost something like two hundred dollars. The lads thus expensively and brilliantly attired are the choristers belonging to the King's private chapel in St. James's Palace. When arrayed in their state suits they are truly a gorgeous sight.

Scarlet cloth is the foundation of this costume. Bands of royal purple between rows of heavy gold lace are the adornments. Old lace ruffles are worn at the neck and wrists. These ruffles are so valuable and so difficult to replace that they are worn only on the most special occasions. At other times white lawn bands take their place. The boys must take great care of their suits, which must endure three years. The "undress" suits are replaced every eight months.

This choir is one of the historical institutions of Great Britain and many of its old-time customs, including the dress of the boys, are retained to this day. The choir has numbered among its singers such distinguished musicians as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Edward Lloyd, Sir John Goss, and Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

It is the right of the head boy to demand a guinea as "spur money" from any officer entering the chapel wearing spurs. It is said that when Arthur Sullivan was head boy the Duke of Wellington would always come spurred to the chapel, in order that he might have the pleasure of paying the forfeit to his favorite chorister.

Making Campaign Banners

The services of twelve men are required to produce one of the big campaign banners.

Two men prepare the strips on which the lettering is done. Two more look after the lettering of these strips, the painting of the names of clubs or associations ordering the banners, the captions for the portraits, and the offices for which the nominees are to contend.

Two men work on the centerpieces, generally consisting of an eagle and shield. One man devotes himself to the special portraits, and the others assemble the various parts, sew the strips together, and give the finishing touches to the banner.

The "portrait man" scorns to do any other work than the main portrait. The rest he calls "filling in." By working on the same faces day after day this artist becomes so skilful and so rapid in execution that he can paint the portrait of a candidate in the dark and paint it as true to life as the standard of the campaign banner industry requires.

A New Theory of Colors

Experiments have been made which, it is held, demonstrate that the true complementary colors of the spectrum have not hitherto been recognized.

Red, for instance, has always been considered to be the complement of green, yellow of violet, and blue of orange. But, according to Rosenstiel, the complements of red and orange are neither green nor blue, but two greenish-blue tints, and the complement of yellow is asserted to be blue, and not violet, which is the complement of green. Accordingly, there has been formed a new "chromatic circle" for the use of artists, which Rosenstiel believes to be more correct than its predecessors.

Our Dissolving Country

It has been figured that if the work of erosion performed by water on the total surface of our country were concentrated on the Isthmus of Panama it would suffice to cut a canal from ocean to ocean, eighty-five feet deep, in about seventy-three days.

The average annual erosion produced by water in the United States corresponds to the removal of a layer about three and a quarter feet thick in 3,400 years. It is calculated that our rivers transport every year 270,000,000 tons of solid matter and 513,000,000 tons of matter in a state of suspension.

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Dwarf Trees

THE struggle for existence is more strongly emphasized in the tree world than in the world of humanity. Poverty of soil, burdensome snows, cold, and the violence of the winds are the discouragements which the forests of subarctic regions have to meet. In this connection there may be cited the observations made by Townsend along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

A little larch that had successfully risen to the height of nine inches in a gully he found, on sectioning it and counting the rings with a pocket lens, to be thirty-two years old. The trunk was three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

A balsam fir, with a spread of branches of twenty-seven inches, whose topmost twig was thirteen inches from the ground, showed fifty-four rings in a trunk two inches in diameter. Another balsam fir, nine inches high and twenty-one inches in extent, showed thirty-five rings in a trunk one inch and a quarter in diameter.

A black spruce eleven inches tall and twenty-two in extent, with a trunk only one inch in diameter, had lived over half a century, showing fifty-two rings in its cross section. A black spruce six inches high, with a trunk one and one-half inches in diameter, was fifty-three years old. Another black spruce, nine inches high and one-half an inch in diameter, was sixty-two years old.

Larches are common enough, but the expert must look carefully in order to pick up a little tree with a trunk one-eighth of an inch thick, a height of one and one-half inches, and a spread of branches two inches across. Yet this was not a seedling, for it was sixteen years of age, as was shown under a powerful microscope. Such a tree might be plucked and put in one's vest pocket.

A larch that grew on the wind-swept islands of Quatatachoo, was twenty inches tall and forty-five in extent, with a trunk one and one-half inches in diameter, had taken twenty years to grow. Another larch exposed to the winds of Esquimaux Island for one hundred and ten years had attained a height of three feet, a spread of eleven feet, and a trunk some two inches in diameter.

Sea Facts

NOT only is the sea the reservoir into which all rivers run, but it is the cistern that finally catches all the rain that falls, not merely upon its own surface, but upon the surface of the land and upon the roofs of our houses. It has been calculated that each year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds. This vapor is fresh, and, if all the water could be removed in the same way, none of it being returned, there would, it is figured, be left a layer of pure salt two hundred and thirty feet high on the bed of the Atlantic. These figures are based upon the assumption that three feet of water contain one inch of salt, and that the average depth of the ocean is three miles.

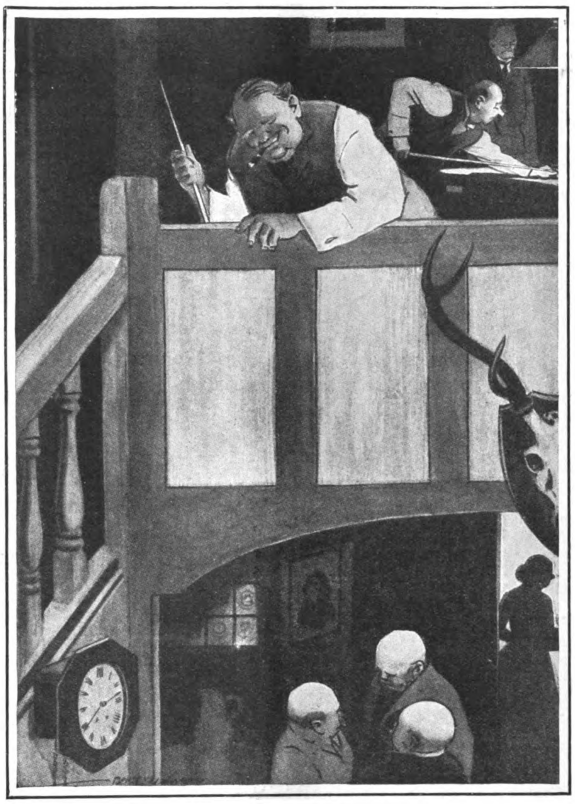
At a depth of about three thousand five hundred feet the temperature is uniform, varying but little between the poles and the equator. The colder water is below. In many deep bays the water begins to freeze at the bottom before it does at the surface.

At that depth waves are not felt. The force of waves is in proportion to their height. It is said that the sea strikes upon certain rocks with the force of seventeen tons for each square yard.

The pressure of water increases with the depth. One mile down this pressure is reckoned at more than a ton to the square inch—in other words, more than one hundred and thirty-three times the pressure of the atmosphere. The depth of the sea presents some interesting considerations. If, it is claimed by one authority, the Atlantic Ocean were lowered 6,564 feet, it would be reduced to half its present width. If it were lowered a little more than three miles the result would be dry land all the way between Newfoundland and Ireland. If the Mediterranean were lowered 660 feet, Africa would be joined to Italy, and three separate seas would remain.

Taxation Against Burglary

THE more pretentious apartment-houses in Vienna have a curious impost levied upon them. The doors are closed at ten o'clock at night, and after that hour every one who goes or comes must pay twenty cents until midnight and forty cents thereafter until six o'clock in the morning. The impost must be paid as many times as a man enters or leaves a house. If, for instance, a person is in the house of a friend until one o'clock he must pay forty cents on leaving the friend's house and another forty cents on entering his own. The money thus raised is devoted to protecting the citizens against burglars.



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Inexhaustible Fisheries

THE great curtain nets, as well as the seines, used by the fishermen who take the vast quantities of herring off the North Atlantic coast, must be constructed of the very stoutest materials or they would be (as they sometimes are) inevitably smashed by the dead weight of the catch.

If one need evidence of the immense numbers of these fish, he has but to stroll upon the beach of one of the coast counties of New Brunswick after a heavy gale in the spawning-time. Then the eggs of the herring fall through the water and attach themselves in sticky clusters to rocks and stones at the bottom. Each of these is about a quarter of an inch in size, protected by a sort of gelatinous shell. Sometimes these are thrown out by heavy gales and lie upon the shore, knee-deep. They are gathered up by farmers, who find them excellent manure.

Yet, despite the vast quantities of spawn thus destroyed by the gales, the shoals of herring are never, it is said, appreciably smaller. It has been calculated that one herring will produce about thirty thousand eggs each season.

Thousands of barrels of mature herrings are taken every year; the lobster fishery alone employs 40,000 barrels for bait; the cod fishery many times that number. Immense numbers also go to the making of herring oil. Only the very best fish are barreled for sale.

Then, too, on the Pacific coast, the fish are numerous, even more so, some aver, than on the Atlantic shores. In one year alone a Pacific company shipped something like 180,000 gallons of herring oil and 200 barrels of choice herrings. All this represents many thousand barrels of herrings.

The question has been asked, How do these armies of fish get their food?

One distinguished naturalist has figured that if one of a countless number of varying minute organisms was allowed perfect development without any counteracting destruction for one month, the product would be a mass of protoplasm many times larger than the sun. One tiny plant multiplies itself by breaking in two about five times a day, and becomes mature in three hours.

The fish is provided with an automatic straining apparatus of the utmost fineness. The result is that as this fish breathes the water through its gills it unconsciously sifts out its daily food. The wonder, then, is not how its teeming life gets its living, but how the astonishing multiplicity of marine life can possibly be kept under, even by the innumerable fish that throng the ocean.

The Witches' Tree

IN many rural communities the elder is still called "the witches' tree," though no longer deliberately planted near homes and barns for the express purpose of keeping away the witches. The idea that the elder should not be allowed to grow near a well, for fear the water will be spoiled, is not extinct. Anciently other than ignorant and superstitious persons regarded the elder askance and Evelyn wrote: "I do by no means commend the scent of it, which is very noxious to the air."

Cattle rarely touch the elder, and the mole appears to be driven away by the scent. Teamsters frequently place branches on their horses' heads to keep away the flies. Nothing seems to grow well in the immediate proximity of elder trees, and when they have been removed and the roots carefully grubbed it is some years before the ground becomes perfectly sweet and good for other plants.

The wood of the elder is particularly good for skewers, and the berries, besides affording a splendid bird food, make a wine most highly esteemed in our grandmothers' day and still occasionally to be found in country homes.

Eye-strain and Moving Pictures

A FRENCH oculist has traced a large number of eye diseases to the impression made upon the eye by moving pictures. In some cases visual fatigue persists for days and makes reading impossible. The cinematographic illusion is due to the persistence of the luminous impression on the retina. The mean duration of that persistence is two-forty-fifths of a second. To produce the illusion the pictures must pass so swiftly that there shall be no apparent lapse of time. The retina must seize every detail. Few visitors to moving-picture shows fail to note their sensations of visual satiety; despite their interest in the pictures, it tires them to follow the details of the play. Some part of the plates may be defective or the light may be too intense or too weak. Whatever the cause, even the most tolerant eye is conscious of weariness.

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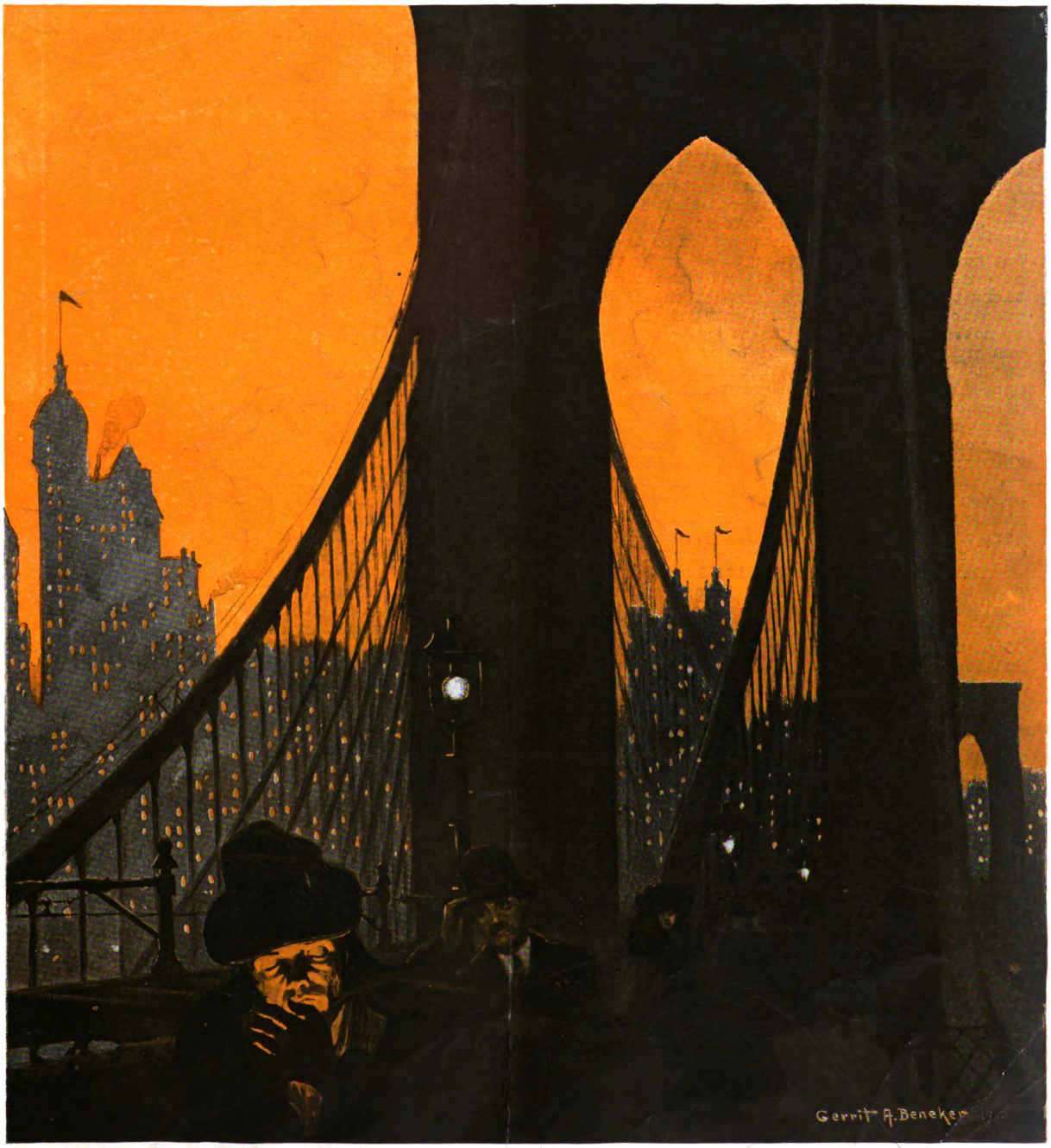
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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Woodrow Wilson's Message to the American People

Sea Girt, N. J., Oct. 19, 1912.

To the Voters of America:

I am glad to have an opportunity to state very simply and directly why I am seeking to be elected President of the United States. I feel very deeply that this is not an ambition a man should entertain for his own sake. He must seek to serve a cause, and must know very clearly what cause it is he is seeking to serve.

The cause I am enlisted in lies very plain to my own view: The Government of the United States, as now bound by the policies which have become characteristic of Republican administration in recent years, is not free to serve the whole people impartially, and it ought to be set free. It has been tied up, whether deliberately or merely by unintentional development, with particular interests, which have used their power, both to control the government and to control the industrial development of the country. It must be freed from such entanglements and alliances. Until it is freed, it cannot serve the people as a whole. Until it is freed, it cannot undertake any programme of social and economic betterment, but must be checked and thwarted at every turn by its patrons and masters.

In practically every speech that I make, I put at the front of what I have to say the question of the tariff and the question of the trusts, but not because of any thought of party strategy, because I believe the solution of these questions to lie at the very heart of the bigger question, whether the government shall be free or not. The government is not free because it has granted special favors to particular classes by means of the tariff. The men to whom these special favors have been granted have formed great combinations by which to control enterprise and determine the prices of commodities. They could not have done this had it not been for the tariff. No party, therefore, which does not propose to take away these special favors and prevent monopoly absolutely in the markets of the country sees even so much as the most elementary part of the method by which the government is to be set free.

The control to which tariff legislation has led, both in the field of politics and in the field of business, is what has produced the most odious feature of our present political situation, namely, the absolute domination of powerful bosses. Bosses cannot exist without business alliances. With them politics is hardly distinguishable from business. Bosses maintain their control because they are allied with men who wish their assistance in order to get contracts, in order to obtain special legislative advantages, in order to prevent reforms which will interfere with monopoly or with their enjoyment of special exemptions. Merely as political leaders, not backed by money, not supported by securely intrenched special interests, bosses would be entirely manageable and comparatively powerless. By freeing the government, therefore, we at the same time break the power of the boss. He trades, he does not govern. He arranges, he does not lead. He sets the stage for what the people are to do; he does not act as their agent or servant, but as their director. For him the real business of politics is done under cover.

The same means that will set the government free from the influences which now constantly control it would set industry free. The enterprise and initiative of all Americans would be substituted for the enterprise and initiative of a small group of them. Economic democracy would take the place of monopoly and selfish management. American industry would have a new buoyancy of hope, a new energy, a new variety. With the restoration of freedom would come the restoration of opportunity.

Moreover, an administration would at last be set up in Washington, and a legislative regime, under which real programmes of social betterment could be undertaken as they cannot now. The government might be serviceable for many things. It might assist in a hundred ways to safeguard the lives and the health and promote the comfort and the happiness of the people; but it can do these things only if its actions be distinterested, only if they respond to public opinion, only if those who lead government see the country as a whole, feel a deep thrill of intimate sympathy with every class and every interest in it, know how to hold an even hand and listen to men of every sort and quality and origin, in taking counsel what is to be done. Interest must not fight against interest. There must be a common understanding and a free action all together.

The reason that I feel justified in appealing to the voters of this country to support the Democratic party at this critical juncture in its affairs is that the leaders of neither of the other parties propose to attack the problem of a free government at its heart. Neither proposes to make a fundamental change in the policy of the government with regard to tariff duties. It is with both of them in respect of the tariff merely a question of more or less, merely a question of lopping off a little here and amending a little there; while with the Democrats it is a question of principle. Their object is to cut every special favor out, and cut it out just as fast as it can be cut out without upsetting the business processes of the country. Neither does either of the other parties propose seriously to disturb the supremacy of the trusts. Their only remedy is to accept the trusts and regulate them, notwithstanding the fact that most of the trusts are so constructed as to insure high prices, because they are not based upon efficiency but upon monopoly. Their success lies in control. The competition of more efficient competitors, not loaded down by the debts created when the combinations were made, would embarrass and conquer them. The Trusts want the protection of the government, and are likely to get it if either the Republican or the so-called "Progressive" party prevails.

Surely this is a cause. Surely the questions of the pending election, looked at from this point of view, rise into a cause. They are not merely the debates of a casual party contest. They are the issues of life and death to a nation which must be free in order to be strong. What will patriotic men do?

Woodrow Wilson

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THE LEADER OF THE NEW CRUSADE IN THE BALKANS

Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is leading the confederacy of the Balkan States, in alliance with Greece, against the Turks. He is reputed to be the cleverest king in Europe, and his rise to power has been spectacular. Born in 1861, the youngest son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, he was offered the vacant Bulgarian throne in 1887, emancipated his adopted country from Russian influence, trained his peasant subjects into a formidable army, promoted himself from Prince to King, and now aspires to wrest from the Sultan his European provinces of subject Christians

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Campaign

THE shooting of Mr. ROOSEVELT by a lunatic was a close call, but there seems now to be little doubt of the victim's complete recovery, although even his vigorous constitution can hardly regain its full strength for some time to come. The country was shocked beyond measure and thousands joined with President TAFT and Governor WILSON in extending sincerest sympathy. The Colonel himself accepted the consequences of his mishap with characteristic nonchalance and surely would never have attributed indirect responsibility to his political opponents but for the excitement and pain of the moment. His speech was unhappy and his inferences unwarranted, but to our mind were quite excusable under circumstances so distressing.

We wish it were possible to say as much for those of his light-headed supporters—notably Senator DIXON, GIFFORD PINCHOT, MEDILL MCCORMICK, dear old JACOB RIIS (bless his heart), and the blustering COCHEMS—who tried to make political capital out of the episode. Mr. PINCHOT ought to be ashamed of himself and probably will be some day; the others are of so little account that their behavior, disgraceful though it was, need hardly be considered. We gladly pay tribute to Mr. PERKINS and Mr. MUNSEY for the restraint which marked their good sense and proper instincts.

There is no occasion to dwell upon the subject. The utter absurdity of complaining of criticisms passed upon Mr. ROOSEVELT, when everybody knows that in this respect he has been the most notorious offender from the beginning, was so apparent that the attempt fell flat. Indeed, the signs of public resentment at such tactics quickly became so manifest that somebody in authority called a halt, and even DIXON and MCCORMICK are now fairly quiet.

Something of the sort is very likely to happen in a turbulent compaign in a country beset with irresponsible persons, almost always of foreign birth, who behold visions and have missions to perform. The wonder, in this instance, is that it happened to Colonel ROOSEVELT, who holds the bulk of the emotional population, and not to President TAFT, who has been accused of pretty much every crime from petty larceny to high crimes and misdemeanors. Perhaps it is just as well that the President is staying peaceably at his summer home instead of mixing with the mobs in this somewhat riotous year. We doubt if anything is gained by Presidential candidates gadding about so much, anyway. Their personal dignity, no less than the respect due to their high position, must suffer necessarily, and their utterances certainly gather no weight from constantly changing environment. It is a bad practice.

Governor WILSON did the right as well as the gracious thing when he curtailed further speechmaking. As a matter of fact, there isn't much more to be said in this campaign. About everything that calls for illumination has been discussed with great thoroughness. If the people don't know now wherein the policies and the candidates differ, they won't know on Election Day. There is nothing new to be brought forward. The issues are perfectly clear, definitely fixed, and, in our opinion, well understood. There is really no need of further threshing and rethreshing.

It is commonly said that never before have so many citizens been undecided at so late a day in the campaign. That may be true, but we doubt if any great number of minds will be changed in the next ten days. If more than ninety-five per cent. are not definitely made up already, we wholly miss our calculation.

Everybody knows that Mr. TAFT has no chance of election and many are aware that he is quite reconciled to a defeat which he believes will be considered as creditable as it surely is inevitable. That leaves the whole matter where it has been from the beginning. The Democrats are going to vote for WILSON. The Republicans have got to decide whether they want WILSON and what he stands for or ROOSEVELT and what he stands for.

That is all there is of it.

Give Him a Rest

CHICAGO, *October 19th.*—The bulletin issued at 6.45 o'clock to-night by Colonel ROOSEVELT'S physicians says:

To-night Colonel ROOSEVELT is fatigued from having undertaken to respond to some of the importunities of his friends.—*Press Dispatch.*

Candidate ROOSEVELT was shot after last week's WEEKLY went to press, and by the time this week's issue comes out he will, we hope, be pretty nearly well again. The abundant comments of the daily papers on this lamented occurrence have not left much for this slower-gaited periodical to say, except to beg the Bull Moose friends of the candidate to give him a chance to recover. What the country is interested in at this time, so far as he is concerned, is his complete recovery. About his views we know all there is to know. About his feelings after the bullet hit him we can wait to hear further at his leisure, getting along meanwhile with that Milwaukee address on which he spent an hour and a half of vitality that should have been saved to help him meet the shock of his wound. But we want his recovery to go right along. Do, somebody, make his importunate friends give him a chance.

Governor Wilson His Own Interpreter

Last week, impressed with the extraordinary excellence of Governor WILSON'S speeches on the trust question, this journal and many others had a try at putting his contention into fairly brief editorial paragraphs. Some of us, we think, did pretty well, but for our own part we are quite ready to admit that since our effort Governor WILSON has done the job a lot better himself. Last Friday, at Wheeling, West Virginia, he spoke this paragraph:

I want to say this about the Democratic party programme: The thing that has created the trusts, that has created the monopolies, is unregulated, unfair competition. If we can only bring it about that newcomers shall have a free field, then we can take care of the gentlemen in the trusts, because then the most intelligent competitor will get the market and the little man can grow big instead of making himself big by the legislation of Congress and by special favors from the government. We can do that by having Federal laws thread all this system of ours with statutes which make it criminal to do what these gentlemen did to build up their monopolies and which will see to it that the men who did commit the offenses have time to think it over in some building from which they will not for some time come out. I am not afraid that the penitentiaries will be crowded. Just as soon as the law takes hold of these things and men are behind the law who want to injure nobody in particular, but to administer justice to everybody, then special favors will be withdrawn and there will be another face upon affairs in America.

Evidently Governor WILSON needs neither an interpreter nor a condenser. All he needs is a reporter—and that people should read what he himself has said. We think that most of those who do will agree with us in the judgment that his handling of the trust issue is easily the masterstroke of the campaign.

Frankness

We highly appreciate Brother MUNSEY'S daring purchase of a New York paper in the face of impending disaster to our beloved country. We enjoy his naïve remarks prompt and early in the morning. What joy, for example, to read his "straight talk" (is that from LAWSON or an advertising agent?) about his new party politics! Listen:

If Mr. TAFT had had this popular following, there never would have been a contesting candidate in the field for the Republican nomination. It is because he did not have it, and because without it it was clear that he could not be elected, that some of us who wanted to see the economic policies of the Republican party maintained sought to put in nomination a man who could be elected.

This is the plain, straight fact about Mr. ROOSEVELT'S coming out as a candidate. Any other version of the matter is without substance or foundation. Make no mistake about this.

In fine, it wasn't social justice or moral uplift or more rest for the farmer or higher swings for the children or woman suffrage or initiative and referendum or recall of judges or any of those good things that impelled the candidacy of ROOSEVELT. It was *the tariff.* That is what Brother MUNSEY means when he talks about "economic policy." TAFT was all right; he would keep the protection wall high up in the air; *but* TAFT *couldn't be elected.* So it was necessary to take ROOSEVELT, who *could* be elected (maybe) and who also could be trusted to maintain the Chinese wall. That is "the plain, straight fact" and "any other version is without substance or foundation. Make no mistake." We won't. We haven't. But how about JANE ADDAMS and the rest of the Christian soldiers who are "following on" and on and on?

News via London

Mr. EDWARD FULLER, "of Providence, U. S. A.," informs our British cousins through the London *Saturday Review* that President TAFT'S approval of the canal bill has evoked "well-nigh universal execration of his spineless incapacity." Ordinarily an act producing such a consequence would be regarded as courageous at least, but apparently that view did not enter Mr. FULLER'S spinefully capacious mind. Anyhow, the *Saturday Review* was glad to get the news.

The Latest

We have received from an alert political observer in Washington the outline of a deep-laid plot to continue President TAFT in office four years more. This is the plan:

1. Throw the election into the House.
2. The House is to fail to elect a President, and the Senate is to make no choice of a Vice-President.
3. On March 3d President TAFT and Vice-President SHERMAN are to resign, and Secretary KNOX is to be sworn in as President.
4. Mr. KNOX is to appoint Mr. TAFT Secretary of State.
5. On March 4th Mr. TAFT is to become President under the Succession Act.

It is all quite simple, and seems all right technically. But for various reasons whose enumeration appears hardly necessary we guess it won't happen.

We Seek an Underwriting

Apologies to Mr. PERKINS! We thought he was a convert like his co-laborer, BILL FLINN, when it seems he has been an angel, and with the angels standing for years and years. The following entries appear upon the list of contributions to the ROOSEVELT fund of 1904, placed in evidence before the CLAPP committee by Mr. ELMER DOVER, who then was secretary of the Republican National Committee:

G. W. P.	$100,000
G. W. P.	250,000
G. W. P. for P. R.	25,000
G. W. P., Committee	100,000
G. W. Perkins	30,000
G. W. Perkins	5,000

We take the liberty of adding these sums. The total is $510,000, invested by Mr. PERKINS away back in 1904 to make this dismal old country fit for his little ones to live in.

Subsequently Mr. BURDETTE D. TOWNSEND, special assistant to the Attorney-General, filed a report with his Corsican chief recommending that the Harvester Trust be prosecuted as a combination in restraint of trade. He wrote:

I find that it has maintained a persistent campaign to destroy competition, not only in harvesting implements, but other farming implements as well, and that its obvious purpose is to monopolize the trade in "everything that the farmer buys."

Thereupon the Attorney-General started in to prosecute, but he had no sooner begun than Mr. PERKINS visited President ROOSEVELT and put up such a wail for the little PERKINSES that Mr. ROOSEVELT ordered the prosecution stopped. So nothing was done against the Harvester Trust during the ROOSEVELT administration, although since then the corporation has entered into negotiations with the government for its own dissolution, thereby confessing that it had violated the law.

Of course, neither Mr. ROOSEVELT nor Mr. CORTELYOU ever knew a thing about G. W. P.'s contribution of $510,000. And if they did, which they didn't, LOEB was ready to telephone at a minute's notice that he was present when it occurred, and that consequently it couldn't really have happened at all, because if it had he wouldn't

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have been there except by chance. That settles that.

But there remains that $510,000. Whose money was it? Leaving out the P. R. (initials familiar to the traveling public), and "Committee," we must assume, as Mr. PERKINS indignantly asserts from time to time, that it was "his own." Would it be pertinent to suggest at this stage of the proceedings that a very small additional percentage upon the cost of "everything that the farmer buys" would reach half a million dollars very quickly? And would it be impertinent to recall a recent observation of our own to the effect that it is not Mr. PERKINS, but the American farmer, who is financing the ROOSEVELT campaign?

In any case, do let us strive for a solution of the PERKINS quandary. We may as well admit first as last that it cannot be evaded. It must be met squarely and manfully and socio-justicially. We may assume that the existing PERKINS children are provided for by the *Outlook* fund which we proposed some weeks ago. But there remains the horrifying possibility that he may get some more some time. This is a contingency which must be considered. We have it. Let us underwrite all future little PERKINSES. If it should be decided to raise them on the bottle, let the farmers supply the milk—free of charge. The cost will be trifling as compared with the contributions they have already made to keep the wolf from the PERKINS door, and *it may prove to be a good investment.*

Those are words worth emphasizing. A "G. W. P." who can chip up half a million of "his own money" and call off an Attorney-General while ordering a third cup of coffee for his friend is worth knowing, we tell you.

Come on! Let's do it.

Oscar Will Do It All Himself

"If I am elected your Governor," Mr. STRAUS said, "I will see that there is an amendment to the Constitution which will provide," etc., etc.

Isn't that just the Bull Moose of it! "*I* will see that there is an amendment to the Constitution."

Weary Statesmen

It beats all how our conspicuous statesmen are wearying of public life. Secretary WILSON says he thinks he has done about enough, Secretary WICKERSHAM yearns for the metropolis, Secretary KNOX wants to get back to the golf-links of Pennsylvania, and even Ambassador WHITELAW REID is beginning to hear the call of his native land. Oddly enough, they all fix March 4th as the date which would suit them to return to private life. Secretary KNOX, however, qualifies his announcement by saying that he "will adhere to this determination unless a deadlock in the election of a President or Vice-President should cause the duties of acting President to devolve upon him." It is interesting to note that this possibility sticks in the Secretary's mind. Moreover, it is important for others to recall that that is what is likely to happen unless WILSON gets a majority in the Electoral College. Upon the whole, wouldn't it be better to let KNOX go with the others, as per their polite requests, on the 4th of March? Surely we can get along somehow.

A Lack of Understanding

I went to work when I was a young lad, and never had the advantages of a college education. I am wondering if this is the reason why it is impossible for me to get any clear idea of what Governor WILSON means by what he says in his speeches.—Mr. PERKINS.

No, that is not the reason.

A Pregnant Fact

In reply to a letter which a Western reader wrote inquiring about the mental atitude of the East as regards WILSON, HARPER'S WEEKLY says:

"There is no apprehension whatever in this part of the country of unhappy consequences ensuing from Governor WILSON'S election. . . . Nothing will happen here when it becomes known that WILSON has won."

And yet Colonel HARVEY is asserting something which is not susceptible of demonstration. He is predicating his prediction upon an assumption concerning the truth of which he knows absolutely nothing.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

No, we're not. We are basing our judgment upon the renewal of activities cited by President TAFT himself—a most significant manifestation of confidence in the very face of Mr. WILSON'S practically certain election.

The Wrong Ox

Hooray for ROOSEVELT! We take back all we have said. He does want a square deal, after all. We were disappointed at first that he seemed to find no words with which to express dissatisfaction with the decision of the California Supreme Court ordering the names of TAFT electors off the ticket. With what joy, then, do we perceive this head-line in the papers:

INFAMY, SAYS T. R. OF THE DECISION.

And then we read these strong and heartfelt words:

It is impossible to protest too strongly against what is literally the infamy of this decision. It is an attempt to beat the cause by trickery and chicanery because those who inspired the attempt know that they have no chance of success in a fair and open fight.

The Republican State Central Committee and the reactionary court are counting upon the hope that individually men and women will not take the trouble to write in the names of the Progressive candidates on the ballot.

But wait a minute! They were Republican, not Progressive, names that were ordered off the tickets. Pshaw! It isn't California at all. It's Idaho that he is talking about. Not a word about California. So, alas! there is nothing to do but to withdraw the hooray and take back what we took back.

President Taft and Mr. Bennett

THE New York *Herald* is the greatest conservative public journal in America. It has always been independent and always patriotic. It has been President TAFT'S most consistent advocate and the most effective defender of his admirable works. It says:

Mr. TAFT has rendered to this country a great service. He defeated the Bull Moose in the Republican Convention at Chicago just as emphatically as the more liberal Republicans defeated General GRANT and his triumvirate in 1880. He is now making a splendidly effective and dignified campaign, but so great a patriot is Mr. TAFT that we doubt not, should the danger of the election of the Bull Moose through a division in the Republican ranks become great, he would be the man to mount the loftiest pinnacle of patriotism and self-sacrifice and say to his friends:

Rather than that American institutions be overthrown, vote for Mr. WILSON.

Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT is the most famous journalist now living. He never talks through his hat. He speaks from knowledge. There is no doubt whatever that he presents here an exact definition of the attitude of WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT. He also declares his own position in few but sentient words which should and will wield a mighty influence.

Waste No Ballot

The *Sun,* which has supported Mr. TAFT from the day of his nomination, prints the following from a reader:

I am a Republican, but shall vote for ROOSEVELT, as TAFT can't get elected.

And says:

If this Republican prefers TAFT to ROOSEVELT and the third term with all that it implies in the future of the Republic, but intends to vote for ROOSEVELT merely because he believes TAFT cannot be elected and fears WILSON because of BRYAN, he is contemplating a mighty foolish course of action.

It's in the *Sun;* it's so.

Tossed by the Bull Moose?

The retirement of NORMAN HAPGOOD from the editorship of *Collier's Weekly* has been followed by a discussion between Brother COLLIER and Brother HAPGOOD, considerably extended in the newspapers, as to the reason why Mr. HAPGOOD got out.

Brother COLLIER seems to think it was because of disparity of political intention between him and his late editor, since he was for ROOSEVELT and Mr. HAPGOOD was for WILSON.

Brother HAPGOOD considers that politics had nothing to do with his withdrawal, which he attributes to removal of the seat of editorial authority from the editor's room to the office of the business manager.

This is a painful discrepancy of view, but interesting, and the details of it have made livelier reading in the papers than anything so far about the Balkan war.

Brother HAPGOOD has been a very able and conscientious editor. Perhaps he has been overdisposed to use all his strength, nervous and mental, to blow peremptorily to hell people and things bound to get there in time, and whose immediate destruction was not worth the ammunition expended. But he has accomplished some considerable things, and his efforts have always been interesting to follow.

We regret to have him detach himself from *Collier's,* and offer Brother COLLIER our condolences on his loss.

Please Report Mr. Bird

The speeches of Candidate BIRD of Massachusetts, reported in the Boston *Journal,* are delightful reading. Mr. BIRD complains that the Republican papers don't report his speeches. Then they show bad judgment both as Republicans and as newspapers. For example, we find Mr. BIRD saying at Northampton on October 11th:

I am glad to hear you cheer Mr. BRYAN. He deserves it. For years he has made a hopeless fight for things that are right, and if he was going to be in charge of Mr. WILSON it might be a different matter; but RYAN and MURPHY are the men with whom WILSON would have to trade as President, and that is another of the things which make him impossible.

The same day, apparently in the same speech, he said:

Let the State revoke the license of a paper which fills its news columns with political misrepresentations or fails to represent fairly each political party. If that is unconstitutional, then let us have a State paper, conducted by the State, so that the people may get the truth to guide them in their action at the polls.

Obviously when Mr. BIRD gets the law fixed so that papers can't print political misrepresentations, even the *Journal* will no longer be able to report his speeches. RYAN and MURPHY in charge of Governor WILSON is an original thought, all Mr. BIRD'S own, but the law that is to be wouldn't let it get into print.

The papers, and especially the Republican papers in Massachusetts, ought to report Mr. BIRD while they can. He is too good to lose.

Immaterial

Candidate BIRD formally invites Governor FOSS to unbosom himself to the Massachusetts voters about various things, but especially about the story that he has bargained with Mayor FITZGERALD to send him to the Senate in case the Democrats carry Massachusetts.

What odds if he has? It won't be for long. Doesn't Candidate BIRD'S party mean to abolish the Senate?

Was Dying, Probably

Discussing CHARLES W. MORSE and quoting something said about him in the WEEKLY, the Waterbury *American* says:

This is all right, but it substitutes a new principle in the case. MORSE was pardoned because he was dying, and the implied condition of his pardon was that he should die within a few months after his release.

There was no such implied condition. MORSE has committed no breach of faith by improving in health. The doctors said he was dying, and it is credible he was. When he was released he stopped dying. Nothing is known about MORSE that precludes the supposition that if he had not been released he would have died very soon. Being released, he had other business to attend to and applied himself to it with characteristic resolution.

The trouble with MORSE has been overdevelopment of the will at the cost of the other faculties. His capacity to distinguish between right and wrong has been quite inadequate to the wise direction of his energies, and he has gone headlong and regardless for what he wanted. But when it came to getting well that same will worked, no doubt, to enormous purpose in stimulating his recuperative powers.

Sweetness and Light for Texas

Some years ago, when the late WILLIAM MARSH RICE, of Texas, came to his end, the public got very much interested in the question whether a certain Mr. PATRICK, his lawyer, had killed him, and also in the question whether Mr. PATRICK would get the very considerable fortune of the deceased. The interest lasted a long time, for Mr. PATRICK proved an expert in the law's delays, and got about as many trials as any accused person known to the recent history of criminal procedure. However, whether or not he finally got justice—we believe the last verdict was against him—he did not get Mr. RICE'S money. The public seems to have lost sight of that, but it went on accumulating, and has now finally built a university—the Rice Institute of Houston, Texas, which was opened the other day with excellent ceremonies and before a remarkable company of visiting scholars, in which many foreign countries were extremely well represented. Scientists predominated; as President LOVETT put it, with Texan directness, the institute is going to begin at the "science end" of university activities. Nevertheless, Dr. HENRY VAN DYKE was there

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with a long and full-bodied poem about Texas, and he ended it with a good line—

After the pioneers, sweetness and light!

As yet, MATTHEW ARNOLD and Texas don't seem to go together quite naturally. It's a long way from Oxford to Houston, as it is also from Thermopylæ to the Alamo. But Texans think about Thermopylæ when they talk of its counterpart at San Antonio. True, they account the Alamo feat of arms the greater, and they probably still overestimate area and cotton production as compared with Oxfords and ARNOLDS and sweetness and light, but they mean to have everything before they get through, and the area and the cotton acreage forbid us to disregard their aspirations. Texas is so big that it is important to learn she is less content with bigness than she used to be.

But No Consumptives Wanted?

Still, Texas *is* big, and far from being crowded. Does not her bigness of itself alone imply obligation as well as create power and opportunity? At a recent census one of her big counties reported only three inhabitants. With that fact in mind, we couldn't help wondering a bit at a recent letter from Governor COLQUITT to Governor DIX, to the effect that no more consumptives should come to Texas, as there is no proper place for them. On another page of the same newspaper we found a moving account by a philanthropic woman of the fight with tuberculosis in the frightfully overcrowded tenement districts of New York City. New York City is only about eighteen miles square, and has over five million people. We will not look up the total of the square miles of Texas, but there used to be a ranch out there nearly as big as Rhode Island.

We wouldn't do Governor COLQUITT an injustice; his letter was not given in full, and maybe he had in mind only the scarcity of properly equipped sanitariums in Texas. There are not enough of them anywhere. Besides, we know plenty of generous and kind-hearted Texans; they are an open-handed people. We don't know that anybody in particular is to blame. Still, it is disappointing that Texas, with her vast plains and dry climate, should seem to say nothing but, "Keep out!" to people who are dying by thousands for that kind of air and room enough to breathe it in.

A Political Record

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

1882—Republican member of Assembly.
1884—Delegate to Republican national convention.
1886—Republican candidate for Mayor.
1889—Republican Civil Service Commissioner.
1895—Republican Police Commissioner.
1897—Republican Assistant Secretary of Navy.
1899—Republican Governor of New York.
1901—Republican Vice-President of the United States.
1905—Republican President of the United States.
1912—"And the Republican party is dead," interjected the Colonel. A sharp cheer went up.—*Press report.*

The editorial and correspondence that usually fill this page will be found this week on page 20.

Campaign Contributions

(FROM THE OFFICIAL STENOGRAPHIC RECORD OF THE HEARING BEFORE THE SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE COMMITTEE ON PRIVILEGES AND ELECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE)

Testimony of George Harvey

GEORGE HARVEY, having been first duly sworn, testified as follows:

The Chairman.—Mr. Harvey, for the official record, give to the reporter your name in full, occupation, and residence.

Mr. Harvey.—George Harvey; editor; Deal, New Jersey.

The Chairman.—Mr. Harvey, you may state what, if anything, you know in regard to contributions made in behalf of any candidate for the Presidency who sought the nomination in the year 1912.

Mr. Harvey.—I know nothing.

The Chairman.—It has been suggested to the committee that early in the candidacy of Governor Wilson you either made a contribution to his campaign or you know of contributions that were made.

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir; I have never made a contribution to such a campaign; I never solicited a contribution; I never was asked to solicit a contribution; I never offered to solicit a contribution.

The Chairman.—Do you know of any that were made to his preconvention campaign?

Mr. Harvey.—No.

The Chairman.—Do you happen to know of any that were made to the preconvention campaign of any one who sought the nomination this year?

Mr. Harvey.—No.

Senator Oliver.—Mr. Harvey, you were active in the support of Mr. Wilson in his candidacy for Governor of New Jersey, I believe, were you not?

Mr. Harvey.—Yes, sir.

Senator Oliver.—After his election and inauguration as Governor, were you not for a time at least rather active in urging him as a possible candidate for the Presidency?

Mr. Harvey.—Yes, sir.

Senator Oliver.—Up to what time did that activity continue?

Mr. Harvey.—What form of activity do you mean, Senator—through my newspapers or personally?

Senator Oliver.—I will let you use your own judgment about that, Mr. Harvey, about what kind of activity.

Mr. Harvey.—I was not active with respect to obtaining campaign contributions.

Senator Oliver.—I mean in regard to your general support of Governor Wilson as a candidate for President.

Mr. Harvey.—In my newspapers I supported him quite strongly until December, some time in December of last year.

Senator Oliver.—Did you not at one time volunteer or take some steps looking toward the rendering of financial support to his candidacy on the part of some individuals?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

Senator Oliver.—There was a wide-spread publication in the newspapers at one time about a proffer of support to Mr. Wilson by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, with which your name was connected. I would like you to give the committee such information as you may have upon that controversy.

Mr. Harvey.—I have no information on that subject. I covered that point in my original statement, I think.

Senator Oliver.—Then your original statement was a direct negative, and I do not wish at all to intimate that there was anything except the truth about that.

Mr. Harvey.—Yes, sir.

Senator Oliver.—Did you have some conversation with Governor Wilson in regard to Mr. Ryan, about Mr. Ryan?

Mr. Harvey.—With regard to a contribution from Mr. Ryan?

Senator Oliver.—About Mr. Ryan. I will come to the contribution afterward.

Mr. Harvey.—Well, I have talked with Governor Wilson, I dare say. I cannot say how many times I may have talked to him about Mr. Ryan. I never talked with Governor Wilson about a contribution proffered by Mr. Ryan, nor with Governor Wilson about my obtaining a contribution from Mr. Ryan.

Senator Oliver.—Did you talk with Governor Wilson about the support to be accorded to his candidacy by Mr. Ryan?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

Senator Oliver.—Will you tell the committee what was the nature of your conversation with Governor Wilson about Mr. Ryan.

Mr. Harvey.—I do not remember whether I ever had any particular conversation with Governor Wilson about Mr. Ryan, although I dare say I have mentioned his name to him.

Senator Oliver.—If you did not have any particular conversation, perhaps you might give what one of the witnesses who was on the stand yesterday could call a general conversation—any conversation.

Mr. Harvey.—That is pretty difficult to do. I never had any conversation with Governor Wilson about a contribution from Mr. Ryan.

Senator Oliver.—Well, I advised you before, Mr. Harvey, that I did not mention contributions in my question.

Mr. Harvey.—But is not that all that is before the committee?

Senator Oliver.—Well, I simply asked a question, and if you decide not to answer it, that is all right.

Mr. Harvey.—No, no; I do not decline to answer any question which comes within the scope of the inquiry, Senator. On the other hand, I do not think I should be asked questions which do not come within the scope of the inquiry.

Senator Oliver.—I would like to have the question read.

The Chairman.—Mr. Reporter, will you read to Colonel Harvey the question asked by Senator Oliver?

(The reporter read as follows:)

Senator Oliver.—Did you talk with Governor Wilson about the support to be accorded to his candidacy by Mr. Ryan?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

Senator Oliver.—Will you tell the committee what was the nature of your conversation with Governor Wilson about Mr. Ryan?

Mr. Harvey.—What was the nature of the conversation? Well, I should have to cudgel my memory, Senator, to recall any conversations I might have had with Governor Wilson about Mr. Ryan.

Senator Oliver.—Well, if you had more than one, we would like to have all of them.

Mr. Harvey.—I do not see how, so far as this Committee is concerned, I can go further than to say that I never talked with Governor Wilson about a campaign contribution from Mr. Ryan.

Senator Oliver.—That is not my question. My question was direct.

Mr. Harvey.—Your question relates to any general conversation I may have had with Governor Wilson about Mr. Ryan. Am I correct?

Senator Oliver.—Connected with his candidacy or his possible candidacy.

Mr. Harvey.—Is that within the scope of the inquiry?

Senator Oliver.—I think so.

Mr. Harvey.—Without any reference to any contributions, after I have made the statement that I never talked with him about contributions?

Senator Oliver.—I will come to contributions after that question is answered.

Mr. Harvey.—Why not come to the point you are leading to, at the beginning?

Senator Oliver.—I am not prepared to argue with you, Mr. Harvey. If you do not want to answer the question, just say so.

Mr. Harvey.—I told you that I would answer any question that comes within the scope of the inquiry. If the Chairman decides that that is, I will try to think of all the conversations I have had. If not, I do not see why I should waste my time or the committee's time.

Senator Oliver.—Read the question again.

(The reporter read as follows:)

Senator Oliver.—Did you talk with Governor Wilson about the support to be accorded to his candidacy by Mr. Ryan?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

Senator Oliver.—Will you tell the committee what was the nature of your conversation with Governor Wilson about Mr. Ryan?

Senator Oliver.—Well, I will ask you another question: Did you ever talk with Mr. Ryan about his possible support of Governor Wilson for the Presidency?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

Senator Oliver.—Mr. Harvey, are you acquainted with Mr. Penfield, who was a witness here a few days since?

Mr. Harvey.—Frederick Penfield; yes, sir.

Senator Oliver.—Did you ever talk with him about possible support?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

The Chairman.—Now, before you leave the stand, I will ask you the general question, so that there may be no omission, whether, at this time, you now recall any conversation or circumstance relating to or bearing upon the subject of contributions to the preconvention campaign of any candidate for the Presidency?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

The Chairman.—To which your attention has not been called and of which you have not testified?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir.

Senator Paynter.—It has been stated to a member of the committee in the last few minutes that you had written letters soliciting contributions for Governor Wilson.

Mr. Harvey.—Not to my recollection, sir.

Senator Paynter.—You never, as you stated before, collected anything for that campaign?

Mr. Harvey.—No, sir. I would even go so far as to say I never wrote such a letter.

Senator Paynter.—Well, if you did write it and did not get anything, the letter would not be of great importance, anyhow.

Mr. Harvey.—It would be to me, if I had written it.

Senator Paynter.—We are trying to find out what money was gotten.

Mr. Harvey.—Yes, sir.

Senator Paynter.—That is all.

The Chairman.—That is all.

(The witness was thereupon excused.)

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HOW GOVERNOR WILSON FEELS

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE PRESIDENCY EXPLAINS A FEW THINGS IN AN EXCLUSIVE STATEMENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

RECORDED BY A. R. PINCI

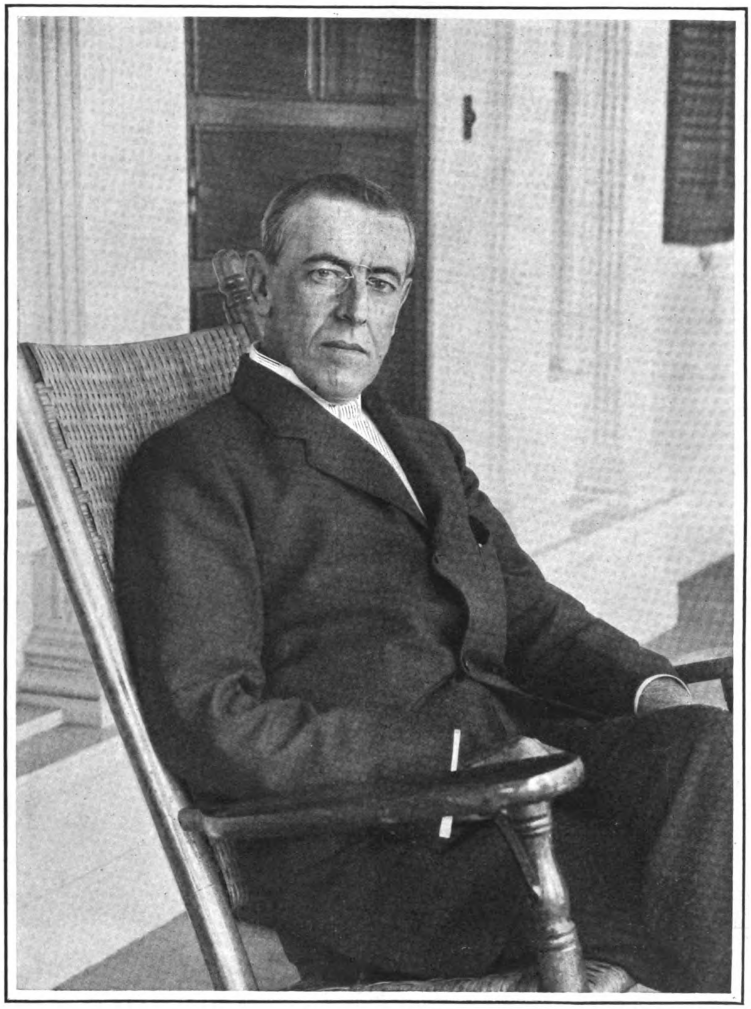
"WHAT I understand from this campaign is that the people are resuming control of their affairs, and what gratifies me more than anything else in going about is that, if I should be chosen President, I will be chosen something more than President. I will be chosen the spokesman of my fellow-citizens as to the way in which our government ought to be conducted. I want, therefore, if I may have the privilege, to interpret their interests in respect to legislation and other questions. I am one of those who are entering upon this campaign with absolute confidence. So far as I am concerned, I not only have not made a promise to any man, but no man has either hinted at or dared to ask me to make a promise. I am free, for that reason, to act as I deem best within whatever authority will be granted to me, and free to hear the counsels of my fellow-citizens."

Thus does Governor Woodrow Wilson, Democratic nominee for the Presidency, begin to sum up his views on the questions of the day affecting his party as well as the people. Governor Wilson readily impressed the writer, who called on him at his summer home at Sea Girt, as a man of thoughtful mien, extremely affable and pleasant behind his countenance made reflective by many years of study; a man who neither seeks nor courts publicity, but at the same time, having nothing to hide or shirk, is ready to speak to the people now that he has been placed by the people in the position where they want to hear his opinions. Governor Wilson's views have been criticized, not so much for what they are but for what they do not seem to be, with an unmistakable inference that he is non-committal and avoids all compromising questions. It does not seem, however, that such is the case, for the views he presents through HARPER'S WEEKLY lack neither directness nor vigor.

"I believe in my heart that the Democratic party is now offering to serve the people. But I cannot put myself at their service unless they know what there is to do—unless they know what the situation is and what it is that we seek to cure. There are certain fundamental evils in our politics, evils which have crept upon us unawares in some degree but, nevertheless, they have come upon us until they have the grip of a giant in maintaining control of the government of this country and of its policy—and those are the evils we seek to cure. The Democratic party has almost everywhere in this country broken its connections with its past and is putting up new men, with the result that men who have long been out of the Democratic ranks are coming back to them, and that men who have never been in the Democratic ranks are listening attentively to see what new things it is that this party purposes.

"Do the people realize that life in America is not the life that it was twenty years ago, nor that of a decade ago? We have changed our economic conditions absolutely from top to bottom and with our economic society, the organization of our life. The old party formulas do not appear in the present problem, the older issues sound as if they belonged to a past age, which men must have almost forgotten. Things which used to be put in the party platform of twelve years ago would sound antiquated if put in the platform now. We stand in the presence of a new age to which we must give the attention of men who know that there is no guidance to be afforded them except their own intelligence and their own conscience, because what makes every man stand erect and feel his manhood is the feeling that he is determining public questions for himself at no man's bidding.

"In how many ways have my views on the labor question been analyzed! But I shall explain—I shall analyze those views for you. It is not possible for me to look at the question of labor separately, as if laboring men did not form a part and the fundamental part of our society, and it is not possible for any other man to do so and still claim to be honest with himself. Why have we a labor question at all? For the simple reason that the laboring men and the employer are not intimate associates now, and the personal equation no longer exists between the two. Modern corporations, system, and elimination of waste have done away with that condition when individual employees dealt directly with individual employer. At the time when this condition obtained were framed most of our present labor laws, all of which, I can safely say, are obsolete. The labor question is a question of society, of how many are going to tackle the tasks and work of the world, and how they are going to be related to it, and what their just reward shall be. As nine-tenths of the men of the world are working-men that society has to protect, society cannot afford to disregard this great group. The evolution of the individual employer into a corporation gives the corresponding right to the laboring men of organizing. I have never found any man who was jealous in regard to the interests of the laboring man, much less jealous of his forming organizations whenever he pleased, for any legitimate purpose. But mere organization is not self-sufficient; organization cannot accomplish what society as a whole can accomplish through appropriate legislation.



Governor Woodrow Wilson

"Closely related to the problem of the wage-earner's lot is business, and closely related to business is the tariff. We all of us agree that the central issue in the present campaign is, as it has been so often before, the question of the tariff. But the tariff, like other things, is not the question that it was a decade or two ago. The change in the circumstances of the world, the development of our enterprises and our own growing importance have all contributed to take charge of the tariff question. The Constitution was drafted in order that there might be free trade between all the States, and that was the object of the power over interstate commerce that was granted to the Congress. And so, because there was domestic competition, it was difficult to answer the arguments of the protectionists, that protection does not directly govern prices and therefore was not directly a burden upon the consumer, because the price was kept down by domestic competition upon the vast scale of a continent. All that, however, has been altered in the last decade. Competition has ceased to determine price. Monopoly in one form or another has taken the place of competition and now, without competition, those behind the high wall of protection are determining arbitrarily what the prices of everything, from foodstuffs up, are to be.

"When I in some degree voice the purposes the

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Democratic party has formed it is simply because I have had a lifelong conviction that a very great wrong has been done in this country by the way in which the policy of protection has been applied to its affairs. What I want to know is which duty and how much of a duty is serviceable to the country, without regard to the doctrine of protection. All good Democrats intend to do that which it is necessary to do for the promotion of the prosperity of the United States. To begin right, to serve the country and nobody in particular. Apply the rule of general interest in the place of the special interest and we take the tariff

Leaving the executive offices at Sea Girt

out of politics. Tariff for revenue only likewise brings the desired result. Now understand me, I am not advocating that we must act without considering, carefully and scientifically, all the vested interests that have been built up. I am making clear the rule under which we must undertake to make the change. What we have to ask ourselves, therefore, is not the principle upon which we are to act, for that is plain. We are to act upon the fundamental principle of the Democratic party, not free trade, but tariff for revenue, and we must approach that by such avenues, by such stages, and at such a pace as will be consistent with the stability and safety of the business of the country. We may prudently bring this tariff down to our children on a proper basis.

"Then there is the relation between government and business, and when we consider that we touch at once the seat of national irritation. Whatever the objections and contentions of business or those behind business, it must not be forgotten that the very thing government cannot let alone is business, for business underlies every part of our life; the foundation of our lives, including our spiritual lives, is economic. Government must regulate business, because behind business there stands the political relationship. It is futile, therefore, to have the politicians take their hands off, in the face of inconsequential as well as serious mistakes. They must go forward whether instructed or not. To-day the business of the United States is not, unfortunately, in contact as a whole with the government of the United States. So soon as it is the matters which now give the people cause for uneasiness will disappear. Business is not in the confidence of the Congress, but as soon as it has general and free access to the Congressional councils, all the friction between business and politics will disappear. It is idle to suppose that there is a malevolent combination somewhere in this country to dominate the government. Whatever regrettable situation confronts us to-day is due to certain processes, now well known and perhaps natural in themselves, bringing about so extraordinary a concentration in the control of business in this country that the people are afraid that there will be a concentration in the control of government. I am not so radical as to say that it is so, but I am ready to be convinced. Let us, therefore, as a party, remove the suspicion of the great body of people in the United States concerning the methods and combinations of business, because business cannot breathe in an atmosphere of suspicion and live.

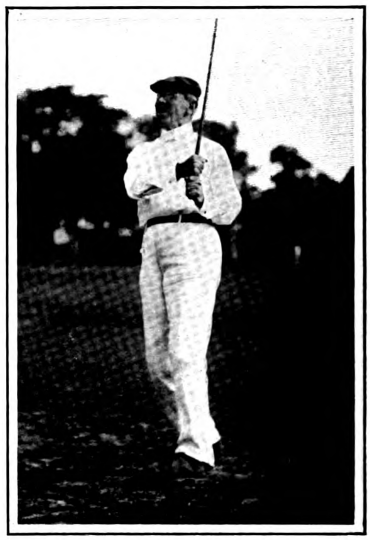
"The majority of us have been disturbed to find ourselves growing poorer, even though our earnings were slowly increasing, because prices climb faster than we augment our earnings. Most of us realize that it is not so easy for us to live as it used to be, since our money buys less than before. Why is that? Because the high cost of living is arranged by private understanding, and the consumers are not considered. Congressional investigations, no matter how incomplete and even prejudiced, have opened our eyes to the real facts—have shown how clearly private understandings have regulated the price of commodities at the bidding of a favored and privileged few. Business system is an excellent system because up to a certain point great combinations effect great economies in administration, but beyond that point it controls the product and its market value. The trusts belong to a very recent and sophisticated age, when men knew what they wanted and knew how to get it by the favor of the government. What is now necessary in order to rectify the whole mass of business of this kind is that those who control it should entirely change their point of view. They are trustees, not masters, of private property, not only because their power is derived from a multitude of men, but also because its investments affect a multitude of men. The trusts determine the development or decay of communities, because in their power there is the means of lifting or depressing the life of the whole country. It is likely that in some cases these abnormal groups will resist the government to the limit of the laws, and for this reason I consider that it is essential in dealing at law with corporations that we endeavor to impose the penalties of the law upon the actual persons who constitute their directors and officers. We ought by this time to have seen the futility and silliness of trying to punish illegal action by penalizing corporations as such. Fines punish the stockholder, while forfeiture of charter and franchise which they are exercising paralyzes the industry. The responsibility for violating the laws or for neglecting public interests ought to fall upon them as individuals.

"So far as the anti-trust law is concerned, it is obvious that it has proved ineffectual, thus making it necessary to supplement the present law with such civil and criminal laws as will effectually punish and prevent those methods, adding such other laws as may be necessary to provide suitable and adequate judicial processes to disclose them and follow them to final verdict and judgment.

"Of course, in speaking of corrective measures to be applied to existing conditions, it is well to say a word about conditions that have not been provided for, to facilitate business throughout our country, and that of our country with the outside world. We have no banking system which enables us to set up a satisfactory exchange with foreign markets. Our national banks are actually not allowed to deal in accepted bills of lading, so that Canadian bankers come down to New York and set up branch banking-houses which can do this absolutely essential function of international trade. . There are going to be, with the opening of the Panama Canal, more carrying problems than ever before, but not in the same parts of the country as before, and yet standpatters are trying to defy a change they cannot stay. These standpatters are the selfsame gentlemen who forget that the Spanish War marked the end of an epoch for America. After 1898 we joined the company of world powers for the first time, and there we have since remained subjugated by the weight of obsolete laws compatible only with our domestic epoch. What nucleus of a merchant marine we had was destroyed. Our registry laws are antagonistic to our merchant marine and operated to take the American flag off the seas. But let us have a great merchant marine, and show the world that we intend to keep up the spirit that has moved us to build the Panama Canal—the spirit of wanting to use that canal ourselves with our own merchant ships. When we need markets, now that we are needing them, we have not the hands with which to reach out and take them. We must revive our merchant marine, and to enlarge our commerce we must add to our present post-office service a parcels post as complete as that of any other nation.

"It seems to me that a pressing problem in America is the question of conservation, not so much as regards what remains unwasted of our resources, or preservation and more economical use of our water power, but I mean the preservation of our energies and of the genius of our people. We owe it to future generations that we should not waste or destroy our resources, and we owe it still more to future generations that we should not lower the vitality of our working-men and working-women, check the vitality of our children, and demoralize the processes of our life at any point. We have been a spendthrift nation and now we must do more than husband what we have left. We must hearten the people with opportunity, because this is the constructive work of government.

The Governor in his study



When Governor Wilson relaxes

"There are many other duties which the Democratic party has shown itself ready to take up, and I frankly say that no other platform has given this intimate vision. We are after realizing our purposes in action. But there is something greater than action, and that is the spirit that lies behind it. I consider this to be a year and a period—a most exhilarating period in consequence—of renaissance of American impulse for right government in politics. That impulse will not spend and exhaust itself upon a single program and a single platform; it will go on until American citizens have recovered control of their own government. We want to recover the fundamental processes of America in an age when it will be a greater achievement to recover them than it ever could have been in any preceding age.

"I know from personal acquaintance with scores of politicians that there is nothing they would welcome so much as the liberty of representing their constituents and not representing a political machine. For this reason I am proposing to the people of the United States the government by the people of their own affairs through persons of their own choice. I cannot make too clear that what we are in pursuit of in this campaign is the purification and the rectification of our policies in those respects where they have become obscure. I do not doubt the result, and I believe I know, by now, the spirit of the American people. I believe that one need only point out to the people of the United States the moral issues that lie at the basis of all other issues, and that when these have been so pointed out every pulse in their manhood will quicken, and that they will rise in response, in that old spirit, which will make possible a new Declaration of Independence, the creation of a new nation.

"We are not attacking men, we are attacking a system. The men are, most of them, honest. The great majority believe that in serving their own they are serving the interests of the country at large. Their conception of prosperity is that it will best proceed and gather under their own management. They are willing that the people should share in it, but it must originate with them and be under their experienced control. So it devolves upon the government to point out the right way. Hence our objects as a party—my objects as a spokesman for the people. I take these objects to be to open up all the processes of politics—open them wide to public view; to make them accessible to every force that moves, every opinion that prevails in the thought of the people; to give society command of its own economic life again, not by revolutionary measures, but by a steady application of the principle that the people have a right to control such matters. Americans are an eminently just and intensely practical people, who do not wish to lay violent hands upon their own affairs, but who claim the right to scrutinize them, and whenever necessary, to readjust, purify, rearrange, without destroying or even injuring the elements, but filling their altered combination with a new spirit. This is the task of the Democratic party."

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MR. TAFT ON THE ISSUES

THE PRESIDENT DISCUSSES THE SITUATION TO-DAY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" IN AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

RECORDED BY A. R. PINCI

PRESIDENT TAFT goes on record, in this interview, on a different angle from his usual official or formal explanations. He answered the questions put to him by the writer, ranging the entire cycle of public affairs, whose development the President analyzed freely and unhesitatingly. It was the hour previous to the last Cabinet meeting, at an official period, a political time and hour of the day when Mr. Taft's time is least his own—the psychological moment, so to say, in his day's work when his utterances are most subject to public scrutiny and criticism.

"The trust question and the tariff seem to be the two crucial questions during the present campaign. Each has been yielded first place, according to the point of view. Criticism has not been wanting as regards my attitude toward the tariff and the trusts, and politically I am attacked on the plea that I have tried to criss-cross my former views, my former promises, my former actions, when, as a matter of fact, my views and promises and actions are always the same. The conditions existing to-day, so far as the trusts and the tariff are concerned, are no more and no less than what the people wanted, because such conditions have sprung from the operation of laws which the people authorized. It is the laws' operation that has dissatisfied the critics, who perhaps had expected different things or did not clearly understand the provisions of the statutes. If the laws and their operation disappoint the people, they are the ones who can change them, not I. I was elected President to administer the government according to the laws the people had authorized—not those I desired. In the latter respect I can say that wherever I believed it necessary to supplement, for the good of the people, any existing laws, I recommended further legislative changes, and beyond that I could not go.

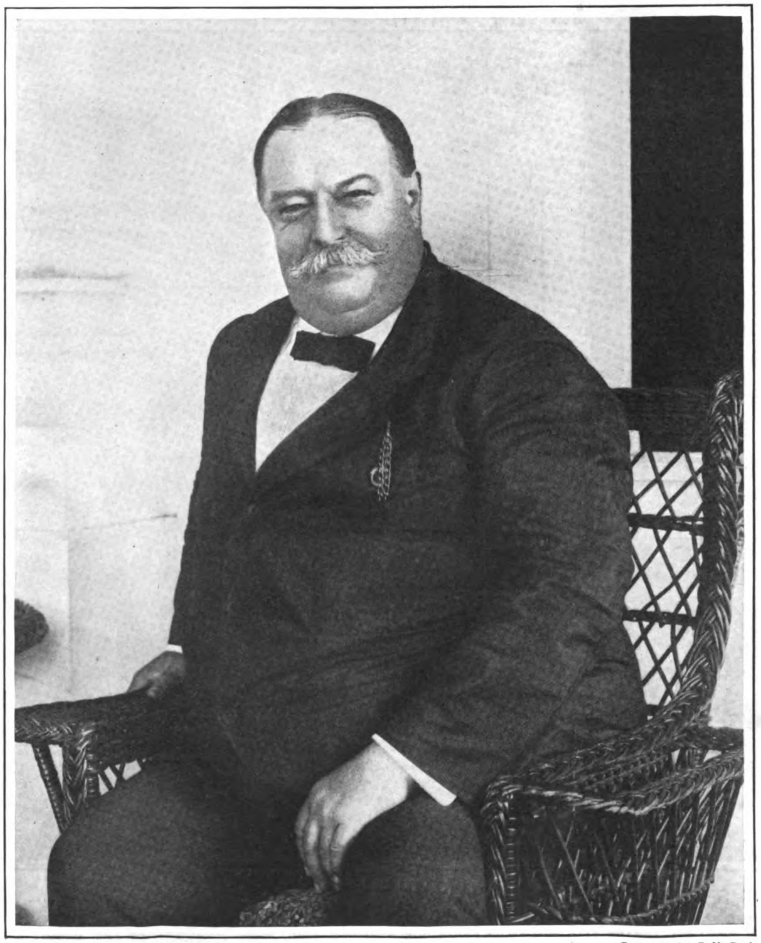
"We hear a great deal about the ineffectualness of the suits instituted by Attorney-General Wickersham against the Standard Oil Company and the so-called Tobacco Trust. Have they proven ineffectual? I say that their effectiveness cannot be disputed. Let us see what those suits have done for the common good. First, they have forced the revelation of the exact financial and commercial attributes of both of those bodies, which hitherto had been kept secret; second, they have forced a dissolution of the parent company and authorized, in its place, a number of smaller and independent companies; third, we have restored competition, in this instance, in two commodities; and last, but not least, business has not been disturbed or injured. Those are four viewpoints susceptible of further analysis. It may be argued that the mere knowledge of the companies' respective financial affairs is of little or no pecuniary advantage to the people in general, but it must be remembered that, advised as to the commercial and financial operations of those two bodies, the people are in a better position to contend, if need be, against them and to regulate them. Substitution of independent companies has been characterized as ineffectual because the value of the stocks and bonds of those companies has risen, and this augmentation of value is pointed out as a *proof* of failure on the part of the administration, which is also wrong, because, on the contrary, it shows the people themselves have been so satisfied with the outcome that they have gained more confidence in those companies and thereby automatically feel correspondingly eager in purchasing their securities, and the brisker the bidding the higher the market. In the third instance, we have restored competition, which is doubted in certain quarters, on the assumption that certain commodities have risen in price. This rise probably refers to crude petroleum, which costs more to-day than it did before the Standard Oil dissolution. It is true that the latter company was enabled to sell oil at a lower price than it is obtainable for to-day, but let us look into this deceptive matter. The price has gone up, but the increase is paid to the producer and not to the trust. Competition in the process of obtaining the raw product forces the independent companies to bid against one another to obtain their raw material, whereas before the companies bought at their own price and in a measure placated the people by selling the finished product for less than its market value to-day. Yet the independent producer was complaining because he had to submit to the terms of the trust or be shut out. Competition, coming so suddenly in an industrial field that hitherto had been dominated by an inside group of capitalists, has had the effect of bringing higher prices, but by a natural law competition will, in time, lower those prices, either to their former level or a lower one, to say nothing of the decided advantage of a more equitable distribution of profits and currency. Nor has it been a mean accomplishment, that of engineering legal action against those two organizations without in the least disturbing economic conditions, and we must not forget that not so very long ago complaints were rife that the Attorney-General's suits-at-law in these instances would bring ruin.

"I am aware that the current beneath all political agitation is a voice criticizing me because I approved the Payne-Aldrich tariff. The platform upon which I was elected President contained a revision plank, and I committed myself to it as intending downward revision, as I stand thus committed to it now. But so long as we carry the tariff into politics, or politics into the tariff, it cannot be hoped to solve this great economic question. I succeeded, so far as such things are possible in actual practice, in removing political influence from an economic subject.

"One of my first official acts as President was to call a special session to consider the question of tariff revision. The result of this session, which began in March and lasted into August, was the enactment of the Payne law. That law provided revision along protective lines. In its making Congress did not have the advantage of reports from a non-partisan body showing the exact facts as to cost of production here and abroad. If it had had, the bill would have been constructed on a better basis.

"The statistics of the three years of the Payne law show that there was a substantial reduction in many schedules. The law provided for future revision by giving authority to the President to create a non-partisan board of experts to make a world-wide inquiry into cost of production and to develop and systematize other tariff data. Under the operation of the Payne law, prosperity has been gradually restored since the panic of 1907. There have been no disastrous failures and no disastrous strikes. The percentage of reduction below the Dingley bill is shown in the larger free list and in the lower percentage of the tariff collected on the total value of the goods imported. The figures show that under the Dingley bill, which was in force 144 months, the average per cent. of the imports that came in free was in value 44.3 per cent. of the total importations, and that under the Payne bill, which has been in force 35 months, the average per cent. in value of the imports which have come in free amounts to 51.2 per cent. of the total; that the average ad valorem of the duties on all importations under the 12 years of the Dingley bill was 45.8 per cent., while under the 35 months of the Payne bill this was 41.2 per cent., and that the average ad valorem of the dutiable imports under the Dingley bill was 25.5 per cent., while under the Payne bill it was 20.1 per cent. In other words, considering only reductions on dutiable goods, the reduction in duties from the Dingley bill to the Payne bill was 10 per cent., and considering both free and dutiable reductions, it amounted to 21 per cent.

"I have not abandoned hope for the two-battleship programme. The Congress has authorized one ship, planning to make it the largest and most powerful Dreadnought—larger than any built or planned by any other nation. It is not unlikely that the other



Mr. Taft's latest photograph

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battle-ship will be authorized at the next session, when the termination of political turmoil incidental to election year will pave the way for greater legislative deliberation.

"The plans for an army reserve, already made clear in HARPER'S WEEKLY by Secretary Stimson, provide for the development of an excellent army adapted to old-time conditions into an equally good army to meet present-day—and future—needs. Our nation is growing fast—faster than many seem to realize—and the confines of the United States proper do not form the limit of our defensive needs. It seems only yesterday that the Panama Canal was first discussed;

Mr. Taft in a persuasive mood

yet how few to-morrows are there before the canal will be a reality in every-day use!

"The Panama Canal will mean unbounded prestige for our country. In building it, we have built for the world. We welcome the world to its use upon its completion, but it is our property and we must not alienate, in any way, our ownership of it. My message the other day suggested that Congress embody in our canal legislation such phraseology as to show that there was no desire on the part of the United States to repeal the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, or to violate its provisions. I think the importance of our standing before the world as being anxious to give all nations an opportunity to appeal to the courts in case of any grievance, and to test it judicially, is an earnest of our good faith in keeping our treaty obligations. It was important that this attitude should be made clearly known, not only to avoid any justification for criticism, but also because certain distinguished lawyers in the Senate and House believed the British Government was right in contending that the exemption of the coastwise vessels of the United States from tolls, and the imposition of tolls on vessels of all nations engaged in the foreign trade, was a violation of the treaty.

"Needless to say, the canal will open to our commerce—or rather, will enlarge our markets, especially on the western coast of South America. Our trade opportunities there are boundless, and the Department of State is rapidly extending the zone of sales fields there in behalf of American business.

"It is to be regretted that the Department of State is repeatedly criticized for its activities, with the claim that diplomacy and business do not mix. Never has our importance in world matters been greater than it is to-day. It is growing every day in a normal, well-directed manner. How has this improvement been accomplished? Through our State Department, but not by means of Black Cabinet diplomacy of historical fame, but in an open and aboveboard way, and from the standpoint of business and equal rights.

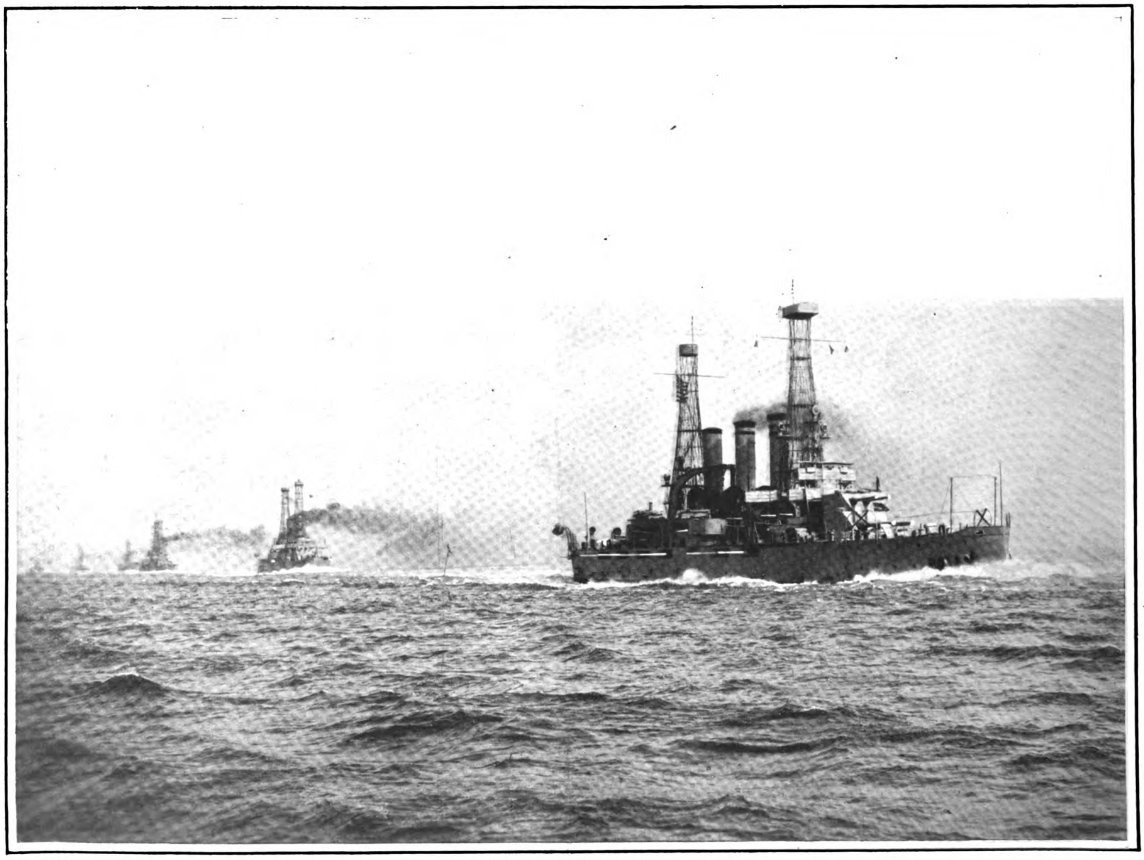
"Criticism because I have refused to embroil our government with the Mexican situation has been frequent. As the border line is all that geographically separates the two countries, it is to be expected that isolated cases of citizens of the United States suffering wrongs shall reach public attention. Yet that should not let jingoes influence us into a war.

"Any tendency that leads a people of our influence and strength and wealth to become hot-headed and prone to violence must be checked, and it cannot be checked too soon. If we ever engage in a war it cannot be a petty war, a struggle resembling a guerrilla warfare, but one of those prolonged and perchance bloody battles whose end is almost impossible to foresee. Jingoes, instead, believe that all we must do is to display sufficient military action to cower the other nation into submission. They do not believe an actual real war is ever necessary for us.

"The pressure for intervention at times has been great, and grounds upon which, it is said, we might have intervened have been urged upon us, but this administration has been conscious that one hostile step in intervention and the passing of the border by one regiment of troops would mean war with Mexico, the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, the loss of thousands of lives in the tranquilization of that country, with all the subsequent problems that would arise as to its disposition after we found ourselves in complete armed possession.

"In order to avoid the plain consequences, it seemed the course of patriotism and of wisdom to subject ourselves and our citizens to some degree of suffering and inconvenience and to pass over with a strong protest and a claim for damages even those injuries inflicted on our peaceful citizens in our own territory along the border by flying bullets in engagements between the governmental and the revolutionary forces on the Mexican side. It is easy to arouse popular indignation over an instance of this character. It is easy to take advantage of it for the purpose of justifying aggressive action, and it is easy to cultivate political support and popularity by a warlike and truculent policy, but, with the familiarity that we have had in the carrying on of such a war in the Philippines and in Cuba, no one with a sense of responsibility to the American people would involve them in the almost unending burden and thankless task of enforcing peace upon these 15,000,000 of people fighting among themselves, when they would necessarily all turn against us at the first manifestation of our purpose to intervene. I am very sure that the course of self-restraint that the administration has pursued in respect to Mexico will vindicate itself in the pages of history.

"I look with confidence to the result in November, but, whatever the outcome may be, I am thankful for having had an opportunity to do my best as an American citizen upon whom was bestowed the greatest gift of a nation, and to that nation, and the people that compose it, I am indeed grateful."



SHOWING OFF OUR NAVY

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THREE WAR VESSELS, INCLUDING "DREADNAUGHTS," BATTLE-SHIPS, CRUISERS, GUNBOATS, SUBMARINES, TORPEDO CRAFT AND DESTROYERS, AND NAVAL MILITIA SHIPS, MAKING THE MIGHTIEST ARMADA EVER ASSEMBLED UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG, WERE MOBILIZED IN THE HUDSON RIVER ON OCTOBER 12TH, GAZED AT AND VISITED BY THOUSANDS OF NEW-YORKERS, AND REVIEWED BY PRESIDENT TAFT. THE VESSELS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ARE, FROM RIGHT TO LEFT, THE "VIRGINIA," "NEBRASKA," "IDAHO," AND "NEW JERSEY."

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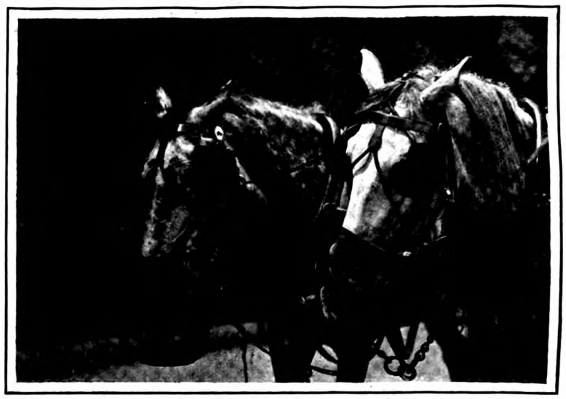
INTERVIEWS WITH SUCCESSFUL MEN

BILL TURK—TEAMSTER

By ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPH TREIDLER



I FIRST met Mr. Turk—or, rather, I first met his horse when it suddenly thrust its head through the window of a street-car, right beside me. Unwonted presence of mind, plus a slightly educated horse sense of my own, caused me instantly to seize the animal's nose—in a grip that would shock the A. S. P. C. A.—and to address him repeatedly as, "Ho, boy!" The next moment Mr. Turk's weatherbeaten face was confronting mine through the jagged aperture, and he was adding his stentorian soothings.

"Hold him tight, friend," he called to me, and then, seizing the hook that every teamster carries on his shoulder, he deftly knocked out all the fringe of menacing glass from around the horse's neck. Between us the poor beast was quickly extricated.

Outside was the usual excitement. Genuinely interested, I pushed through the crowd and up to Mr. Turk, who was making a hasty examination of the horse's injuries. These were slight, we found, and by common instinct we drew horse and truck out of the turmoil and up to the curb. There a new ring formed, while conductor and motorman gathered names and addresses.

"Now, leave me out," said Mr. Turk, when he was approached. "All my fault. I won't make no trouble."

"But we got to prove up," protested the conductor, "or else get suspended without pay."

"You can prove your car was standin' still; ain't that good enough?" thundered Mr. Turk. "My fault, I say—and that goes. The company can afford to pay for the window light, can't it? Well, I can afford to fix up the horse. That's all the harm done. We don't want no law-suit. Now, be on your way."

"Here," I said to the conductor, "take my card. If you get into trouble, I can testify that the driver admitted it was his fault."

Satisfied, the car crew returned to business, the traffic tangle disintegrated, the crowd fell away and left Mr. Turk, the horse, and me alone in the dusk.

"You done just right, friend," said Mr. Turk, turning to me; then after a searching look, "Well, if you ain't the fellow that grabbed Tom's nose on the inside o' that car. Say, you're all right. Guess I've took up enough o' your time for one day. Just get out your pencil and take down my address, so, in case the company bothers you, you can turn 'em loose on me.

"Oh, I won't have nothing else," he went on as I demurred. "I ain't tryin' to get out of anything. But this ain't really nobody's fault. There was a bad mix up there at that corner. I see a chance to cut across, and starts. Then I see the car comin' and pulls up, maybe a little late, but at that I'd cleared it if she'd only kep' on movin'. In cuts another truck in front of her; car stops short; bang goes old Tom through the window. Tom here gets off with a few scratches, car loses a light o' glass. I call that breakin' about even.

"If I'd put up an argument, they'd been here yet, and maybe we'd all had to go to court and lose more time than the whole thing is worth. Easiest and best way is to drop the whole business. But you know what a car company is when they start in to investigate. You see the name of the principal firm I haul for is on the side of this truck. They got that all right, and the company'll have a man down there bright and early in the morning. He'd cost me half a day if he had my name, and you bet he won't get it from the house. They don't want their deliveries held up. Well, when the company finds that I own this outfit and the conductor didn't get my name, they'll suspend him, unless I said it's my fault. Now they'll come around to your office, and when you say you heard me say that, they'll know they got a witness in case I make any trouble. Well, I won't, and the whole business will drop right there. That is," he added, "if you don't object to that much bother. Otherwise, you've got my number."

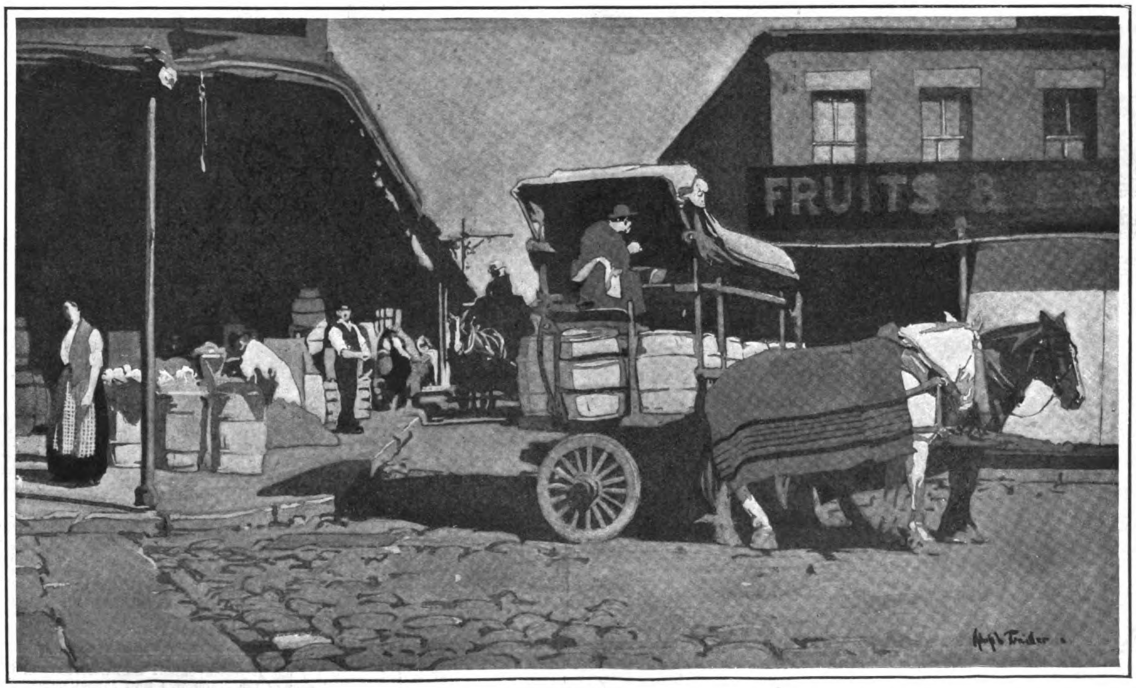
I assured Mr. Turk that my views of the expedient coincided with his own, and that I would be glad to do my part. So, with a hearty hand clasp, we parted in mutual esteem.

It happened that Mr. Turk and myself and Tom the horse all resided short distances apart within a narrow and old-fashioned area of the town, so it was not strange that, returning from work one evening, all three should meet again. This time it was I that was cutting across a busy corner. I dodged dangerously under the nose of the horse and, turning in safety on the curb, recognized both him and his master. Mr. Turk gazed at me unknowingly; I think he was preparing to address me profanely when I called him by name. With a gesture of greeting he pulled in, got down and shook me by the hand.

"That's one on me," he said; "you'd got a good layin' out if you hadn't spoke when you did." Then, after I had stroked Tom's nose, Mr. Turk insisted that we invade Mr. Cornyn's near-by emporium for a little potable foam.

"Tell you the truth," he continued, "the eyes ain't as good as they used to be. If they had been, I guess that accident wouldn't have happened the other day. Believe me, I've been drivin' a truck more'n forty years, and that's the first time I didn't see anything comin' my way in time to dodge.

"Hold on," he added, judicially; "guess I'll have to take that back. I was goin' up Fifth Avenue one day, drivin' slow, and just as I started to turn off into a side street—bang! a coach locks its hind wheel with mine. When the coachman got his horses quiet, I pulls out and up the side street, and he follows me up. He'd took off a step and got his door scraped up good and plenty, besides shakin' up the lady inside. I knew he wanted to square himself, and by rights I ought to have looked behind before makin' the turn. But I thought he could afford to get a call-down



"I used to drive for a commission house when I was a young fellow"

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better than I could, so when he starts in on me I come back at him good and strong. Out gets the lady, and I took off my cap and explained matters to her very polite and nice.

"'You see, madam,' I said, 'I was drivin' close in to the curb, and naturally I couldn't see out of the back of my head. The law says loaded vehicles must keep over to the curb and I couldn't get further out of the way than that.'

"The coachman tried to put up an argument then, but she cut him short. 'The man is perfectly right,' she says; 'drive on, James.' And she gets back in the coach, I shut the door for her, and James drives on, shakin' his fist back at me. The best of it is, I wasn't loaded, either—speakin' for both me and the truck. I might have been star-gazin' or had spring fever, or else I'd looked behind—something wrong, anyway. But a little politeness certainly goes a long way with the ladies."

He radiated the health and energy of a man of forty-five. He was tall, stalwart, standing straight as Apollo, whether on his truck or off it. His talk was tinctured with a native philosophy that could be called nothing but American. He had, indeed, been born such before immigration began to introduce race prejudice into our industries.

"You must have learned your business pretty young," I said.

"Fourteen years old when I first climbed a truck for the old man. He was a carman before me, and I'll be fifty-eight years old next month. That's goin' some, ain't it?"

"You must have liked the business," I said.

"It's a tough life, any way you look at it," soliloquized Mr. Turk. "And there's plenty of things to make it tougher than it ought to be. I used to drive for a commission house when I was a young fellow. On the job to hook up at three in the morning, and then over the ferry and around to the freight-yards to get the fruit and vegetables; back again to make deliveries. Between two of those freight-yards there's a long dark stretch of road, and some pretty hard gangs hang out there. They'd strike you for a couple of heads of cauliflower or a few boxes of berries, and it always paid to hand out. If you did, they'd go pretty easy on you, but if you got chesty they'd get together and hold you up for half your load some night. If you tried police protection—well, you'd be marked all right and they'd lay for you and get you sooner or later. Same thing's goin' on to-day there. That's a kind of graft a driver can't help, and, things bein' what they are, it saves money and trouble all around.

"That ain't sayin' nothin' about drivers graftin' on their own hook, and there's plenty of them," continued Mr. Turk. "It's easy enough to cop a turkey out of a barrel and sell it to some saloon for a raffle. Or maybe you'll meet a milk wagon on the ferryboat, and there's a lot of things can be stowed in an empty milk can. I know one milk-driver that did a nice little commission business of his own for a few years, and lots of late commuters got bargains till he was caught. There's plenty of 'em comin' and goin', and sometimes they last so long it 'd surprise you.

"See that fellow down the end of the bar?" he continued, lowering his voice. "Well, he's nothin' but a skell."

I demanded a definition.

"Never hear of Skelly's?" asked Mr. Turk. "One of the best-known joints where they sell a drink of liquor for five cents. Well, a skell is a fellow that stops in places like that to get a shock. In the trucking business he's a driver that works when he needs the money, lays off when he's got it, and lays low when he gets caught in something crooked till he can pick up another job with some house that ain't on to him. This fellow here had got mighty near round the circle when he gets a truck to drive for a big concern. They found he wasn't steady, but they were holdin' him down because he was cheap. The way I come to know him, they stable a couple of their teams up where I do. Well, one day a case falls on his leg. Didn't hurt him no more'n it hurt me. He wins a cold thousand dollars out of 'em. How does that hit you? If he'd been an honest man, he wouldn't have got a cent. All I said to him was, 'That thousand 'll just about kill you when you get it.' Can't let the powder alone," he added, pointing significantly to a decanter near by, marked Old Reliable Rye.

"Believe me," he continued, "it's a wonder there ain't more tough mugs in the business, at that. If a good, strong, honest lad starts out drivin' a truck nowadays, and wants to make something out of himself, do you know where he ends up? In the Fire Department. There's always room for a good, husky, young truck-driver there, because he knows horses to begin with. Then a lad that has to wrastle cases on and off a truck don't need any physical culture to come up to the rules.

"I'm pretty handy with the hook myself," commented Mr. Turk, "but there's some science into it, too. I'm not fond of swcatin' any harder on the job than I can help. There's some drivers that think they ain't workin' if they don't put all their muscle into it; they never find out how to balance a case. A friend of mine was laid up for three weeks once and I took his stuff, a load a day from a wholesale house, 'way up to a brewery. When I backed up the first morning and began to waltz those cases across the floor and onto the truck I see the shipping clerk open his eyes. I got up to the brewery and found that Jim, my friend, had been takin' the stuff off on skids to the sidewalk and then jackassin' it up an incline into the main floor. I didn't like the looks of that, so I nosed around and found out that the cases had to be moved by the brewery men from where Jim landed them over to a freight elevator. I could get pretty near that if they'd let me drive in to the platform where they load beer on their wagons. I made 'em a proposition that I'd take the cases over to the elevator if they'd let me unload at the platform. Well, those brewery boys drink too much beer all day long to be fond of shiftin' heavy cases, so they took me up. I had the stuff right off on the level and across the floor in no time, and I made the whole trip every day in half the time it took Jim. They got onto that down at the wholesale house and offered me all their truckin'. 'Course I couldn't take it. I put Jim wise how he could get it by using a little management, but he couldn't see how he could do any more work by doin' less. After a while he lost the house anyhow, and I guess it was my fault for bein' too quick at their work. But how was I to know?

"'Course, there's some start in with some education and a good business head to begin with. But they don't stay drivin' a truck. I know a young fellow got in the business for his health. He was a shorthand writer or somethin' and the doctor told him he'd have to work outdoors or else get planted pretty soon. He borrowed money to get a single truck, and he wrastled stuff for more'n a year. Then he got business enough for another truck, and pretty soon he seen he could do better by hirin' drivers while he stayed inside to run things and keep books. He's got thirty thousand dollars invested in that business now, but at that he ain't makin' any fancy profits.

"You got to get next to politics to get them. When I was a young fellow I used to run across a greenhorn from the other side, drivin' a little dirt-cart. He couldn't write his own name, and I used to think he was thick. Well, say, about the time I started out for myself, so did he. But he wasn't a truckman no more. 'Contractor' was painted on the side of his cart, and he was gettin' city jobs. There was some prizes in them, believe me. He's got about the biggest haulin' business in town to-day. Speakin' of prizes, about the best he ever pulled off was when they were buildin' the subway. He gets the contract to haul the dirt away. Most of it was rock blasted out. Did he dump it? no. He hauls it to a vacant lot up-town, puts in a stone-crusher, and when they wanted broken stone for concrete work he sells that stone back to the city and gets paid for haulin' it again. How's that for drivin' loaded both ways?"

"And you've been driving for forty years," I mused.

"Too long, ain't it?" commented Mr. Turk. "Looks kind o' like I lost out somewhere along the line, eh? Well, I don't figure I ever lost anything I didn't have. I lost the old woman ten years ago. I had her all right enough till just the year before we was to celebrate our silver weddin'—married when we was kids, you know. Well, my old man never wasted much schoolin' on me when I was a boy, and the wife kept me from playin' politics till it was too late. So I kind o' drifted along drivin' a truck. Me and the old woman was contented, and when she went the kids was all grown, and after that—well, you might as well look for old Tom out there to start somethin'. If you turned him loose now he'd walk right around to the stable lookin' for his oats and a good comfortable stall, and he'd feel strange if he wasn't hooked up to-morrow mornin'."

When Money Talks

By Frank J. Arkins

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD GARDNER

"MONEY talks." The phrase is a true one. It has a wider significance than most people imagine. By "money" is generally meant checks, notes, securities, almost any property of value. Men of money are those that have such possessions in considerable amounts. These possessions are money, because they bring it at the word of command. The money that really does talk, however, is the real money, not its equivalent—the actual silver, gold, and neatly banded packages of bills.

"I did not ask whether it was for sale. I came to purchase it"

In every one who has not spendthrift blood there is a little of the miser. A fascination lies in the currency itself. There are few whom it does not tempt. Bits of paper representing larger sums are far less eloquent than the cash itself. Sometimes clever men get this actual money to talk for them when they are determined to close a deal. They play with the emotions of the seller.

Just beyond the suburbs of a big and rapidly growing American city was a spot that was ideal from the real-estate investor's point of view. It was a compact little farm. It was owned by an elderly widow, who had practically no other property. The farm was only too evidently in the direct line of speedily coming development, and it was the only piece of land for some miles around possible to buy. The farms that surrounded it were held by rich men who intended to wait and reap all the profits themselves.

The elderly widow would not sell. She would not even consider an offer. Agents and principals, the shrewdest men in the business, went to her in vain. They started at $15,000. By degrees and through competition the price offered jumped up to $20,000, $25,000. It soon got beyond that. Before very long the widow had been offered $30,000. A few days later a man in desperation, led by the thoughts that were in every one's mind of immediate reselling in acreage, said he would give $35,000, and talked an hour trying to persuade her.

The efforts were hopeless from the start. The woman did not want to sell. She had lived for many long years on the place. Her husband had died there; she had come to the old farmhouse as a bride. The prices talked made absolutely no impression on her.

Matters had stood in this way for some weeks when an inspiration came to one real-estate speculator. He was a small man, chubby, and of the type that disarms suspicion. He had a wonderful talent for estimating future values, and when the story had reached his ears of the woman who would not sell he had puzzled over the problem. Very quietly he made inquiries about her personality. One day he called into his office a tall, bushily bearded, impressive-looking lawyer friend, who had been in more than one deal with him.

There was a visit to a bank early the next morning, and several big bags went in and were brought out again. They were stowed in the little man's fast touring car, and at the best speed the traffic regulations would permit the car was hurried through the city, out into the suburbs, directly to the farm. In the tonneau, with their feet on the bags, sat the little and the big man.

The old widow did not prove at all difficult to see when the farm-house was reached an hour later. She opened the door for them herself, a plain, old-fashioned figure in a much-washed gingham gown. The two men did not talk beyond a pleasant "Good morning." In a way that was perfectly respectful, aroused no suspicions but simple curiosity, they stepped directly into the sitting-room and over to an old center-table. Without delay they unpacked the bags and took from them rolls of gold and silver, neatly done-up packages of bills. The bags seemed inexhaustible. The two men lingered lovingly over their task. They took out more and more. As if it was the most fascinating pastime in the world, they arranged and rearranged this money on the old round table, now changing the heaps, now adding, now counting, laying carefully aside on near-by chairs the shabby books and ornaments that they might have more room.

To any one it was apparent that a fortune in the actual coin of the realm was now spread out in the little farm-house. The elderly woman gazed at it open-

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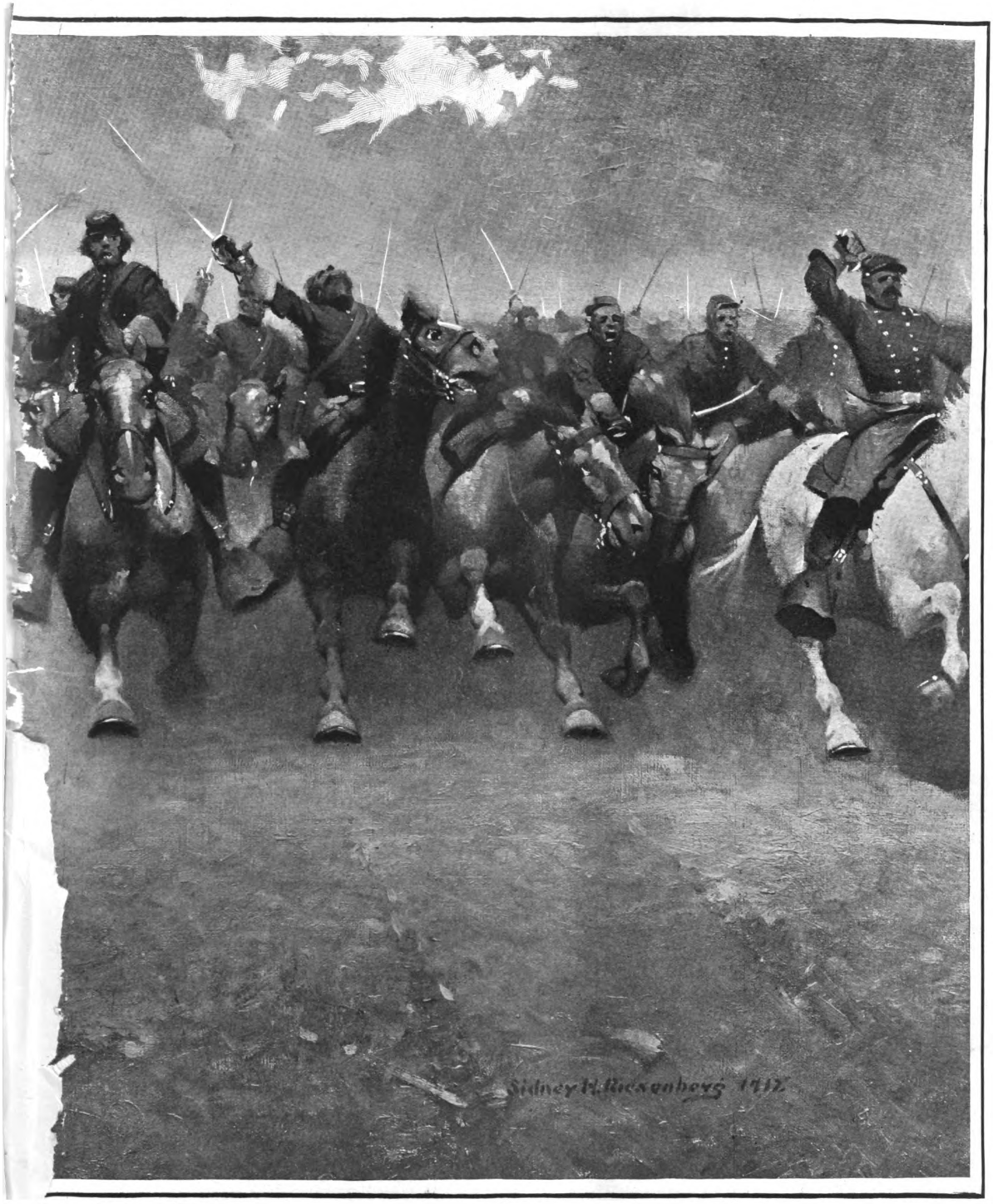

FIVE FORKS

A MOVEMENT AGAINST THE CONFEDERATES, WHO WERE PROTECTED BY TEMPORARY INTRENCH-
HICH CAUSED THEM TO HESITATE. "WHERE IS MY BATTLE-FLAG?" CRIED SHERIDAN. SEIZING IT
S CAVALRYMEN IN A RESISTLESS CHARGE WHICH SWEPT THE CONFEDERATES BACK IN CONFUSION

. RIESENBERG

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THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. L. JACOBS

I SEE it all as plainly as though it were an hour ago. I see my father at his desk, a stooped, thin figure, gray-headed, with a laugh in his eyes. I see my mother standing in the middle of the floor, tall, strong, capable, her dark face flushed up to the roots of her dark and satiny hair. Outside the yellow leaves were falling; the sky was gray, and our six Lombardy poplars looked like six black rods rocking gently against it.

"I begrudge her nothing," said my father, still laughing with his eyes. "She is old now, and I can't think she is happy."

"I would like to force some of it out of her for the children."

My father stopped laughing. "Well, well," he said, in a confused, sad way.

My mother, turning impatiently away, caught sight of me in the doorway.

"Daughter!"

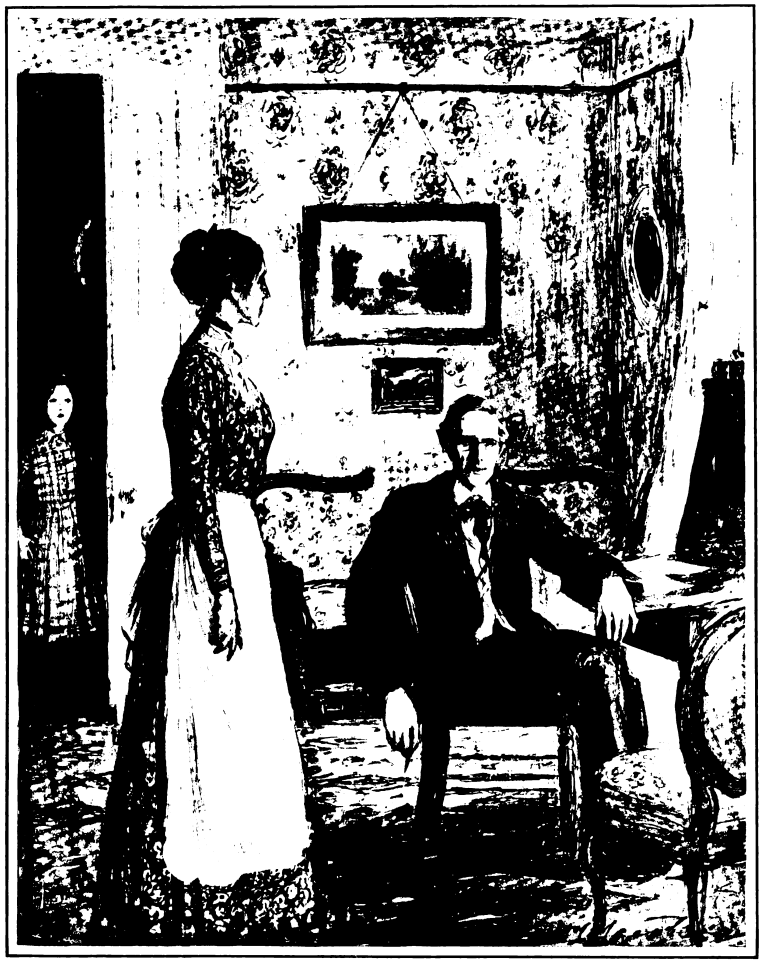
"I'm going! I'm going!" I cried, and I ran down the passage and up the stairs two at a time until I reached the big back room which I hated more than any other in the house. The Prophet's Chamber, my father called it. But I do not know why to this day, although he always looked so whimsical when he said it that I believed at the time that I did. Father was so quick to see things that he almost made you see them, too. The Prophet's Chamber was the place where mother sent Bob and me when we had been particularly trying, and as I had boxed Bob's ears a while ago there were two good reasons—I had boxed them twice—why I should be a prisoner there for an hour or two.

I made a rush for the door, opened it, and tore across the room to one of the two windows, where I flung myself into the great cherry, chintz-covered arm-chair and prepared to be as miserable as a twelve-year-old romp of a child can well be. I hated Bob; I hated mother; I hated the big, dull, old, old room; I hated myself. Bob had gone down to the village on an errand; I could see the red of his cap along the gray road. He had not begun the quarrel, and he was quite two years younger than I, it is true, but mother loved him better than she loved me—so I said to myself—and was only too glad to send him away from the scene of the fray. I hated her for that.

The room was big and dull and old, old. There were three chairs on one side and two on the other, all with cherry frames and upholstered with the same pattern of chintz, white with little green and pink roses trailing over it, and a blue butterfly hovering here and there among the blossoms. There was a table, and in a corner a superbly carved bookcase over which hung a portrait of a young girl.

Everything was in exquisite order; even the darn in the faded carpet looked like a piece of cobwebby lace. I kicked the mended place with my rebellious heels as I sat there, and I hated the room more than ever. Then I hated myself. We were so poor. There was not a house in or out of the village where such scrimping and saving went on, such patching and turning and going without this and doing without that. The red dress which I wore on Sundays had been two colors before that, and mother never bought a new one for herself except a five-cent calico for kitchen-work. As for Bob and father, they were the poorest looking of us all, for Bob's trousers were patched from top to bottom, and father, except for the fact that he wore his darned and shiny things like a lord or duke, appeared almost a beggar.

It was our poverty which had brought me into trouble. I had said: "I wish I had some new ribbons—pink ones would do. I wish we were like other people." Mother had only looked at me, as she always did when I talked in this fashion, but Bob, who was helping me wash dishes, had sniffed. It made me wild when Bob sniffed, for his nose went up in such a curly, significant fashion—and so I had boxed his ears. As I sat up there in the Prophet's Chamber, kicking my heels against the darn in the carpet, I wished that I had boxed them harder.



"I would like to force some of it out of her for the children"

But presently my mind went back to the conversation which I had overheard on the way to my prison. What had father meant by saying he "begrudged her nothing"? And whom had he meant? And why had mother seemed so impatient at his answer, so displeased, I might say? I had heard it in the tone in which she called to me a moment after. I thought and thought about this until my head ached, and then, although I could not have told why, I left my chair and walked over to look at the picture which hung in a corner of the room. It was the portrait, as I have said, of a young girl. Her face was plump and her eyes blue, and she held a bunch of roses in the hand which was pressed against her bosom. She was not pretty. I saw that at once, as I had seen it a hundred times before, but in spite of my youth I could see that she was something else, something different from other people, something hard, bold, unwavering. Her blue eyes—and they were very blue—stared down into mine with a directness which was almost brutal. I went back to my seat and put my aching head in my hands and wished that I had slapped Bob harder.

But all at once—and how well I remember it! I remember it as though it were an hour ago—I heard my name called. I looked up and saw out in the gray and yellow world a little old woman who beckoned and beckoned to me. She stood at the big clump of box down at our garden gate, and because she was all in gray, even to the hood which she wore on her head, and because she was so lone and appealing, she seemed part of the fading day and the autumn weather. I ran out of the room, and down-stairs, and out into the garden, and the little old woman pushed past the clump of box and out the clanging gate and up the gray road away from the village, and I knew that she wished me to follow. She walked steadily, but with a sort of soft swiftness that carried her over the climbing grass-thick track without a sound. A strange exhilaration possessed me, like that which comes when I listen to wild, sad music, or talk of great bygone men and towns and of battles dying out by misty shores. I had never been on this part of the road before, as it led up through the abandoned farm lands—big, lonely tracts with broken-walled pastures here and stretches of thick, sloping woods there—and was rarely traveled except by a market wagon or two on its way to the town ten miles away. It was a climbing road that went up, up into the sky. It was a silent walk. The wind blew the dead leaves about us as we went, and our feet made that steady, soft noise in the grass. These were the only sounds in the whole world. We came to a lane that ran straight to the west and turned down into a hollowy land, with the great gray sky before us, and the yellow of poplar-trees on either side—a sober, mellow mingling of tints that was like the light made by a myriad of slowly dying candles. The little old woman never turned to me, but kept on unwaveringly and I followed.

I do not know how long we had been walking, always in that steady, soft fashion, when we came at last to a tall house set a good distance back from the road—a rambling, rather decayed-looking house, gray, too, like the country around it, and with the same yellowing trees standing here and there about. There were six of them altogether.

We went up the broken stone steps and into a wide front room, where there were gay rugs upon the floor and much carved furniture, all of cherry, standing up against the wall, and the glint of brass from shelf and polished table.

The old lady sat down and motioned to me to do the same. As I did so I saw, as in a flash, that the chair in which I had seated myself was covered with a faded chintz, white with little green and pink roses trailing over it, and a blue butterfly hovering here and there among the blossoms. I looked at the lady's chair and saw that it, too, was covered with the same pattern. Then my head whirled, and I felt as I had felt one time when I had bumped it against our kitchen door, and it was like this—that I had bumped

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I thought about this until my head ached

it in just the same way and suffered the same pain a thousand years before.

"What are you staring at, gipsy?" asked my strange hostess.

"I thought nobody had blue butterflies but us." My head was clear again, but I had that strange feeling still, that I was old, old.

She looked bewildered for a moment and then flashed: "They belong to the days of my youth. You'll keep something to remind you of that time some day even if it's only a piece of colored calico." She flashed out again. "What is your name, elf?"

"Mary Venetia Stockett."

"Ma-ry, Ma-ry. There were no Marys in my family."

"After mother."

"And Venetia?"

"It was grandmother's name, and the young lady's in the picture in our back parlor. She's a relation, too."

"And that's all you know about her?"

She was looking at me steadily, steadily, and her eyes were blue, very blue.

"That's all mother told me."

"Ve-ne-tia! Ve-ne-tia! I knew somebody by that name," she said, slowly. "She's dead. She died a long time ago." Then in that slow, inward voice she said again: "Ve-ne-tia! Ve-ne-tia!" It was as though she were ready to laugh and yet ready to break out and cry, too. I was afraid.

"Maybe—maybe," I faltered, "maybe it was better for her to die than to turn out wicked."

"Who said she was wicked?" she flashed, turning her terrible blue eyes full upon me.

I can remember how my voice broke as I answered her. "I mean *my* Miss Venetia. I mean the picture, the picture. She looks as if she could do anything—anything. She's not *your* Venetia."

"Who said she was wicked?"

"Nobody. I just—I just guessed so."

It was so still in that house. The Lombardy poplars outside rocked back and forth, and the sound of that rocking, a high, sad, crying sound, beat against the room like the surge against a lonely shore. Still, and old, old! All the time she sat watching me with her blue eyes. But I was no longer afraid.

"What does your father do, elf?"

"He writes books."

"Oh, I don't mean that. Does he laugh or talk much or dig in the garden?"

"Yes, he laughs. Mother says she don't see how he can when we're as poor as Job's turkey; and he digs the vegetables."

"And what does he say when your mother says that?"

"He keeps on laughing. And then he stops and mother says out loud, 'She should have been handled in the beginning and the truth found out and then you'd have had your rights.'"

"Who's she, Black Eyes?"

"I don't know," I said.

"What has she done, that they talk about her in that way?"

"Robbed them," I said. I remember how sharp and how young my voice sounded in that still room.

"Do they say that?"

"Mother does."

She rose and walked to the end of the room and back again. The wind blew; the Lombardy poplars rocked. And of a sudden I cried out: "You look like her and you don't. I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

She rocked to and fro as she stood behind the carved chair. "Ve-ne-tia! Ve-ne-tia! Young—young! Old—old!"

"Oh, let me go home! Let me go home!" I wailed.

She began walking up and down again, up and down, back to the chair, and then away to the end of the still room.

"I'm afraid! I'm afraid! Let me go home! Let me go home!"

She came and stood directly in front of me.

"Do you know what power is, little Mary Venetia? Power—power?" She said it in such a quick, vital, eager way that it was almost as though she had stamped her foot.

I could only remember my catechism. I began, "The pomps and vanities of this wicked world and all—"

"Yes!" It was like another stamp. "And this Venetia, the one I knew, she's dead. Didn't I tell you she was dead?"

"Yes. Yes, ma'am."

"This Venetia wanted power. She craved for it as you crave for bread, for water, for air. She wanted to rule people and things and bend them and break them. She knew she had it in her; she knew that all she needed was an opportunity. There came one to her hand and she—she took it."

Outside the black trees rocked and rocked.

"She—she took it. She became of a sudden very rich, and went abroad, and traveled, and bought jewels and fine dresses and yards of costly lace. And she became acquainted with great men and great women and she ruled them; she ruled to her heart's content."

She sighed and sighed again and looked old, old.

"Let me go home," I said, humbly. But she went on: "But would you believe, would you believe, little Mary Venetia, that all at once she grew tired of this very power, this ruling of men and women, this buying of jewels and fine clothes? All at once everything went out of her like the puff of a candle. Her money began to burn her hand. It was because it wasn't all hers, you know. She—she—" Her terrible blue eyes stared down at me so that they drove me into speech.

"Did—did—she not rob somebody?" I faltered.

"She's dead. Didn't I tell you she was dead? We won't call her names. We won't be too hard on her. She might get up out of her grave and walk." She was staring straight down at me.

"Now you look like her! Now you look like her!" I cried. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"You must promise to do exactly what I tell you."

"I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

"I will let you go if you promise."

"Yes, yes."

She drew a small, white envelop out of her bosom and held it out to me.

"Give this to your father—your father—mind you."

"Yes."

The next thing I knew I was running, running away from her, and from the decayed old house, and from the Lombardy poplars that rocked back and forth in front of it. I ran out into the lane and up through the gray country and the half dark and into the highroad. And running, running, I kept steadily down it past the old, dim, broken-walled pastures and the dimmer stretches of woodland straight to my father's garden gate. And always as I ran I was afraid.

My father was standing there by the clump of box.

"Child, child, where have you been?"

I stopped panting and put the letter into his hand.

"She said to give it to you. I promised. Oh, I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

And then I can remember that the clump of box began to turn round and round like a spinning-wheel, and that I was drawn into it and whirled to left and to right to the sound of roaring waters. This is the end of my story. But my father has another ending which you may find in his diary under the heading, "An Account of a Mysterious Happening in the Stockett Family."

"About dusk of a certain day in October, the 31st of October, to be exact, my daughter Mary came running down the road toward the house much shaken and out of breath. She handed me a letter. I opened it and read:

"'I have divided all that I possess into two parts and made one over to you. As I have prospered exceedingly during the twenty years since we last met, I think you have more than I robbed you of in destroying my father's last will. I hope it will bring you more happiness than it has ever brought me.'

"There was no signature, but I recognized the writing as that of my half-sister, Venetia Stockett. Children of the same father and of different mothers—of two sisters, however—there had never been any love between us; there could not have been, so far apart were we in years, character, and ambition. Left by my father's earlier will—made in a fit of spleen on his part—the most of his money and estate, she had had no intercourse with me, the lord of a dilapidated house and a depleted purse, for twenty years. A black trick had she served me. My father had not forgotten me, after all.

"But had she come down to our house in the dusk of October 31st and lured Mary Venetia to her own home twelve clear miles away? Or had she met Mary Venetia somewhere along the road and there given her the letter? How had it happened, then, that Mary had described so exactly the room in my father's old house and identified the little old woman with the portrait hanging in the Prophet's Chamber? Over and over again had she done this in the delirium which followed upon her strange adventure of that autumn dusk.

"We had found my sister's house locked and barred on the following day, locked and barred as though against a horde of highway robbers, and giving every evidence of having been in that condition for many a long week. There was no one in sight. The next day there came a great check from my sister's lawyer. But when we questioned him he was as dumb as the grave. It is now twenty years ago. But was she there that October dusk? What was it that happened on that Eve of the Ghosts? Let some one who is wiser than I answer the question."

The little old woman kept on and I followed

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Interludes

WHAT WORRIED HER

THERE was evidently something on Mrs. Nerviss's mind. For several days she had been very much preoccupied, and finally Nerviss himself, fearful that he might in some way have been the cause of it, made certain subtle inquiries designed to clear the situation up.

"How's the new cook getting on, Maria?" he asked, as a feeler. "Does she—does she seem satisfied with her place here?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Mrs. Nerviss. "She remarked only yesterday that she had never lived with such nice people as we are, and she said she felt like one who had traveled far and found her home at last."

Nerviss resumed his newspaper. It was not a domestic difficulty certainly that was so depressing his good wife, but this was not particularly reassuring, for he now came to have an uneasy feeling that he was himself the cause of her troubles. So he began again, resolved to take the bull by the horns.

"I hope you didn't mind my coming in so late from the club last Tuesday night, Maria," he said. "One o'clock is an unholy hour I know, but, really, I couldn't help it very well. You see—"

"Not at all, James, dear," the good lady answered. "I think it is a good thing to do once in a while. If there is one thing in the world that I should hate more than another it would be to have your friends think you were henpecked. Really, I was glad you stayed as long as you wanted to."

Nerviss drew a deep sigh of relief. That little poker game was not the cause of her worry, and in all other respects his conscience was clear. So this time he plunged in boldly.

"Then what is the matter with you, Maria?" he demanded. "You can't deceive me—you've got something on your mind. You are worrying about something."

"I certainly am," said the lady, her voice tremulous. "I am very much worried. Do you think the people at our bank are honest, James?"

"Why, certainly," laughed Nerviss. "Whatever made you think they weren't?"

"Well, something very strange has happened lately," said Mrs. Nerviss, "and I think you ought to look into it. You know you have been giving me my allowance lately in ten-dollar bills, and I have been depositing them at the bank."

"Yes, I am aware of that," said Nerviss.

"Well, somehow or other I don't like the looks of that receiving teller, James," said the lady, "and so for the past three weeks I have been putting my initials on every bill deposited, up in one corner, and yesterday, Mr. Cleaver, the butcher, in cashing a twenty-dollar check for me handed me one of those marked bills!"

"Well, suppose he did?" demanded Nerviss. "What of it?"

"What of it?" echoed Mrs. Nerviss. "What of it? Doesn't that prove that those bank people are letting other people use my money?"

It was at this point that Nerviss was attacked by a violent spasm of coughing, which, in her description of it later to the doctor, Mrs. Nerviss declared was so like a laugh that at first she thought her husband had suddenly thought of something funny.

SOME HALLOWE'EN SUGGESTIONS

THE pranksome spirit that is ever abroad on All Hallowe'en makes a good many things that under ordinary circumstances would hardly be considered *de rigueur* quite *au fait* upon that special occasion. Wherefore if you must transfer the swinging mahogany

THE RAILROAD-BUILDER

THE HELPING HAND
(FOR MEN OF AFFAIRS)

doors from the Anti-Prohibition Club on the corner to the gate-posts of the Carnegie Library two blocks farther up the street, Hallowe'en is a far better time to do it than on the fifth of November, for instance,

AN ALPINE ROMANCE

"AH, THAT SWISS MAIDEN'S YODEL AGAIN—CLEAR AS A BELL!"

when the police are not likely to be so pleasantly disposed toward the floating population.

An interesting Hallowe'en preventive in a town where the children have a habit of making the night hideous by ringing the church-bells, is for the sexton to fasten the bell-rope securely to the floor, leaving the bell itself in a completely inverted position, and completely filled to the brim with a mulch of sawdust and liquid tar, so that at the first attempt to loosen the rope the mulch will descend upon the willing little workers in the lower part of the belfry.

A pleasant little trick for a vigilance committee to play on Hallowe'en in a Prohibition town is to take the sign "Gasolene Sold Here" from the front of the public garage and fasten it over the front door of some leading physician who has become noted for his first-aid-to-the-thirsty work in your midst.

In practising the good old-fashioned prank of filling up a long black stocking with flour and hitting chance wayfarers on the back of the neck with the resulting weapon, be very careful to use the flour in its original form and well sifted. A Weehawken man, last year, made the serious mistake of filling his stocking with his wife's tea-biscuits, with the result that the first person he hit with it was knocked senseless, and subsequently had him arrested and fined $100 for assault and battery.

A fine spectral effect for midnight can be secured by locking a half-dozen mice, or two large rats, in the grand piano, and placing a long fat bolster, tied about the middle with a string, and wearing a linen duster and a beaver-hat, in a sitting posture on the piano-stool immediately in front of the key-board. A single glance at an object of this kind in the light of a rising moon is likely to have a reformative effect upon a husband who has preferred celebrating Hallowe'en at the club when he returns stealthily in the quiet of the midnight hours.

In cities where pumpkins are scarce and nearly as costly as a Canadian melon at Christmas-time, an excellent and comparatively inexpensive substitute for the ordinary Jack o' lantern of commerce is to take the gold-fish globe, and give it a coating of gilt-enamel paint—the same that you use on the piano-legs and your andirons—painting in the eyes, nose, and mouth with shoe-polish. This with a lighted candle inside is quite as effective as the old-style Jack and vastly more fire-proof. The gold-fish can be temporarily stowed away in your father's derby-hat, provided it is heavily lined with water-proof satin and has no ventilating holes in the top.

While bobbing for apples is still *de rigueur* in the remoter sections of the country, a more strictly utilitarian form of the pastime has been introduced in other sections by the substitution of cakes of laundry soap or golf-balls for the apples. In some quarters considerable merriment has been added to the ordinary stores of mirth to be extracted from this diversion by using rubber balls made to resemble apples, and filled with cod-liver oil, or pumped full of air, so as to explode with a startling but harmless report when bitten.

BEDRIDDEN

"YES, ma'am," said Harry the Hobo, "I know I look like a strong man, but out of my fifty years of life I've spent over sixteen years in bed."

"Why, you poor man," replied the lady, sympathetically, handing him a quarter. "What has been the trouble—paralysis?"

"No, ma'am," said Harry, "jest a reg'lar habit of sleepin' eight hours a day, ma'am."

A LENIENT JUSTICE

"BUT look here, Judge," protested Willoughby, "how could I know about your regulations? I didn't see a sign all the way over from Yarrowby to Rockville."

"They's suthin' in that," said the judge, "so I'll let ye off for costs. Thutty dollars, please."

"Thirty dollars?" echoed Willoughby. "How do you figure out the costs at thirty dollars, I'd like to know?"

"Why, it 'll cost all o' that, mister, to hev them signs painted an' sot up," said the judge.

EXPLAINED

"So your engagement to Miss Jorrocks is broken?" said Dubbleigh.

"Yes," sighed Higgins. "Her mother said she was a first-class cook, and I saw at once I'd never be able to keep her."

"H-M! I SEE WHY HENRY WANTED TO GO TO NEW YORK TO SEE THE HORSE SHOW."

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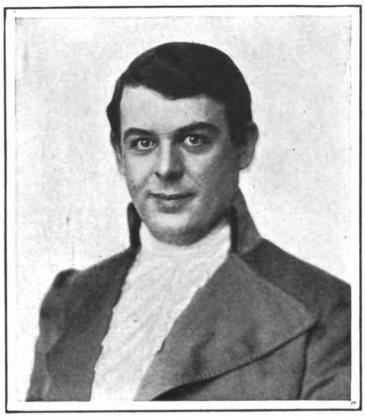
Joseph Santley and Dolly Castles in "The Woman Haters"

Scott Welsh and Octavia Broske in "Oh! Oh! Delphine!"

One of the elaborately spectacular scenes in "The Daughter of Heaven"



Fiske O'Hara in "The Rose of Kildare"

Oswald Yorke (left), Alfred de Ball, Doris Keane, and John Barrymore in "The Affairs of Anatol"

Rear row: Beth, Mr. Lawrence, Hannah, Mrs. March, Louise, Amy. Front row: Mr. March, Jo

The courtship of Meg (Alice Brady)

TWO SCENES FROM THE DRAMATIZATION OF "LITTLE WOMEN"

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Of Voluntary Suffering

THE thinker in his search for truth swings like a pendulum to the limit of his mortal conceptions, from one extreme to the other, while the exact mean never gives him pause. Just now we are going through a religious reaction. The old formulas, we clearly see, no longer express the truth of life to us, and the pendulum with backward impulse swings beyond correction to contradiction.

Not so very long ago, contempt of the flesh—of the mere solid matter of life—was the chief mode of the spirit, until suddenly the ear bent to the world-thought began to hear all the master voices saying and singing that the soul was as much in need of the flesh as the flesh of soul; "nor sense needs soul more than the soul needs sense." Doubtless scorn of anything is mistaken, and one of the most ancient and eternal truths is contained in the saying that even God "scorneth a scorner." And yet the results of wholly losing sight of the one time scorn of mere mortality are not confirming. It was by way of being a good basis for much virtue and growth. Who cannot say to himself that it is shame for the soul to give way before the body loses the greatest incentive to fortitude and courage, and for human life these are great assets.

In a recent article in one of our daily papers a lady cites her own tragic case and begs those who read it to interest themselves in getting a bill passed for the legalized killing of incurables. The case is a most tragic one; the suffering described seems unnecessary and almost intolerable, and yet, when all is said, the most tragic part of it all is that the spirit is conquered. The answers to the plea have been twofold: that the right to kill, once legalized, would be too dangerous a power to intrust to any; and that the world is not yet civilized enough to have a law such as that. In both cases, however, the answer but means that the sufferer must dedicate her anguish to the good of the many—that she must accept it for the safety of the race. A third answer might be that there is "no pain the body suffers that the soul may not grow by." It sounds heartless to mention it, and yet the witness of life confirms the statement.

It is this last aspect of the case that our anti-religious swing of the pendulum has thrown out of sight. Physical pain can be used as a means to growth! Pain may seem intolerable, indeed, and yet be the very barrier against which the will to endure, the spirit of overcoming, strengthens itself. For the will to accept and understand, to grow brave and strong, dare not fail so long as the body can endure. There is among the *agrapha* attributed to Jesus one which runs: "They who wish to behold Me and to lay hold on My Kingdom, must receive Me by affliction and by suffering." None can escape pain; whether we will or no, it pursues us, and who lives must taste of the bitterness of frustrated desire; the travail of creation and the sorrow of change and loss and death; but only he who in submission tries to understand and transform enters by such means into the Kingdom. Spread before our eyes always are the alternations of light and darkness, the exultations and depressions of the spirit; the joy of increase and the tragedy of decay and being human we must learn of both. How otherwise may a man know himself strong except he shoulder a cross and carry it; unless he test his endurance by deprivation and hidden agony?

The question of this admission of pain into the world and its justification in the scheme of things arose in the case of an old colored mammy. She was a very unusual example of her race, well educated and clever, a great reader, a lover of travel, and, what is perhaps the rarest of all things in her race, an agnostic. She could not forgive the Fate that had made her of despised clay. She resented her race and its limitations; she resented her color and her position in life; she was rebellious and hungry for fullness of life and joy, and yet without hope. She suffered intensely when the little white children, to whom alone she could give unlimited devotion, because they did not know her limitations, grew up and left her. She never fell in with the spirit of events, and lived a fierce rebellion against the scheme of the universe in which she seemed always cast for the part of victim. Finally she was attacked by a long and painful illness which lasted nearly a year and which she knew from the beginning could only end in death. The doctor who tended her came to her mistress and said that there ought to be some legal way of putting a person out of such prolonged suffering when death was inevitable, and of saving others the expense and waste of energy involved in the care of such cases. And yet, visibly and definitely, the spirit grew through that long illness. Rebellion became submission and deeper understanding, resentment changed into patience and gratitude. She literally grew to see that the tenderness and love so freely showered upon her, the appreciation of her many virtues and capacities, were gifts of the highest value. Now if consciousness does grow when brute matter decays, then the consciousness of the old colored woman was a more useful and beautiful possession than the suffering she had undergone. But even if one lay aside the hope of the persistence of consciousness when the brain gives way, human life itself was more precious, more worth while for the slow transformation of values that went on in that old woman's mind.

It is this that in our modern materialism we are losing sight of — the value of pain as the soil of virtue; of patience, submission, fortitude, courage, faith in our power of transformation. Even if man is the measure of all things, even if he alone gives values, the fact remains the same, they who would conquer the highest spiritual kingdom cannot drop the cross. They must learn that the life is not in the letter but in the spirit; not in the event, but in what one makes out of the event.

In the church, patient suffering used to be considered an offering to God, and in the poetic diction of one of the most poetic races it was a means of "making the soul." If we discard as unreal the kingdom of God outside us, we may yet use suffering as an offering to the God within, to the higher humanity that will not bow to fear or difficulty or pain.

Though a man travel to the ends of the earth by sea and by land, though he see all the evanescent pageantry and glory of the world, there remain to him only, in the end, the thoughts he has garnered and used; and he is in himself only what he has truly perceived and lovingly understood.

What, indeed, is that humanity worth that will cower at pain and be willing to end all the myriad chances of this intellectual being for the sake of ease? We risk meeting pain at every turn we take; every struggle we begin; every affection we accept. It is man's prerogative to laugh at danger, to hold cheap each strain, to set against the contrariety of circumstance, the perversity of matter, the limitation of mind, his own unconquerable will.

Correspondence

WHITE ESKIMOS AND THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

NEW YORK, *October 14, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—On the morning of the 16th of July, 1821, Captain John Franklin (later Sir John Franklin) saw a party of Eskimos near the Coppermine River in the vicinity of Bloody Fall. The entire party ran away, with the exception of one man who was too old and decrepit to run. Members of Franklin's party on another day saw some other Eskimos on the opposite bank from them of the Coppermine River, and two of these came in canoes near enough so that Franklin's interpreter could speak to them. Franklin says nothing of the physical appearance of these two men, but of the one at whom he got a good look at close range—the old man who could not flee through the infirmities of age—he says:

"The countenance [of this man] was oval, with a sufficiently prominent nose, and had nothing very different from an European face, except in the smallness of his eyes and perhaps in the narrowness of his forehead. His complexion was very fresh and red, and he had a longer beard than I have hitherto seen on any of the aborigines of America. It was between two and three inches long and perfectly white."—(*Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea*, by John Franklin, Philadelphia, 1824, p. 316.)

I read this passage first many years ago, but it conveyed to me then no startling message. So far as the public seems to know, it has carried the impression which the newspapers have lately crystallized into "Blond Eskimo" to no one of the hundreds of thousands of people who have read it, although it could well stand for the description of a typical man of the same region as I have seen them almost a hundred years later. Probably Franklin himself did not realize nearly as fully as we do to-day that he had seen and described an Eskimo who looked as no pure-blooded Eskimo has a right to look. Besides, the science of ethnology and the problems of heredity were not understood even by the scientific men of that time as they are to-day. In other words, Franklin had made a discovery of scientific importance, but no one seems then to have realized that it was a discovery. To-day we see clearly that a discovery has been made, partly because we came in close contact with hundreds where Franklin saw one man only at close range, but more especially because our modern eyes see at once that there is a problem, if not a mystery, in the finding of many individuals with European-like characteristics in a region where we should have expected to find none.

This paragraph of Franklin's own first book disposes of the theory that the blond Eskimo of Coronation Gulf are descended from the survivors of the Frankin expeditions—disposes of it so far as the description of one individual out of a thousand or more can be taken as the key to his people's physical type, for it is fairly clear that an old man who looked "nothing very different from an European" in 1821 could not have his European-like characteristics from men who sailed from England in 1845.

This is not saying, of course, that some survivors of the Franklin expeditions may not have maintained themselves for a while in Victoria Island; that is a question for discussion later, as are the various other theories that may be called on to explain the European-like elements found in the Eskimo population near Coronation Gulf by Franklin in 1821 and by our party in 1910. Had Franklin seen an Eskimo of the Alaskan type he would have thought he looked "nothing very different from a Japanese." He did think that he looked like a European—and Franklin was familiar with the Eskimos of Hudson Bay. His description fits very well many individuals still living in southwest Victoria Island. A few, at least, of them could, if suitably dressed, pass for Europeans either among the Eskimos of Alaska or the Europeans of New York. I am, sir,

VILHJALMR STEFANSSON.

GOOD ROADS AND "HYSTERIA"

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL OLD TRAILS ROAD, KANSAS CITY, MO., *September 10, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As Mr. Richardson's article, "Hysteria in the Good Roads Movement," in HARPER'S WEEKLY of August 31st, had much to do with defeat of the Road Bonds in Ohio, and may also have much influence in the States where bond issues are still pending, it seems to me to need attention. The author gave vent in it to more hysteria than I have seen on this subject. In the first place, he more than doubled the estimated average cost of building roads in this country, and then proceeded to exaggerate every other item to harmonize with such estimate.

Mr. Lincoln, in a speech in Congress on internal improvements and road-building, answered fully this exaggerated bit of road literature when he said, "Do nothing at all lest you do something wrong" is the sum of these objections. "Do not borrow money to put into road-building," says this economist, "because they will have to be maintained or they will disintegrate and fall into decay." This reasoning will apply to a house and to every other kind of constructive work. Of the Seven Wonders of the World, the Pyramids alone have shown no deterioration.

Of course, roads are no exception to the rule of decay, and if they are not worth maintaining they are not worth building. Much is yet to learn, no doubt, in the science of road-building, but we are making great progress along these lines. As to the method of raising the necessary funds, no method more equitable, just, and fair to everybody has been suggested than by the bond method, and the general public can own no better asset than a well-constructed highway. Indeed, the author above mentioned fully answers his own hysterics in his last sober paragraph, in which he says:

"The location, foundation, and drainage of roads may be of a permanent nature if properly carried out, and may be paid for by the proceeds of a long-term bond issue, as improvement in these respects will be a durable one. Too often, however, the foundations and drainage are constructed in an unsatisfactory way and possess no permanency. Should the policy be initiated of providing all our highways with a Portland-cement concrete foundation before expending money for the surface, the States would have an asset to show for the money expended which could be counted upon for many decades, and possibly for a century."

This is an admission of all that any road enthusiast or bond advocate contends for. When the funds are provided for by some fair system of taxation every one is interested in the wise, economical, and judicious investment of the same. This all goes without saying.

The money invested in river and harbor improvements, in railroads, in all public works of whatsoever nature, is just as liable to be misappropriated or to be unwisely applied as money appropriated to the building of roads, no matter by what method the money is raised.

There should be a Department of Roads in every State university, where the science of building roads should be taught. A part of the general revenues of the government should be appropriated to the great trunk-lines of roads, which should be nationalized and superintended by some department of the general government. We anticipate that one of the first transcontinental highways will be the restoration, by and with the co-operation of the States through which it runs, and of the general government, of the old historic Cumberland Road, then connecting on the east with Braddock's Road, and on the west with Boonslick Road and the Santa Fé Trail, as established by Thomas Jefferson and maintained by the general government for more than a quarter of a century. We expect to see it lighted with a streak of electricity from New York *viâ* Washington to the Pacific, and to form one of the greatest and most permanent assets belonging to the people. I am, sir,

J. M. LOWE.

FROM OREGON

ASHLAND, ORE., *September 23, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am subscribing for HARPER'S WEEKLY and am taking advantage of your offer to become possessed of Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People.*

I have always been a Republican, and for many years have been (or was, for I've quit) an active partisan, and have held some positions of trust. In 1880 I was one of the Presidential electors in this State, and as messenger of the electoral vote (for Garfield) carried the same to Washington City. My career is of no consequence to you, but my present determination may be, as I believe it reflects the attitude of a host of Republicans in this State.

We are overrun with a weight of socialistic fads, the major portion of which the so-called Progressive party have appropriated, with the solemn injunction "*Thou shalt not steal.*"

By the mail I send you a book issued by direction of law, by our Secretary of State, filled with the initiative measures upon which the people are expected to pass at the next election. The book contains (including index) 256 pages. All of this the voters are expected to read and digest and, aided by Bull Moose wisdom, to dispose of wisely.

Upon the socialistic turmoil that has been exciting and confusing Oregon for some years, has been superimposed the whirlwind medley of Moosism. It is uncertain how many of our people have gone stark mad, but enough to excite serious apprehension of an insane result in the State. Could I feel sure that Mr. Taft would carry the State, I would certainly stay by my old party and vote for him. As it is, I expect to vote for Woodrow Wilson.

I cannot but feel that Mr. Roosevelt presents the most pitiable spectacle in all history, of an insane, egotistical, riotous ambition running amuck.

Mr. Wilson I believe to be sane, safe, and sound, and in supporting him at this time I am simply adding my mite in helping to avoid a great calamity.

I am, sir, C. B. WATSON.

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Colored Moving Pictures

THE popularity of moving pictures has stimulated investigations in color photography. It was agreed that the public would never be satisfied until scenery and action were depicted in all the colors of life. To supply this demand many films were colored by hand. This method was not only laborious, but was not true to life.

While color photography was being studied, there was suddenly put on exhibition a process that is as remarkable as the moving picture itself, its effectiveness being based on the same principle.

In the moving picture, a succession of views, taken at the briefest intervals, and flashed upon a screen, is presented to the eye as more or less gradual motion, according to the number of projections per second. The same idea is used in the color display. In its simplest performance, the process is as follows: The spectrum—with range of colors from white through yellow, orange, red, green, blue, violet, and indigo to black—is separated into two divisions: orange-red and green-blue. What the spectator would see, if the film were moved slowly, would be first an orange-red picture and then a green-blue one. When the film moves rapidly, the illusion is a scene in all the colors of the spectrum, as produced by orange-red and green-blue and their combinations. This is because of what is known as the persistence of vision, an optical phenomenom that is thus played upon to produce the illusion of color as well as motion.

However, the film itself is not colored. It looks like the ordinary film consisting of blacks, whites, and grays. It is not produced in the usual way, however. In taking the pictures, gelatine color-filters are moved before the film simultaneously with the instantaneous exposures. One snapshot is taken through the red filter, and the next through the green.

The negatives (or the positives, as they must be for exhibition purposes) contain the scene with the color values filtered alternately through red and green. When the pictures are projected on the exhibition screen, another disk of colored gelatine rotates before the film simultaneously with each picture. The color values in blacks, whites, and grays that the filter originally allowed to pass to the film are now flashed back from the film, through the rotating colored disc. The result is a portrayal of motion and color, with some unnatural effects, it must be admitted, as to brilliancy of hue, yet splendid and thoroughly pleasing.

The Hapsburg Lip

IN much of the recent writing on heredity and eugenics reference is made to the "Hapsburg lip" as an example of a well-marked hereditary character in the human race. This characteristic lip is seen in the portraits of the present King of Spain, whose lower lip is rather thick, pendulous, and prominent. This character is first noted in the descriptions and portraits of Frederick III. (1415–1493) and is repeated in the series of generations marked by his son Maximilian I. (1459–1519) and his grandson Philip le Beau (1478–1506). The sons of Philip, Karl V. (1500–1558) and Ferdinand I. (1503–1564) had similar lips. The Spanish royal family received this characteristic through Karl V.

One peculiarity of this trait is the fact that it is almost exclusively in the male members of the family. On the other hand, women of the family who had normal lips frequently transmitted the character to their sons. Thus Maria Theresa had normal lips, but her children had thickened lips. This is not, however, a clear case, since the husband of Maria Theresa, Francis of Lorraine, also had Hapsburg blood through his grandmother, although he did not have the family lip.

The transmission of characters to male members of a family through their mothers, who do not manifest the character in question, is a well-established law for several human traits, such as color-blindness, night blindness, and others.

A Theory About Dreams

As an actual sound, heard by the sleeper, frequently becomes part of his dream, usually ending it, there is a theory that the sound is also the cause of the dream. For example, the ringing of a bell, according to the theory, causes the mind to recede, in point of time, and construct a piece of imagery, or a series of images, coming to a climax and ending abruptly at the ringing of the actual bell. This is difficult to believe, and there is no proof of its truth. There is evidence that dreams occur in much shorter time than seems to the dreamer; yet to say that the ringing of a bell could be both the origin and the final shock of the spectral drama is equal to saying that the play upon the imagination is instantaneous.

In a more logical, though less sensational theory, the dream could be understood as originating without reference to facts or disturbances in the external world. After a series of scenes in the sleeper's mind, a bell rings near him. He receives the impression and associates it with more or less relevancy to the situation at that stage of the dream. It may be that he is dreaming of a man walking along a road. The man on the road goes hither and thither and takes part in episodes that as yet have no bearing upon any fact in the external world. Upon the ringing of a house-bell near the sleeper, he dreams that the dream man rings a dream bell. Thereupon the sleeper awakes. While this is fairly good evidence that the bell diverted the course of the dream from what it might have been, the proof is lacking that that bell is responsible for the complete fantasy.

There is another theory that the mind dreams continuously during sleep and that only at certain intervals is there an effect upon the memory. While this may or may not be true, there is every reason to believe that the sleeper had been dreaming for some time before associating with his dream a sound from reality near him.

Sardines and Pretenders

MOST persons are suspicious of the sardine because, in their minds, it means nothing more than "little fish." There is a vague notion that a certain kind of little fish is intended by the name on the can. Having no data on the subject, the consumer devours the contents of the can and, though enjoying the little fish, is likely to remark that quite likely they are not sardines.

Prior to 1880 picnic parties frolicked and lunched as best they could without the accompaniment of canned sardines. While the industry in this popular food began in France, the word "sardine" is derived from the Island of Sardinia and is contained in modified form throughout most European countries. "Sardine" was the first of Latin names to be used among Anglo-Saxons for the herring. The fish was known to the Greeks.

The technical sardine is not a full-grown fish, but the young of the pilchard, *Clupea pilchardus*. There have been some imitations; perhaps "subtitution" is the better word. The Norwegian brisling, *Clupea sprattus*, of the same family but of different species, is the same fish as the English sprat, with the variations brought on by environment.

The sprat has many points in common with the young herring and the young pilchard and thereby has become the innocent cause of the aforesaid suspicion. The suspicion is well grounded. The sprat is not a sardine. Through no fault of its own, the sprat possesses a rough and somewhat spiny development along the lower or ventral edge, the pilchard and the herring being comparatively smooth. In the can, dressed and preserved in oil, the distinction between young pilchards and young herrings is not conspicuous. In the pilchard the size of the scales is relatively larger. The pilchard has the inalienable right to be called sardine.

Mermaids and Manatees

IN semi-tropical waters of America there disports a member of that family of aquatic mammals to which has been ascribed the mermaid myth. Related to the dugong and the now extinct rhytina, we still have the manatee. This name is preferred by some to manati, under the impression that the latter is the plural of the Latin "manatus" (furnished with hands), though the name is probably of Mandingo origin.

The manatee is a herbivorous mammal inhabiting the shallows about the coasts of Florida, Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies. It is not known to attempt the open sea and does not possess the ability to come ashore. This animal is somewhat whale-like in shape, with a horizontal tail fin. It is from eight to twelve feet in length, the body being scantily covered with hair. The only limbs are the fore flippers, low on the side of the body. This flipper has no fingers; it does possess, though, three flat nails and has a free motion in all directions from the shoulder; the elbow and wrist approximate the human anatomy in movement. With this crude resemblance to an arm the manatee has been said to carry its young. While the statement is not authentic, it is quite believable, its possibility being vouched for by all observers of the arm in motion.

The head of the manatee is divided from the body by a slight indication of neck. The upper lip is extraordinarily flexible—so much so that each side can protrude independently of the other, and, thus separated into two lobes, the upper lip can perform the complete operation of grasping food and conveying it into the mouth. In each jaw are twenty pairs of two-ridged teeth. With this formidable equipment the manatee is not, however, ferocious, but browses tranquilly on the water plants of its habitat. In some views the head is surprisingly man-like, though far from beautiful, and no specimen has ever sat on the rocks and combed its golden hair.

Why Leaves Fall from Trees

To most people the fall of the leaves does not, apparently, excite much astonishment or curiosity. The leaves die, and hence fall; that is all there is about it. But the scientist knows that the proceeding is a highly complex one. In the first place, preparations for the leaf-fall begin the minute the leaf is formed, and in many cases the leaf falls while yet fresh and green. In 1758 a botanist named Duhamel advanced the theory that the change was caused by the rupture of a thin texture between the leaf and the stem. In the middle of the nineteenth century there was discovered, traversing the leaf-stalk and touching the stem, a layer of cork tissue analogous to that of bark on the tree. It was recognized at once as interfering with the continuity between stem and leaf. The formation of this layer, however, is not general, and is not observed in certain ferns, in the beech-tree, the poplar, and many others. Nevertheless, this discovery furnished the key to the phenomenon. The leaf-stalk is formed of strata of cellular tissue. One of these strata hardens and tends to being absorbed, and consequently on one side or on both, the other strata gradually grow together. The leaf then adheres to the stem only by fibrous, woody tissue—that is to say, by a tissue to all intents and purposes dead. This is broken mechanically on the impulse of the wind or under the pressure of the weight of the stem, and makes the leaf fall. These organs have not in them the strength to sustain the cold during the winter, and the tree dispenses with them.

The Danger of Lying in Bed

LACK of muscular exercise is the first result of lying in bed. As a result the appetite is weakened, the digestive action slows down, and the muscles of the stomach and abdomen cease to act upon the intestinal mass. When the body is in a recumbent position the heart works with the least expenditure of effort and the least fatigue, and the circulation and the functional activity are decreased.

But unless the subject is exceptionally vigorous all the benefits are counterbalanced by dangers. In bed, the subject is shut away from fresh air and sunlight. The result of that deprivation is a condition similar to anemia. But the supreme menace to the weak or the aged confined to bed is the clogging of the pulmonary circulation, an action which frequently results in passive congestion of both sides of the lungs. For this reason the simple fracture of a bone may be the cause of death, because when the patient lies in bed there is no movement of the muscles to act as an incentive to deep breathing.

A Babylonian Invoice

THE Academy of France has received the translation of an inscription on a terra-cotta tablet discovered in the ruins of Susa. The inscription is of the nature of an invoice. In it several antique articles are listed: a leather casque, a cow's hide, a kid skin, a bronze helmet, a silver helmet, a hatchet, a bow, and a lance. The inscription gives definite information concerning the quantity of bronze and silver used in making the arms mentioned and makes it a simple matter to estimate the cost of the wool used for the uniform of an Elamite warrior of the great Babylonian period.

The Gold Lions of Peking

FRONTING the imperial palace at Peking are two gold lions of enormous size which, if we are to believe the mandarins, are of solid gold and have been there since time immemorial. When the combined armies of England and France advanced on Peking in 1860 the Chinese painted these statues gray in order to make the Europeans believe that they were of bronze, and therefore to insure against their being melted. Later, during the Japanese War, these lions disappeared for a time, but at the conclusion of peace they reappeared in their original position. The value of these relics is said to be incalculable, and they are in native eyes a symbol of the unity of the Empire.

The Kind of Food a Man Eats

is responsible for a lot of his success or failure.

The brain cannot work clearly when it is distressed with aches and pains—or if it is "logy" from undigested food.

Cut out the fancy "dishes" and "drinks" and try for a time

Post Toasties

—delicious, crisp bits of perfectly cooked and toasted Indian Corn—eaten with cream and a sprinkle of sugar, if desired.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

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Finance

By Franklin Escher

WHAT IT MEANS TO US

THE SITUATION ABROAD AND ITS BEARING ON THE MARKET HERE

AS a nation we are the most self-centered people on earth. We travel abroad a good deal more than formerly and give more space in our newspapers to foreign items than we used to; but, after all, there is little that is really cosmopolitan about us. Most of us can speak only one language and a good many of us don't care a very great deal *what* is happening outside the places where that language is spoken. We realize, of course, that there is a big world outside of the United States; but it is only when something happens that is likely to have some direct effect on us that we can work up any real interest. Then, very often, just because we haven't been paying much attention to these things and haven't got our outside relationships in very good perspective, we "fall down" lamentably in our estimate as to what the effect on ourselves is going to be.

Just that is Wall Street's plight at the present time with regard to this trouble in southeastern Europe. There was at the beginning the same old disposition to disregard the whole thing; but when, one day, on forced selling from Berlin, the entire market was thrown into a state of confusion and the price of one of our leading railroad stocks smashed down over ten points, it began to be realized that something was going on which had best be taken into account. The Street then, and, indeed, a good part of the investment-holding public, quickly enough woke up to the fact that it makes a lot of difference to us how the trouble in the Balkans works out.

With the situation as uncertain as it is at the time of writing, its influence is not easy to gage; but in at least three distinct ways the effect of the trouble abroad is making itself felt in the market on this side of the water. There has already occurred, in the first place, the dumping upon the American market of many hundreds of thousands of shares of American stocks which were being speculatively carried abroad. A severe check has been put, in the second place, to the shifting of loans from our own to the foreign banks, which process has been the one thing which has saved the money situation here. And then, thirdly, by what has happened abroad an end has been put to a gold-import movement which had already resulted in seven million dollars' worth of the precious metal being brought in, and which promised to run up to three or four times that amount.

As to the extent of the sales in this market of American securities which were being carried abroad for speculative account, opinions differ, but every one agrees that the amount has been very large. The beginning of the trouble, it must be borne in mind, found the foreign markets, particularly those on the Continent, in a rather extended state. How assiduous have been the attempts on the part of the great German banks to put a damper on the dangerous flare of speculation at Berlin is well known. But in spite of these efforts, which have gone even to the length of deliberate refusal of accommodation in many cases where there was a suspicion that the money was wanted for speculative purposes, speculation on the Boerse has continued on a large scale. And in Paris it has been the same thing, to perhaps even a more marked degree. Following the settlement of the dispute over Morocco just a year ago, and the consequent release of very large sums of money which had been tied up to await the outcome, there broke out on the Bourse a speculation in Russian and other industrials which has continued practically uninterrupted ever since.

When the situation in the Balkans, therefore, became acute, and the big Continental banks started in to strengthen their position by calling loans, the selling out of speculative holdings on a large scale at once became necessary—"Yankees," as is always the case under such circumstances, being the first to go. There is always a quick market at London in American stocks, which is one reason why they are among the first to be sold. Then, too, there is more or less of a prejudice against them, and the banks are quick to discriminate in favor of home securities, which constitutes another reason. Given a sudden shock to the Paris or Berlin markets, especially at a time when commitments are at all extended, and a heavy selling movement in "Americans" can be counted upon at once to set in.

There is more or less of a market in American shares at Berlin and Amsterdam and one or two other Continental points, but when buying or selling in any great volume is to be done, it is in London that the orders have to be executed. It is there that the big foreign market for our shares is maintained, and it is upon that point that the selling from all over the Continent has been focused during the past few weeks. How great a volume of American shares the "jobbers" of the British capital have been called upon to absorb it is impossible to tell, but certain it is that the amount has been so great that it has been necessary for London to turn around and re-sell heavily in New York. That, indeed, is the secret of the big selling orders cabled to this side from London. London, on its own account, at least up to the time of writing, has liquidated but a comparatively small part of its speculative holdings of "Americans." If big selling orders have day after day been cabled over from London, it is simply that the Continent's sales have been far too heavy for London to take care of and that the excess has overflowed into the market here.

All this selling of securities, important as it is, it is to be noted, concerns itself merely with the "floating" supply—the supply of stocks which is not locked up for investment, but which, now larger, now smaller, gravitates from one market to another. By what has happened so far, Europe's "fixed" investment in American stocks—the several billions of dollars' worth of high-grade shares held abroad in investors' strong-boxes and safe-deposit vaults—has not been in the least affected. That remains just as it is, and will continue so to remain unless the situation becomes a good deal worse. If liquidation in that quarter were once to begin, we should find ourselves face to face with real trouble. But that, fortunately, need not be feared. It is difficult to imagine conditions which would start European investors really selling out their investment holdings of American shares and bonds.

In connection with this first effect of the Balkan situation on the market here, it is further to be noted that the foreign market for new American bonds has for the time being been absolutely destroyed. Before the trouble became acute arrangements had been completed for placing a substantial part of at least two recent bond-issues with bankers on the other side, and this will probably be carried out. But as for the negotiation of any further considerable sales abroad to individual banking firms or syndicates, that for the present, at least, is out of the question. If, indeed, the new bonds which have been sold on the other side since the beginning of the summer "stay put," and in the general liquidating movement do not come home to roost, investment bankers generally will be very well satisfied.

The second way in which the mix-up in southeastern Europe is affecting the situation here is through the check it is putting upon Europe's loans to this market. Not so very many months back it was we who were the lenders, but all that has changed since business here has become active and there has developed a big demand for money to move the crops. Ever since the end of the summer we have been borrowing abroad and on a big scale.

The fact of the matter is that nothing else than this placing of foreign credits at our disposal has prevented the local money-situation from becoming acute. We went into the crop-moving time with the surplus reserves of the banks amounting to practically nothing, and their loans expanded to the greatest possible degree. The regular seasonal demand for currency set in, and it became necessary to do something to keep reserves from falling below legal requirements. That meant one thing, and one thing only—that the banks must at once call in loans and so reduce their deposit liabilities. But that, unless the loans called could be placed somewhere else, meant forced selling of the collateral and consequent disturbance of security prices. When, therefore, the representatives of the foreign banks stepped in and offered to assume the burden, the situation was very greatly relieved. As loan after loan was called in by the New York banks, the collateral, instead of being forced on the market, was made the basis of a new loan obtained from some foreign bank. For this accommodation, of course, the borrowers had to pay a round rate, but that they were only too willing to do. With the money on which they were "carrying" their stocks thus called in, they would have been willing to pay a good deal more than they did to get the loans placed somewhere else. And so this "shifting" process went steadily on, the greater part of the $110,000,000 of loans called in by the New York banks between the end of the first week in September and the end of the first week in October being transferred to European lenders.

All this is of importance in connection with the development of the trouble in the Balkans because it suggests the extent of our dependence on foreign financial aid. Nor, unfortunately, can it be said that our needs have been satisfied. The middle of October, it has got to be remembered, isn't very far along in the season when the demand upon the New York banks is at its maximum. Loans will have to be still further reduced and shifted somewhere else. If, now, by reason of these developments abroad it comes about that the foreign bankers are either unwilling or unable to help us out further, it is going to be a serious proposition to keep the securities put up as collateral from coming on the market.

As things stand now there is mighty little foreign money being loaned here and mighty little that is likely to become available for our use in the near future. With the situation developing as it is, indeed, bankers abroad are in exactly the same position as bankers here, and are bound to do everything in their power to reduce their liabilities. Paris, for instance, where the big market for the securities directly affected exists, has already started calling in loans from London and Berlin on a heavy scale. Those markets, in consequence, have themselves been compelled to strengthen their position by calling in loans made at points of lesser importance. For several weeks, now, this process has been going on, the efforts on the part of the French bankers to fortify their position being felt all over Europe.

Under such circumstances, the chances of our being able to obtain further accommodation in the foreign markets can only be counted exceedingly poor. London, indeed, is far more disposed to call in what American loans she can, and do some borrowing here herself, than to lend us any more money. Berlin, on account of the heavy withdrawals of French money, is in a position where she must herself seek outside support for the speculation in coal shares and industrials. And Paris, as has been pointed out, is least of all in a position to extend loans in this direction, the bonds of the Balkan States traded in there having already induced one semi-panic and being a constant source of danger. With such conditions prevailing at principal European points, it looks as though, however strained the bank position here may become, we had little to hope for from that direction.

The third great effect of the trouble abroad on the situation here has been the complete stop put to an inflow of gold which was well started and which promised to go a long way toward bettering local financial conditions. Mid-September found the foreign banks none too well supplied with the precious metal, but yet cognizant of the fact that New York needed the new supplies arriving from the mines more than they did themselves, and willing that this new gold should be taken for American account. With their very considerable stake in "Americans," and well aware that imports of gold into New York would greatly help things along in that market, the London bankers not only made no attempt to check our efforts to secure the new gold arriving from the Cape, but actually made the operation as easy as possible. For several Mondays in succession, as the weekly consignment arrived in London, agents of American banking-houses secured the bulk of the gold without encountering the least opposition.

There is little reason to doubt that but for the development of the trouble between Turkey and her neighbors, we should have gone on taking gold from London until the reserves of our banks again presented a respectable appearance. With the gathering of the war-clouds on the horizon, however, the situation at once underwent a complete change. Faced with the probability of severe disturbances, bankers at all the important European centers immediately began to do everything in their power to increase their gold holdings. Where the English bankers and the representatives of the great Continental banks in London had been quite willing to see the new gold arriving from the mines taken for shipment to New York, they themselves at once began to bid eagerly for the precious metal. From being able to secure all supplies of gold available practically without competition, American bankers found that to secure any more gold for export to the United States was impossible. One shipment, indeed, amounting to two million dollars and already arranged in every detail, was canceled, such pressure in that direction being brought to bear that those who had arranged to ship the gold to New York decided that it were better not to do so.

And even had the foreign bankers remained willing to see gold shipped to New York and put no obstacles in the way, the movement would have come to an end of itself as a result of the heavy sales of American stocks in this market. Such sales by the foreigners meant, of course, correspondingly heavy purchases by us; and, as a result of the demand for bills of exchange with which to pay for these big purchases of securities, exchange rates were forced far up above the point at which it is profitable to import gold. Before the trouble in the Balkans became acute, exchange rates were ruling on a level which made it possible for us to engage for import whatever free gold was offered in the London market. But just as soon as Europe began to sell securities here in quantity, the price of bills of exchange drawn on London moved up to a point where, even had any gold remained available abroad, it would have been impossible for us to take it.

Must the gold-import movement, then, be definitely considered as at an end? Certainly, until the situation abroad changes decidedly for the better, it must. Even with the disturbance localized, and all the great powers apparently working in concert to prevent its spread, there is bound to remain an element of danger in such a situation sufficient to cause bankers to keep their resources in hand to the greatest possible extent. And that, of course, is equivalent to saying that all available gold supplies will be eagerly competed for, and that our chances of getting any more of the precious metal are practically at an end.

There are other ways, of course, in which the situation abroad bears on the market here, but the three main points of contact are, as has been said, the sale in this market of foreign-held American securities, the curtailment of Europe's loans to us, and the stop put to the inflow of gold. Very possibly it may turn out that in Wall Street's estimate of what it all means to us, sufficient weight has not been attached to these things.

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A True Barmecide Story

ALL the tales of the Barmecides are not confined to the *Thousand and One Nights*. One Barmecide, Al Fadi Ibn Yahya, played a prominent rôle in the spread of the knowledge of the art of making paper. This Barmecide was a brother of the famous Grand Vizier so often mentioned in the *Nights*, who used to proceed abroad with his sovereign, Haroun al Raschid, in search of those delectable adventures wherein figured so many beautiful princesses and bewitched men and animals.

In the time Al Fadi Ibn Yahya was governor of Khorassan, the caravans used to traverse his territory laden with the riches of the Oriental world. Once a caravan brought a strange material in rolls. It was white and thin and smooth, and it looked like fine cloth at the first glance. Yet it was not at all like cloth when it was examined. Certain pieces of this material were brought to the governor. The merchants who had it explained that it was paper, and that men in Samarkand possessed the secret of making it.

The Barmecide lost no time in learning all he could respecting this novelty. Then he hastened to Haroun al Raschid to tell what he had found out. The great ruler was quick to perceive the value of the material, and, in order that he might learn the secret of its manufacture, he immediately despatched clever and learned men to Samarkand.

The deputation succeeded so well in its mission that it returned with workers who were skilled in the making of paper. Before long the city of the caliphs had actually taken the lead in paper-making. Gradually the manufacture of the new material spread throughout the Islamic countries. During the Moorish occupation of Spain it became one of the great Spanish industries.

It is said that certain of the paper made in Bagdad—in A.D. 800, only a few years after the manufacture was begun in that place—is still in existence. It is shown in an Austrian museum, the Museum Erzherog Rainer. On it are written two Arabic letters.

How did the art of paper-making reach Samarkand? An Orientalist tells of a history in Arabic containing an account of the superiority of Samarkand in the science of producing writing-tablets and rolls of papyrus and parchment until one year Chinese prisoners of war were carried to the town.

Under the Islamic law such prisoners were held as slaves until they could pay the ransom set by their captors. In order to enable the prisoners to buy their freedom, their masters used to permit them to practise any occupation for which they were fitted. Now it happened that some of these Chinese prisoners know how to make paper, which was an old Chinese art. Thus the manufacture of paper became established in Samarkand. Since the Islamites were at that time progressive and cultured, the knowledge of the art spread throughout the world within a few years; whereas, under less favorable circumstances than these it might have required centuries to diffuse the knowledge had it remained solely with the Chinese.

An Undeveloped Fuel-supply

PEAT is associated in the popular mind with the Emerald Isle and certain countries of continental Europe where it is extensively used for fuel, but few people realize that in the United States there are peat beds covering an area of 11,000 square miles. To the scientific mind this is one of the great undeveloped resources of the country. Some day in the distant future, it is thought, when the coal supply begins to show signs of depletion, these extensive beds may prove a great boon to that numerous individual, the ultimate consumer.

In its origin peat is closely akin to coal, the principal difference being that coal antedates it by several geological epochs. It is partly decomposed and disintegrated vegetable matter. It varies in color from black to dark brown and in texture from porous and course, near the surface, to light and spongy farther down in the earth.

Traces of abandoned peat bogs may still be found in certain parts of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, where it was used as a fuel by some of the early settlers. In that region aquatic plants form the basis of the peat beds. There has been no real occasion, however, to develop the hidden stores of peat, for wood furnished an abundant and cheap fuel-supply until ready means of transportation brought coal into general use throughout the country.

Peat is found only in wet or swampy lands, and usually ranges in beds just beneath the surface of the ground. No costly machinery is required for taking it from the earth, and there are none of the dangers so frequently attending other kinds of mining.

As ninety per cent. of peat is water and only ten per cent. combustible matter, it is distinctively a low-grade fuel. But this objection to its use is fully offset by the low cost of mining. In its native state the drying process usually results in crumbling, and to overcome this and to make it safe from loss for transportation for long distances it is subjected to a process of hot drying and compressing, and is converted by machinery into bricks of convenient size for handling. When thus treated a ton has more than half the heating power of the best grade of coal, while the cost to the consumer is less in proportion.

Peat beds are distributed over the United States, being found, besides New England, in many of the Northern States, along the Atlantic coast, in Texas, and on the Pacific coast. Geologists estimate the total available supply at about thirteen billion tons. This volume, when compressed into bricks for commercial use, would add about forty billion dollars to the wealth of the country.

Many valuable by-products have already been developed from peat, such as dyes, ammonia, and tanning materials, and chemists are now experimenting, with fair promise of success, to produce alcohol.

Pottery from Baskets

OMAR KHAYYAM'S tribute to the potter and his wheel, and Biblical reference to the same craftsman with the same equipment, are a picturesque part of Oriental literature. The potter's wheel was known in Asia from days as far back as history reaches.

In prehistoric times, as soon as mankind developed the first tendency toward civilization, receptacles were made of clay and hardened in heat. The use of the wheel, though, was not always a part of the operation. In spite of this want, prehistoric pottery of remarkably fine shape has been found throughout the world, and some curiosity has been manifested over the methods of the primitive workmen—workwomen in many cases.

The Western Hemisphere is noted for the production of shapes in clay that are beautiful and symmetrical. Without mechanical contrivance, the American Indian produced wares that rival the symmetry, if not possessing the rigid outline, of the machine-made. One method was the use of a mold made of basket-work. Another contrivance was that of a half-mold of wood; when the clay had been shaped to this half, the potter gradually rotated his product, adding section by section, until the whole received the roundness from the wood. In another use of the wooden mold, two halves received their separate impressions and were then joined with liquid clay. A fourth custom was to make a number of clay coils, of graduated circumference, corresponding to the dimension of the bowl at the particular part where the coil was to lie. When built up in this fashion, the bowl resembled the baskets of candy coils seen in our shops at Christmas. The next operation was to beat the coils flat.

This beating-out was perhaps an important part of the process with ancient potters. Paddles and hammers of convenient shape were used, and the clay wall compressed between them. As might be inferred by anybody that has worked in clay, the beating required considerable skill. While tedious, too, it had the advantage of improving the texture of the clay.

There is also a theory that vegetables, such as gourds, were widely used as molds, and eventually removed in the firing process. The basket-mold is thought by many to have been most widely used, some investigators going so far as to say that, by this means, pottery was the forerunner, and thus furnished the idea, of basket-making.

Transplanting Large Trees

THE owner of a new home not blessed with shade trees need not wait the passing of slow years if he is willing to expend the not inconsiderable sum necessary to transplant ready-grown shade trees. However, the difference between a treeless lot with a house on it and an embowered home is really worth considerable outlay.

To prepare a large tree for removal, a deep trench should be dug around it, from five to seven feet from the base, and worked under so as to enable all the smaller roots to be cut off without injury to the bole. The ends of the roots should be cut smooth, and the tree carefully undermined with a pick, care being taken to remove the soil with as little injury as possible to the young fibers. The tree should then be drawn over until the tap root can be cut. Bagging should be used to wrap the ball of earth and roots, which can then be loaded on a stone wagon. If the tree is very large, it will probably be necessary to allow the top to drag, but the tree should not be materially injured by this.

Kings Weighed in Gold

IF the King of England, when he went to Calcutta, had not set his face against the proposition he would have been weighed in gold, and the amount required to make him tip the scales would have been distributed among the poor. This is a very ancient custom that still prevails in many Eastern lands. A Maharajah who was recently crowned seated himself in one of the gold pans of the balance, while into the other was thrown gold coin until royalty rose in the scales. The Maharajah, by an old unwritten law, did not become legally chief until he had been weighed in this manner. In olden times the custom prevailed of throwing the money into the air and letting the people scramble for whatever part of it missed the scales, but this resulted in disorder and frequent loss of life and, moreover, defeated the object in view, as the strong and well-fed usually prevailed over those more in need of the benefit. After this a commission of functionaries was named to divide the gold among the poor of the country districts after the monarch had been weighed.

This custom of weighing monarchs is not so extravagant as it may appear to be. In the case of George V. it was calculated that one hundred thousand dollars in gold would be devoted to the weighing and the expenses of the entertainment, but that is not to say that the expense was necessarily determined by the bulk of the monarch. As much more may be added to the fund as any number of persons desire to give. However, the native Indian potentates are usually heavy enough to satisfy all demands.

The Maids' Dilemma

By Genevieve Grandcourt

WHEN he courted in his fashion
And grew tired of his passion,
He arranged an explanation
On a most artistic plan.
"Though it grieve me sore to know it,
Yet," he said, "I can't forego it;
In the stern words of the poet—
I know all!"

Did he know Sue waltzed with Teddy,
Or that Lily's cousin Eddy
Didn't bore her to extinction when they met?
Did he know Ann's facial lotion,
Or that, when she took a notion,
Angel Mabel smoked a Turkish cigarette?
So the ladies, willy-nilly,
Had to bow before the chilly
Disapproval of a bachelor not slow;
Since 'twould bring a peck of trouble
Back upon his trail to double,
Just to ascertain the things he didn't know.

The Floating Farms of China

LIKE the wood merchants of northern Russia, who carry their wood on great rafts to Nijni-Novgorod, Kazan, and Astrakan, the farmers of the upper and central regions along the Yang-ste-Kiang construct rafts covering as much as two acres of surface, and on the rafts they establish farms where produce grows. On these great floating farms are habitations for the men and stables for the animals, pig-pens, feed-barns, and storehouses well stocked with provisions. The voyage to market is often one thousand miles, and to employ their time on the slow journey the dwellers on the rafts make baskets and many objects of household use. Arrived at their destination, they sell their produce, take apart and sell the rafts, and return to their homes by the ways used by ordinary travelers.

Primitive Wheat

ALL cultivated plants have their "ancestors" which remain in a savage state. The greater part of our vegetables and fruit trees come from Persia, where they yet have representatives that grow spontaneously. All potatoes come from one tubercle. The grape-vine grew originally only on the plateaus of Central Asia. Wheat originated probably in the Valley of the Euphrates, where the necessary humidity first seemed to work on plant life most favorably. A traveler, who recently visited the highlands of Galilee, reports that he has found a wild wheat that must be the progenitor of the modern wheat. This wild wheat covers extensive areas and is a vigorous plant with marked nutritive properties. It seems proof against drought or frost and adapts itself easily to arid soil.

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS

He Sometimes Gets Sick Like Other People

Even doing good to people is hard work if you have too much of it to do.

An overworked Ohio doctor tells his experience:

"About three years ago as the result of doing two men's work, attending a large practice and looking after the details of another business, my health broke down completely, and I was little better than a physical wreck.

"I suffered from indigestion and constipation, loss of weight and appetite, bloating and pain after meals, loss of memory and lack of nerve force for continued mental application.

"I became irritable, easily angered and despondent without cause. The heart's action became irregular and weak, with frequent attacks of palpitation during the first hour or two after retiring.

"Some Grape-Nuts and cut bananas came for my lunch one day and pleased me particularly with the result. I got more satisfaction from it than from anything I had eaten for months, and on further investigation and use, adopted Grape-Nuts for my morning and evening meals, served usually with cream and a sprinkle of salt or sugar.

"My improvement was rapid and permanent, in weight as well as in physical and mental endurance. In a word, I am filled with the joy of living again, and continue the daily use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast and often for the evening meal.

"The little pamphlet, 'The Road to Wellville,' found in pkgs., is invariably saved and handed to some needy patient along with the indicated remedy."

"There's a reason."

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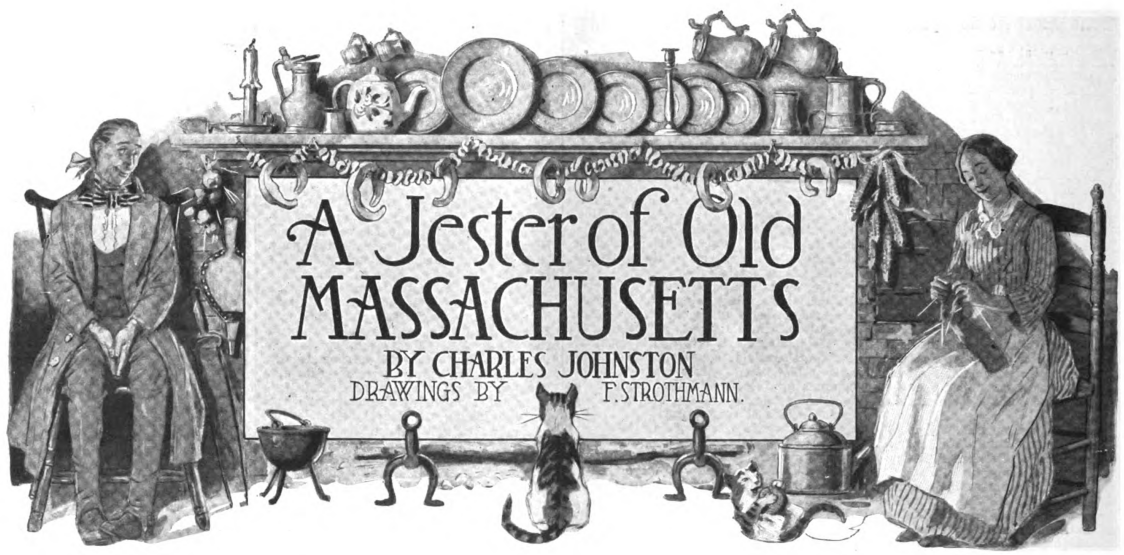

A Jester of Old MASSACHUSETTS

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN.

IF you read Balzac's novels carefully and lovingly, you can bring to life again the men and women of France, from the kings to the beggars, during well-nigh half a century. No man but Shakespeare ever created such a gallery of portraits. And in one thing Balzac far excels the English poet: in the wonderful photographs of the cities and villages and landscapes of fair France, vivid, minutely accurate, often overflowing with beauty; so that one could, from his books, restore the Paris of a century ago or paint the sunny landscapes of Touraine.

Take the writings of Anthony Trollope, for England. While he has created no immortal persons, he has immortalized the England of the great days of Gladstone and Disraeli, with admirable skill picturing lords and ladies, princes and ministers of state, bishops and rural deans, merchants and citizens, and at the same time giving us the very air and color of English landscape and street, from the hunting country of the north to the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall.

We have no such novelist for the great period in this country before the war, the period of wonderful expansion and enterprise, where the conquest of a continent added a new wonder to the world. We have no series of stories embodying the new, forceful types and movements, the men of Yankeedom, the Southern plantation life of the old days, creole Louisiana, the men of the border, the California of the forty-nine, the people of the Great Lakes and the far northland. But it happens that we have something else to take the place of this, something that neither France nor England had, something American through and through. For the American spirit from the first has been tinged and saturated with humor, with a certain expansive force of mirth and joyful merriment, which sees all things in the mellow light of laughter; and, while we have no one great novelist for the epoch before the war, it happens that we have many humorists to take his place and do his work. And, though we have few great figures, few organic creations in their works, we have many mirthful and delicious scenes, giving us at once some vivid local touch or picture or type, and the something universal of real humor. It happens that there is enough of this kind of writing to enable us to build up a living picture of America of the bygone time, a picture that shall show the Bostonian in his pride, the Yankee in his aboriginal craft, the man of the Maine woods, the old days of the South, the Pacific Slope, the Rocky Mountains, all living, and all made alive by genuine humor.

For example, some seventy-five years ago the good State of Massachusetts had a genuine humorist, a little too self-conscious, perhaps, and a little too learned, yet racy of the soil, and with the real fire of mirth, in Samuel Kettell, whose stories go back to the time when Andrew Jackson reigned in the stead of John Quincy Adams at the White House. One of the best things of Kettell's is the courtship of a rustic Bay-Stater of those days, one Josh by name, whose heart was in pledge to a certain delectable Hannah. The best part of the tale is where the rustic lover confides his secret to his good mother:

"It's tarnation all over!" said Josh, beginning a lolder tone, as he found his mother coming to an understanding of the matter. "It makes me crawl all over to think on't. Didn't I wait on her three times to singing-school? Hadn't I e'en a'most made up my mind to break the ice and tell her I shouldn't wonder if I had a sneakin' notion arter somebody's Hannah? I should ha' been reg'lar courting in less than a month—and Peet Spinbutton has cut me out—as slick as a whistle!"

"Peet Spinbutton!" said the old woman. "Well, I want to know!"

"Darn his eyes!" exclaimed Josh.

"Peet Spinbutton!" repeated Mrs. Beanpole. "What, the ensign of the Dogtown Blues?—that great lummockin' feller!"

"Darn him to darnation!" exclaimed Josh, catching hold of the toast-iron as if he meant to lay about him—"to cut in afore me in that 'ere sort o' way!"

Mrs. Beanpole caught Josh by the arm, exclaiming: "Josh! Joshy! Joshy! what are you about? Peet Spinbutton? I don't believe it."

"What!" said Josh. "Didn't I hear with my own ears last night that ever was, Zeb Shute tell me all about it?"

"Zeb Shute? Well, what did Zeb Shute say?"

"'Why,' says he to me, 'Josh,' says he, 'what do you think?' says he. 'I don't know; no, n't I,' says I. 'Tell you what,' says he; 'that 'ere Hannah Downer—' 'What of Hannah Downer?' says I—for I began to crawl all over. 'Tell ye what,' says he, 'she's a whole team.' 'Ah,' says I, 'she's a whole team and a horse to let.' 'Tell ye what,' says he, 'guess somebody has a sneakin' notion that way.' 'Shouldn't wonder,' says I, feeling all over in a flustration, thinkin' he meant me. 'Tell ye what,' says he, 'guess Peet Spinbutton and she's pretty thick together.' 'How you talk,' says I. 'Fact,' says he. 'Well, I never!' says I. 'Tell ye what,' says he. No, that's all he said."

To the present writer, that seems a very pretty bit of dialogue, and how deeply characteristic that the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers should speak of the tender passion, the high, romantic aspiration of heart toward her, as "a sneakin' notion." But let us see what the good mother said.

"Pooh!" said the old woman. "It's all wind, Joshy; it's nothing but Zeb Shute's nonsense."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Josh, with a stare of uncommon animation, his mouth wide open.

"No doubt on't, Joshy, my boy," replied she, "for Peggy Downer was here yesterday forenoon, to borrow a cup of starch, and she never mentioned the leastest word about it under the light of the livin' sun."

"If I was only sure of that!" said Josh, laying down the toast-iron and sticking his knuckles into his right eye.

"Joshy, my boy," said the old woman, "I don't believe Hannah Downer ever gin Peet Spinbutton the leastest encouragement in the universal world."

"Think so?" asked Josh, setting his elbows on his knees, his chin in his fists, and fixing his eyes vacantly downward in an angle of forty-five degrees, as if in intense admiration of the back-log.

"I'll tell you what, Joshy," said Mrs. Beanpole, in a motherly tone, "do you just put on your go-to-meetin' suit, and go to see Hannah this blessed night."

Truly, a determined old lady. One of the best things in the tale is the description of Josh, as, heedful of maternal counsel, he decked himself to sally forth. Just after dark, we are told, Josh gave his face a sound scrubbing with soap-suds, drew forth his Sunday pantaloons, which were of the brightest cow-color, and after a good deal of labor succeeded in getting into them, his legs being somewhat of the longest, and the pantaloons as tight as a glove. A flaming red waistcoat, and a gray coat with broad pewter buttons, set off his figure to the greatest advantage, to say nothing of a pair of brand-new cowhide shoes. Then rubbing his long hair with a tallow candle and sprinkling a handful of Indian-meal by way of powder, he twisted it behind with a leather string, into a formidable queue, which he drew so tight that it was with the greatest difficulty he could shut his eyes; but this gave him but little concern, as he was determined to be wide awake through the whole affair. Being all equipped, he mounted Old Blueberry, and set off at an easy trot, which very soon fell into a walk, for the nearer Josh approached the dwelling of his Dulcinea the more the thought of his great undertaking overpowered him. We have no equally good picture of Hannah, only an outline sketch of her "sitting in the chimney corner knitting a pepper-and-salt stocking." I wish I had space to quote in full the dialogue of the lovers, which is full of antique spice, but we must on to greater matters.

Another of Kettell's stories introduces us to the State Legislature of Massachusetts; it is full of humor and charm. It is told by a worthy young man of the country parts, whose townsmen confidingly elected him and sent him thither.

"If I live a thousand years," says the budding rival of John Quincy Adams, "I shall never forget the day I was chosen representative. Isaac Longlegs ran himself out of a year's growth to bring me the news, for I stayed away from town meeting out of dignity, as the way is, being a candidate. At first I couldn't believe it, though, when I spied Isaac coming round Slouch's corner with his coat-tails flapping in the wind and pulling straight ahead for our house, I felt certain that something was the matter, and my heart began to bump, bump, so under my jacket that 'twas a wonder it didn't knock a button off. However, I put on a bold face, and when Isaac came bolting into the house I pretended not to be thinking about it.

"'Lieutenant Turniptop!' says Isaac, 'hah, hah! you've got the election!'

"'Got what?' says I, pretending to be surprised, in a coolish sort of a way.

"'Got the election,' says he, 'all hollow. You've got a majority of thirteen—a clear majority—clean, smack-smooth, and no two words about it!'

"'Pooh!' says I, trying to keep cool, though at the same time I felt all over—I can't tell how, only my skin didn't seem to fit me. 'Pooh!' says I again; but the idea of going into public life, and being called 'Squire Turniptop,' was almost too much for me. 'Got the election?' says I; 'ahem! hem! hem!'

"'As sure as a gun,' says Isaac; 'I heard it with my own ears. Squire Dobbs read it off to the whole meeting. "Tobias Turniptop has fifty-nine, and—is—chosen!" You're representative to the Gineral Court!' says Isaac, striking his forefinger into the palm of his left hand, with as much emphasis as if a new world had been created. I felt more magnanimous than ever.

"'I sha'n't accept it,' said I. (The Lord pardon me for lying.)

"'Sha'n't accept!' screamed out Isaac, in the greatest amazement, with his great goggle eyes staring out of his head. 'Shall I go back and tell them so?'

"'I mean I'll take it into consideration,' said I, trying to look as important as I could. 'It's an office of great responsibility, Isaac,' said I, 'but I'll think of it, and after due deliberation—if my constituents insist upon my going—Isaac, what 'll you take to drink?'

"I could not shut my eyes to sleep all that night," continues the new legislator, "and did nothing but think of the General Court, and how I should look in the great hall of the state-house, marching up to my seat to take possession. I determined right off to have a bran'-new blue coat with brass buttons; but on second thought I remembered Colonel Crabapple say that the members wore their wrappers. So I concluded that my pepper-and-salt coat, with the blue satinet pantaloons, would do very well. I decided, though, to have my drab hat new ironed, and countermanded the orders for the cowhide boots, because kidskin would be more genteel. In addition to this, because men in public life should be liberal and make a more respectable appearance than common folks, I didn't hesitate long in making up my mind about having a watch-chain and an imitation breastpin. The check handkerchief, thinks I to myself, is as good as new; and my pigtail queue will look splendidly if the old ribbon is a little scoured."

It would seem then—this from the commentator—that both woocrs and statesmen wore pigtails in old Massachusetts as late as the year in which Matty Van Buren was elected President of the United States.

"When I came to think," says he, "how much I was expected to do for the credit of the town, it was overwhelming. All the representatives in our part of the county had done great things for their constituents, and I was determined not to do less. I resolved, therefore, on the very first consideration, to stick to the following scheme:

"To make a speech.

"To make a motion for a bank in Squashborough.

"To move that all salaries be cut down one-half, except the pay of the representatives.

"To second any motion for adjournment, and always to vote against the Boston members."

So far our Massachusetts jester and his heroes of old days. To the commentator it seems that here is gentle humor, local color, and more of the life of vanished years than in half a dozen "historical" novels with their anachronisms of feeling and thought. It is not genius of the highest order—let us admit that; but then genius of the highest order is—rare.

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The Heat of the Sun

NOT many people have any idea as to the enormous amount of heat that the sun sends off into space. The earth gets only a very small portion of it. The head of a pin placed twenty feet away from an electric light gets in proportion to the light on the surrounding walls of a room about what the earth gets of the sun's light and heat radiated into space. Yet that portion the earth does get is great enough to cause great structures to move.

In fact, all stone or metal buildings are constantly changing their positions under the hot rays of the sun. The great dome of the Capitol building at Washington is the largest surface of cast-iron in the world, and the effect of the continuous heat of a hot summer day can best be appreciated when it is known that this mammoth mass really sways back and forth under the scorching rays until the top feather in the cap of the statue of Freedom describes an ellipse, the diameter of which on a hot day varies from four to eight inches. The giant plinth base of the dome, resting on the roof of the old sandstone building, measures 136 feet on a side. The greatest diameter of the round dome is 125 feet, while the whole iron structure is 218 feet high from the old Capitol's roof to the base of Freedom on the apex. The cast-iron covering this surface is made in thin sheets, offering a good conductor for the heat, which swells even the bolts and beams of the inside before the sun has made its circuit. The southern side of the dome suffers most from the heat, being exposed longer to the sun, which passes south of the zenith while on its journey from the east to the west. If the metal were exposed to a constant heating the result of the continuation of such expansion as that received on very hot days might prove disastrous, but as it is, little, if any, permanent injury is done, since the iron returns regularly to its normal position as the cool night comes on.

But what seems more remarkable is the fact that marble also is changed in volume so perceptibly by the sunlight that the mammoth shaft of the Washington Monument sways back and forth in the sun on a hot day. The outer surface being of hard marble, the expansion is much greater than it would be had granite instead of marble been used. On a hot summer day the sharp aluminum apex which crowns the obelisk points to a position at least four inches north of normal, but always returns to its proper position in the cool of the night. From the extreme top of the monument inside a long pipe line runs perpendicularly to the bottom, leading to a small closet behind the elevator. This contains a long pendulum, whose bob hangs in a vessel of mercury, which prevents its oscillation. Two stationary transits, with highly magnifying lenses, are focussed directly upon the suspended wire and through these each quiver of the monument is detected, being magnified on a fine scale graduated to thousandths of an inch. Every morning at ten o'clock a statement of this plummet line is taken and reported to the War Department, and it was by this means that the effect which the sun's rays have on the huge white shaft was discovered. This plumb bob, of course, was placed in the monument for the purpose of detecting any settling it might undergo, and, although the greater weight of its mass has pressed the ground for many decades, it has settled only a slight fraction of an inch in one corner. This seems extraordinary when it is realized that its weight of 81,720 tons rests on a foundation only 126½ feet square and 38 feet deep from a height almost fifteen times that of the depth. The whole rests on the sandy bank of the Potomac River, with the enormous pressure of five tons to the square foot. Not only does the sun's heat sway the big obelisk, but at times, when a stiff winter gale was blowing, it has been reported as much as two inches out of plumb.

Architecture and Ears

THERE is a popular opinion that when the acoustics of a theater or any public hall is faulty the words of a speaker escape in some mysterious way, fly up to some nook in a high ceiling, or become lost among various decorations. Just the contrary is true. The words do not become lost, but return in the form of an echo. Sound travels in all directions and will never shirk the natural law of going straight from speaker to hearer. Where the architectural construction is such as to reflect the utterance, causing an echo, there is a reduplication of sound. The audience, listening to the speaker, is misled by the echo. There is an unconscious effort to hear both. The words of the speaker, in one part of his sentence, mix with those in a previous part. Hence confusion. A similar phenomenon may be noted when, for instance, a musical instrument is heard on the street by a person withindoors when the front door and a side window are open. The melody can be heard in duplicate—through the window and through the door.

It is usually the smooth surfaces of walls and ceiling that are accountable for poor acoustics. Anything that breaks up the echo-producing system is remedial.

The custom of stretching wires in a sort of lower ceiling has come to be regarded as a fallacy. The wires do not act as a telephone for the sound-waves. The idea was that the wires would be a barrier to the voice, preventing it from reaching the echo zone. The aid to the voice even in this way is doubtful. It is said that only tones of a certain pitch will be caught by the wires accidentally attuned thereto. A person singing near a piano will cause certain of the strings to vibrate in unison with the song.

The best correction for faulty acoustics is in some architectural addition that destroys the path of the sound-waves to the spot that reflects them.

To Stimulate Plant Growth

ACETYLENE gas has been employed as an adjunct to the sun in the cultivation of plants. Plants subjected to the light of this gas are said to grow to twice the size of those left to the rays of the sun only, and vegetables are said to have attained dimensions double those unassisted in the matter of illumination.

The experiments were conducted during a period of three months and in a hothouse. This house was divided into two parts by a curtain, the curtain being hung in such a way that each half of the house received the same illumination from the sun. The beds on each side were exactly alike, not only in size, but in location and contents. If a lily were planted in a certain part of a bed on one side, another of the same species and age was set out in the same part of the corresponding bed on the other.

Inside the curtain an equipment consisting of thirty-five-candle-power acetylene lamps was erected on one side of the curtain. Ordinary tin reflectors over each light threw their rays downward upon the soil. The lights were operated whenever it was dark, the length of time varying from nine to fourteen hours, according to the period of daylight.

The plants on the acetylene side were found, in many instances, to mature with twice the rapidity of those on the other side of the partition. Radishes, onions, and several other species that develop their edible portions below the surface of the ground were found to have pursued their usual course, except that they grew twice as fast as those not placed under the influence of the acetylene light.

Steam for the Soil

FOR a year or two past certain growers of tomatoes, cucumbers, and similar vegetables for the London market have been injecting steam into the soil with a view to destroying insects and slugs. It is reported that the plan works very well for that purpose, but the operation brought to light an unexpected fact—namely, that the soil thus treated increased greatly in fertility; so greatly, indeed, that the ordinary amount of manure cannot be used afterward.

This effect has been explained as being due to the sterilization produced by the steam, which kills the phagocytes or protozoa which in ordinary circumstances keep down the number of bacteria in the soil whose operations are beneficent in turning organic nitrogen into plant food.

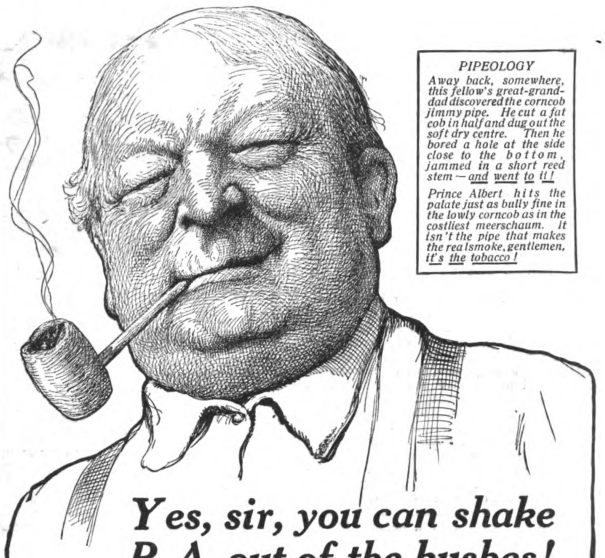
The War Horses

O PIROUETTING, prancing steeds
That dance so lightly in the forefront of war,
Arched of neck, and flowing mane and tail, with nostrils distended,
Thrilled by the bugle and drum like they who come after,
Marching on to the end, to victory or to disaster!
O steeds of chestnut and sorrel,
Fearless of flame or of cannon and musket,
Once frolicking foals of the field, bred in the delicate grasses,
Now iron-hoofed, bit-champing chargers,
Trampling the slain, once, too, in the cradle,
Wrapped in linen and laces, cooing, caressing!

DON C. SEITZ.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. *

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar. *



PIPEOLOGY

Away back, somewhere, this fellow's great-grandad discovered the corncob jimmy pipe. He cut a fat cob in half and dug out the soft dry centre. Then he bored a hole at the side close to the bottom, jammed in a short reed stem—and went to it!

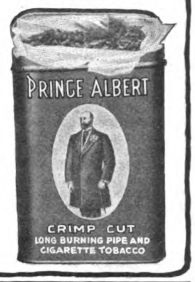
Prince Albert hits the palate just as bally fine in the lowly corncob as in the costliest meerschaum. It isn't the pipe that makes the real smoke, gentlemen, it's the tobacco!

Yes, sir, you can shake P. A. out of the bushes!

Shake it right out of the littlest store farthest back in the wilds—anywhere, everywhere, because Prince Albert is *universal* in its popularity—*universally* liked by men who *know* what a pipe smoke should be; hence, sold *universally* throughout America.

Here's the idea: No matter where you are you don't have to go short on your favorite brand for an hour! That's some fine thing when you get chummy with a jimmy pipe tuned up with the *one* tobacco that won't, *that can't*, bite your tongue, because the bite's cut out by a patented process. Get that?—Just you say to Mr. Dealer: "S'more

5c in the toppy red bags; 10c tidy red tins; pound and half-pound humidors.



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke"

Start shaking the bushes while the sun's out!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Greatest Production of the Gem-Chemist's Art

Wonderfully brilliant—absolutely perfect in color and hardness. Their reproductions of the mined stones are so perfect that they can not be distinguished by color, weight or brilliancy. The richness and sparkling beauty, denote great care in the creation, and precision in cut and polish of these artistic jewels. LAPID Jewels, representing

RED—**RUBY** Shown to best advantage in our special 14k. Solid Gold set.

WHITE—**DIAMOND**

BLUE—**SAPPHIRE**

All of one unparable beauty. tings and are sold at a fraction of the cost of earth-mined jewels. Considering the opportunity offered and the desire for personal adornment, LAPID Jewels should be given first thought when the exact reproduction of genuine stones is desired.

See these wonderful jewels before buying the earth's product. Sent C.O.D. for your examination. *Lloyd Insurance Policy Given* with each purchase against loss of stone, brilliancy or damage. *If you have a ring, pin or heirloom that needs a rich setting, use a LAPID. Ask for Catalog 13*, showing new styles.

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But rather mode of living and eating. A ripe old age should be the goal of all mankind. A good way to attain it is to drink

Evans Ale

It makes a man live better and longer by placing him in right relation with his food and bringing out the best there is in it. A natural life preserver as well as a delicious beverage.

Order a dozen bottles from Nearest Dealer or write NOW to

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Estab. 1786 **Hudson, N. Y.**

TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *ageing in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

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AT ALL DEALERS

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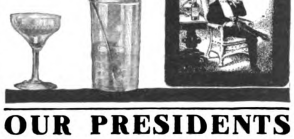

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By Col. A. K. McCLURE

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Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, Spirit and Soda beverages. Appetizing, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps.

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The Electric Fuse

THE flash, smoke, and sometimes total darkness which accompany the burning out of an electric fuse are frequently the cause of considerable alarm to persons unfamiliar with the operation of this essential little device, which, like a charge of powder, achieves destruction in the performance of the act for which it is created. In effect the fuse is a safety-valve, serving the same end as the steam safety-valve—relieving a dangerous pressure—and the flash and smoke are a sign of relief, not of present danger.

The "fuse" is simply a short section of wire of such material and size that it will carry a determined amount of electric current and no more. When the maximum voltage is exceeded the fuse is consumed, the connection broken, and the current of course cut off, putting a stop to the operation of the system until a new fuse is put in. This is the effective but somewhat primitive form of electric safety-valve in general use. A recently discovered property of some metals, such as aluminum and magnesium, however, makes it possible to construct an electric safety-valve which possesses the advantage of that found upon the steam-boiler—the ability to perform its functions without self-destruction. If two aluminum plates be immersed in any one of various liquids and a current be sent through the combination, the flow lasts only for a fraction of a second, for an insulating oxide is formed on the metal surfaces. An increase in voltage causes a short resumption of flow and another stoppage due to a thickening of the insulating layer. This goes on until the current reaches 400 volts, when the insulation is permanently broken down. By coupling several cells in series this limiting voltage may be increased as desired. Thus a series of ten will not allow the current to pass freely below four thousand volts. If such a series be connected to a transmission line at one end and to the earth at the other it will divert part of the current to the ground as soon as the voltage exceeds four thousand, and "close up" again when the pressure drops below this limit, thus acting precisely like the safety-valve of a steam-boiler. This system is in use on transmission lines of high voltage, but for individual wiring systems the burn-out fuse is still the accepted thing and one or two will be found between every feed-wire and the building which uses electric current for light or other purposes. If lightning strikes a feed-wire the fuses will all be burned out and so prevent the lightning from passing into the buildings by means of the wires.

Keeping Warm With Ice

THIS seems turning ordinary usage upside down, but the process is simple enough. It consists in the furnishing of a double-lined car with four galvanized iron cylinders reaching from the floor almost to the top. In summer these cylinders are kept filled with ice and salt in order that the car may be maintained at a cool temperature; in winter they are filled with ice in order to keep the contents of the car from freezing.

Ice is nominally at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and it is a substance that changes its temperature reluctantly, being a bad conductor of heat or cold. Consequently, when zero weather prevails without, the cylinders of relatively warm ice present the escape of heat; in other words, so it is claimed, they maintain the temperature within the car.

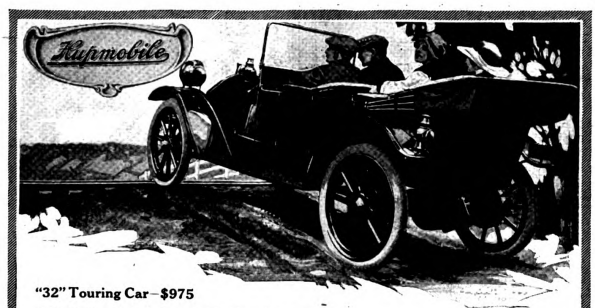
Still another device whereby ice is employed for protection against cold consists in throwing upon the car, when the weather is near the zero-point, a plentiful stream of water, which, freezing at once, forms a complete coat over the car. The action of the ice is said to be the same as in the other case.

A similar plan is sometimes adopted in the transportation of bananas, a fruit that is particularly susceptible to cold. The bananas are put in paper bags inside of heavy canvas sacks and covered with salt hay when the temperature is dangerously low.

Paraguay's "Spider-lace"

MISSIONARIES in Paraguay more than two hundred years ago taught the native Indians to make lace by hand. Since that day the art has greatly developed, and in certain of the towns lace-making is the chief occupation. Almost all the women, many children, and not a few men are engaged in this industry.

A curious fact with reference to the Paraguayan laces is that the designs were borrowed from the strange webs woven by the semi-tropical spiders that abound in that country. Accordingly, this lace is by the natives called *nanduti*, which means "spider web."



"32" Touring Car—$975

F. O. B. Detroit, including windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel. Roadster, fully equipped, $975.

"32" Delivery, fully equipped, $950
"20" H.P. Runabout, fully equipped, $750
F. O. B. Detroit

An axle that *is* an axle

The Hupmobile rear axle is of the full-floating type—a type almost wholly restricted to cars of the highest price.

The chief advantage of this type is that no load whatever is carried on the axle shafts. They do nothing but drive the wheels.

The Hupmobile housing is built up of the two tapered steel tubes, 1, 1, the malleable iron central housings, 2 and 3; and the propeller shaft housing tube, 4—five pieces which form a case so strong and rigid that it does not require the support of truss rods.

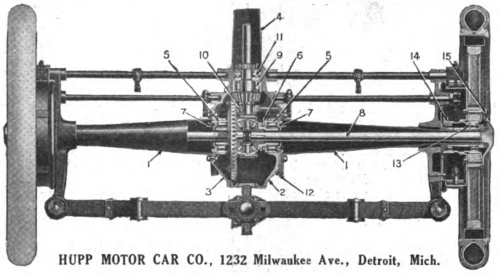
The tubes 1, 1, carry the weight of the car. Each wheel runs on two sets of roller bearings, 13 and 14—13 takes the load—14 takes care of the side strains.

Thus, the axle shafts, 8, are freed to do the driving, with flanges bolted to the wheels at 15.

The large roller bearings, 5, 5, take only the up and down loads from the differential, the end thrust bearing being taken by two ball bearings just outside the rollers. One of these is shown at 6.

In mounting the bevel driving pinion, we use two roller bearings, 9 and 10, instead of one, placing one on each side of the gear. They hold it in perfect and permanent alignment, while the ball bearings, 11, take the end thrust.

Two threaded adjusters, 7, 7, are used in our axle to set the bevel gear so that proper mesh with the driving pinion is secured and retained.



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The City of the Future

IN an address to an international town-planning conference abroad, M. Eugene Henard, the municipal architect of Paris, has given a forecast of what the ideal city of the future will be like.

According to M. Henard, light and energy will be conveyed by electricity. Petrol and oxygen will supply heat. Liquid air will maintain refrigeration in every larder. In addition to heat raditors, there will be "cold radiators" which will enable every house to be kept at the required temperature in summer.

By this power it will be possible to provide in each house one or more health chambers closed by close-fitting double windows and doors in which the overworked occupant on his return from town will find all the hygenic conditions which he can now obtain only by taking an annual holiday.

Glass verandas of various shapes joined together and with covered footpaths, according to standard models, will shelter pedestrians against rain, and the normal height of buildings will be exactly the width of the street. The roofs of houses will be platforms upon which small flower-beds and verdant shrubberies can be laid out, as they will be landing-stages for aeroplanes.

When this progress shall have been accomplished the physiognomy of towns will be changed. All terraces will have become landing-stages for flying automobiles. Aviators will be able to fly from one terrace to another, starting and landing as they please. The natural consequence of this new state of things will be that each building will have to be furnished with big elevators capable of raising machines and taking them back to the garage on their return. Houses of this description will also be used to house motor-cars.

Finally, the town of the future will be traversed by large radiating thoroughfares occupied partly by raised platforms continually moving, which will insure rapid communication between the different zones. These platforms will be terminated by large revolving crossways at the intersection of the main roads. Large parks and flower gardens as residences and pleasure resorts will be laid out in various parts of the town.

Size and Strength

IT is a generally accepted idea that a large man or animal is more apt to be "strong than a smaller one; and while it is quite true that a dog, for instance, is stronger than a rabbit, muscular power, abstractly, is in exact inverse ratio to size; an elephant, proportionately, is not to be compared to a horse for strength, and, relatively, the mouse is far more active and develops much greater energy than the cat which overtakes and devours it. The larger the animal, the greater the part of muscular energy required to move the body, thus leaving a relatively small part available for external employment.

The muscular strength developed by insects is almost incredible, yet no one thinks of the bug he crushes with infinite ease as "strong." Could a man jump with the same strength as that developed by a grasshopper, in proportion to his weight, he could spring over the tallest sky-scraper without conscious effort. A stag beetle can lift a weight 200 times its own weight—a two-hundred-pound man would have to heave up the trifle of 400,000 pounds to get in the lifting class with the beetle. A bee can draw a little wagon twenty times heavier than itself, but a horse weighing, say, 1,800 pounds, would be rather astonished if called upon to drag along a wagon weighing 36,000 pounds.

Almost any insect, if as large as a horse and with its strength increased in the same proportion as its bulk, could snap the anchor-chain of a battle-ship, should he be fastened with it, with about the same ease that a man would snap a cotton thread.

The Earth as a Thermometer

THE general rate of increase in the temperature of the earth's crust is about one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty-five feet of descent. If this rate were invariable a scale might be marked on the wall of a mine shaft which would indicate the temperature like the graduations of a thermometer. In fact, however, the rate varies in different regions, and Mühlberg and Königsberger have suggested that these variations may be of advantage in prognosticating the existence of deep deposits of coal and oil, and possibly of other valuable minerals. The presence of such deposits causes an abnormal rise of temperature above them; but no deductions concerning their presence can be drawn from bore holes less than six hundred feet in depth.

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NOV 4 1912

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

"'Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said."

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.
NOVEMBER 2 1912

PRICE 10 CENTS

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Tire Users Did It

Note These Amazing Figures—8 Years Ago and Now

Eight years ago—after five years of tire making—we built scarcely more than one per cent of the tires.

One rival built 30 times as many—another 24 times—another 16 times our output.

Those are actual figures, based on records of royalties. And so are these next figures, showing cost of replacement, due to faulty tires.

Seven years ago our cost of replacement was 1.41 per cent—by far the lowest of all the tire makers. Cost to our rivals ran as high as 18.43 per cent.

So Goodyear tires were the best tires then, and they have been ever since.

Now note what happened in after years, when legions of motorists learned this.

Now Goodyear Tires Rule Tiredom

Outsell All Others

Now Goodyear tires outsell by far every rival tire.

Our output at present is nearly 100,000 tires monthly—automobile tires. And the demand has compelled us to increase our capacity to 6,000 tires per day.

Today's demand is 12 times larger than three years ago. It is doubling now once in eight months.

Our statistics show that a very large percentage of motor car owners now use Goodyear tires.

How the Last Became First

This change began when motor car owners began to use meters to measure tire mileage.

It began with the advent of our patent type—the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

It began when these tires, to save overloading, were built 10 per cent over the rated size.

And it came about after years and years had been spent in perfecting these tires.

Big Savings

The No-Rim-Cut type, which makes rim-cutting impossible, saves an average of 23 per cent. For statistics show that 23 per cent of all the old-type tires become rim-cut.

The 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

So these known savings mean immense economy. Added to that are all the savings which come through Goodyear quality.

The Judgment of 250,000

There are, we judge, 250,000 motor car owners using Goodyear tires.

So the amazing popularity of No-Rim-Cut tires shows the combined judgment of a quarter-million men. And that judgment is based on experience.

When you next buy tires, bear in mind these facts. So many users, after 13 years, cannot be mistaken.

Winter Tires

With a Bulldog Grip

No-Rim-Cut tires for winter use are equipped, when wanted, with our Non-Skid tread.

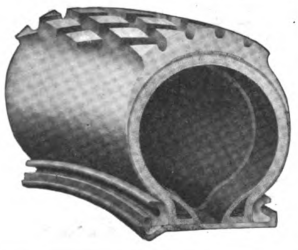
This tread was invented by the same experts who perfected No-Rim-Cut tires. And, like these tires, it represents finality.

Note the picture below, and note the description. You can see at a glance where this tire excels all other non-skid inventions.

On slippery roads one cannot safely drive a car without these Non-Skid treads. All winter tires should have them.

Go to the nearest Goodyear dealer and see for yourself what they mean to you.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

This Non-Skid tread is an extra tread, vulcanized on to the regular. This means a double-thick tread, and the extra tread is immensely tough and enduring.

The blocks are deep-cut, and they grasp the road surface in every direction with countless edges and angles. The blocks, because of their toughness and depth, last nearly as long as the tire.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric, the same as with smooth-tread tires. That's a new idea, and a factor of great importance.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

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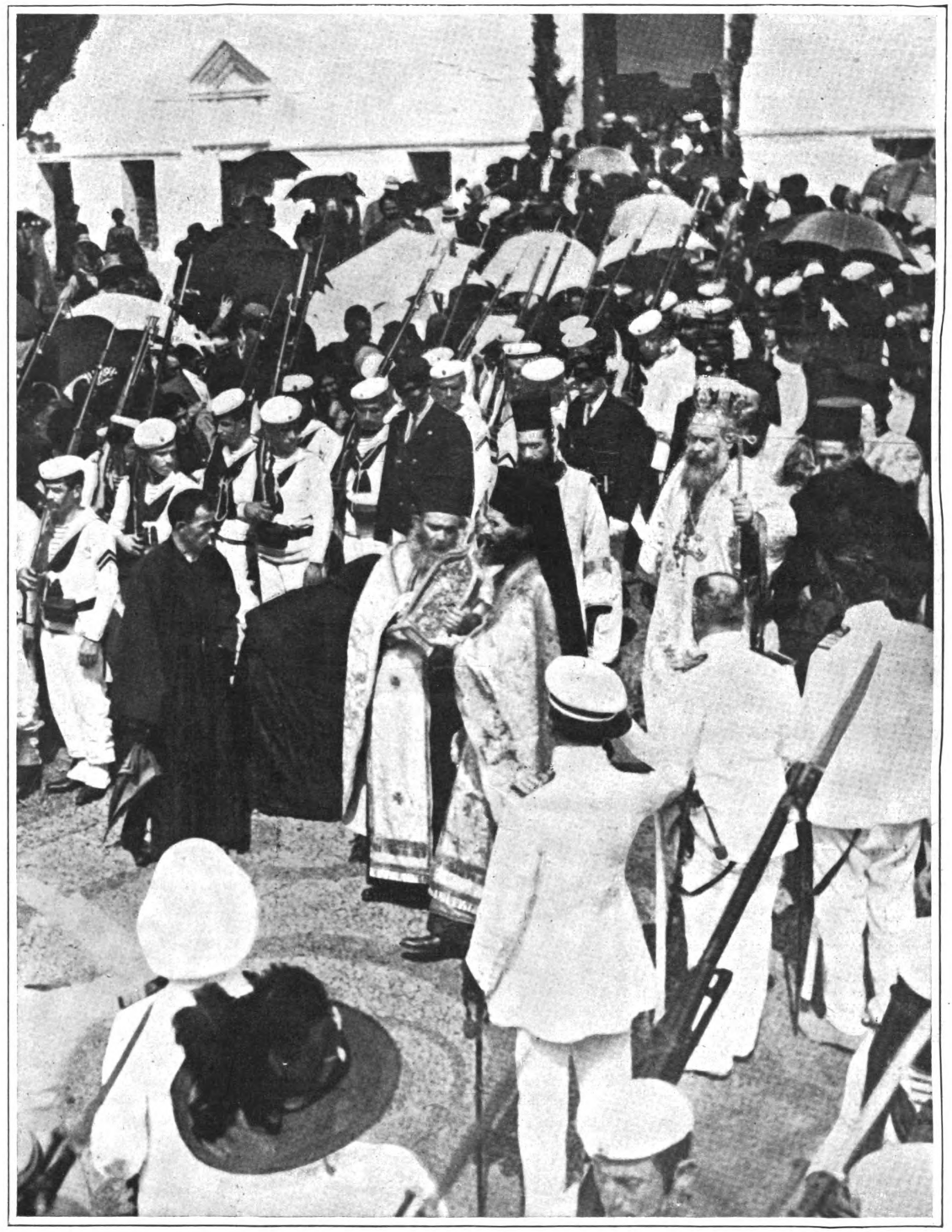

THE WAR IN THE NEAR EAST

The departure of the marines from Athens for service against the Turks. Priests of the Greek Church accompanied the detachment to the wharves and blessed them. The Greek navy is expected to prove a preponderating influence in the struggle by preventing the despatch of Turkish troops from Syria

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COMMENT

Our Prediction

I

We venture to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.—*Harper's Weekly of March 10, 1906.*

II

We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate WOODROW WILSON as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention of 1912.—*Harper's Weekly of November 28, 1908.*

III

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910.—*Harper's Weekly of May 15, 1909.*

IV

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations. Mr. WILSON'S majority will be forty thousand.—*Harper's Weekly of September 24, 1910.*

V

We now fully anticipate the nomination of WOODROW WILSON for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against WILLIAM H. TAFT, Republican candidate.—*Harper's Weekly of November 19, 1910.*

VI

We end this series of prophecies with a prediction that WOODROW WILSON will be duly elected President of the United States in November next.—*Harper's Weekly of July 13, 1912.*

VII

We now predict that WOODROW WILSON'S majority over all in the electoral college will exceed **300.**

The Electoral College

Total vote, 531. Necessary to a choice, 266.

FOR WILSON

Alabama	12	Mississippi	10
Arizona	3	Missouri	18
Arkansas	9	Montana	4
Colorado	6	Nebraska	8
Connecticut	7	New Jersey	14
Delaware	3	New Mexico	3
Florida	6	New York	45
Georgia	14	North Carolina	12
Indiana	15	Ohio	24
Iowa	13	Oklahoma	10
Kansas	10	South Carolina	9
Kentucky	13	Tennessee	12
Louisiana	10	Texas	20
Maine	6	Virginia	12
Maryland	8	West Virginia	8
Massachusetts	18	Wisconsin	13
Minnesota	12		
		Total	387

FOR TAFT		FOR ROOSEVELT	
Utah	4	California	13
Vermont	4	Washington	7
Total	8	Total	20

PROBABILITIES

FOR WILSON		FOR TAFT	
New Hampshire	4	Idaho	4
Rhode Island	5	Wyoming	3
Michigan	15	Total	7
Nevada	3		
Pennsylvania	38	FOR ROOSEVELT	
North Dakota	5	Illinois	29
South Dakota	5	Oregon	5
Total	75	Total	34

SUMMARY

For Wilson and Marshall		387	
Probably for Wilson and Marshall		75	
For Taft and Sherman	8	—	462
Probably for Taft and Sherman	7	—	15
For Roosevelt and Johnson	20		
Probably for Roosevelt and Johnson	34	—	54
		—	69

Probable majority for Wilson and Marshall.....393

Chairman William F. McCombs Sums Up

To Business Men:

To those confronted by the dilapidated bogy of free trade, we say: Read not what our opponents write, but what our candidate says. He needs no interpretation. None can deny either his ability or his freedom to speak for himself. And when he pronounces the Democratic proposal and his purpose to be "neither free trade nor anything approaching free trade," but only "a readjustment of the schedules to meet the actual business conditions and interests of the country," to the end that the tariff shall cease to be the well-spring of oppressive monopoly and covert taxation of the many for the benefit of the few, no fair-minded man can question either the truth of his words or the reality of his intent.

All agree that business stability and popular satisfaction cannot be achieved until the tariff shall be revised. Both Mr. TAFT and Mr. ROOSEVELT promise, if elected, to take steps to that end. But the history of their administrations shows conclusively that it cannot be done under their guidance. The policy of each, as clearly indicated by the methods he proposes, is one of procrastination. The Democratic purpose no less surely is that of prompt and effective, though careful and considerate, action.

President TAFT generously admits that the Republican party is not entitled to exclusive credit for the bountiful crops, but his advocates do not shrink from advancing the fact as an argument for standing pat. Prosperity, they assert, is at hand if the existing condition be maintained. Why interfere? Why not let well enough alone? Why elect a President and install a party whose purpose is to close our mills, destroy our industries, and drive a starving people to soup-houses?

It seems strange that questions such as these should be propounded to presumably intelligent persons; and yet they are put forth constantly upon the only supposable theory that the supreme object of one-half of the American people is to bring ruin and disaster upon the other half and incidentally, of course, upon themselves.

Not many, I suspect, are likely to impute to Governor WILSON this malign intent, and even those who try to conjure up within him a spirit of destructiveness do not deny his possession of intelligence. May it not be pertinent, then, to ask what could be his object in inflicting miseries upon his fellow-men?

Assuming, as one must if these premonitions are to be heeded at all, that his heart would be rejoiced by universal calamity, is it within reason to anticipate that he would be eager to go down in history as a President who has wrought only havoc? Is it not more probable that he would be ambitious to give the country a praiseworthy and successful administration?

But we are told that the business world is seriously apprehensive that Mr. WILSON'S election would retard the return of prosperity. This fear, it is solemnly declared in the face of full confidence manifested while the betting on his success is 4 to 1, is the only obstacle in the path of great industrial progress.

Suppose the existing conditions were reversed. Suppose business was at a standstill and prospects seemed hopeless. What then would be the outcry of our critics, now pressed so hardly for plausible arguments? Surely nothing else than positive insistence that distrust of the Democratic party and the Democratic candidate was at the bottom of it all. And the moral, of course, would be plain: Vote against the man who inspires misgivings.

Since the facts do not coincide with the theory, it becomes necessary to advance a paradox as an argument to fit the case. The absurdity of the whole thing is too apparent. Moreover, if stability is the chief desideratum, what is to be said of the record begun with the agitation of Mr. ROOSEVELT in 1906 and continued with the shillyshallying of Mr. TAFT to this very day?

We will let well enough alone when we have made it better.

To Real Progressives:

To those sincere citizens who want real progress accomplished we say: What could in reason be anticipated from Mr. ROOSEVELT'S best endeavors, with Congress and the courts against him, except turmoil and strife? Does not Mr. WILSON embody all that is best, most rational and attainable, in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S declared aspirations? Surely Governor WILSON is as clear-minded, as wide-visioned, as freehanded, as honest, as earnest, and as resolute.

Moreover, if elected, unlike Mr. ROOSEVELT, he will have a Congress of his own party faith, open to his suggestion and responsive to his leadership. Does not such a situation presage greater actual accomplishments in the interest of the whole people?

To Patriotic Republicans:

To the thousands of patriotic Republicans who regard apprehensively the violation of our most vital tradition and resent the attitude of Mr. ROOSEVELT toward the great party to which he owes every step in his marvelous political advancement we say this: You are being urged to vote for Mr. TAFT, not for the purpose of electing him, because that is known to be impossible, but merely to give him a larger number of ballots than will be cast for Mr. ROOSEVELT. What is to be gained thereby?

It is a recognized fact that hundreds of thousands of Republicans are going to vote for WILSON, anyway. The TAFT vote, then, will be no measure of the real TAFT strength and sentiment. Its size, whether larger or smaller than Mr. ROOSEVELT'S vote, will signify nothing. Since the President is to be in the minority in any case, as compared with Mr. WILSON, it cannot matter how small that minority shall be.

Nobody on November 6th will be able to estimate the number of Republicans who voted for WILSON who would have voted for TAFT but for their sense of a patriotic duty to defeat Mr. ROOSEVELT at all hazards. Under such circumstances, whatever the result as to second and third places, ROOSEVELT boasting can avail nothing.

Why, then, take chances? Why not make assurance of the perpetuation of constitutional government doubly sure by voting for WILSON, as President TAFT most certainly would advise and do himself if he should become convinced of the possibility of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S accession to a third term?

To All Good Citizens:

This is said in no partisan spirit. The action proposed is urged upon sober, thoughtful, and honorable men as that of patriotism. Everybody knows that Mr. TAFT cannot be elected. How great will be the political effect of the sympathy accorded Mr. ROOSEVELT as a consequence of a lunatic's misdeed is wholly conjectural. It seems apparent, however, that the avidity of his supporters in trying to capitalize the shocking performance of an irresponsible person has defeated its own purpose and that Mr. ROOSEVELT has practically no chance of success.

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There remains the one and only remote possibility of the election going to the House of Representatives and the utter chaos, confusion, bartering, and strain upon our governmental system, which would surely upset the country beyond possible calculation and might easily endanger American institutions.

Upon these grounds we solicit the suffrages of our fellow-citizens of all political faiths for WOODROW WILSON and urge continuance of unremitting endeavor upon those already committed to the great cause of wholly free and truly popular government for which he stands as a candidate for President of the United States.

There is nothing to be taken away from this admirable statement by Mr. MCCOMBS, and little to be added. We commend it to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

The Three Parties

However much we may regret the cause, the sudden quieting of the campaign, coming as it did so near the end of the struggle, has been a blessing as well as a relief. It has given the country an opportunity to stop talking and to consider in a mood of unexpected calmness the decision it is about to make. We have all had a chance to look at the whole thing by and large; to regain a sense of proportion; to put aside minor differences and fix our minds on the really great questions at issue —and to make sure, let us hope, of the largeness and sincerity of our own motives. That is a good mood in which to approach our choice, for it is a good mood in which to determine what our choice really means. It means, in the first place, the choosing of a party to put in charge of the government. For that, after all, is the way the government is going to continue to be run. Nobody, in fact, proposes any other way. There has been, no doubt, an extraordinary breaking of party lines, but the main result of it is simply that we have three parties instead of two to choose from. If we look at the entire situation quietly and broadly, which of the three offers at present the best reasons why it should be intrusted with power?

Frankly, it seems to us that here the choice is easy. The Republican party, considered as an instrument for dealing with the issues now uppermost, has been tried and found wanting. The new party, on the other hand, has not been tried and tested at all. It is a sudden aggregation of diverse and probably incoherent elements. Nobody can say how long it will even hold together. Some of its promises are attractive, but it has nothing but promises to offer. Some of its proposals, on the other hand, are startling and disquieting. Surely this great country is not in such straits that we cannot wait even to see what this new party really means and is before we commit to its inexperienced and over-confident hands our welfare and our ideals.

There remains the Democratic party, which for many years ruled the country successfully, but which in later years has had a long-continued chastening of defeat. That chastening may have been deserved, but it has not been ineffective. It is our honest opinion that never in its entire history has the party deserved success better than it does to-day. It has put its best men forward. It is in full sympathy with the better impulses of the time. It has made a good record in the States it controls and in the national House of Representatives. It is true to the soundest of its historical contentions, yet it is reorganized, reinvigorated, purified.

We repeat: So far as our choice next Tuesday is merely a choice among the parties, the argument seems to us too one-sided to need dwelling on.

The Three Candidates

It is only a little less one-sided when we come to speak of the candidates and what they respectively stand for.

This journal has always spoken respectfully of President TAFT. It will continue to do so, for he has our good-will. But an administration can only ask for a renewal of power on one ground—success — and the present administration simply cannot make that plea. It has failed to carry out the chief of the promises it was elected on, for the tariff issue, instead of being settled, is the main issue before us. It has failed in its reciprocity policy, however excellent its intentions. It has failed in its Southern policy. It has failed in its trust policy, which does not satisfy the country. An honorable failure, perhaps—but a failure. President TAFT has no good reason to expect a second term. We doubt if he does expect it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has no good reason to ask for a third term, and we do not believe that he now expects it. He has himself acquiesced in the wise custom that has denied it to all others. Leaving aside, however, that and many other reasons, to us utterly convincing, why he is personally undeserving of such unexampled honor and confidence, he has failed to meet satisfactorily or convincingly the issues now before the country. He knows nothing of the tariff, and his programme with it is ridiculous. His trust policy is a surrender to monopoly, and he has proved his unfitness to deal with individual combinations. His bid for the South has been rejected. The rest of his programme is merely experimental, and he himself is an experiment which we cannot afford to try again.

So far as a man can prove his fitness for the Presidency without being President, Governor WILSON'S fitness is proved. In two great executive offices he has been fearless, honest, effective, democratic. His extraordinary accomplishments are universally recognized. The fierce light of a bitter campaign has not revealed a single fact of his past or a single fault of his character to set honorable men against him. He was nominated by an unbossed convention, and by blameless methods. His campaign has been equally blameless and singularly able. The Presidency is the hardest as well as the greatest of offices, and no man is ever sure of success in it. But the country has seldom had such good grounds for hope in any President as it will have in Governor WILSON if, as we fully expect, and as for three years we have predicted, he is chosen President next Tuesday.

To Conscientious Republicans

If there is any considerable hesitation still to be found among the voters of the country, it is to be found among those Republicans whose final choice will be either TAFT or WILSON. They are voters whom we respect, and we also respect their hesitation. It is entirely honorable to them, and reflects a kind of citizenship which the country is all the better for. These men are weighing the just claims of party against those considerations which from time to time commend independence even to party men. It is, therefore, far from our purpose to make light of their problem or to give advice in any way that could be thought cocksure or officious.

What occurs to us is merely to recall certain situations in the recent past which may be accounted somewhat similar to the present: situations, we mean, when good men—good party men —felt it their duty for the time being to disregard the claims of party, or else, to explain their action a little differently, felt that the best way to serve the true and lasting interest of party, as well as of the country, was to vote independently.

Perhaps we should go back for the first instance to the Liberal Republican movement of 1872; but the analogy in that case would be rather far-fetched. A somewhat closer parallel is to be found in the campaign of 1884, when many of the best men in the Republican party, finding themselves unable to support BLAINE conscientiously, helped to elect CLEVELAND instead. But the parallel is by no means complete. This year there are three parties instead of two—not counting the Socialists and Prohibitionists—and BUTLER'S candidacy in 1884 never attained the proportions of a real third-party movement.

The campaign of 1896 offers a case much more in point. For the so-called Gold Democrats, the men who that year felt that they could not support the candidates and platform of their party, had, it should be remembered, a ticket of their own, the PALMER and BUCKNER ticket. A good many thousands of them voted it; but the returns indicated pretty clearly, we think, that a much larger number voted for MCKINLEY and HOBART. The majority of the Gold Democrats chose to give up their first choice rather than run the risk of not doing *all* they could to prevent an outcome which they thought would be dangerous to the country. Of those who did follow their own preference, many, we think, reasoned that they could safely do so because the States they lived in were surely going for MCKINLEY anyhow—or, in the case of the Southern Gold men, for BRYAN.

Similar independence has been displayed in later years both by Republicans and by Democrats, and in both national and State elections; but the situation in 1896 remains the one most closely comparable to the present.

We hardly need to interpret the lesson or the moral of it to such men as this is written for. For these men understand clearly enough that now as then the imperative necessity is to prevent a thing unfit and dangerous. It is not merely to prevent the possibility of ROOSEVELT'S election for a third term; it is also to prevent the movement he is leading from getting such a headway as to render it a permanent derangement of our politics and menace to our institutions. In our judgment, the only absolutely safe way to contribute to this result is to vote for WILSON and MARSHALL. In States which are considered doubtful, that course seems to us little less than an imperative duty. We understand fully the sacrifice that is thus demanded of Republicans, but we are confident that thousands of them will make it. We do not believe, however, that in making it they will be sacrificing their party. Their party can stand a defeat at the hands of its old rival, the Democratic party, but it probably could not stand anything approaching a victory by the party avowedly organized to destroy it and to supplant it.

Is it Disgust, Confession, or Indifference?

Perhaps one or another of the three parties can draw encouragement from the remarkable falling off in registration, particularly in this State, but we hardly think Americans in general should be pleased at it. Causes and causes are suggested, but it is hard to find one that is consistent with a growth of public spirit. It is hard to see how an increasing neglect of a grave public duty can indicate increasing patriotism.

From the merely partisan point of view the Democrats would seem to have the best reason for a hopeful interpretation of the phenomenon. Better united and more confident than they have been for years, they may well be surprised if the outcome shall show that this apparent apathy is prevalent in their ranks. On the other hand, the elections of 1910 showed plainly that at that time many Republicans were apathetic, and the causes which produced that state of mind have not been removed. On the contrary, there have been added other causes that may not unnaturally keep Republicans away from the polls this year. Their party has been divided, and many of them may be still unready to commit themselves to either of its now thoroughly belligerent factions. Even of those who have taken sides there may be a considerable number who, feeling that neither faction has much chance to win, have therefore lost interest and neglected to register.

But no merely partisan advantage from this state of affairs should make any of us feel satisfied with it. The decreased registration follows too close upon the disappointingly meager vote in last spring's primaries, the display of indifference by the Ohio electorate when important constitutional amendments were submitted to it, and other kindred phenomena. The broad fact seems to be that in a year of extraordinary political developments, involving questions of the utmost moment to the Republic, and attended with unusual excitement for many of us, many others of us are shirking even the most elementary activities of citizenship. Whether they are governed by disgust, indecision, or sheer indifference, it is impossible to commend either their motive or their behavior. On the whole, we should prefer to find almost anything rather than indifference to be the true explanation, for that is the deadliest of all the cankers of a State. Nevertheless, one's observation makes it impossible to deny that there are Americans, and far too many of them, whose selfish absorption in their own personal interests and pleasures leaves them meanly unresponsive to every public obligation. There are yet other Americans who are stupidly rather than meanly unresponsive, but we believe they are fewer.

The only way we see to extract any sunshine from the cucumber is to insist that it *is* an extraordinary year, an extraordinary campaign. Maybe when political conditions are more normal people will again display at least a normal amount of zeal in their citizenly duties.

Diagnosis and Prescription

Here is Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS'S diagnosis of the present issue:

> We are passing through something closely resembling a revolution. It is, however, likely to be a gradual revolution, and one worked out under the forms of law. This being so, I incline strongly to that political action through which the impending change will be conducted in the most orderly and least destructive manner.
>
> This at once eliminates ex-President ROOSEVELT,

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and that for reasons so obvious that it would be mere waste of time to dwell on them.

And here is a diagnosis by another eminent Bostonian, Mr. BRANDEIS:

In the work in which we are engaged there are three periods—investigation, agitation, and legislation. We have now arrived at the last stage, and it is by far the most difficult of the three, not because we fear lack of support, but because we are in danger of hasty and ill-considered legislation. How to provide a cure for a social evil without overturning the whole social and industrial equilibrium is a problem of the greatest difficulty, and for the legislative period of it we need imperatively a man at the head of the government who has great patience, who is capable of serious thought, and who is capable of considering both sides of a question.

These eminent doctors agree in their diagnosis, and agree, one explicitly, the other by implication, in rejecting the ROOSEVELT treatment. Then, to be sure, their opinions fork. Mr. ADAMS says:

Were President TAFT reelected, we might have a chance of four years of good, disinterested, and experienced administrative work.

Mr. BRANDEIS says:

These essentials seem to me and those who are working with me to be more completely embodied in Governor WILSON than in any one else on the field. That the Democratic party will give us the legislation for which we are striving seems reasonably certain from the records of the present Congress and the Governor of New Jersey for the past two years.

Mr. BRANDEIS has the advantage of Mr. ADAMS in recommending the remedy that can be had. The other can't.

In an Unexpected Place

From BALZAC's *Country Doctor (Le Medicin de Campagne)*:

In commerce "encouragement" does not mean protection. A really wise policy should aim at making a country independent of foreign supply, but this should be effected without resorting to the pitiful shifts of customs duties and prohibitions. Industries must work out their own salvation; competition is the life of trade. A protected industry goes to sleep and monopoly, like the protective tariff, kills it outright.

That passage sounds so very like one of Governor WILSON's speeches that one naturally wonders what it is doing in a great French novel written in 1829. But *The Country Doctor* is a study of the transformation of an inert and poverty-stricken community into a thriving and wealthy one, and BALZAC puts these words into the mouth of the wise and good man who patiently wrought that transformation. The truth of what he says about monopoly is not negligible merely because it was recognized a long time ago, and in other countries than ours.

Recognition

Every newspaper influenced by the Steel Trust is against *ME.*—T. RMAGEDDON.

Meaning, we suppose, the New York *Press*, the Boston *Journal*, the Baltimore *News*, and the Washington *Times*.

And Now Maybe Modesty is Coming Back

It seems a pity to put that young MARTIN on the stump to tell Bull-Moose audiences how he clinched with Colonel ROOSEVELT's assailant in Milwaukee and spoiled his aim. Probably MARTIN disliked to exploit his own gallantry, but no sincere Bull-Mooser hesitates long to sacrifice his modesty to the cause. Their chief has set them an example, and they all seem to have learned the lesson that self-commendation is the first law of politics. One doesn't mind it in old stagers like BEVERIDGE, or PERKINS, or MUNSEY, but it grieves the spirit a little when Candidate BIRD expounds on the stump his considerate treatment of his employees, and this young Stenographer MARTIN comes out with his "These are the hands that grappled with the Colonel's assassin!"

But this is the last week of the campaign, and the natural modesty of modest men is about to reassert itself.

The Hay Made in Sunshine

How fortunate seem those persons whose forebears made money before it became wrong, and invested it so that it stayed in the family.

In the Back Yard of Europe

Those are not a particularly popular lot of Christians who are just now fighting the Turk. Bulgarians, Servians, and Macedonians sound a bit rampageous and fantastic to those of us in this country who do not happen to be running for office. Nevertheless they represent Christian civilization as against Turkish Mohammedanism, and if they are backward in it, be it remembered that it is the Turks who have kept them backward. In the fourteenth century, when the Turks overran the Byzantine Empire, southeastern Europe was well to the front in civilization, and the leader of Europe in the arts. For six centuries the Turks have dammed the progress of these States that have now assailed them. For all that time southeastern Europe has been a hotbed of hatreds and racial, political, and religious jealousies, and the atmosphere of such things does not favor the gentler and more attractive virtues. The Christians out there seem pretty wild religionists, but they have the Christian impulse to better themselves, and it cannot be doubted that Turkish domination and propinquity has been the log across their necks that has kept them from going ahead.

It is a cruel war, full of desperate venoms, but well worth understanding and following. To persons who are not students of history and international politics it may seem just a back-yard fight. To scholars and diplomatic experts it is much more interesting, for there, in the back yard of Europe, the leaf is turning on six centuries of history, and the processes of civilization are working out with scrapping and bloodshed, as is the immemorial way.

Bad, Bad!

What an uncommon nuisance that prize-fight at Reno has made of JACK JOHNSON! It is enough to deter any white man from standing up to be punched by a black man ever again in an American ring. Meanwhile it seems time that JACK was abated.

Far Away and Close at Hand

The abatement of our own acerbities permits us to take account of others in other parts of the world; and these, unhappily, are not abating. There is indubitable war now in Europe. There is another and a decidedly threatening insurrection in Mexico.

Both situations call to mind an observation intended to inculcate abstemiousness. It was not proposed, but it was true. "If you keep on drinking," said the monitor in this instance, "you will get drunk." Something almost as obvious might have been said to the near East, and may still be said to Mexico. To the Balkan States and Turkey it might have been said any time these many years, "If you keep on quarreling and hating, you will fight." To Mexico it may still be said—though perhaps too late—"If you keep on having insurrections you will have another revolution." Of course, plenty of good advice is disregarded, even when it is given in time. But the great Powers of Europe could probably, if they had got together and taken a firm tone, have made both Turkey and her neighbors listen to them. They might have forced reforms on Turkey. They might have exacted patience from the Balkan States and Greece. The United States—

But no; this country's relations to Mexico are not like those of the great Powers to the countries of southeastern Europe. We are not responsible, as they are, for the present situation. We are concerned about Mexico, deeply concerned. Our interests are affected. From time to time the lives and property of our citizens have been endangered, and worse. We have had excuses to intervene if we had wanted to. We realize that things may occur of a nature to compel us to take some action out of the ordinary. But we have never assumed to be Mexico's guardian as Europe has done, more or less candidly, with the Balkans and Greece and Turkey. The only guardianship we have assumed is that of all the Americas against European aggression under the MONROE doctrine. Nothing in Mexico as yet challenges us in that rôle.

We must wait and watch, therefore; and Europe, whether it must or not, will doubtless for a while do the same. Italy has Tripoli and peace; Russia and Austria are watching each other; France and England and Germany are watching both. For the moment no Power seems to have a sufficient motive to insist on any concerted intervention. All have motives for caution. After a while the humane impulses of all these peoples may perhaps move their governments to agreement and action. But the immediate outlook is not encouraging to the workers for the world's peace.

Harvard and Its Law School

It is understood that the ablest students in the Harvard Law School are elected to the editorial board of the *Harvard Law Review*. In the last batch chosen not a single graduate of Harvard College was included. The honors all went to students from other colleges. This has made something of a scandal in Cambridge. The question is whether young gentlemen are so ill trained in Harvard College as to be unable to compete in law studies with competitors from other places.

Perhaps they are. But, on the other hand, it may be that they are not ill trained, but are more broadly trained than the students they compete with, and less disposed to specialize in law with the requisite intensity.

To know the law, and comprehend its principles and reasons and bases, and think accordingly, is almost a liberal education in itself; but to have one's mind so legalized that it can only think in accordance with precedents and decisions is to undergo a distressing and repellent paralysis of the intellectual faculties. If the Harvard College preceptors believe that the students they send to the Law School are proof against this paralysis and therefore miss the *Law Review*, they may be consoled, but on the face of things they seem to need the consolation.

Fluffy White Felt and a Yellow Cockade!

Here's a political item from our neighbor, the *Sun*, which is a real pleasure to reprint:

Suffrage millinery is now rejoicing in a creation all its own and hereafter the militants may be seen wearing the woman suffrage torchlight parade hat. The hat was officially adopted yesterday. It is made of fluffy white felt and boasts of a natty yellow cockade. It resembles the old Continental type of headgear. The members of the party are assured that the hat will be generally becoming. The "Votes for Women" hats sell for forty-nine cents.

How good for the mind it is to have a change of thought, especially an entire change of political thought! If there has been a pretty sight in all the campaign now closing we have missed it. But there seems to be one coming, and coming mighty cheap at forty-nine cents.

We Guess Not

HORACE G. HOPKINS writes from Milwaukee:

What ever "possesses" a man of your recognized astuteness to put such *low* estimate upon the President's *running* abilities, in this campaign, as you have done in your recent articles?

And where are the brilliant scintillations we have so much enjoyed, hitherto, in the WEEKLY? As a Republican I have no fault to find with your estimates of TAFT, from a *personal* point of view—indeed, you have been over-generous, if anything; certainly most flattering. *But*—this is what "stumps" me—how can you dismiss TAFT as being of *no consequence*—a mere negligible quantity; or is it a case where the wish is father to the thought?

Surely the prophets who have, with yourself, so assumed are in for a decided surprise. I believe, on my own part, that WILSON will be defeated—and by TAFT!

There are many things we don't really know. One is the origin of life. Another is the result of the forthcoming election. Maybe you're right, HORACE, though we rather guess not. Enjoy your confidence, anyhow, till you get the returns. Then suppose you drop us another line. We won't print it unless you say so.

Becker

Why should BECKER, a condemned murderer, have the reporters into his apartment in the Tombs, and give out criticisms of the court that tried him, and a statement to the public?

The statement, to be sure, is a feeble thing, and will not help him, but it seems indecent that he should be permitted to make these appeals to public sympathy—appeals unverified by evidence and unprobed by cross-examination.

BECKER's conviction, obtained as it was, was a great victory for justice and public order. Nothing so encouraging has happened in New York for a long, long time. We are all debtors to Mr. WHITMAN for this result.

Progress

From *Collier's Weekly* before it changed editors:

When he [ROOSEVELT] attacks WILSON's position on the minimum wage, or on the tariff, he is expressing a legitimate difference of opinion, but when he tries to make the country believe that WILSON is a man whom the bosses wanted he is doing something that we find it extremely difficult to understand.

Keep right on, brother, and before long you will understand. You are on the right track. We know it, for we have traveled that road ourselves. In fact, many thousands of Americans have traveled it. Your faith may have been fine and pleasant, but your doubt is more wholesome, and it is certainly manly and becoming. You remember what LOWELL said about "honest doubt," of course, and every word of it was true.

In New York State

We guess SULZER will win.

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Free Expert Advice

It is a long time since a certain historic figure of exuberant and impulsive audacity answered his Lord as to the whereabouts of his brother: "I know not. Am *I* my brother's keeper?" As a matter of fact he knew very well where his brother was, for he had slain him. Indeed, at any stage of the world's history the answer would be beside the mark, for any man of dutiful imagination knows fairly well where his brother is and what his sufferings are and in just how far he is exploited and injured. As the ages roll the question becomes more insistent, nearer and nearer to the "bosoms and businesses of men." Fewer and fewer among us dare reply: "I know not; am *I* my brother's keeper?" It begins to show up as a plain fact that one cannot keep oneself very safely or effectively unless one is equally interested in keeping one's brother. It seems to be not only virtue, but plain common sense to deal with others as we would be dealt by; to give to others the same safeguards, the same means of enlightenment which we have found valuable for ourselves.

How far such a sense has grown may be estimated somewhat by a new organization recently started in Boston whereby experts pledge themselves to give freely their expert knowledge to any who may apply. The whole scheme sounds so idealistic, so up in the air, that if it were spoken of as a hypothesis instead of a fact, a working fact, one would find few to believe the scheme could be carried through. It is only because the free expert information bureau is actually working that one dares tell of it. The whole thing seems to have grown out of the experience of the librarian of a large electrical concern. He found it useful to keep a catalogue or a "Who's Who" of all the employees in the concern and its subsidiary companies. Each man who enters the employ is catalogued and his previous training and general qualifications are written on his card. If the employee adds to his interests or accomplishments during the term of his service this likewise is added to his card. So that, as an article on the subject states: "Should one of the heads of the firm call up the library to know which engineer among the several hundred in the organization has had experience in rebuilding wrecked hydro-electric plants, the catalogue would presumably give that information." The librarian of that electrical concern was evidently an idealist, for, having perfected his catalogue of experts in electrical matters, he conceived the idea of indefinitely extending the process and of cataloguing all the expert information in Boston. His scheme is to have—as a matter of fact he already has in full working order—a co-operative information bureau, a sort of clearing-house of general information where questions may be asked and the questioner sent immediately to the proper source of supply. The various subjects upon which information is required are classified and put in charge of a sponsor or sub-sponsor. For example, the librarian of the Boston Public Library will freely answer questions on general works or send the inquirer to the best expert on the subject. His own service is freely given, and only when questions require research work or prolonged investigation is a charge made for work done. The librarian of the Harvard College Library is sponsor for philosophy; the librarian of the General Theological Library, for religion; the librarian of the Massachusetts State Library answers for sociology, and the professor of Romance languages at Boston University for philology. The professor of geology at Tufts College is head of the natural-science division; the librarian of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology of the useful arts; the librarian of the Museum of Fine Arts answers for fine arts, and the editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society for history. The bureau is a voluntary association of persons and organizations for mutual assistance, says the prospectus, in the ascertainment of sources and supplies of information. By means of systematic registration and classification, information now latent or undeveloped or inaccessible is rendered available for immediate transmission from the expert to the inquirer. It aims at entering neither the field of literature nor that of the classified directory, but will be a form of library extension and also a form of directory extension. Any one who needs information will turn to the central clearing-house and there be referred to one of a number of "sponsors" or persons known to possess expert knowledge on the subject.

And all this sharing of information is on an eleemosynary basis. Except where prolonged labor is necessary it is supposed to come as the natural free sharing of information. How wide are the subjects upon which inquiries are made and answered may be derived from the questions set prior to January 10, 1912, when the bureau was asked as to a bibliography of efficiency engineering, a vocation expert, back numbers of the *American Architect*, dance-hall legislation, wages paid in quarries, school-committee reports in Brookline, information on fuel gas, books on accounting, mining of special stones, printer's ink, information as to arc lamps, trees or plants from which chicle gum is taken, occurrence, preparation, applications, prices, and amounts produced of diotamaceous earth, as to the calcalameter and where it is manufactured.

In Germany an international bureau has been established not unlike the Boston co-operative bureau in intent, but the spirit is different. The whole concern of Die Brücke, as it is called in Germany, while like the Boston one it stands for intercommunication of information throughout the world, is on a paying business basis. The Boston bureau starts out on the basis that each man is his brother's keeper—that he is only too glad to offer any valuable information he may have to any one who can use it, and it is this idealistic basis which commends itself to admiration. So successful are its free administrations that the Information and Agency Bureau of London has become affiliated with it, and now, whoever has information to get or to give has only to report at the Institute of Technology in Boston, stating his desire to become a co-operator or subscriber or co-operating subscriber of the Boston Co-operative Information Bureau. A co-operator merely sends in his name as willing to play the game, as willing to take part in furthering the bureau's projects and maintaining its usefulness. A co-operator is entitled to the bureau's services, but not to the issues of the *Monthly Bulletin*. A subscriber pays two dollars annually and is entitled to all services and to the *Bulletin*. A co-operative subscriber is entitled to full privileges and service, receives the *Bulletin*, may hold office, and vote.

The *Bulletin* regularly publishes local sources of general information, lists of questions received, etc., etc. Altogether it is a unique and interesting business concern, run, apparently, without "money and without price" on the idealistic hypothesis that really all men are ready to help one another, to give free information, wherever it does not cost too much time and undue trouble. The amazing thing about it is that it *works*.

Correspondence

"FREIGHT RATES AND COMMON SENSE"

PHILADELPHIA, PA., *September 11, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—At your suggestion I have read with great care the article by Mr. George D. Mumford in your edition of September 7th entitled "Freight Rates and Common Sense," and I confess that after such a perusal I am at a loss to understand where the gentleman has secured some of his facts, more particularly as to the rates on coal. I happen to be in that line of business and have been for many years, and I should be obliged if the writer of this article would kindly inform me, as well as other readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in what part of the country and over what systems any railroad carries "a ton of coal 500 miles at $1.50 per ton and has thus added $3 per ton to its selling price." I think I am pretty familiar with all of the prevailing rates on coal, both soft and hard, east of the Alleghany Mountains, and the longest haul that I am familiar with at a rate approximating $1.50 per ton is that made by the Pennsylvania Railroad from the district comprising the vicinity of Altoona, Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia, which is a haul of 235 miles, for which a rate of $1.60 per ton is charged and has been maintained for the last ten years. On the same railroad a ton of coal is hauled from the same point to New York City and vicinity for $1.85 per ton, a distance of 330 miles. The same road hauls a ton of coal from the Pittsburg district to Philadelphia, a distance of 350 miles, for $2.10 per ton.

Going to the B. & O. Railroad, I find that that road hauls a ton of coal from the Cumberland district to Baltimore, a distance of 192 miles, for $1.60 per ton. The same road hauls a ton of coal from the Fairmont district, which is farther west, or 316 miles, to Baltimore at $1.85 per ton. This is all on soft coal, and when it comes to hard coal they haul a ton of coal over the Pennsylvania Railroad from Sunbury and vicinity to Philadelphia, which is a haul of 156 miles, for which they charge $1.80 per ton.

Now, from these facts I should like to know if your esteemed contributor would still have us believe that under these rates our "much-starved railroad systems" represented by the "goose which laid the golden eggs" will be forced into penury if the long-suffering public should insist that these rates be adjusted on some sane and reasonable basis and not as the railroads have already admitted on an "as much as traffic will stand" basis, which seems to have been the prevailing custom for many years.

I am, sir,

FREDERIC LANDSTREET.

September 24, 1912.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In answer to the criticism by Mr. Frederic Landstreet of the coal rate of three mills per ton per mile mentioned in my article, "Freight Rates and Common Sense," published in your edition of September 7th, I beg to say that it was used by me as an extreme case of the cheapness of American railway rates. If Mr. Landstreet will recall the context he will remember that I said: "The modern railway hitches an $18,000 Mikado locomotive to a train of fifty $1,000 coal-cars and hauls this coal" for a rate of three mills per ton per mile. As the percentage of heavy Mikado or Mallet locomotives is only about ten per cent. of all locomotives in this country, and as comparatively few American railways have a grade which allows one locomotive to haul a train of fifty loaded coal-cars, it is obvious that I was not speaking of average coal rates. This rate is some two mills below the average rate on bituminous coal in this country when carried in car-load lots, which the official statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission for 1910 give as 4.95 mills per ton per mile; but it *is* the rate actually charged by some of the most modern and efficient coal-carriers. In answer to Mr. Landstreet's inquiry "in what part of the country and over what systems this rate is in force," I may say that the Norfolk & Western, the Chesapeake & Ohio, and the Virginian Railway, all operating in the Pocahontas and New River coal-fields of West Virginia, make a practically uniform coal rate to tide-water of about $1.22 per ton for a haul of some 400 miles, or a rate of three mills per ton per mile, which is exactly the rate stated in my article. I should say that from twenty to thirty million tons of West Virginia coal are hauled yearly at this rate. Besides the above roads, the official statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission also show that the Chicago Southern Railway in 1910, with a freight traffic density of 1,459,340 tons per mile of road—chiefly coal—had an average ton-mile rate for the year of 2.76 mills, or considerably below the rate mentioned by me.

Mr. Landstreet, I think, misunderstands my position. I do not pretend to pass any opinion upon the question whether any particular rate is too high or too low compared with the existing general level of rates, but simply that this whole existing level of rates is too low taken with reference to the enormous advance in the general level of prices in the past fifteen years.

In reply to Mr. Landstreet's desire for a "sane and reasonable" basis of rates instead of the basis of "charging what the traffic will bear," this much-maligned phrase means also "not charging what the traffic will not bear," and instead of being an excuse for a high charge means to railway managers in the vast majority of cases the imperious necessity of charging low-grade freight a *lower* rate than the average in order to make it possible for it to be moved at all.

I am, sir,

GEORGE D. MUMFORD.

FOR FRIENDLY BANKS IN SOUTH AMERICA

ABINGDON, VA., *October 17, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Director-General Barrett paints a dangerous picture as to what is going to happen to the country in the matter of Central and South American trade, after the Panama Canal is opened, unless our people meet the efforts of the European countries. It is probable that our manufacturers have not properly exerted themselves, because of the great demand at home, but the day will come when the supply will be more than the home demand, and then our manufacturers will need the trade of the peoples South of us. All writers and speakers on this subject, including Governor Montague of Virginia, agree that one of the first steps should be the establishment by American financial interests of friendly banking institutions in Central and South America.

Now, while the demagogues, muck-rakers, and yellow journals all abuse our great financiers for the price of their abuse, we believe that Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Stillman, and Mr. Hemphill, as well as the powerful financiers of the West and Central West, have not allowed themselves to be soured by this kind of abuse. These gentlemen, together with their associates and financial affiliations, could readily raise a fund to organize a corporation of fifty million dollars capital, where there was a promise of six per cent., or even less, on the money invested, in conservative financial institutions to be located and developed in Central and South America.

This is all preliminary to begging permission to suggest to HARPER'S WEEKLY that it head and push a movement to encourage these strong financial people to proceed without delay to take steps to conserve the mercantile and manufacturing interests of the United States by locating financial institutions among our Latin-American neighbors, as early as practicable, and in such manner as may best appeal to them.

I am, sir,

W. E. M.

SHIP OF STATE IN NO DANGER

HARTFORD, CONN., *October 2, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—During the campaign of 1904 you often printed the words "No Humbug" as a deserved warning to those newspapers and partisans who seemed in danger of indulging in that dangerous thing. I have an honest fear that during this campaign you have need to keep in mind that injunction, yourself. No one is more opposed to the re-election of Theodore Roosevelt than am I, but it seems to me folly to preach that his election means the destruction of the Republic. Such extreme language causes those who vividly remember other campaigns to smile incredulously. The men and women who are supporting Colonel Roosevelt are as honest, as earnest, as faithful to the Republic as are we who oppose him. He can easily be defeated, but the way to defeat him is not to indulge in hysterics, but simply to point out, emphatically, that he (as did Bryan and Hearst before him) is promising a millennium he cannot bring to pass if he wins. The whole movement for Roosevelt is not, in my judgment, so much the idealization of a man as it is the personification of an idea. A very ardent supporter of the Colonel, who lives in Missouri, said to me not long ago: "I am for Roosevelt because he is the only man known to me who has the courage to do the specific thing that needs to be done. But if he or any one else should attempt a perpetual Presidency he would get a bump (*sic*) he would remember. I am not afraid of a dictatorship; there is too much common sense, too large a sense of humor, among all classes here in America for any man to go far along that line." No, dear "Journal of Civilization," the Ship of State is in no danger of emulating the *Titanic*.

I am, sir,

GEORGE M. NASH.

NOT IN IT

SPRAY, N. C., *August 19, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Do you mean that Taft is not in it?

I am, sir,

GEORGE A. MEBANE.

Yes.—EDITOR.

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THE SOBER SECOND THOUGHT

A CAMPAIGN IN WHICH THE VOTERS HAVE BEEN DOING THEIR OWN THINKING, AND ORATORY HAS EXERCISED COMPARATIVELY LITTLE INFLUENCE

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THIS, one of the most remarkable of American Presidential campaigns, will always be remembered because of the way it opened and closed and of its defiance of the accepted traditions of the way in which campaigns are conducted. In nearly every other contest, certainly in all those of recent years, the great appeal shaped itself long before the nominations were made, and with the selection of the candidates the people rather than the politicians made the appeal. In other years silver, the tariff, the trusts, were dominant questions so firmly intrenched in the popular mind they could not be dislodged by efforts to turn attention in another direction. There was just one thing in which the masses were interested; it was the only thing they wanted to hear discussed, and attempts to distract them by the consideration of other subjects proved a failure. As a rule, the public entertains only one idea at a time, and when its mind is centered on that idea it gives little heed to anything else.

Presidential campaigns are usually fought along certain well-accepted lines, and that refers not so much to the methods of campaign managers, which vary from time to time and are modified by the personal idiosyncrasies of the candidates or their chief political advisers, but to the unconscious influence exerted by the public on the men who are intrusted with the direction of affairs. There is telepathic communication between the voters and the political directors. The big thought in the mind of the public has in some subtle and intangible way communicated itself to the politicians, who instinctively recognize what that thought is. Hence, as soon as the nomination is made, the line of attack or defense is clearly indicated. There is another President, the campaign managers say, in the tariff, administrative extravagance, retrenchment, and reform, whatever the issue may be, and everything is concentrated on that subject. Other questions are minor, thrown in merely to make good weight; or, to use another simile, the big issue is the thirteen-inch guns that will destroy an enemy's fleet, while everything else is simply the scattering fire of the small arms that may confuse, and here and there search out a victim, but cannot annihilate.

The heavy cannonade, the literature, and the oratory keep up its battering until the commanders-in-chief believe their enemy is feeling the effect of the fire, and then, curiously enough, there comes the second stage of the campaign, that of personalities. It rarely fails that this happens. Perhaps this comes about because by this time nerves are on edge and the public is weary of the incessant din, but, whatever the cause, the experienced politician knows that he has to expect it and must be on his guard to meet assault and to repair the damage done. A campaign that has been running smoothly, that mathematically and psychologically, it seems, will sweep the candidate to success because success is "in the air," can be wrecked—in fact, more than once has been wrecked—because of an incautious remark or the discovery of something that was said or done or written by the candidate many years before, and which has no bearing whatever upon the present, and even less relation to the great issue which is the justification for the party's appeal to the country.

In the present campaign the ordinary course has been reversed. It opened, as every one of course knows, with personalities and vague rather than concrete issues. The rubbish heap was raked over in lieu of something better. So little real ammunition was in the political magazines that the batteries were loaded with the spent shells of previous battles. Whether a certain man had contributed so much or so little to the campaign fund of some years before was regarded as more dangerous to the party involved than the discussion of present-day matters. While almost any campaign speaker could arouse a certain amount of enthusiasm, and from here and there came reports of this speaker or that making a great impression, it was the general verdict that the campaign did not "bite." It was not exactly lifeless, but it was dull. Politicians were at sea. One party, it was said, had reconciled itself to defeat and was making only a sham fight. Another party had no hope of success, but was fighting for the future. The other party was so sure of victory that it did not need to put forth its best efforts. And then a further explanation was found in the fact that this year the treasuries of all parties are low. A political campaign can no more be carried on without money than a war can be fought when a country is bankrupt, and unless the paymaster promptly and regularly makes his rounds there is no inducement to the political workers to throw themselves into the fight.

A close observer must have noticed that, beginning about six weeks before Election Day, there came a change, and in these, the closing days of the campaign, it is apparent to every one that whatever of indifference or apathy marked the attitude of the voter in the early days of the struggle has now been succeeded by resolute determination. This year the voter has been doing his own thinking, and has been little if anything influenced by the ordinary run of campaign oratory. The voter has been searching his conscience, sifting, weighing, balancing claims and promises, seeking the way out, endeavoring to be governed by judgment rather than emotion. For it has come down to this: the voter has brushed everything else aside and sees clearly enough the great issue. He sees that the tariff is the one question above all others that the campaign involves. And that is what makes this campaign so memorable. The tariff has been pushed to the front because the people forced it there and not because the politicians made it hold first rank.

To the professional man, the shopkeeper, the workingman, the farmer, the officeholder, to all classes, in fact, the readjustment of the tariff is a larger question than any other, and, that being the case, every man has to determine for himself whether he individually and the country at large will be better off by the success of the Democratic, the Republican, or the Progressive party. The average man, and the average man represents the general sentiment of the country, has always been interested in social advancement and in the betterment of conditions, frequently taking part in any movement looking to that end, and, even when taking no active part, showing his sympathy and approval; but the average man knows there will always be people to carry on this social work, and that the dynamic force of civilization will make for social progress no matter what else happens. What confronts him to-day is the practical question that does not admit of delay, for he must decide whether to bring about a revision of the tariff, with the advantages which he believes will follow from that revision, or sustain a system which he must conclude is better than any change.

In this campaign the Republicans began by dodging the tariff issue as much as possible, although by their platform they were committed to a protective tariff in principle while admitting that some of the existing duties are too high and should be reduced. This position apparently made no great impression on the voters at large; thick-and-thin Republicans accepted it as a matter of course that a Republican platform would reaffirm the faith of the party in a protective tariff, while the concession to popular sentiment that some of the duties were too high and ought to be reduced was the sort of thing that had so often been said that it did not need to be taken overseriously. It was when the Republican managers saw they were making few votes on their tariff plan that they boldly appealed for support on the ground that Democratic success meant a destruction of the present tariff system and would endanger prosperity. Panics were laid to Democratic tariff bills. The danger of the adoption of free trade was not minimized. It was an appeal not without force, and it cannot be denied that it had a certain effectiveness. No one would say that the national trait of the American was conservatism, and yet in a great many Americans there is a strong feeling to let well enough alone. To elect Governor Wilson might be to bring about the evils that Republicans predicted; it might be to lose the substance to grasp the shadow. It was a question serious enough to make every thinking man take serious thought.

The Progressive party at the opening of the campaign was even less inclined than the Republican to discuss the tariff. It was more congenial to their speakers and chimed in better with their mood to discuss the issues that called the party into existence, and which, in their opinion, occupied a larger share of public attention than such sordid things as schedules and rates of duties. Yet the Progressive party could not escape the issue. In its platform it had declared a belief in a protective tariff that should equalize conditions of competition between the United States and foreign countries. "Primarily the benefit of any tariff should be disclosed in the pay envelope of the laborer." This was no doubt satisfactory so far as it went to the laborer, but while it differed in verbiage it did not differ in substance from similar declarations made by the Republicans. So far, then, as the tariff was concerned the Progressives did not radically part company from the Republicans. If social and other questions were deemed by the great mass of voters of higher importance than the tariff, the position of the Progressive party on that subject would not have been of the highest consequence, but there is convincing proof to the contrary. Progressive speakers were forced into discussing the tariff; their newspapers openly appealed to Republicans to support the Progressive party because it, like they, believed in protection. "This principle," as the Philadelphia *North American* advanced as a reason why Republicans should vote the Progressive ticket, "is going to be upheld or destroyed at the election next month. The Progressive party upholds protection. It is for Republicans to decide whether they will commit this problem to the Democratic party or to the Progressive party." Beginning the campaign no less opposed to the Republicans than to the Democrats, the Progressives were now making overtures to the Republicans to enter into an alliance for the perpetuation of a tariff system that at least one-half of the country severely condemned. If Republicans accepted the invitation and supported the Progressive candidates, it must be with the full understanding on their part that the Republican tariff policy would be maintained. To men who disapproved of that policy the victory of the Progressive party offered no relief.

The Democratic position on the tariff was made clear from the outset. It was, in the language of the platform, in favor of "the immediate downward revision of the existing high and, in many cases, prohibitive tariff duties, insisting that material reductions be speedily made upon the necessaries of life." But at the same time the danger of rash or hazardous action was fully recognized and the platform favored "the ultimate attainment of the principles we advocate by legislation that will not injure or destroy legitimate industry." Nor did the Democrats on the stump make any concealment of their position. They openly avowed that if intrusted with power they would proceed to revise the tariff "downward," not laying the ax at the root of the tariff system, not substituting free trade for protection, but so modifying and readjusting present duties, always bearing in mind that legitimate industry was to be neither injured nor destroyed, that burdens would be lightened and inequalities corrected, unnecessary rates reduced, conditions made easier for the consumer without depriving the producer of that protection to which he was properly entitled.

Efforts by their opponents to convince the voter that the policy advocated by the Democrats is fraught with danger may or may not have been successful—this article is written in no sense of prophecy and with no attempt to forecast the future, but simply to show the importance which the voter attaches to the tariff—and for the answer we must wait until the fifth of November. But it has been made quite evident that the average man has neither accepted without question the Democratic position nor rejected as unworthy of consideration the arguments of Republicans and Progressives against the Democratic tariff policy. The average man does not want change for the mere love of change, he does not want to vote for a candidate who promises the greatest number of changes, but he will, it is believed, vote for the candidate or the party that will make the fewest changes and bring about the largest results. Naturally he is neither inviting panic nor disaster nor lending himself to any scheme that threatens the general well-being or the contentment of those with whom he is most closely associated. It is absurd to think that any considerable number of people have any desire to do harm or that they can see any profit to themselves by the great mass being brought to harm. Men are neither so base nor so foolish. The tariff may be, as many persons contend it is, a subject so intricate that it is beyond ordinary intelligence to comprehend it, and only experts are qualified to express an opinion. That may be true, but it requires no profound intellect to know that what is good for the country at large is good for the individual, and that the individual cannot be prosperous unless other individuals, in the aggregate making the mass, are sharing equally in prosperity. The people are thinking for themselves, and thinking what is best for themselves, and how their condition can be improved. Their interest, it may be frankly admitted, is selfish, but it is intelligent selfishness, for it is to devise a method by which a reform they believe to be imperative can be accomplished. It is further to be noted that the opponents of the Democratic policy of tariff revision are convinced that tariff revision is necessary, but their preference is to have the tariff revised by its friends and not by its enemies, as they believe the Democrats to be where the tariff is concerned. What the man who is not hidebound but is open to judgment will determine for himself is, whether the Republicans or Progressives, if given the opportunity, will really revise the tariff or find an excuse for doing nothing, or whether the Democrats will revise the tariff as they have pledged themselves to do. On the decision he reaches his vote will be cast, for it is apparent to the close observer that a majority of the American people at the present time are giving more thought to the tariff than to any other political question. Hence, in the last days of the campaign, personalities have ceased. Principles alone are discussed.

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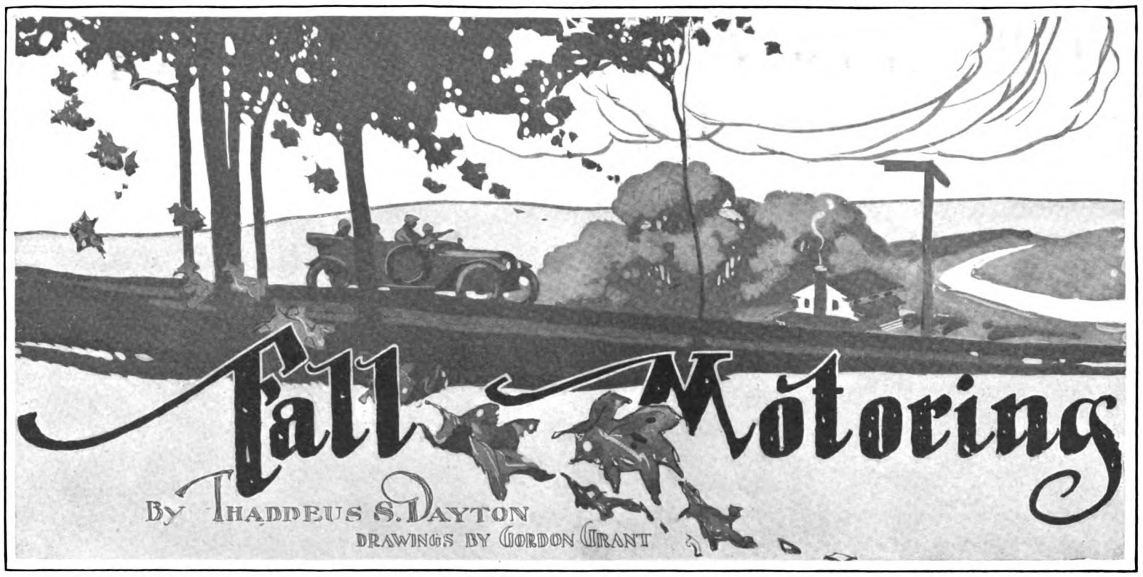

Fall Motoring

By Thaddeus S. Dayton

Drawings by Gordon Grant

THE tourist has come back from Europe, bringing his machine with him. He has toured England and France and Italy, Switzerland and Germany perhaps, in quest of the picturesque, and always half satisfied, half disappointed, and hoping that the next scheduled stopping-place will surpass the last. Now, back in his own country in the fall, he may come to realize that his quest for the picturesque and beautiful abroad was much like that of the man in the story-book who wandered the world over seeking an herb of magic properties, only to find it growing beside his own doorstep when he returned from his fruitless quest.

It does not need the experience of foreign travel, however, to open the eyes of the automobile tourist to the beauties of his own land. At no season of the year is the natural loveliness of America greater than when seen through the golden haze of autumn. The lush greenness of the springtime has its charm, of course, but spring has not the diversity of color, the keen, crisp air, the varied pungent, smoky odors that autumn has. In a day's ride in the autumn, following the long road that seems to lead straight toward the sunset, you may climb up long hills and swoop down through stretches of forest, some dark with pine and hemlock, some flaming with the blazing glory of the maples. On level ground you may sail for miles through seas of grain tossing in the harvest wind or past vineyards rich with purple clusters. Later in the season, when the haze has lifted from the landscape and the air has almost a celestial clearness, the dull-hued earth shines in the brilliant sunshine like an expanse of dull gold. They are not the muddy roads of spring then, but firm-packed highways that are beginning to stiffen with the frost, smoother than at any other time of the year. You keep your road-map in your pocket and are careless where you are going so long as you are on your way. A distant church spire beckons, and you pause long enough, when you reach the village about it, to lean over the side of the car and ask its name. Then you speed on—but never with the needle above the 20-mile mark—and in five minutes have forgotten the name of the place you just passed through. Your mind is intent on some new beauty along the road or some hint of a charming prospect miles ahead.

If you are faring forth out of New York City, you may be following the old Albany Post Road. A man from Kansas once remarked that if they had a road in his State that was half as historic as that famous highway from New York to Albany they would feel like paving it with silver and charging visitors a good stiff price to ride over it. If that or some of our other Colonial post-roads were in some remote part of Europe, many of us would be tempted to spend much time and money traveling along them and lingering over their beauties. Napoleon never traveled over the Albany Post Road, but Washington and Lafayette and their men helped make it historic. There are still half a score of pre-Revolutionary taverns that one may halt at. Through the clear, still air comes a rattling fire that sounds like musketry. It is neither Lord Howe nor Sir Guy Carleton pursuing the "old Continentals in their ragged regimentals," but just the back fire of some automobile. You see the gate that has hung on one hinge ever since the days when André was captured and passed through it; you drink of the waters of a well where Governor Clinton always stopped to quench his thirst; you see ancient manor-houses and modern colonial homes. A two weeks' autumn tour of the country made famous by the Revolution will furnish topics for a winter's fireside conversation, especially if one takes a camera along and travels in a leisurely way so as to understand what he is seeing.

Some autumn automobile errants specialize on road-houses, and become connoisseurs in those wayside ministers to the hungry and thirsty. This is not without reason, for the clear, crisp air gives one a hunter's appetitie when it is forced into the lungs all day long as the machine rolls off the miles. A seventy or eighty mile trip out of New York in a single day will enable one to become acquainted with half a dozen famous inns. But the automobile tourist who really enjoys life in the fall is not the one who is trying forever to do his traveling in a hurry and to let nothing pass him but the sun. It is the man with his family or friends who has a roomy machine and goes a-gipsying, which is about as near as any one ever can come to roughing it in a motor-car. To eat and sleep out is the finest thing in the world in autumn, and it takes very little trouble to fit one's automobile so that it can be done in comfort and at little cost. If there are only two people concerned, the motor-car of even moderate size can be turned into a very fine sleeping-place at night, far better than the average hotel bedroom off the beaten track of travel. One of the easiest and most practical ways to fit the auto for sleeping purposes is to have a piece of stout canvas about six feet long and five wide. Have wide hems in the sides through which pieces of stout gas-pipe can be run, with shorter pieces at each end when in use, as spreaders. This sort of a bed can be placed on the tops of the seat backs at night and can be rolled up and carried on the side of the car. A heavy automobile blanket makes a good mattress, and sofa cushions from the tonneau make good pillows. The top and the side curtains afford protection from the weather, and there is as much room for disrobing between the windshield and the front seat as there is in a Pullman berth.

In a hamper strapped at the back of the machine can be stowed away enough canned goods, bacon, coffee, sugar, salt, and so on, to supply one's simple needs for at least two days. As a matter of fact, unless one is in a very thinly settled region, one is almost never more than ten miles from the nearest town, and much less than that from some house. But there is a spice of adventure about eating as well as sleeping in the open. If one is going into the real country where there is some sort of game, it is a good plan to take a rifle or a shotgun along; also a copy of the State game laws, to know what you can safely kill for food.

But no matter where one wanders in his automobile, one quickly realizes that it is the passion for exploring new roads that keeps the motorists on the highways every possible day, even far into the winter. In the autumn fewer people are at play than in the summer, and consequently the main roads are less thronged. Therefore autumn is the season when the long-distance motorist who likes to "eat up space" with his machine is in his glory. Singularly enough, a large proportion of such people are men and women well past middle age—people who have jogged along the road of life at a footpace for forty or fifty years, and then suddenly discovered that the automobile is a cheap and convenient vehicle for satisfying their instinctive craving for adventure, change, and thrills. Even grandmothers have been known to grow enthusiastic telling how fast and reliable is the car belonging to husband or son; how in a day's run there would be as many as twenty races and that the car in question was never headed, and kept up a regular speed of thirty-five miles an hour throughout a thousand-mile ramble.

But whether one travels fast or slow, whether one breathes the dust of fifty miles of highways or of three hundred in a day's journey, the autumn aspect of the country is always delightful. Even roads that were familiar in spring or summer seem strangely transformed when one passes over them with the whisper of dead leaves continually in one's ears. There is never such an appetite as one gets by motoring through the sharp, clear air, and never such deep slumber as follows the day's ride. The earth seems purged of its exhalations and ready to receive its fresh, clean mantle of snow. Then, one morning in November or December, the automobile vagrant looks out of his window on a white world and feels a pang of regret that his gipsying, picnicking days are over for the year.

It is all a matter of taste or of fancy how long you tarry

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THE GREATEST BASEBALL SERIES EVER PLAYED

BY EDWARD BAYARD MOSS

AN autumn sun is dying in the west. Long shadows creep across the diamond of Fenway Park. Despite the grip of the game, thousands of spectators shiver with apprehension and cold. It is the end of the first half of the tenth inning. The Giants have broken the tie and lead the Red Sox by a 2-to-1 score. Game by game they have overhauled the Boston players, and the games stand three all, with an eleven-inning tie thrown in for good measure. All that is needed to win a world's championship is to check off three opponents that stand between them and final victory.

The Giants take the field for their last stand. With the scoring of the run that gave them the lead again their confidence bubbles forth. Only three Red Sox stand between them and the premier honors of the baseball world. With Mathewson, master of the curve deceptive, pitching, the road to the title and rich financial reward is both short and direct. The nine representatives of the National League hurry to their places on diamond and outfield. A few moments and they will be acclaimed champions of the world.

A chunky, determined-appearing batter walks slowly to the plate, swinging viciously at an imaginary ball with three heavy bats, bunched. As he steps into the batter's box he casts two aside and faces the only "Matty" with the third, a black, battle-scarred warclub such as a Fiji Islander might have used. Clyde Engle it is, pinch batter for the Red Sox, batting for Joe Wood, Boston's best pitcher. Desperate indeed is the situation when Stahl withdraws "Smoky Joe" in order that another may bat in his place. Engle reaches far out on the edge of the plate, and the ball sails away to left center.

Across the greensward trots Fred Snodgrass, the Giants' center-fielder. No need of hurry; it is an easy out. He marks the spot where the ball shall fall and sets himself for the descending sphere. From the stands arises a long-drawn sigh of regret. The ball drops into the fielder's capacious black glove, nestles for a second, and springs away high into the air. In the wake of the sigh bursts forth the shriek of new-born hope from thousands of throats. In front of me an excited "fan" is pounding his companion on the back with clenched fist. His shrill yell "We win! We win! It's the break in the game!" rises insistent above the din.

For a fleeting speck of time Snodgrass stands stunned. It must be some uncanny nightmare. Why, the ball was right in his glove and now it is rolling slowly across the turf. Engle has turned first base and is racing on to second. Perhaps it is not too late to rectify the error. With a leap and a sweep he is on the ball and it shoots like a bullet toward second. Ball, runner, and umpire arrive together in a cloud of dust. Rigler squats, hands spread out, palms down, when the haze floats away. The runner is safe.

Next Hooper comes to bat. He is a dangerous hitter. He waits patiently. Mathewson tries to outwit him with wide speeding curves. Three consecutive balls result. Desperate, "Matty" cuts the plate with two perfect strikes. Still Hooper waits. Again the ball shoots directly across the white-rubber block. Hooper strikes and the ball wings away—a home-run. But wait! Snodgrass races far out, and, hurling himself into the air, grasps the sphere in his bare hand. Alas, too late. The Giants are breaking under the terrible tension.

Deep lines appear in Mathewson's face. His right arm, that wonderful manipulator of pitching mystery, hangs leaden at his side. Engle is still on second. The "fans," a moment before chilled and voiceless, are howling like Apache Indians. The Red Sox bench is a mass of struggling players pounding on the cement floor with heavy bats, the lust of battle in their eyes. Yerkes, second on the batting list, rushes to the plate. The cunning is gone from "Matty's" curve. He cannot

Some of the thirty-five thousand spectators who witnessed the first game of the World's Series leaving the Polo Grounds after the Giants' defeat

deceive the batter with his wide-delivered balls, and Yerkes is passed to first. The din from stands and bleachers passes understanding and description. The Giant players move sluggishly to their positions. Fear has gripped their hearts.

With two on and Tris Speaker at bat, the Red Sox can scarcely be restrained within the bench precinct. Regulars and substitutes are gripping bats until the muscles of forearms and necks stand out like whipcords. Speaker swings desperately at the elusive sweeps that drive past him. The first is a foul, and the second a clean-missed strike. Then he raises a floating foul toward first base. Merkle, Mathewson, and Meyers all race for the falling ball. The three players converge under the sphere, and then Mathewson and Merkle draw back that the Indian may make the catch. But Meyers underestimates the part that the northwest wind is taking in the play. An extra strong puff and the ball twists away, falling uncaught in the midst of the trio.

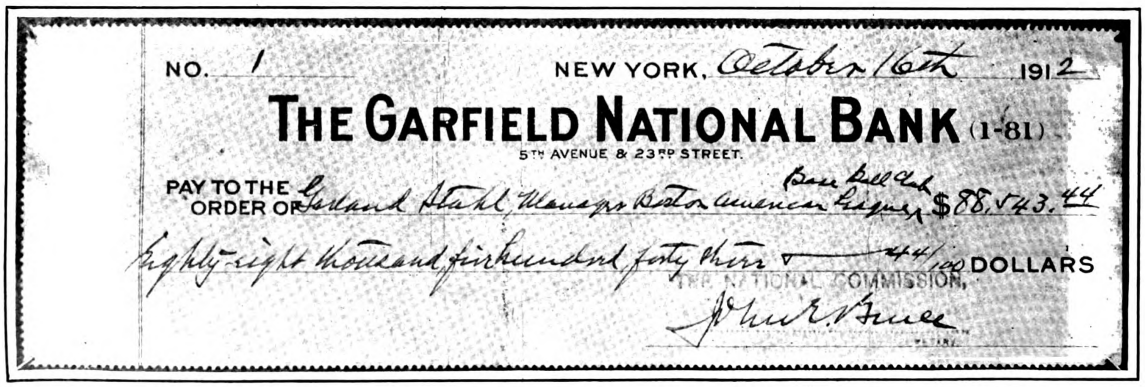
It is one of baseball's superstitions that a hit always follows an error of this kind, and the World's Series play was no exception. Speaker fairly danced with excitement as Matty wound up for the next pitch. He struck confidently at the ball and drove it between Doyle and Merkle, far out to Devore's feet. Before the return throw could reach the plate, Engle had tied the score again, and two of his team-mates were prancing on the base lines. Another hit meant the winning run. The Giants were in sore straits, and only a double play would give them another chance for the championship. Mathewson and McGraw, master strategists, took the last desperate chance. Lewis was deliberately walked to first, filling the bases.

Now came the Giants' last stand. Errors and a panic of fear had robbed them in a few moments of the fruits of a two-game rally, but they fought the fight of courage to the end. Nothing but a double play at the plate could stave off defeat. The whole Red Sox team rallied around Gardner as he left the bench, beseeching him to make the hit that meant so much to the team. It was to be a battle between Mathewson and the batter, the winning of which meant a world's championship and $30,000 difference in money to the players of the two teams. In the waning light the greatest pitcher of them all drew upon his last ounce of energy and skill. Nothing but a low-hit ball to the infield would save the game.

As he wound up for the pitch the Giants' inner defense began to creep in toward the plate. Step by step Merkle and Doyle on the right and Fletcher and Herzog on the left moved toward the batter, ready to spring without the loss of a second upon his hit. Low and just outside the plate sped the first ball. The second Gardner nicked and turned into a foul. Again Mathewson tried to deceive the batter with another low curve that broke on the edge of the rubber square, but Gardner was not to be deluded into striking. The infield was now a semicircle far in on the grass of the diamond. "Matty" attempted to break Gardner with a change of pace and delivery. He shot in a fast ball high and inside the plate. Gardner swung savagely and the sphere sailed far over the heads of the shaking infielders. Devore made a perfect catch and threw to Meyers, but Yerkes slid across the plate a fraction of a second ahead of the ball, and the world's championship of 1912 had been won and lost.

Thus ended the most sensational title series ever played and a baseball season which will go down in history as one of the most remarkable in the annals of the professional game. All records for the world's series were broken in interest, attendance, and receipts. More than one quarter of a million spectators —252,037, to be exact—witnessed the eight games necessary to decide the championship. The total receipts were $490,833, a sum which would be highly acceptable as a campaign contribution to any of the three Presidential candidates.

For their efforts on the diamond during the eight days of play the players received the princely sum of $147,571.70. The stockholders of the two competing clubs are richer by $147,028.85 than they were before the series began, and the National Commission has $49,083 with which to ward off the wolf until next autumn. The players participated in the receipts of the first four games only, dividing the proceeds sixty per cent. to the winner and forty per cent. to the loser. This gave the Red Sox $88,543.44, and the Giants $59,028.69. During the three games played at the Polo Grounds in New York City 102,854 spectators paid for admission, an average of 34,282 per game. Who shall have the intrepidity to predict, under the circumstances, that baseball is losing its hold on the American populace?


NO. 1 NEW YORK, October 16th 1912

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Eighty-eight Thousand five hundred forty three 44/100 DOLLARS

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THE EFFICIENCY MOVEMENT

I.—WHAT IT MEANS AND WHAT IT IS ACCOMPLISHING

BY J. GEORGE FREDERICK

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

This is the first of several articles by this author descriptive of the improvements being effected in modern business methods

BIG things are happening in the development of this country. One of the very biggest is the development of the scientific idea in business and industry; and those who know are quite sure that, with the spreading of the movement toward greater efficiency, a new and highly improved era in national life has begun. We were in the midst of an inventive period a half-century ago. Then came a period of organization. About twenty-five years ago organization upon a huge scale followed the period of inventive development on a huge scale. Then, when waste and inefficiency showed themselves on every hand in the cumber-

When Johnny Jones appears at the press-room door and asks for a job

some modern large organizations, the work of elimination began, which took shape in a systematizing period, which ran its natural course and was largely overdone.

But now comes a period of general efficiency study, which impels the application of scientific principles to every branch of business. "System" was all right in the elimination of waste in large organizations, but it dealt with things largely, and not with men. But it is very different with "efficiency." Efficiency is no startling new panacea, but is simply the application of exactness and analytical methods.

In other words, when Johnny Jones appears at the press-room door of a big publishing house and asks for a job, the modern efficient establishment tests such things as his color reactions, because in the press-room the worker's sense of color is of importance to both himself and the firm.

This same modern efficiency idea takes similar pains to see that its human machines are given just as careful treatment and opportunity for good work as the steel machines at which they work. One of the most amazing bits of inefficiency in thousands of organizations has been the refusal of employers to recognize that it was of first and not secondary importance that their employees work under right conditions, in the right frame of mind, and with the proper stimulus. Humane treatment of employees has therefore, through the efficiency movement, been taken out of the sphere of philanthropy and made directly a matter of dollars and cents profit.

Employers all over the country ten years ago were throwing up their hands and cynically demanding, "What can you do?" because their employees were stubbornly resisting all attempts to make them more efficient or to work with spirit and enthusiasm. Scientific efficiency has worked out plans of stimulation in the form of premium and bonus methods of reward for good work done, which have automatically shattered the coercive effects of the labor-unions simply by treating the men who were willing to be efficient far more liberally than even the union demanded.

But greatest of all has been the development of the application of the efficiency idea to the general administrative side of business. As it costs on the average twice as much to handle and sell an article as it does to manufacture it, it can easily be seen of what relatively superior importance is the matter of making selling efficient when contrasted with mere manufacturing. Consequently, a great deal of stress has lately been put upon the development of efficiency in selling and advertising and general executive administration. The saving of five per cent. in factory costs is now much harder to secure than the saving of as much as twenty per cent. on administrative and selling costs, because there is so much more opportunity for efficiency in the latter field. When efficiency will have finally solved the administrative problems in the same way as that in which it is now solving manufacturing problems, it is freely predicted that the United States will achieve a new and decided spurt toward prosperity. Nothing is at present more inefficient than distribution and selling. Price disorganization, inefficient plans, and incompetent executives are wasting many millions in selling and administrative work. Even capable executives in offices have found it impossible to realize, until brought up against the plain truth, that they were duplicating writings and operations as many as twenty-nine times. The same general thing is true of individuals. Business men everywhere are crying out against the appalling prevalence of inefficiency among employees—employees who are constantly demanding more salary, but are able to deliver very little in return. The public-school system is everywhere agreed to be incapable of producing young men and women who can use their heads and hands intelligently. Many large concerns have found it necessary to put all employees going into their place of business through a training school. In addition to this, the science of closer study of individual efficiency is being developed in order that a closer tab may be kept upon the somewhat intangible elements of personal efficiency.

An efficiency engineer was called upon not long ago to solve the problem of building a very large factory in the South which would meet a very difficult situation. It had to be fireproof, it had to be very large, and it had to be constructed with only common negro help—unless, at a very heavy expense, skilled labor was imported from near-by cities and maintained for many months. A very large and important contract hung upon the completion of the factory by a certain time, and naturally the owners, feeling the pressing and vital demands of their situation, cast about for the brains and scientific knowledge which would overcome the difficulties that faced them. Having read of the wonders of efficiency, they sought the best counsel possible and gave this efficiency engineer *carte blanche*.

This man first went at the matter of bringing negro labor up to a point where he could use it advantageously. He did not endeavor to work the impossible and make skilled laborers out of common negro laborers, but what he did do was to introduce the unit system of working, in a manner which positively astounded everybody.

He split the entire work—not only that of foundation-making, but also that of carpenter work and even electrical wiring—into what he called "identical units." These identical units were absolute counterparts of one another and were duplicated throughout the entire plant. He then drilled his corps of laborers in the making of one unit in a simple manner, with all the work carefully subdivided so that the negroes could specialize, and then made them do it over and over again on trial until they were practically expert at it. Then he told them to go ahead on the entire building, put the work under a competent twenty-six-year-old foreman who would see that the schedule and standardized work were carried out—and went his way absolutely carefree, knowing that the system would have to work.

And the system did work. Those negroes, paid at the rate of $1.50 per day, did every bit of wiring and carpentering and plumbing for an entire huge factory, or aggregation of factories, and the entire result is so simple, because of the unit system, that it amazingly reduced the friction all around. The completed cost was about thirty-five per cent. less than the lowest contractor's estimate from anywhere in the country. In addition to this, the work has been pronounced by every expert who has examined it to be above the grade which the contractors could have furnished even at the highest rate quoted.

Now let us take a look inside a shop after efficiency has been installed — let us say, inside a railroad locomotive manufacturing shop. The only way to get a real understanding is to take an interesting detail end of it and follow it through its ramifications. Take the matter of the making of driving-boxes. An incident regarding this as it actually happened and was related recently by an efficiency engineer illustrates beautifully the remarkable manner in which the application of efficiency uncovers inefficiency totally unsuspected:

"We put in a schedule of three hours on driving-boxes. It took twenty-three hours to do the first one, and you could hear the howl that man made all the way to Chicago. The names he called us would not be fit to print. The foreman, whose bonus was going to depend on the efficiency of this man, rushed over to see what was the trouble, and he found that they could simply take off a little hair at a time, and he put up a big roar and he called us all sorts of names. This was a great 'Efficiency Department.' He had no use for time-studies and idiocy like that. He went to see the superintendent, and the superintendent said: 'Those castings are pretty hard; they need to be annealed.' Then he said to me: 'This is creating a bad impression. That man is making an awful fuss about that schedule. He is making a big noise. He is not earning any bonus, he is getting low efficiency, and he is afraid of getting discharged. He is getting day wages, for that is guaranteed to him, but he is not getting bonus or standing.' He said: 'I have done everything I can, now what would you advise?'

"Now, the conditions were these: We assumed, in computing the time on this operation, a certain kind of material, and the material used was particularly hard. We had to make a new time-study. We allowed twenty hours, and we made that date back to the first driving-box. It was not the workman's fault; it was the fault of the material. It was one of the laws of the universe. That arrangement contented the workman and it satisfied the foreman. Then I said to the superintendent: 'I am going to charge you seventeen hours on every driving-box through this shop loss.'

"'What for?' he asked.

"Those castings ought never to have come into the shop. Why didn't you have them inspected before they came in?'

"'What could I do about it?' said the superintendent; 'the purchasing agent bought the material.'

"I said, 'Then I would kill the purchasing agent'; and he said, 'By heavens, I'll do it!' And he wrote him a letter, and I wrote a letter to Mr. ——, and I detailed the whole situation. I told him that here is a big engine, with ten driving-boxes, and at the rate we can get them through with these castings it will take two hundred hours—a whole month—and those engines are worth $35 a day to you. There is a loss of $1,000 on each locomotive on account of this hard material. The road is losing on account of its inability to move freight. 'We want that corrected,' said Mr. ——, and he wrote a letter to the —— Foundry, and he said: 'We cannot stand for this thing. We have got to have castings of the proper degree of hardness that we specify. It is no consolation to us that you agree to pay for the extra time used in working the castings. It is the holding up of our locomotives that counts. We want soft castings from you, or we will get them elsewhere.' And we got soft castings for all the work in that shop, and also for the other twenty shops on that whole road, so that the checking up of the work of this man resulted in a general betterment over the whole system."

Duplicating writings and operations as many as twenty-nine times

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THE VANISHING HAND CRANK

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE 1913 MODEL "SELF-STARTING" CAR HAS MADE THE CRANKING DIFFICULTY A TROUBLE OF THE PAST

BY HAROLD WHITING SLAUSON

A FEW years ago, when the automobile was in its infancy, the cartoonists delighted in depicting the unfortunate owner as sprawled on his back in the middle of a muddy country road, trying to make some mysterious repair to the "running gear" of the car. Then, when automobile builders began almost universally to place the motor under the forward hood where it could be reached from a dignified standing position, the humorous artists discovered that there was but little point in making a "worm" of the owner, and that he seldom had occasion to obtain the unpopular "worm's-eye view" of his car. And so the cartoonists were forced to seek other eccentricities of the car in order to illustrate the troubles of the motorist.

They found them. As the power-plants of the cars became larger, it required more effort to start the motors, and no great stretch of the imagination was demanded for the caricaturist to represent the owner at the backbreaking task of cranking a "balky" automobile while standing in a pool of his own perspiration. Not every car was so difficult to start, of course, but practically all required at least a "husky yank of the crank" before the motor would run of its own volition.

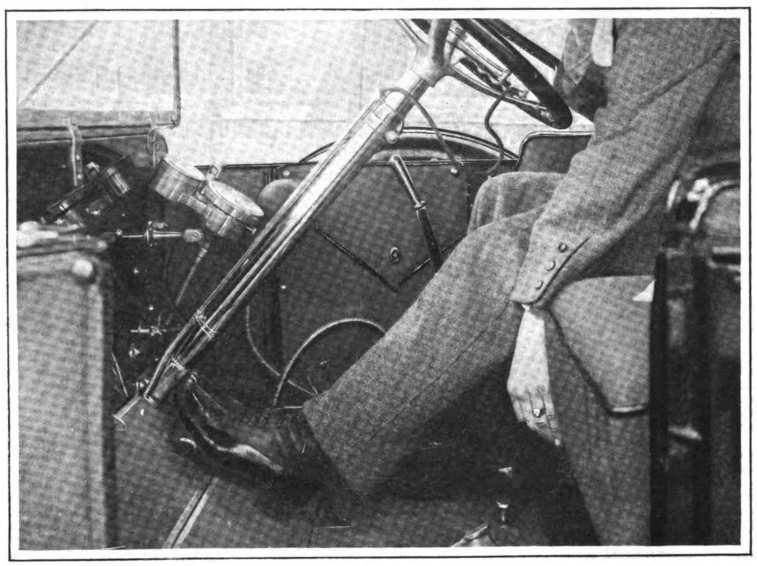
But to what failing of the automobile will the cartoonist now turn for satire?—for of the several hundred thousand motor-cars to be produced for 1913, a large majority are provided with the self-starter that either eliminates the starting crank entirely or renders its use so unnecessary that it is hardly to be reckoned with as a part of the machine. There is certainly not much opportunity for caricature in a motor-car that will start at the press of a button located at the driver's seat, unless it be the very ease and luxury now attendant upon automobile operation. A few years ago, the picture of a driver pushing a button that enabled *him* to do the "rest," while compressed air, electricity, acetylene gas, or a coil-spring did the work of starting the motor, would have seemed like an idealistic dream of the distant future—and yet it is a dream that now comes true a thousand times a day.

While all self-starters do not literally operate on the "push-the-button" principle, that is about all of the effort required by any of them. Some may require the turn of a handle, the push and pull of a rod, or the movement of a lever, but at the most, it is a "simple twist of the wrist" that starts the motor humming as merrily as though a Samson had whirled the hand crank.

Of course it is the fair feminine driver to whom the self-starter is the greatest boon, for this modern attachment now opens the motor-car field to the woman who, endowed with the cool-headed judgment and steadiness of nerves necessary for controlling and directing the power of the thirty or sixty-horse-power engine, had never possessed the physical strength heretofore required for turning the hand crank. To be sure, many women operate cars not equipped with self-starters, but a large number of such drivers must rely on the good offices of the passing pedestrian, the traffic policeman, or a kindly-disposed automobilist for aid in case the motor stalls. But now the self-starter has made the woman driver independent of man even to this extent. She may still be willing—and glad—to enlist his aid when it becomes necessary to change a tire; but she can start her own motor, thank you.

But even a strong man, who may consider cranking a "stiff" motor only a pleasant exercise, will find a use for the self-starter. With the traffic congestion and regulations in many of the large cities that necessitate slow running through the streets, the motor is generally operated well throttled. Under such conditions, even the best driver may often stall his motor, and it is naturally mortifying as well as time-consuming to be forced to alight from the seat, walk to the front of the car, and then crank a few times, the while traffic behind—and possibly on either side, if on a busy cross-street—is held up until the engine can be started and the operator can return to his seat.

Such a proceeding is disagreeable enough in the case of an open car used on a pleasant day. But if the car is entirely enclosed and the weather is stormy, the need of some method of starting the motor from the seat will be felt the more keenly. In fact, it is probable that the growing use of the automobile in winter and the increasing popularity of closed cars of the "coupé" type have combined to make 1913 the "self-starter" year.



The mechanism of a "self-starting" automobile. The driver has merely to press the button and release the clutch

In view of the success of the self-starter, and the seeming necessity for a device of some sort that would eliminate cranking, it may well be wondered why the self-starter has been so long in making its appearance. As a matter of fact, it has been used successfully for several years on a few cars, but manufacturers have been so busy bringing the motor to its present state of perfection that the majority have had but little time to devote to the mechanical problems involved in the production of a satisfactory self-starter. And there are many problems to be solved in connection with the design of a satisfactory self-starter. The gasolene engine of the modern automobile is a "concentrated power plant," and manufacturers have been laboring for years to produce the motor that would combine light weight with structural strength. Consequently the self-starter, being an entirely independent attachment, must not add unduly to the weight of the motor. The aim of designers of cars has been toward simplicity, and therefore the self-starter must not be complicated and can have but few parts subject to wear or the necessity of repair. Above all, the self-starter must be efficient and must be able to start the motor ninety-nine times out of a hundred. To meet these requirements has necessitated thorough investigation of the subject and years of experiment, and many motor-car manufacturers believe that even yet the defects inherent in the first self-starters have not been entirely overcome. A beginning has most assuredly been made, however, and it is a safe prediction to state that in a few years the starting crank will be classed with the emergency tools, and will be almost as unknown to the automobilist then as the tow-rope is to-day.

But it may be wondered by the unfamiliar few why a special equipment is needed for starting the gasolene engine. "The steam-engine or the electric-motor starts at the turn of a valve or the throw of a switch," say they, "so why isn't the gasolene-engine equally capable?" It is because the gasolene-motor is an "internal-combustion" engine that it requires an exterior power for its first few revolutions; it is self-contained and depends upon its own operation for the generation of the power that eventually drives it. The steam-engine obtains its power from the boiler, the electric-motor from the battery, but the gasolene-engine must rely only on its own cylinders. The first two sources of power are previously charged; but the gasolene-motor requires motion in itself before the gasolene can be converted into the combustible vapor, compressed, and then ignited to form the power impulses. It makes no difference how the first few revolutions of the motor are obtained—whether by hand, mechanical, electric, or pneumatic power—but they must arise from some source *exterior to the engine.*

Compressed air was probably the first form of power applied to the self-starter, and it is in use on many cars to-day in a variety of styles. If this air, which is stored in a tank under high pressure, is admitted to the proper cylinders of the motor at the proper time, the pistons will be forced down, as in the steam-engine, and the motor will run as long as such power is applied. In order to keep the tank filled with compressed air a separate pump is used that is driven by the motor, either through the medium of gears, or directly by means of the pressure formed in one of the cylinders at the time of each explosion. The air-control valve is located on the dash-board within easy reach of the driver, and requires but a slight turn to admit the power to the motor. In order to admit the air to the various cylinders only at the proper time, a mechanism known as a distributer must be attached to the engine and driven by it at one-half the speed of the crank-shaft.

The large number of motor-cars now equipped with electric-lighting systems has brought into prominence the possibility of employing the same source of power that is used for the lights for the operation of the self-starter. The fact that a certain form of dynamo may be used either to generate current when driven by the gasolene-engine, or to serve as a motor if current is conducted to it, has resulted in the design of a single machine to operate the lights and to start the engine. The current generated by this machine when run as a dynamo is stored in a storage battery. When it is desired to start the engine, a lever is moved and a switch turned that converts the dynamo into a motor, the power from the latter being applied to the fly-wheel or crank-shaft of the engine. Although but few turns are required, as a rule, to start the engine running under its own power, sufficient current may be stored in the battery to operate the motor for fifteen or twenty minutes.

When a four or a six cylinder motor is once "warmed up," it is a well-known fact that it may often be "started on the spark." In other words, if too long an interval has not elapsed since the motor was last running, an explosive charge will probably have been left in one or more of the cylinders that will require but the switching on of the ignition-current to start the engine. This principle is used in the design of the "ignition starters," which charge each cylinder with an explosive mixture previous to switching on the current. This explosive charge may either be a mixture of gasolene vapor and air or acetylene gas and air. In the former case, the mixture is obtained from a carbureter; while the acetylene gas will be obtained from a storage tank, used either in connection with the operation of the gas-lamps, or especially supplied for the starter. By opening a valve or operating a small pump-handle, the acetylene will be forced into the cylinders and there mixed with the air to form the explosive charge. When the current is switched on there will be an explosion in each cylinder in turn, which is generally sufficient to start the motor running under its own power.

Distinct from any of the starters already described is the mechanical type. This employs a powerful coil spring that is wound by the previous revolutions of the motor and that is thrown into engagement with the crank-shaft of the engine by a small clutch. When this clutch is engaged and the spring released, the motor will be "spun" rapidly for several revolutions until the energy of the spring is exhausted. As soon as the motor begins to run under its own power, the spring is automatically thrown out of engagement with the crank-shaft. In some designs the first few revolutions of the motor, when running under its own power, are used to rewind the spring; while others rely on the "coasting" of the motor when the main clutch is thrown out for the necessary impulses. Such a starter is either included in the flywheel of the motor or an extension of the transmission case, or it may be attached to the forward end of the crank-shaft in the position usually occupied by the starting crank.

The announcements of the 1913 models of motor-cars indicate that the conservative makers of last year—who preferred to wait until the success of the self-starter was assured—have at last "entered the fold," and are offering this newest device either as optional or regular equipment on all their output.

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Interludes

NOVEMBER NOTES

GALUPTIOUS DAYS

THE long-haired youngster with a yell
Now kicks the football for a spell,
The while he grinds with sickening thud
His foeman's nose deep in ye mud.
The pumpkin with its rind of joy
Peeps from the vine, flirtatious, coy,
And whispers low, in accents shy,
"I'll see you later in the pie!"
The chestnut from his high place sings,
"Just watch me fly, though minus wings!"
And when he lands how we are stirred
To note that he's a little "burred"!
Thanksgiving's near, and thanks arise
For blessings great unto the skies.

The bulbs of your electric-light plant put in last June will now begin to bloom more brilliantly and earlier in the evening, but must be carefully watched and protected against the heavy frost and cold dues when the bills come in on the first of the month.

Just because the man sitting next you in the car, theater, or church carries a heavy odor of gasolene about with him is no reason for supposing that he is a motor aristocrat. It may merely mean that his wife has only just taken his winter flannels from the camphor trunk.

The careful gardener will not burn his leaves, but will use them for covering the base of his young trees; but the amateur poet should gather his leaves together in a large galvanized iron barrel, and, after soaking them in paraffine, use them to start the furnace fire in lieu of other kindling. This will save both fuel expense and return postage.

Persons addicted to the cold-plunge habit in the early morning will find the shock of the November waters somewhat mitigated if the water is boiled before using and tempered further with one quart of powdered mustard and cayenne pepper to the gallon. Bathing in sables, sealskins, or other furs is not recommended for persons of sluggish financial circulation.

A promissory note for $250 negotiated on the fourteenth of this month will insure a pleasant little reminder on St. Valentine's Day that somebody somewhere is thinking of you, provided you take the precaution to draw it at three months.

November has only thirty days, so that it brings Christmas one day nearer than if it had thirty-one. This is, of course, an obvious fact, but we need constantly to be reminded of the obvious, especially in relation to our Christmas duties.

RURAL ECONOMICS

"I SEE you've lowered the speed limit and hoisted your fines," said Winkletop to the judge after paying his fine.

"Ya-as," said the judge. "We found thet under the old tariff they wasn't enough vi'lations o' the law to make it wuth while."

PROVED

"Do you believe that money makes the mare go?" asked Dubbleigh.

"Sure," said Wiggley. "As soon as a man gets money he buys an automobile, and the mare goes for what she's worth."

THE CONTRACT NOT FILLED

"SEE here," said Tompkins, angrily, to the car agent, "you told me that if after using that car ten years I didn't say it was the best on the market you'd give me another."

"So I did, so I did," returned the agent.

"Well, it's a bunch of junk at the end of six months," said Tompkins, "and I'd like the other car."

"Ah—but the contract was that you were to say that after using the old one ten years, sir," said the agent. "You're just nine years and six months short of the contract."

"JUMP IN, BINKS, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW FAST SHE CAN GO."

"I D-D-DON'T CARE TO G-GET IN, THANKS, BUT I'LL STAND HERE AND H-H-HOLD MY BREATH AS YOU GO BY."

PRESENCE OF MIND

CLERICAL ENTHUSIAST *(in difficulty)*. DAMNATION!—ER—AHEM!—APROPOS OF NOTHING—IS—ER—A—GENERALLY DISCREDITED DOCTRINE.

EDITOR: AND WHY DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD ACCEPT THIS LITTLE—ER—DRAWING?

AMATEUR ARTIST: BECAUSE MY FATHER IS PRESIDENT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK AND A MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

A POET'S DREAM

O FOR the days of chivalry when every human set however high or low it be, was ruled by etiquette! When everywhere we turned our gaze, fore, aft, or left or right, we saw all men upon the ways incessantly polite!

How I do pine for that glad hour when candidates for place, no matter how athirst for power, shall plead with smiling face, not for themselves, but rivals for the honors of the State, just as upon some parlor floor they smile on those they hate.

I'd love to see a football match upon a Chesterfield, whereon, instead of bite and scratch and foemen's faces heeled, one player bold would take the ball and, like a kindly soul, politely to his rivals call to come and kick the goal!

I'd love to live in that glad time when smiling bank cashiers up to my humble cot would climb to mitigate my fears, and like some Robin Hood of old, of philanthropic fame, would open up a pot of gold and bid me use the same!

And, oh, what joy would fill my heart if there should chance to rise an editor up in the mart of them that poetize, who, just to spare the feelings of the humble scribbling hack, would take the ardent tropes of love that now he sendeth back!

A. SUFFERAN MANN.

ECONOMICAL

"I'M sorry, my dear," said Bildad, "but you'll have to economize this winter. Business has been bad, and—"

"Very well, John; if you say so, I will," said Mrs. Bildad. "I'll discharge Henry and get a smaller chauffeur. We can save ten or fifteen dollars on his winter furs."

FROM A JESTER'S NOTE-BOOK

THE ELOPEMENT

HE clasped her to his breast and ran
Straight to the train—a stirring scene.
He was a poor suburban man
And she the maid
That sat displayed
Upon the cover of a magazine!

We observe with interest that the man who has to swallow his own words generally ends up as a confirmed dyspeptic.

Bildad has just devised a miniature phonograph to put inside the midnight key-hole which calls out "Here I am" the minute the head of the house steps upon the door-mat.

It is perhaps not inappropriate that the cart-tail orators so much in evidence in campaign times should give us so much more truck than argument. A man's talk is largely influenced by what he stands on.

ACCORDING TO THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

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OUR MRS. PARTINGTONS AN

DRAWN B

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D THE DEMOCRATIC OCEAN

C J. BUDD

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THE JEWEL OF NUTCH

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON
AND ALICE MacGOWAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. FUHR

The woman was lying on her silks and cushions while two attendants fanned her

"WHY are there no more Helens of Troy to set nations by the ears?" demanded Jim Russell. "Pure and transcendent loveliness is gone, and the liveliest contest for what beauty we have is the tame procedure of the divorce court. Do you suppose that if so fair a woman as Trojan Helen appeared among us magnates would throw their millions at her feet and kings mobilize their armies? I don't think they would."

Lean, gray Captain Marchand shook his head and said with perfect gravity: "In our day I knew a woman more beautiful than any other woman ever was. In her presence it became plain to me that, after all, men are the same now as three thousand years ago. In fact, a kingdom, a king, and a hero were sacrificed on her altar. It happened seventeen years ago."

The captain seemed sunk in a deep dream for a long minute. Then he glanced round at our silent, interested, questioning faces, and repeated, "Seventeen years!" He smiled. "That is a long time in the life of beauty. All must be done and over with long ago. I'll tell you the story and disprove Russell's contention.

"Archibald Louden was my friend. He was the head of a large shipyard on the Clyde. The Sultan of Nutch was a king who, after three years at Oxford and several more spent in traveling through Great Britain and the Continent, was minded before returning to his own country to order a big, fast, luxuriously fitted yacht from Louden's firm. When the vessel was finished Louden prepared to deliver her personally to the Sultan at his capital beyond the Persian Gulf. He took me as his chief officer.

"There were astonishing features about the *Sea Palm*. In the first place, she had quarters for over a hundred guests, as well as accommodations for an immense crew. Secondly, she was built to carry coal for five thousand miles steady steaming. Third, the Sultan's private saloon was the full width of the ship amidships on the main deck and was plated with solid steel outside and with French glass inside. It had neither windows nor port lights, being really an armored square apartment with a single metal door giving access to it.

"The interior of this strange apartment was, as I have said, of plate glass. Each great mirror stood from deck to ceiling in a panel of its own, the edges of which were polished brass. At first you would think that they rested plumb with each other and all on a line, but actually the surface of each one was at a slight, carefully calculated angle to the perpendicular, and all but one—I'll tell you about that later—were tilted backward so that they threw their united reflections upward and into a circular dome, also of heavy glass backed with silver. The cabin was lit from small scientifically arranged electric clusters.

"The result was very odd. To enter that saloon through the one heavy, mirrored door was like stepping out upon an infinitely fine and splendid atmosphere, which held one suspended in a gorgeous and pellucid medium. The deck, thickly carpeted as it was, didn't show in the reflections. One saw nothing except endless bright pictures of oneself. I can't describe the effect better than by telling you that those cunningly tilted mirrors seemed to give back into the air straight, shimmering spears of light which elevated one until, dizzily, one looked down at one's feet, saw the rugs on the deck, and instantly seemed to sink into restful and mysterious dust.

"Remember, I never saw the interior of this saloon until we reached Alexandria, discharged (as we were instructed to do) the Europeans we had signed in Glasgow, and had received a new crew of quiet, swarthy subjects of the Sultan, sent by him to meet us. Only Archibald Louden and I were left. It was after we were through the canal and in the Red Sea that he ordered our dinner served for once in the Sultan's quarters.

"I don't think either of us spoke while we dined amid those flashing walls under the blazing dome. But when the coffee was before us and the last servant had vanished through the great door, Louden stared around at the endless bright reflections of us two and said, 'I feel like a bit of glass in a kaleidoscope.'

"'I'm dizzy,' I agreed.

"He nodded, adding later: 'It's a fancy of the Sultan's. One of his chief priests or philosophers, or whatever he calls 'em, came clear to Scotland to draw the patterns for this and test it after it was installed.'

"'Queer notion,' I commented. 'I wonder what's the object of it?'

"Archibald got up. 'I'll show you one thing I discovered while we were building it. I fancy it was the trick he was after.' He pushed a plate of small sweet biscuit across the polished table and pointed to one. 'Take that and try to hit me by throwing it at me,' he said.

"At first I didn't understand that he was in earnest. Then I took good aim—he wasn't eight feet distant—and the biscuit broke against a mirror. I tried again with the same result. Louden laughed. 'You could shoot at me with a pistol and never hit me except by accident. The mirrors distort both direction and distance. You can't even find the door.'

"True enough; there was only one way to identify the panel that covered it—circumnavigate the room, with one's eyes on the rugs, and find a simitar woven in the fabric. That marked the exit.

"'I understand that this saloon is exactly a reproduction of the Sultan's private apartment in the great palace at Nutch,' said Louden. 'These servants are his own trained boys. I fancy that he doesn't allow many people to suspect the properties of this cabin.'

"'You and I know something about it,' I remarked.

"Archibald glanced at me with a humorous grimace. 'That is true. But the Sultan made the contract, and on very liberal terms, strictly contingent on my delivering the yacht to him myself; and he further stipulated that I should bring with me from Alexandria only one European. Now what do you think of that?'

"'I might think that the Sultan had designs on the life of the one man who holds his secret—whatever that secret is—but—that would be melodrama,' I said.

"Archibald stared at the dome. 'Yes, rank nonsense,' he assented.

"In due time we had skirted Arabia and entered the Persian Gulf. Later we ran into the long arm of the sea that stretches into the kingdom of Nutch—a strange sea, shallow and treacherous, marked on our charts as a mere *runn*, or marsh, of unknown extent. A native pilot emerged from among the crew and steered us swiftly and surely through its invisible channels, round reefs awash, and between islands that lay foul and whity-brown above its sluggish surface, until on a morning the sun rose on a huge dome and a clump of pinnacled towers. Our anchor roared down as we swung not half a mile from the low shore of an immense and wealthy city.

"That afternoon the Sultan came off in his state barge. His brocaded ensign was hoisted, and we saluted with the 3.6 gun mounted on the forecastle head. The Sultan rose in the boat and came swiftly up the broad steps of the side ladder—a tall, graceful, dark-eyed and richly dressed gentleman who spoke very good English and shook hands with Archibald.

"The honors were done in Louden's own quarters. Then the Sultan said he wished us to accompany him while he inspected the ship. Most of the conversation was about the fittings, and the Sultan, without saying so, conveyed the impression that the yacht had been built for the special delectation of his wife.

"Imagine our feelings the next day when the Sultan brought her aboard. This royal lady waddled up the carpeted ladder under a flaming red parasol and discovered to our eyes a squat, fat creature whose best charms might have been expected in an overfed barmaid. She used raw English, smelled of some horrible perfume, and went to sleep while Archibald was doing the honors.

"Archibald and I merely looked at each other when she was finally over the side. There was nothing to say, you understand. That coarse creature was a fact. Her pudgy fingers heavy with jewels were a fact, just as it was a fact that she was the chief wife of a powerful ruler.

"The next day Louden came from a visit to the palace to tell me to get ready for a week's voyage. 'The Sultana is ill,' he explained. 'The Sultan wishes to take her down to the Boiling Fountain.'

"Medicinal spring?' I inquired.

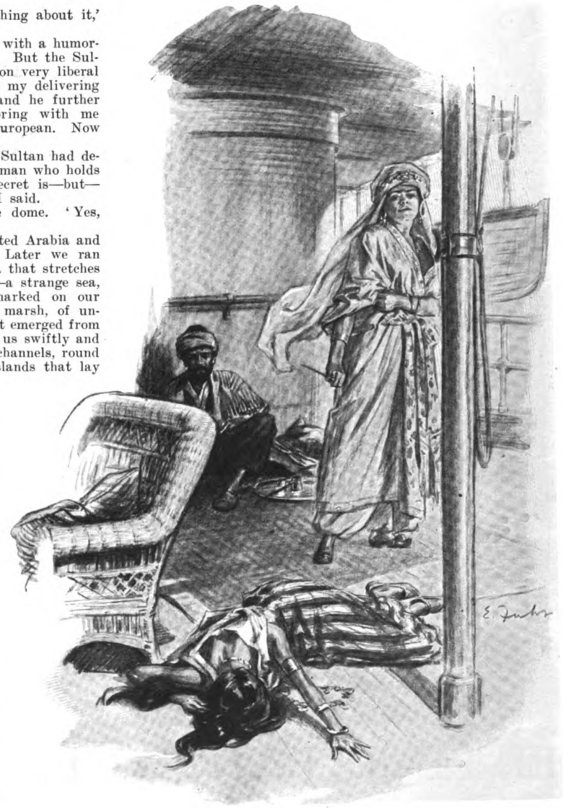
"'So they tell me,' he answered. 'Queer thing, too, from the description. He thinks the steam from it is a sure cure for his wife's asthmatic complaint.'

"We were away the next morning, Sultan, Sultana, and a gorgeous retinue aboard. And three days later Louden slowed the *Sea Palm* and told me to be ready to let go the anchor, though the expanse of blue seemed unbroken by sign of land.

"'Where's that spring?' I demanded.

"He pointed ahead and almost into the eye of the sinking sun. 'It boils up out of the sea,' he told me. 'We have to lie here, as the water is too hot closer to its center. Wait till the night wind gets up.'

"When the sun was gone I saw a sliver of moon on the western horizon and a few stars low down. Overhead there was velvety vacancy. Archibald laughed at my stare upward. 'It's the steam from the Boiling Fountain that hides the stars,' he ex-



In an instant murder had been done

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plained. 'It will fall like dew when the wind cools it a little.'

"Of course I quickly discovered the nature of the affair: it was a geyser spouting up through the shallow waters of the *runn*. It gave off a peculiar astringent vapor which stung both nostrils and throat. Whether it really had medicinal qualities, I don't know. We stopped two days in that torrid expanse, while the woman coughed and complained in her great chair and the Sultan mooned about the decks. Then quite suddenly the Sultana cried out where she lay, her gross, obese features purple-stained. We ran to her. Her lips palpitated in a paroxysm of strangling. She was holding a jeweled bottle of that horrible perfume below her nostrils. We hoisted anchor and sped back toward Nutch. The return trip was even less agreeable than the outward one: the Sultana was better of her ailment, but the three days that elapsed before we were home were filled with quarrels, complaints, and promiscuous punishments.

"On the last afternoon the woman was lying on her silks and cushions under an awning while two attendants fanned her. The Sultan was sitting cross-legged on a huge mat abaft the chart-room. A tall, slim dancing-girl came on some errand from forward, and I caught the sudden lift of the Sultan's eyelids. The girl stopped dead and seemed to await a command.

"It was really nothing; yet the Sultana raised herself on one pudgy arm and her eyes burned like powder in the open. With an almost incredible swiftness she was upon the poor girl. In an instant murder had been done, and in two minutes more the Sultana reposed again among her cushions, somnolent, vapid, commonplace. The Sultan never turned his head. He seemed lost in dreams.

"Three hours later the yacht was moored off the palace landing, and the silks and jewels and crouching, scared-faced attendants were got ashore. And scarce an hour afterward, to Louden and me, alone in the cabin, quietly appeared the Sultan, followed by a single servant. He accepted a cigarette, glanced from one to the other of us, and remarked, softly: 'I came away unobserved. I have something to say.'

"Louden and I were silent, digesting that word 'unobserved.' Presently he began, in a quiet, almost commonplace tone: 'I built this yacht for Her Royal Highness, but I find that it displeases her. When anything displeases her, she — she destroys it.' His red lips parted in a slight smile, above which his dark eyes showed no glance of amusement, and he stroked his beard gently. His voice dropped a little lower. 'I have discovered a jewel which delights me. I wish to save it, and to-morrow morning before the dawn I shall come on board with that— that jewel — which she wishes to destroy. You will be ready to steam away at sunrise, captain.'

"He finished his cigarette, bowed to each of us, and went away as silently as he had come. Louden and I stared at each other, venturing no remarks.

"While the *Sea Palm* lay free of the ground just before daylight next morning, a boat came alongside in the darkness, and the Sultan appeared from it. With his own hand he assisted on board a veiled woman—a tall, slim, exquisite figure of wonderful grace and distinction. They were followed by several attendants. When they had reached the deck the Sultan gave Louden a swift order: "Get under way at full speed!'

"The sun was up before we were well away. I was summoned to the bridge by Louden. 'We are commanded to come below,' he told me in an undertone, and moved ahead of me into the alleyway off which the door of the Sultan's private apartment gave access.

"It was opened by the Sultan himself, and we stepped out of the half-dusk of the passage into the shimmering brilliancy of the mirror-walled saloon. And as if she floated aerially in that pellucid and iridescent atmosphere, we saw a woman. 'This, gentlemen,' said the Sultan in a strange voice, 'is the jewel I wish to save.'

"We stood there, Louden and I, under the dazzling dome and surrounded by those flashing walls and looked upon the most beautiful woman any man had ever seen.

"She was so perfect, from her drifted hair and limpid eyes to her still hands and light-poised feet, that I felt suddenly abashed. In the shadowlessness of that flaming illumination she was indeed a jewel. I glanced aside at Archibald Louden, and on his somewhat heavy, austere face I saw the real beginning of the story I'm telling.

"With a sudden, imperious gesture the Sultan dismissed me. I went to the bridge and watched the bow waves break here and there on the hidden reefs amid which the *Sea Palm* kept her tortuous course. My mind refused to leave the scene I had just witnessed. I pieced together all that I knew of this ruler of a large and almost unknown kingdom, my long acquaintance with Louden, great ship-builder and master of affairs that my friend was getting to be, this voyage on this peculiar yacht, the horror of the Sultana and the dancing-girl, the picture of that exquisite being I had but now seen in the terrific and searching light of that bizarre saloon. I made nothing of it.

"Two hours later Louden had not yet appeared on deck, and I was beginning to relax when I saw a thick, short figure coming toward me from one of the forward deck-houses. Despite its muffled veils and draperies, it looked alarmingly familiar. I instantly ran down and intercepted it and discovered the Sultana.

"She stopped me with an imperious hand. 'He must not know,' she said in a raw voice. 'Do you hear me, man? He shall not be told, I say!' Then the venomous woman in her flared up for an appalling instant. Across her features, as if drawn by a painter's thumb dipped in purple, went an expression of hatred, jealousy, acrid and burning malevolence. It passed and she waddled by me steadily toward the gangway that led down to the mirrored saloon.

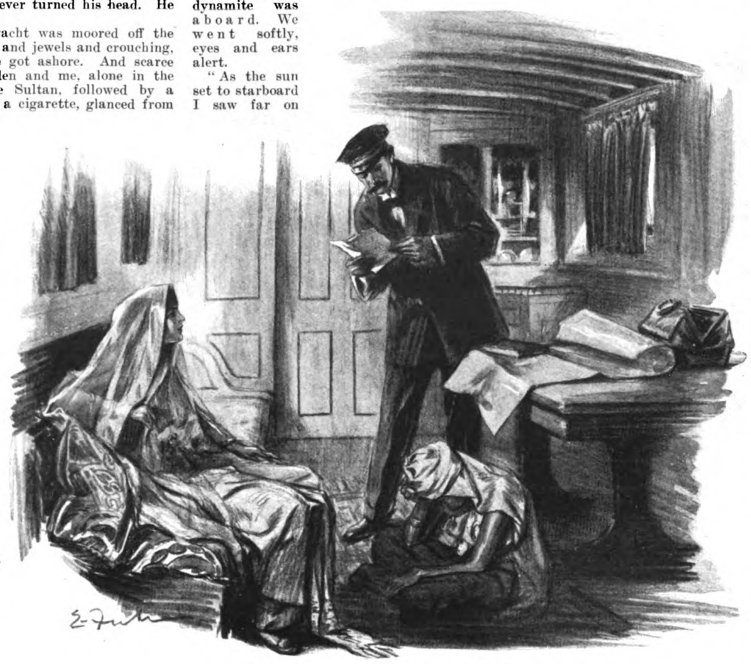
"When Louden came up it was plain from one look at his disturbed and scowling face that the Sultana had found means to make her presence known.

"'How on earth did she get here?' I wondered.

"'Her spies brought reports that made her suspicious of the Sultan's movements,' he replied. 'She slipped aboard in the dark. But the Sultan put the "Jewel" in my charge, and I have hidden her so that the woman cannot find her.'

"All day long the *Sea Palm* steamed through the torrid *runn* with the Sultan in his mirrored saloon, the jewel he was striving to save hidden I knew not where, the Sultana, a fat, squat Nemesis, also hidden—Archibald and I the only persons who knew what human dynamite was aboard. We went softly, eyes and ears alert.

"As the sun set to starboard I saw far on the southerly horizon the faint blue line that betokened the open gulf. A slight freshness made the awnings quiver; the stars came out; a fat slice of moon brightened in the east. The Sultan mounted to the bridge.



"And I trust you," ran the last words

"He stood there, in his trailing robes and sparkling jeweled turban, until Louden came up. To him he said in a low tone: 'You keep a poor watch, captain. Make straight for Aden. There I shall bid you good-by.' With that he walked haughtily away.

"I glanced at Archibald. His face was hard set. He dropped a heavy hand on my shoulder. 'Clever, isn't he? But he's afraid of me, and I'm not of him.' He stared across the wide, heaving expanse of water that lay like milk under the moon. The throb of the engines seemed to lift us quickly along with a peculiar and hasty vibration. We said nothing more until presently Archibald turned his steady eyes on mine. 'Did you ever think to see a woman like her?' he demanded.

"'I hope—' I began.

"Louden laughed like a boy. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' he quoted, and filled his chest with a strong inspiration.

"'But she belongs—' I stammered, realizing the seriousness of his sudden, swift purpose.

"He took me up. 'She belongs to me—if I'm man enough.'

"Why did I instantly take that assertion of his literally? Gentlemen, I had seen the woman, and I was watching the face of my best friend. It was a catastrophe!

"You will know what arguments I used. Then I recalled to him the danger, adduced the absurdity of his suddenly falling in love with an absolutely unknown and mysterious beauty in a far-away Eastern sea. 'It is perfectly ridiculous!' I cried, then added to save my face, 'if you mean what you say.'

"'I mean it,' he replied. 'Marchand, there's no heart in your words. You know deep in your soul that nothing is of any worth compared to her.'

"'Your honor,' I suggested in despair.

"'What honor is there in abandoning her to that brute of a Sultan?' he demanded. 'I know something of her history. She is a European.' He waved me away. He would hear nothing further, and I went below.

"When I came up at midnight I saw that the yacht was no longer making for the open sea, but was steering deeper into the *runn*. To my questions Louden merely shook his head.

"The moon had set, and I was busy over a poor chart I had finally raked up and trying to fix our position by a star when I was disturbed by the Sultana. She stood beside me, reeking of her detestable perfume. And in a husky whisper she told me of her life, as though she were advancing an enormous argument for my loyalty to her. It appeared that she had been bought out of some slave-market while a girl and sent to Nutch. There she had grown up and attracted the attention of the heir to the throne. 'I was beautiful then,' she told me in the voice of a tormented lost soul. 'He took me for his first wife when I was twelve and he himself but sixteen and heir to the kingdom.'

"Oh yes. The Sultan had come back from the university and his travels to find the beauty he had loved changed into this creature. He had remembered her as boyish passion had pictured her. He had bought her a yacht and come back—to disgust. She had refused to suffer his despite, to be passed over, superseded. And so far she had—either secretly or openly—destroyed all her rivals.

"Trained in Oriental palace intrigue, she knew that her solitary hope of maintaining her position was by trickery and deceit. Her spies had brought to her ears a tale of a wonderfully beautiful lady, known as 'The Jewel,' kept by the priests of Nutch as more precious than anything else, a kind of Vestal and hostage, as I made out from her broken talk, whose safeguarding meant the security of Nutch as an independent kingdom.

"But the Sultan had seen her, had rated the priests for seeking to hold her from him, defied their auguries and their tradition, brought her aboard the yacht, and would doubtless marry her as soon as he reached Aden. All this the wretched Sultana gibbered forth, and at the end—of all things in the world!—adjured me by my English blood to aid her. 'I am part English myself,' she swore, and backed her statement by a hoarse tale of her babyhood in some Port Said dive, her sale as a slave when she was eight years old by her drunken father.

"She pawed my arm in wild anxiety that I should help her. She promised me wealth, honor, anything my heart desired. At last I plumped out with a question: What did she want me to do?

"'Kill her!' she cried. She made a heavy gesture with her jeweled arm, a coarse and menacing answer, full of amazing and feline malignance. It destroyed a kingdom, condemned a nation to slavery—all that revenge might fall on a single lovely head. Again I seemed to perceive something of the creature's prodigious power, and I was afraid. I recalled the slave girl lying dead under the awning.

"'I am, of course, only an officer of this ship,' I said, evasively. 'I am under orders.'

"She stared at me from her heavy-lidded eyes, moved away, stared again, and vanished. When she was gone and there remained only the reek of the odious scent she used, I went to Louden's cabin. He sat in his arm-chair, eyes fixed on vacancy. 'Come to the bridge,' I said.

"There I made plain to him the predicament we were all in. He chewed his lip, walked up and down, stopped to scowl into the binnacle, muttered under his breath, and then said: 'If you want to quit I'll make a course that will let us hail some packet or other and you can cut. I had hoped you would stick.'

"'That's hardly fair, Archibald,' I answered. 'Consider the strange position of the lady. Will it make for her happiness to take her away, to render it impossible for you to live in civilization? It's plain piracy. Wake up, man! This is the nineteenth century.'

"'I know all about it,' was his moody reply. 'She was captured while a baby from a British outpost. You know the feelings of these dark Orientals in such matters: it became an affair of national vainglory to keep that English child, to deceive England, to laugh in the sleeve because the most beautiful Englishwoman that ever lived was the "Jewel" of Nutch. The Sultan couldn't refrain from telling me all this, with the beastly pride of his kind.'

"'What are you going to do?' I demanded, giving over former arguments. 'After all, it's not our business. Make the proper representations through official channels.'

"'And have her vanish forever?' he said, with profound intensity.

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"I simply repeated, 'What are you going to do?'

"'I can't live without her,' he said, huskily, as if he had settled everything by that extraordinary confession.

"'And—' I waited.

"He smiled, his white face turned to the stars.

"As I was leaving the bridge, when he relieved me again, he said in a low tone, 'I have arranged everything.' He shook his head at me as much as to say, 'Be warned.'

"I gave the ship to him and went below. I stepped inside my own cabin and was amazed to see the lady seated on my lounge. At her feet a slave girl reclined on a rug half asleep. I was about to withdraw, but she motioned me to come in, holding out her hand. In her fingers lay a note. I opened it. It was from Louden and to the effect that the Sultan, in order to divert fresh suspicions of the Sultana, had asked him to conceal the 'Jewel' in a new place. 'And I trust you' ran the last words.

"My quarters were *en suite* and luxuriously furnished. I opened the door to the inner room and asked my visitor to withdraw. She smiled and went in.

"She said nothing. I never heard her speak then nor afterward; but the eyes that looked out from under those brows of hers, the smile that delicately curved her lips, left little for speech to do. In the benignance of her gaze I drew back, closed the door, and sat down again in a sort of dream.

"Heaven knows when I should have awakened from that profound meditation (mingled with intoxicating fancies), but that a peculiar, acrid odor had penetrated the cabin. At first I didn't understand what it meant. Could the ship be on fire? Was that Louden's scheme? Had he so desperately chanced— A stronger whiff told me what had happened. We were entering the area of the Boiling Fountain. My speaking-tube sounded. Archibald was calling me to the bridge. 'Close and lock your door when you leave,' he ordered.

"So I went out, securing the exit behind me; went out into a thick and nauseous fog which made the very deck under my feet invisible. I felt my way to the bridge and made out Archibald by the wheel. When I was close enough he said:

"'Keep her on this course, no matter what happens. You will pass out on the other side in half an hour. Is—is she safe?'

"'Fast in my inner room,' I responded, choking. He moved away from me, vanishing with his second or third stride.

"There is one thing about your Easterner: to him an order is an order. I was amazed to discover that not a man of our crew even dreamed of questioning that astounding trip across the Boiling Fountain. The helmsman, enwrapped in the vile fumes, imperturbably peered into the compass and turned his wheel a spoke now and then as if steering in open water. But I myself was in a vast bewilderment. Possibly the atrocious steam that stung my throat and contracted my air passages did not tend to clear my head. At any rate, I ceased to look after the ship and was possessed of but one thought—the 'Jewel.' I fancy I imagined her in last agonies, poisoned by the hot gases.

"Giddy, half blind, half suffocated, instead of taking the way to my own cabin I turned down the one that led to the Sultan's private saloon. The tall portal was open, and in a sort of panic I rushed in there.

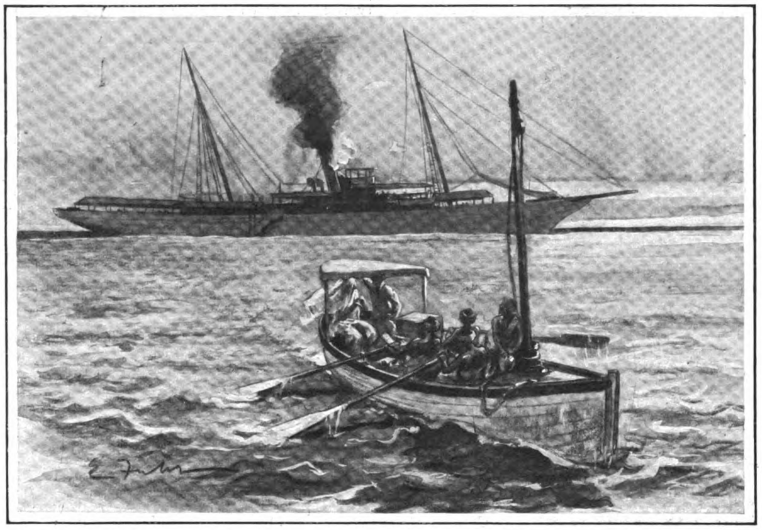
"Just inside stood Archibald, revolver in hand, facing the Sultan, who sat on his great rug, his long fingers gently outspread upon his knees. Louden was talking, standing big and straight in his uniform, his stern face fixed on the Easterner.

"'You have but a little time to live, Your Highness,' I heard him say. 'All this'—and his left hand pointed to the dazzling mirrors and dome sparkling overhead—'all this will not prevent me from taking her from you.'

"'There is still time to discuss the matter before you die,' said the Sultan, barely moving his fingers on his knees. 'My good friend, when you built this cabin for me I surmised at the moment that I might need its resources. It will be a jest to destroy the builder of the yacht by his own handiwork, will it not?'

"'Wrong,' said Louden, calmly. 'It is you who are to die.'

"'You are not reckoning with the mirrors,' the Sultan answered, in a gentle conversational tone. 'They have saved kings' lives before through their cunning arrangement. You do not know of the single mirror that stands straight in its panel. Step farther,



Louden looked up and once more waved his hand

captain, and I shall kill you, for you will be in the exact line. Step on, brave Englishman.'

"But if Archibald did not know the secret of the vertical panel, it instantly became evident that he had resources of his own—that he could outwit the Easterner—could meet cunning with full ingenuity. For even as the Sultan spoke a strong current of steam eddied into the saloon, for Louden had opened the door with one quick movement. Cloud-like it floated upward, an iridescent and lovely feather in that blinding and shadowless glare. 'The time grows short,' said Louden. 'The "Jewel" is mine.'

"A look of bewilderment came over the Sultan's face. He gazed upward. A fresh current of steam from the Boiling Fountain poured in thick and strong. Its breath settled on the high plate glasses, on the surface of the shining dome. The Sultan thrust himself up, shouting for his servants. He was too late. As if a cloud passed over the face of the sun the blaze of light was dimmed; the mirrors became like frosted panels; the overhead dome ceased to reflect. The pellucid and entranced air dulled. Archibald raised his revolver just as the Sultan lifted a silver-mounted pistol. The Sultan sank back.

"His long, delicate fingers flutteringly sought the source of the red stream that flowed through his splendid vesture with an almost pontifical movement, as though to indicate that in the final movement of his tragic existence he would still dip in the fountain of life and love. And with this last profound annunciation of unquenchable passion he died.

"I dragged Louden out and slammed the steel door. With little trouble (for the crew suspected nothing) we reached the bridge, and there, half veiled by swirling mists, we confronted each other. Almost immediately the *Sea Palm* throbbed swiftly out of the zone of the Boiling Fountain into a clear and matchless night. Louden drew in a long breath of good air and smiled magnificently at me.

"'What now?' I demanded.

"'Paradise,' he breathed.

"'There is still that bag to deal with,' I cried.

"'The Sultana—a woman!' echoed Louden, dully. 'Can I kill a woman? There is but one door to the Sultan's saloon. Put her in there alone, with her lord and master, and then lock her in so that no one can open it.'

"'It is customary to catch your hare before you cook it,' I said, a little bitterly. However, there was, of course, but that one thing to do. I set out to find the Sultana.

"It did not take me long. She lay on the deck outside my door quite dead. That feline instinct which jealousy develops in the barbarous female had led her to her quarry. But the acrid fumes of the Boiling Fountain, once healing, had done their work, aided probably by her mortal paroxysm of rage. I stooped over, picked up the body, and carried it through silent and downcast-eyed servants to the door of the great saloon. It opened to my touch and closed behind me. I laid the woman down beside the dead Sultan, went out, shut the door, and secured it firmly. To one of the headmen of the crew I gave a curt order: 'His Highness does not wish to be disturbed.'

"That sufficed for a while to hold the shuffling crew in check. But I saw that we had only a short time in which to make an end of the whole matter. So long as the natives believed their master to be alive, they would not question the death of the Sultana. Let them be certain their lord was dead—

"I hastened to find Archibald. He listened to my representations, and, leaning over the chart, he laid a finger on our position. 'We're running for the open sea,' he said.

"A sudden, enormous note of passion ran in his tones. He had slain a king. He had stolen by his single might the jewel of a hemisphere. In a word, he had discovered his own strength—most fatal knowledge that can come to any man! So he threw away the chance of what we call happiness and contentment and stormed the utter heights of tragedy, as if the flaming rivers of hell only could quench his terrific thirst for the deepest of life and love.

"He told me nothing of his ultimate plan.

"At the end of two days' run we were well down the sea, and as the stars paled in the dawn of the third morning Louden, who had walked the bridge all night, went below for a few minutes. On his return he said, curtly, 'Clear away the long boat with full provisions and four good men.'

"I looked at him as he stood almost transfigured in the quickly brightening light. 'There is no land for two hundred miles,' I said.

"'I am leaving the ship,' he retorted without noticing my objection.

"'But what of the yacht?' I insisted, still in the dark.

"He thrust the question away roughly. 'That is your business, Marchand,' he told me.

"So we lifted the big long boat from her chocks, put in water and provisions, a sail, and spread an awning over the stern seats. That done, we stopped the engines and Louden went below once more. When he came back the lady was on his arm. They stood for a moment by my side as I directed the swinging over of the boat and the lowering of the ladder. Well, he was a man for any woman to lean on—cling to; and she—she was a creature so divine that any man might gladly fling away the world for her.

"Yet so strong is life-long habit upon us all that at the very last I grasped his arm to stay him from descending into the boat. 'Archie,' I begged, 'don't go. It is death.'

"He turned his gaze directly into my eyes. He waved his hand toward the undimmed sea-line of Arabia Felix. 'We are going,' he said, and gave me a firm grasp.

"'But where?' I called down to him in a perfect passion of remonstrance.

"He didn't look back, but I heard again the one word, indicative of his eternal destination: 'Paradise.'

"The sun rose upon them as the boat slipped away over the smooth sea. Louden sat in the stern-sheets with her by his side. He looked up and once more waved his hand. She gave me one glance, full of serenity and acquiescence. Then she reached into her bosom and pulled out a dagger. She laid it on Louden's knee, as if with its surrender she gave him the keeping of her lovely soul.

"I started the engines ahead.

"Half an hour later I could still see the speck which was the boat. When I snapped my glasses into the rack Archibald Louden and the 'Jewel' passed from knowledge. Whither? Three nations swept the sea; nor did they find him, nor the lady nor the yacht nor the Sultan of Nutch. For I headed the *Sea Palm* for the Indian Ocean, quite beyond all beaten tracks, slowed her down, told the *serang* that it was the order to keep going on the same course, and took to a small boat myself.

"The yacht steamed away from me, carrying in her blazing saloon a dead king, a dead queen, and the total evidence of Archibald Louden's great love. As I headed my frail craft for the poor hope of a port I could see the figure of the native pilot on the lofty bridge, imperturbably holding the *Sea Palm* on her course out of the world."

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Mahogany

DURING the autumn the saws in the mahogany-mills of Louisiana go night and day. There are seasons during which only day runs are made, but the busiest time for the mahogany people is during the autumn, when, practically speaking, the mill machinery never ceases operation.

During the day of twenty-four hours sixty thousand feet of lumber are, it is said, cut in the average mill. Month after month the ships come up through the Gulf, at least twenty cargoes a year coming to anchor beside the gunwale. A great many vessels are devoted to this enterprise, their sole purpose being to get the logs from the tropical ports and bring them to New Orleans, returning for an additional cargo. About ten million feet a year of mahogany comes into New Orleans and is partly "manufactured" in Louisiana.

In Mexico and the states of Central America the contractor pays five dollars for a single tree. This is certainly cheap enough. But it is the expense of getting out the timber that makes of mahogany such an expensive lumber. The tree stands deep in the forest in the midst of an almost impenetrable jungle. There are no groves of mahogany-trees—they flourish perhaps not more than two to the acre.

Now it may be that there is no watercourse to hand by which the logs can be floated to port. The tree must be located by the "hunter," whose business it is to roam through the forest in search of the coveted trees and to blaze a way to them so that they may be found again.

Then the workmen must cut their laborious way to the trees, using for the purpose the machete. The machete converted into a pruning-hook makes a most effective weapon in the hunting of mahogany.

It is a beautiful tree, tall and shapely, with the lowest branches at least sixty feet from the ground. At the bottom is a huge swelling, after the manner of the cypress, and the tree must be cut above that swelling six or eight feet from the roots. The first steps comprise the building of a platform around the trunk, so that the cutters may stand upon it and wield their axes. In the course of time down comes the great monster of the tropical forest, crashing through the thick growth around it.

The workmen trim it, cut it into lengths, and manage to get it rolled to the nearest creek. There it must lie to await the floods of the rainy season, floods that will lift and carry it down-stream to the ocean port. There the logs are piled on the beach to await the vessel that is to carry them. Upon its arrival, they are rolled back into the water and rafted and pulled out to the ship's side, a dangerous undertaking when the water is rough. Once beside the vessel, derricks serve to lift the logs, which, with great difficulty, are got into the hold.

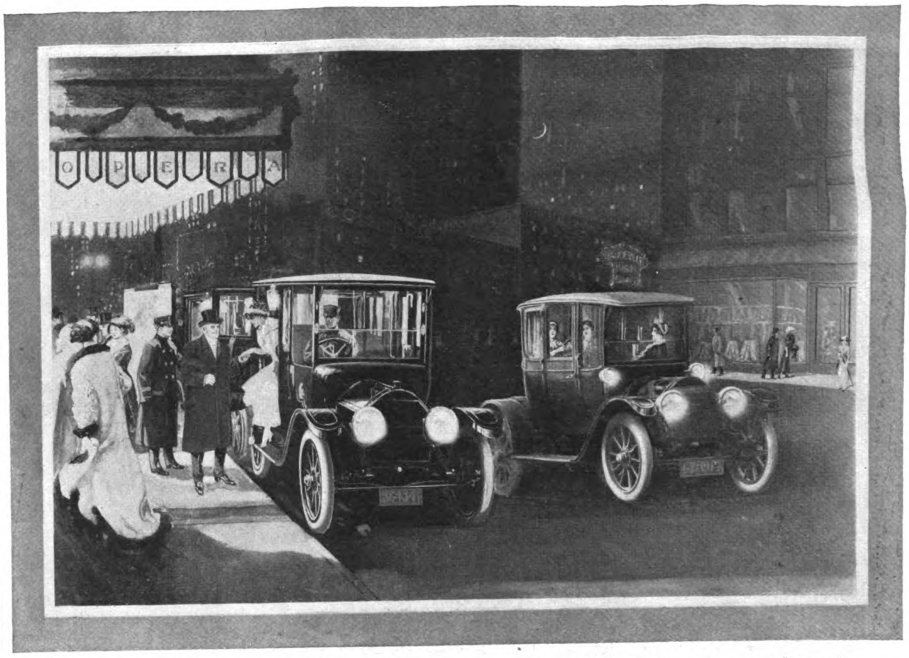
Mahogany does not in its own land command the respect wherein it is held in ours. There has been much comment upon the fact that in lands beyond the Gulf it has been employed in the making of railway ties. The fact is there is so immense an amount of mahogany standing at great distances from the coasts, remote from railways or other means of transportation, that it is practically worthless to the owner of the land, and so it chances that he views the waste of it with comparative indifference.

There is, however, no wholesale destruction of the mahogany forests. The young timber must be preserved. At one time it was the law that no tree could be cut which squared less than eighteen inches, but that law has become practically a dead letter. But care is taken that larger trees are not indiscriminately cut. There is a considerable amount of reforestation. The mahogany is of very slow growth, many of the large trees, it is said, bearing evidence of an age in excess of one thousand years.

The Blanket Tree

BLANKETS grow on trees in Ecuador, and while the idea of an all-wood, fresh from the forest, bed-covering might give insomnia and a backache to the child of civilization who likes to snuggle comfortably under several layers of down and wool, the natives find it all right, as in fact it is.

When an Ecuador Indian wants a blanket he hunts up a demajagua tree and cuts from it a five or six foot section of the peculiarly soft, thick bark. This is dampened and beaten until the flexibility of the sheet is much increased. The rough, gray exterior is next peeled off, and the sheet dried in the sun. The result is a blanket, soft, light, and fairly warm, of an attractive cream color. It may be rolled into a compact bundle without hurt and with ordinary usage will last for several years.



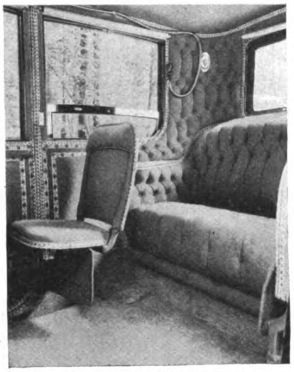
Appreciation of Cadillac luxury as exemplified in the enclosed types, reaches its height among those who can afford any car, no matter what its price

The Cadillac Limousine

The Cadillac Limousine has rapidly advanced to the position of leadership of enclosed cars.

It finds its greatest sale among those who place luxury, comfort, ease, richness, taste, dignity, elegance and refinement above all price consideration and who are satisfied with nothing short of that which represents these qualifications in the highest degree.

The improved Delco automatic cranking device, the electric lights both inside and out, the powerful, quiet motor, the ample wheel base, the large wheels and tires, the flexible yielding springs, the deep, soft, comfortable upholstering, the richness of trimmings and finish, all contribute to the luxuriousness of this splendid car.



INTERIOR OF CADILLAC LIMOUSINE

The body is made of aluminum by the latest improved methods. The forward or driver's compartment, which is three-quarter enclosed, is upholstered in hand buffed, dull finished, deep grained black leather with French roll across front of cushions. The top deck above forward compartment is American black walnut. Floor boards are covered with gray linoleum with aluminum binding. Storm curtains are provided for unenclosed portion.

The rear or passenger compartment with its two revolving seats, which may be folded up close to sides of body when not in use, affords accommodations for five passengers.

This compartment is upholstered in best quality blue broadcloth, trimmed with broad and narrow lace to match. The seat cushion has over-stuffed front of latest French construction.

Window sash, heel boards and finish mouldings are American black walnut.

Glass is selected crystal plate 3/16 inches thick, without bevel. Rear window is stationary, all others drop into pockets. Door windows are provided with stops for ventilating.

Window curtains are best grade silk, with silk tabs, operating on automatic rollers.

The lower portion of windshield is stationary, clear vision. The upper portion swings outward to any degree desired.

The interior fittings include speaking tube; rosewood lever lock handles; robe rail covered with goat skin on doors; two slip pockets on center partition, edges bound with narrow lace; toilet case.

The electric lighting equipment consists of two head lights, two pillar lights, two interior lights, tail light and speedometer light.

The doors, which open at an angle of 100 degrees, are fitted with French head hinges, concealed knuckles and improved Yale locks.

The finish is the highest grade: doors and lower panels, royal blue; upper panels and mouldings, black; chassis and wheels, royal blue.

Tires are 36" x 4½".

The inside dimensions of the Limousine are as follows:

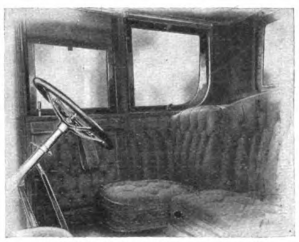
Distance from dash to front seat 24¾".
Size of front cushion on top 44" x 17½".
Height from floor to top of front cushion 16½".
Distance from partition to rear seat 37½".
Size of rear seat cushion on top 50" x 21".
Height from floor to top of rear cushion 17".
Extreme length of body in rear on top of cushion 58½".
Width of front doors over all 20".
Width of rear doors over all 24".
Size of revolving seats 14" x 14".
Price, F. O. B. Detroit. $3250.

The Cadillac Coupe

The Cadillac Coupe is a worthy companion of the Cadillac Limousine. It is the leading car of its type.

The body is made of aluminum by the latest improved methods. There are accommodations for four passengers, two alongside the driver and one on drop seat in front. The driver's seat is hinged, permitting entrance at and exit from the right side of the car.

The upholstering is in hand buffed black leather, trimmed with broad and narrow lace. The ceiling, sashes, heel board, hood shelves and finish mouldings are American black walnut.



INTERIOR OF CADILLAC COUPE

The side windows and door windows drop into pockets; the rear and front quarter windows are stationary. Glass is 3/16" selected crystal plate, without bevel. Curtains are high grade silk with silk tabs, operating on automatic rollers.

The lower portion of windshield is stationary, clear vision—the upper portion swings outward.

There is a compartment for small parcels back of the driver's seat and space for suit case, tools, etc., under rear deck.

The equipment includes the improved Delco electric system, embodying automatic self-cranking device, electric lighting and ignition.

Tires are 36" x 4½".

The inside dimensions of the Coupe are as follows:

From partition to front of seat, 35".
From dash to front of driver's seat, 29".
Cushion on top, left side, 18" x 28".
Size of driver's cushion, 17" x 19".
Size of single seat in front, 16" x 17".
Height from floor to top of cushions, 15".
Height from floor to roof, 57".
Extreme length of body from partition to back, left side, 62".
Width of doors over all, 24".
Price, F. O. B. Detroit, $2500.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO. - - - - DETROIT, MICH.

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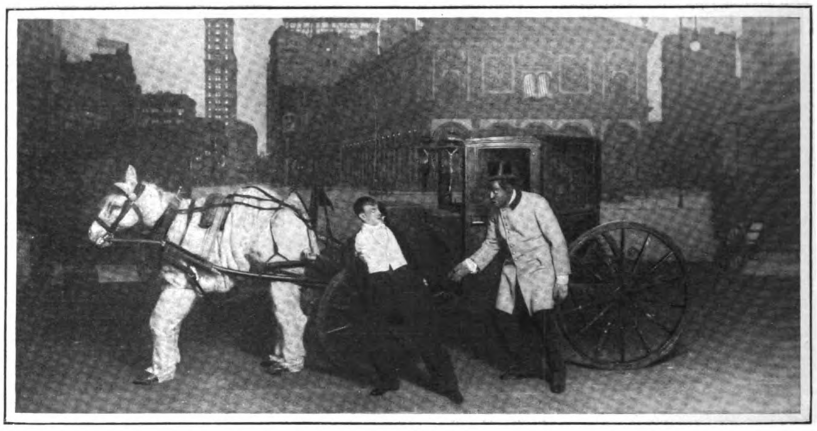
Lillian Lorraine
IN THE "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

Emily Stevens

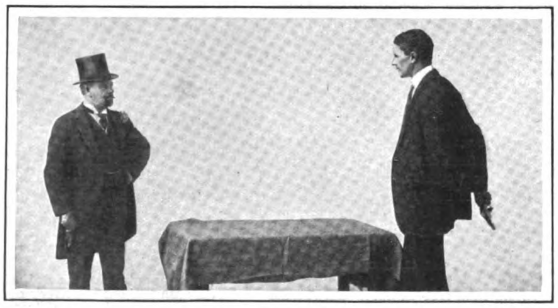
Madge Kennedy
IN "THE POINT OF VIEW"

Edna Baker in "Bachelors and Benedicts"



Leon Errol (left) and Bert Williams in the "Ziegfeld Follies"

Robert Lorraine in "Man and Superman"



A. Y. Poulton and Cyril Keightley in "The New Sin"

Helen Ware and Charles Stevenson in "Trial Marriage"

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

FLOWERS

GARDENING is such a public, exposed sort of hobby to pursue. Any one coming into the garden can see precisely what you are at. All know the exact extent of your demands and contentment. They have your measure so irretrievably. The ignominies connected with gardening are so many. One is almost always dirty and one is sometimes wildly disheveled. Invariably one is found huddled in some earthy corner and the whole thing lacks dignity and mystery. People are so apt to walk by in a superior way with immaculate hands and tidy clothes, and they remark, coldly, "What are you doing, grubbing there?"

You mutter, meekly, "I'm not grubbing."

They continue, standing the while in a statuesque pose, "But what are you doing?"

With a blend of embarrassment and anger you explain, "Dibbling bulbs." They look you in the eye and, try as you will, you cannot return their gaze. Dibbling bulbs does not seem a justifiable occupation for an adult of intelligence. It has a very foolish sound.

They say, "I suppose you know you have been at it for three solid hours."

You blush and look intently at the earth, and finally they pass on, pausing at a little distance to pluck a late-blooming rose. You realize keenly that that is the way a lady should behave in a garden. It has elegance, infinitely more than dibbling bulbs. It wins respect, whereas gardening does not. (Exploding for the countless time that absurd fallacy about the dignity of labor and the shamefulness of leisure.) How can one ever reprimand one's children again for being dirty or making mud pies in the flower borders when, as far as they can see, you are indulging yourself in that precise direction? Callers sometimes are permitted to stray into the garden, and they find you with an agricultural crick in your back, unfit to shake hands.

They exclaim, "How very interesting gardening must be!" You know they do not mean it and are bored when you explain that, though the border looks very hopeless now, it is expected to be surprisingly beautiful next May. They say, "You do not mind waiting so long for your results?" and you confess that you do not, and, what is more, you are not depressed at the prospect of discovering in May that you have made a mistake and rectifying it the April after. You are painfully conscious that your confession shows a simple, almost rudimentary mind. Your satisfaction and enthusiasm for your absurd grubbing beams out of your face. There is not a possibility of concealment. Even the fact that a great many famous people have sunk to the same level of feeble-mindedness does not rob you of your dislike of being caught at it by superior folk who have never felt the same temptation and succumbed to it with the same abandon.

Even the gardener, who might be expected to feel differently, has a way of conducting his visiting fellow-gardeners by paths that do not pass the plot where you are working, and you have an idea that it is not from delicacy, but from a feeling that a woman gardener is like a woman drunk, so much worse than a man in the same condition.

No one else who rides a hobby is exposed to the same indignities. Another person may take a cab and go off to a shop where she has heard there is a teapot of special make. She buys it, brings it home, and adds it to her collection, and every point of the proceeding is highly respectable. Butterfly-hunters must look a little foolish at times, but even they have the advantage of committing their follies in the heart of Brazil and other distant places. Most hobbies confer the distinction of being an expert upon their followers, but so few people can be genuine experts when their subject is nature. One plants an unlikely-looking stick because one thinks it will grow, but then of course it may not. It did last year, but it may not this and it has very little feeling for a precedence established. Certain seeds should have pink blooms, but they are just as likely to have purple. Climbing roses do not always climb and dwarf roses sometimes do. One just humbly hopes that one's plans may be slightly followed, but knows that they probably will not.

That may be the reason why a gardener cannot swagger as impressively about his hobby as another hobbyist can. A teapot remains a teapot, and unless one is very inexperienced it remains the same teapot as when it was bought. But when friends come to see one's garden one does not explain and expatiate and appear tremendously knowing. One just trails along after the others and thinks how differently one intended it to be. The things that are admired happen by accident. The things one expected to startle the eye never came off at all, and one's principal emotion is one of gratitude because the flowers have to maintain a meek silence and can never tell how completely they baffle and flaunt you.

There is nothing so trying as a human being and flowers are just like human beings. They are ridiculously dependent when they are young—if they were a jot less so one would leave them to their fate—and they are cantankerous and domineering when they are old. One's reason tells one to be Greek and let them die, and all the rest of one works to make them last a little longer. If they are crowded together with their family they do not get on at all and make an extremely poor showing. They have to be separated constantly, and one's only comfort is that they have no orthodox sentimentality about the process. The young ones like frequent moves, the old ones will not be budged, and the young ones invariably want the very corners from which the old ones refuse to move. The big ones bully the little ones. The decadent hybrids produce the rarest colors and pose about doing it. Altogether gardening is a great nuisance, and surely no one would ever do it if she could manage to let the thing alone.

Our "Scratched Rocks"

THROUGHOUT the northern United States, from the Atlantic Ocean to the far Northwest and as far south as Kentucky, huge boulders are found scattered at haphazard. The rocks and ledges are smoothed and marked with scratches varying from faint lines to broad grooves two feet deep. Some of these boulders, weighing many tons, are so balanced on a ledge that a slight touch will rock them. The Indians used them as "alarm bells."

The grooves or scratches on these rocks are as a rule parallel and extend north and south. South of the above-mentioned area neither boulders nor scratched rocks can be found.

How came the boulders in their position? What scratched the rocks?

Agassiz, familiar with the glaciers of the Alps, probably gave the true answer. He showed that a similar state of things is produced to-day by the glaciers of Switzerland. These streams of ice creep slowly down from the lofty summits of the Alps through the valleys to the plains. They bear on their surface huge rocks fallen from surrounding cliffs. The stones frozen in the bottom of the glacier, pressed down by the enormous weight of ice above them, scratch and groove the rocks beneath, as the tool of a carpenter gouges out a piece of wood.

What was the condition of America when similar effects were produced? Instead of local glaciers scattered in the valleys, the whole surface now covered with boulders must have been hidden by an immense sheet of ice. Judging from the marks on the rocks, the sheet moved from the north toward the south, carrying with it masses of rock.

Salt for Roads

IN France it has been the custom, at the beginning of summer, to tar the roads in and about the towns, in order to abate the dust nuisance. It has been found, however, that tar, although excellent in the case of macadamized roads, is of little or no value where tramways exist and paved street crossings intersect the roads in various directions. The tarring cannot be carried out on stones.

Basing their action on the well-known hygrometrical properties of common salt, the authorities have made a test of its value in laying the dust. Twenty yards of roadway have been sprinkled liberally with salt and then watered freely. If the results are satisfactory salt will be used throughout the town of Havre, it being impossible to tar the majority of the streets, since they are paved with rough stone blocks.

Alaska's Two Climates

OFFICIAL reports indicate that the coast region of Alaska has much rain and snow, but an equable temperature, and that the winter at Sitka is no colder than at Washington. The snowfall at Valdez has reached sixty feet, and the rainfall at Sitka one hundred and eleven inches in a season. The Yukon basin, on the other hand, has a continental climate, very cold in the winter, although the summer temperature may reach ninety degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The rainfall is small. The soil is permanently frozen for several yards below the surface, but a thin surface layer thaws out every summer.

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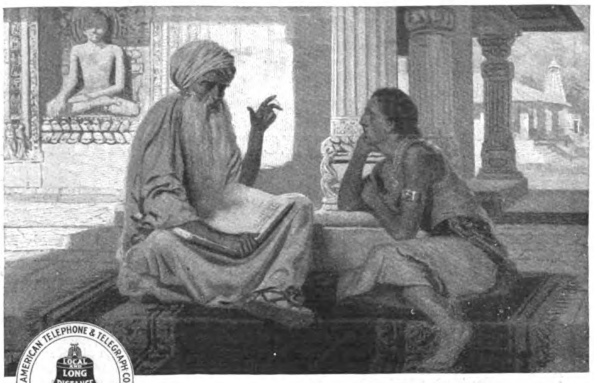

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Among his philosophical sayings was this:

"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

For one man to bring seven million persons together so that he could talk with whom he chose would be almost as difficult as to carpet the whole earth with leather. He would be hampered by the multitude. There would not be elbow room for anybody.

For one man to visit and talk with a comparatively small number of distant persons would be a tedious, discouraging and almost impossible task.

But with the Bell System providing Universal Service the old proverb may be changed to read:

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LIGHTNING ON PARADE

A GLIMPSE OF THE ELECTRICAL MARVELS DISPLAYED AT THE RECENT ELECTRICAL EXPOSITIONS IN BOSTON AND NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

THE hand that rules the dynamo is the hand that rocks the world. That is the verdict of every one who saw either of the electrical expositions that have just closed in Boston and in New York. For wide scope and infinite variety of achievement the offerings of these expositions have never been equaled, while for beauty and grandeur it is impossible that they can ever be surpassed. Above all else they showed that, from the moment he appears on this earth until he yields his last breath, man is constantly indebted to electricity for swift, silent, powerful, beneficent service.

Electricity warms the milk and rocks the cradle—if hygiene approves of cradles. Electricity lights, warms, and carries man whither he would go. It cooks his food, lifts him up in the sky-scraper or lowers him into the depths of the earth, soothes him with sweet music when he is weary, or sends him flying over the rails, the road, or the river when he is going his swiftest pace of business or pleasure; it shouts his messages over land or under sea or through the air, or, if he prefers, whispers his confidential correspondence to his secretary; it prints his books and papers, cuts and sews his clothing, makes candy, roasts meat, bakes bread, rolls cigarettes, manufactures all sorts of goods, whether of iron, steel, copper, wood, cloth, or paper; carries them to him over mountain, plain, or sea.

The silent current has even been taught pretty accomplishments: it was painting flowers in dainty tints on automobile veils in one booth, and in another it was enacting a drama of moving pictures while automatically and synchronously reproducing the voices of the actors. In still another booth the accomplished and sprightly electric current was playing the violin. Stop right there, says some one; we have heard pianos played by electricity, and whole orchestras have swayed us through the phonograph, but an electric violin-player — never! Nevertheless the statement is true. The electric instrument played the violin and played it well; played fast or slow, loud or soft, gently or robustly, as the composer willed. All of these things were going on all the time the expositions were open, and no one could see and hear them and consider them without marveling at the wondrous unseen force man has tamed and harnessed to work and play for him. Also the visitor wondered whether there could exist in the whole array of nature's forces any other agency that could serve man half so well.

The Boston electric show was the biggest and completest ever known. For two years its organizers wrote, telegraphed, and traveled all over the globe to add to its wonders and attractions. A full-page announcement and invitation was published in the electrical journals throughout the world, calling attention to the coming exposition and inviting exhibits. So able inventors everywhere sent on their newest devices. They came from Japan, England, all the continent of Europe, and the far-off isles of the sea. During the first quarter of the year preceding the show one hundred men were at work every day building the decorative pieces. For the next two months one hundred and fifty were busy, and during the last two months an army of three hundred men labored—without ceasing for one moment, day or night, during the last two weeks—so that everything at last was put together with the precision of a big machine.

The best time to see the Boston show was at night, for then the broad avenue for half a mile on either side of it was bathed in the great flood of artificial daylight created by electricity. From Copley Square to Massachusetts Avenue, Huntington Avenue was studded with tall poles bearing clusters of arc lights of especially large size and power. By a peculiar treatment of the carbons in these arc lights, never exhibited before, numberless tints were produced. The visitor approaching Mechanics' Building passed through every gradation of daylight from that of the tropical sun at noon to the gentlest harmonies of purple, green, and violet in a sunset over Lake Como. How did the Great White Way compare with it? Not at all.

The building itself, which is about twice as big as Madison Square Garden and two and a half times the size of the Coliseum in Chicago, was outlined in forty thousand incandescent lamps of different colors, woven at intervals into graceful designs. The colossal structure seemed from afar like a great, blazing jewel, refracting dazzling light from a myriad facets. Within it was a vast fairyland. One walked in a new world of wonders. Grand Hall, the central division of the building, was transformed into a spacious German village, dominated by the castle of its overlord, while the effect was borne out in the gallery construction and the details of the exhibit booths on the main floor. The electric-vehicle section was an open park in facsimile, including broad boulevards winding amid wide stretches of velvety lawns, interspersed with trees and flowers and clumps of shrubs. Machinery Hall seemed like a huge factory, which indeed it was, with its open windows and ample illumination, characteristic of the electrically equipped manufacturing establishment.

In the basement was a first-class completely equipped electric garage, in which the silent steeds, whether devoted to business or pleasure, received their invisible but mighty nourishment of electric current. The sight of motor-carriages, delivery-wagons, brewery-trucks, contractors'-carts, and the stubby little warehouse-trucks that pick up their own heavy loads, all standing side by side feeding on "the juice," as the electric fluid is called, was a vivid object lesson of the universal adaptability of this kind of motor vehicle. "One view is worth ten thousand hearsays," is the way the Japanese proverb-maker phrases it; and one view of the simple and cheap way in which these cars renew their strength was the strongest kind of an argument in their favor. Visitors stood around the charging apparatus for hours, entranced by the play of the dancing globules of light in the transformer no less than by the spectacle of the powerful cars so silently absorbing motor power. Incidentally the heterogeneous nature of the collection of vehicles in the garage was a testimony of their widespread uses. Every sort of manufacture and business was represented in the array.

The New York Electrical Exposition and Automobile Show was every bit as interesting as the Boston Electric Exposition, although it was not quite so large or elaborate. It occupied the entire Grand Central Palace, at Lexington Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street, and that great structure was filled day and evening for a fortnight with striking examples of what electricity can do. One of the most interesting things was the original generator which only thirty years ago supplied all the electric current that was used in lighting New York City—or, at least, the restricted downtown district in which arc lights were used. Edison himself built it and bossed the job of putting it in place in an old brick warehouse at 257 Pearl Street. New York in those days had many streets paved with cobblestones; horse-cars and steam locomotives ran through the public way; dim yellow gas-jets afforded a scanty illumination along the curbs; horse-drawn omnibuses still infested Broadway and Fifth Avenue and many other thoroughfares; all the avenues and many streets were full of horse-drawn cabs, cars, wagons, trucks, etc.—and the death-rate from typhoid and other dirt diseases was far higher than it is to-day. The New-Yorker of to-day, darting in a taxi-cab through the brilliantly lighted streets, without one telegraph pole or wire in sight, with the horse rapidly vanishing from view, supplanted by powerful motor-trucks, with subways and tubes taking the place of street-cars and ferryboats, would hardly recognize the old town.

Yet the old first electric generator ever used on Manhattan Island in the public service, the sturdy pioneer that led the advance of electric equipment that has so completely changed the face of the city and the habits of its people, looks as strong and serviceable as ever. If a mere machine might talk, this one might well call itself the Father of Modern New York. It used to supply current for four hundred lamps, and it was rated at 125 horse-power. Its successor to-day is a group of generators placed in the headquarters of districts. From these stations current is supplied for five and one-quarter million incandescent lamps over thirteen hundred miles of electric cable. The installation is rated at 714,000 horse-power.

One of the modern generators is shown near the old "Jumbo" relic. It is compactly built, does not occupy much more room than the working library of an ordinary lawyer, and yet it is of a type any one of which can supply all the power used in building the new Lexington Avenue subway and all that part of the new aqueduct in New York City, and would still have enough energy left over to light St. Patrick's Cathedral fifteen times, inside and out.

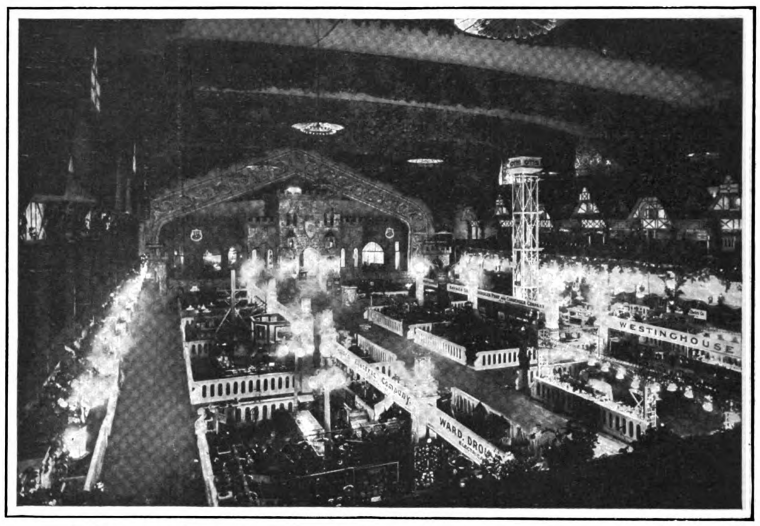
It would fill this page and many others to recapitulate the hundreds of ways in which electricity was shown at work for man by examples in actual operation at this exposition. There were such diverse illustrations as the stimulation of the soil and consequent increase of crops by the application of electricity, the sending and receiving of telegrams by wireless, the defense of New York harbor by electric apparatus, submarine and aerial, an electric machine for sharpening pencils, electric automatic fire-prevention apparatus, electric machines for knitting, dredging, welding metals. Perhaps the weirdest was an electric freezer, whose proprietor proudly declares that it furnishes ice without water and ice-water without ice—and proves it before your eyes.

Yet somehow the visitor kept coming back to the smooth, noiseless, speedy, and safe electric carriages and the powerful electric trucks that load and unload themselves quickly with their own power and do the work of a dozen horses in half the time and at a far smaller cost.

"The electric motor-wagon and motor-truck is going to do most of the hauling and delivery work of mankind, especially in cities," said an expert on transportation to me. "From the moment the first motor-car of any kind was invented, the motor wagon or truck became the logical, the inevitable means of transporting goods through streets. The electric vehicle was soon developed into the most economical style of carrier. It quickly reached the point at which it supplied the deficiencies of horse-teams without any of the objections other sorts of vehicles involved. It was said years ago that Mr. Edison delayed putting his electric light on the market until he had simplified it 'so that any fool or mule could use it.'

"The electric vehicle is as simple and easy to manage as the electric light. It needs no high-priced chauffeur to run it. It can be operated safely and efficiently by a man transferred at a day's notice from the driver's seat of a horse-truck. The machinery is simple, easily understood, and not liable to get out of order. Moreover, there is absolutely no fire risk in an electric garage; the moment the vehicle is halted its power is conserved; and the batteries can always be charged at the time of day when electric current is cheapest."

After all, these are the machines that, more than any other, make life in the cities pleasanter and far more healthful. If any great city had to go back to the methods of thirty years ago, before electricity furnished light, heat, and power, it would be necessary to enlarge the cities by half to furnish these things and transportation by the old-fashioned methods. And as for carrying men and merchandise through city streets, there simply would not be room for half the horses needed. So much has electricity added to the area of city surfaces by eliminating obsolete and space-consuming facilities.



Looking down the central aisle of Grand Hall at the great Boston Electrical Exposition

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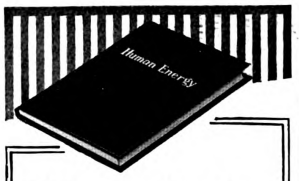

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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Railroad Stocks as Investments

An old customer walked into one of the downtown investment-houses not long ago and asked the office-partner what he thought of railway shares as investments under present conditions. "That depends entirely on what kind of railway shares you mean," was the Wall Street man's reply. "There are various different classes of railway shares, as you very well know. Some of them I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Others are all right—in my opinion, in fact, constitute a most attractive medium for the investment of surplus money."

That is a view you often hear expressed in investment circles these days. There are different classes of railroad shares, and of widely different investment standing. The public's attitude toward the railways and what it may develop into is such that to purchase some of these shares is a risky business. That very thing, on the other hand, has, without in the least impairing the intrinsic value of other classes of railway shares, lowered their price to a point where they are exceedingly attractive from an investment standpoint.

Roughly speaking, railroad stocks can be divided into five classes. In the first place there are the shares which show big earnings and which, in addition to big dividends regularly paid, make "extra" disbursements out of accumulated surplus about once in so often. In the second place there are what may be called the rank and file of the dividend-payers—the standard stocks whose earnings over long series of years have allowed them comfortably to pay six or seven per cent. Thirdly, there are the dividend-paying preferred shares, the earnings on which, in most cases, are several times the amount required to pay the dividend. Fourthly, there comes that large class of shares which manage to pay four or five per cent. without frequent interruption, but whose earnings are such as to make one wonder how they can do it. And then, fifth and last, there are the low-priced common shares which do not pay anything, but which move up and down in the market according as the prospects of an initial dividend seem brighter or less bright.

Of the first class of shares, those which earn big amounts and pay fancy dividends, it may be said at the very outset that they constitute a pretty risky form of investment at the present time. In most cases, it is true, skilful management and conservative capitalization rather than high freight-rates constitute the real reason for their success, but it will probably be a good while before the public is allowed to believe that this is so. Unmistakable, even among people of more or less conservative tendencies, is the feeling against allowing any railroad to earn thirty or forty per cent. on its stock. That a railroad, as long as its rates are just and reasonable, ought to be allowed to earn any amount it can is easily enough demonstrable. But, deep down in the average man's heart, there is a feeling that when a railroad can earn such amounts there must be something wrong somewhere and that shippers *must* be paying more than they ought. Right or wrong, that feeling is there, deep-seated; and it is impossible to get away from it. And as long as it is there, railway shares which, because of abnormal earning power, sell at several times their par value are bound to remain a risky form of investment. Lamentable as is the fact that mere prosperity is in itself enough to invite attack, that condition at present prevails and is bound to be taken into account.

Concerning the investment status of the second class of railway shares, the standard dividend-payers, opinion is more divided. With railway expenses constantly increasing and the carriers forbidden to advance their freight-rates, it might seem at first sight as though the prospects of any kind of railway stocks were pretty poor. It must not be lost sight of, on the other hand, that even with conditions as they are, most of the old-established dividend-payers have had no trouble in earning their dividends; and, furthermore, that if conditions become such that fair dividends can no longer be paid, governmental objection to freight-rate increases will quickly enough be withdrawn. There has been a great deal of wild talk about the effect on railroad earnings which the attitude so far assumed by the Interstate Commerce Commission is bound to exert. If ever any such efforts really are exerted, public sentiment, if nothing else, will quickly force a change in that attitude.

The truth of the matter is that while the regulation of the railways has been carried on in an arbitrary and unnecessarily severe manner during the past three years, the last thing in the world which the Commerce Commission wants to see is a wholesale reduction in dividend-rates. From the way in which the Commission has on several occasions acted, it has at times looked almost as though it didn't care if old-established dividends *did* have to come down. No such reductions can, however, be charged to any decree of the commission. Arbitrary and, from the standpoint of the railways, unfair as many of the orders issued have been, their effect on earnings have in no case been such as to threaten dividends long established. Close governmental supervision may result in less stock dividends being declared and less "melons" being cut; but that it will work toward bringing about any reduction in the six and seven per cent. dividends which the standard stocks have been paying for years seems altogether unlikely.

And if that is so, even "ex" the possibility of "melons" and "rights," a lot of the standard dividend-payers offer an attractive opportunity for investment at the present time. Glance down the list of "yields," and it will be seen that there are any number of seasoned issues which at these prices net the buyer well up toward six per cent.

The third class of railway shares, too, the preferred issues, are a present well worth the investor's careful attention. Making the fullest allowances for the current hostile sentiment toward the railroads and the unfriendly attitude of the Interstate Commerce Commission, he would have to be a pessimist indeed who figured that there was danger of any such action as would call into question the dividends on these railway preferred shares. That common shares which pay high dividends may not be allowed to go on paying high dividends may be argued. But that anything is going to happen to make necessary the passing altogether of common dividends which have been maintained for a score or more of years is unthinkable. And, in many cases, even granting for the sake of the argument that earnings might be so cut down, there would yet remain enough for the preferred. By most people the strength of these preferred shares isn't appreciated. Where, as in the case of many of the big trunk lines, the preferred is followed by a big amount of common paying an established dividend, it is hard to see how its investment standing could be improved upon. Whenever a stock of this class gets down to a point where it yields a full rate of income, it presents an attractive opportunity for investment.

The fourth class of railroad stocks, on the other hand—the shares which are earning just about enough to pay their four or five per cent. dividends and no more—are not attractive at the present time, even where they can be brought to yield a high return on the money. A time when there shall prevail relations between the railroads and the public far more satisfactory than at present is in all probability not far off; but, in the mean time, no stock whose dividend cannot stand some further falling-off in earnings is an attractive investment. After a while the public will come to understand the railroad question better, and when that happens the railroads will have less to fear. But sentiment still, it must be admitted, is against the railroads; and, kept hot by agitators and demagogues, may very probably result in further curtailment of railway net revenues.

To roads earning their dividends by a fair margin, and able, out of surplus profits, to comply with the public's demands, it makes not so much difference—unfair as it may be, they are in a position to stand it. But to a good many other roads the payment of whose dividends requires the greater part of current net revenue, it is a serious matter—it means, in other words, that dividends cannot be maintained. And, of course, as long as there is that possibility, such shares cannot be counted attractive from an investment standpoint.

Of the fifth and last class of stocks, the low-priced common shares, the same thing is true. So far as any investment value at all attaches to stocks of this kind, it is by reason of the chance they have of working their way up into the dividend-paying class. A period of good times is apt to result in earnings so large as to bring the commencement of dividends within the range of possibility, which, of course, is discounted in the market price. But, with conditions as they are—railroad earnings in every part of the country being closely watched and the whole question of rates being threshed over—no one can reasonably expect the commencement of dividends on railway shares where they have not been paid before.

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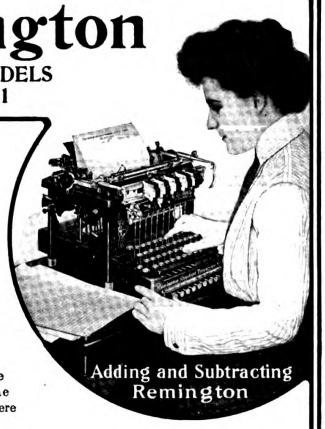

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How Mussels Are Caught

THE gathering of mussels forms an important industry in the Middle West. The mussel fisherman's outfit consists of a boat and a pair of dredges. A dredge is composed of ordinary gas-pipe whereto a number of hooks are attached, each hook showing four prongs.

Fastening a stout rope to his dredge, the hunter drops it overboard, and, as the boat drifts with the current, the dredge drags along the bottom of the stream. The mussel lies with shell open, and when the prong of a hook strikes within the opening of the mussel's two shells, the deluded mollusc, under the impression that it has captured something edible, closes down on the hook with a vise-like grip. After floating twenty or thirty yards the dredge is pulled up and the remaining dredge is dropped from the opposite side of the boat. It is not unusual for a fisherman to capture as many as one hundred mussels at a single drop of the dredge.

When the fisherman has got as many mussels as his boat will conveniently carry he rows ashore and undertakes the "cooking out" process. The mussels are transferred from the boat to a tank that holds from five hundred to one thousand pounds. Here the mussels are boiled for one hour, a process that loosens the meat from the shell. The shells are placed upon a platform, where they are sorted and cleaned for shipment. The price paid for the shells in ton lots frequently touches the ten-dollar mark.

While the shells form the principal product of mussels, the fisherman not infrequently has the luck of finding a valuable pearl in his catch. A pearl to be of first quality must be of good lustre and of a round, button, or pear shape. If they are irregular in form, but have brilliant color, they have some value. An irregularly shaped pearl is called a baroque. A pearl to be of any great value should be not less than one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and in color should be white, pink, purple, brown or black.

Frequently the mussel-fishermen find pearls of perfect shape, but of a dull lead color. These are worthless, and are known as "dead pearls."

Another product of the mussel deserving mention is the "slug." The "slug" is always irregular in form and is composed of the same matter that goes to make up the pearl, although it does not possess sufficient brilliance to be classed as a baroque. "Slugs" are employed in the manufacture of cheap jewelry, and the price for them ranges from one dollar to one dollar and a half an ounce.

Pearls, baroques, and slugs are thought to be formed by the mussel as a means of protection against irritation. A foreign substance such as, for instance, a grain of sand, effects an entrance between the shells. This irritates the mussel, and to protect itself it envelopes the offending object in a coat of nacre of varying thickness.

"Neighborhood" Banks

THE establishment in various parts of this country of small co-operative banks was suggested by the principle whereon were founded the Raiffeissen banks in Germany and Italy.

The Raiffeissen bank, strictly speaking, comprises a group of neighbors who, as members of the same small community, are familiar with one another's affairs, and their organization is formed for the purposes of uniting their credit in borrowing money for such of them as need it. Abroad this idea grew out of the circumstance that money cannot, as a rule, be easily borrowed in small localities and, when found, usually carries a high rate of interest.

Under the Raiffeissen system every member of the group must be industrious and of good moral character. When he wishes to borrow money he must explain what he plans to do with it. If the lending committee approves his purpose, the money will be advanced to him at a low rate of interest, usually five per cent. Then a general supervision is kept over him to see that he spends the money in accordance with his announced purpose, and that he generally orders his affairs in such manner that he will be able to repay it when it becomes due.

It is contended abroad that this system has not only relieved the farmers from the oppressions of usurers, but that it has also improved the moral tone of the country. Inasmuch as loans are made only to members, and as all the members are jointly liable for the payment of loans, it follows that they maintain a pretty close watch on one another to see that there is no waste of money.

The experience of the city of Mentone with a local bank of a slightly different plan indicates the value of the system. Something over twenty-five years ago a number of modest capitalists formed a bank in the town to take the place of an institution that had failed. The prevailing rate of interest for farmers was then twelve per cent. In eight years this little co-operative bank had succeeded in reducing the rate to six per cent., and the small farmers had no difficulty in borrowing. The district is now prosperous, and the farmers have been relieved from the pressing burden of debt.

Educating the Sight

THE education of the senses in general, and of the sight in particular, has a tendency to become overlooked by civilized man, who no longer has to rely chiefly upon his physical alertness for protection or sustenance. Its importance in the training of children is becoming more and more widely recognized, however. Psychologists dwell upon the facts that most people cannot measure accurately by the eye even the length of a straight line, that an estimate of weight has always to be corrected by scales, and that only one accustomed to much open-air life can give even an approximately correct idea of the height at which a bird may be flying. It is noted that even the birds learn, with the perfection of firearms, to fly higher than the range of the shot. This precise degree of accurate measurement civilized man cannot make by any method yet devised. In certain schools children are being taught to estimate weight "by sight," but with little real success. Pupils in a Western school were taken daily, a year or two ago, upon walks, the entire length of which was spiked with iron rods placed at varying distances apart, and the pupil's task was assigned to reckon—by the eye—first one distance between two spikes and then another. Though prizes were given to stimulate the exercise, it was, and continued for a long time to be, far from satisfactory. A similar test given in a school upon an Indian reservation showed amazing results in favor of the Indian boy.

Whalebone

THE notion is popularly held that whalebone is derived from whales' ribs, although many persons believe that it comes from the tail of the big mammal. Both notions are incorrect.

The function of whalebone in the life of the whale is of the utmost importance. The inner edges of the whalebone plates are frayed into innumerable hair-like processes and the whole forms a sort of sieve whereby the whale may sift out its food from the sea-water. It must be remembered that the food of this gigantic creature consists chiefly of minute organisms, crustacea, mollusca, etc., floating near the surface.

When the whale opens its mouth and moves along a great multitude of these minute forms of life find their way in. Then the whale closes its mouth, and the water is strained out through the whalebone sieve, and the food is retained.

The common uses of whalebone are known to everybody. It is, however, put to two uses not generally known even in England, where the fine internal fringes mentioned are employed in the making of barristers' wigs. By reason of their lightness, they retain the curl better than does ordinary hair. Fine whalebone threads are also sometimes employed to stiffen the tissue in high-grade silks.

Moving Pictures of Bullets

HERR KRANTZ, of the military school of Charlottenburg, Germany, has invented a method of photographing flying bullets whereby a series of pictures, which can be exhibited by the moving-picture machine, is produced with the aid of a succession of electric sparks, producing five thousand views per second with exposures that in some cases do not exceed the millionth of a second. By this method pictures can be made showing the dropping of the hammer of a pistol, the outgush of smoke, the moving bullet, and the progress of the missile through an obstacle placed in its path.

Aging Cheese by Electricity

AN industrial electrician of Rotterdam, Holland, has hit upon the device of making a two-year-old cheese in a day. He subjects fresh cheeses to the action of an alternating current through which fresh cheeses, after twenty-four hours, have all the properties of cheeses quite old. It is expected that further experiment will enable the manufacturer so to graduate and direct electrical action of this nature as to give various cheeses any taste and consistency required by a fastidious market.

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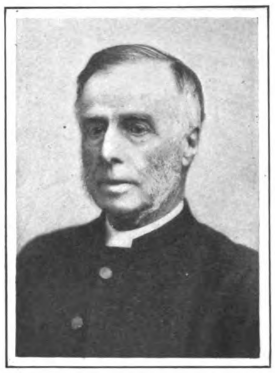
New Stamps for Parcels Post

THE parcels post law enacted at the last session of Congress goes into effect on January 1, 1913. Under the provisions of the act ordinary postage stamps cannot be used for the parcels post. The Post Office Department has therefore made arrangements for the engraving and printing of special stamps for the purpose. The stamps will be larger than the ordinary and there will be twelve distinctive designs composing three series. The first series will illustrate modern methods of transportation of mail matter, one stamp showing the mail-car on a railway train, another an ocean mail steamship, a third an automobile now used in the postal service, and a fourth the despatch of mail by aeroplane. The second series will show at work in their several environments the four great classes of postal employees: post-office clerks, railway mail clerks, city letter-carriers, and rural free-delivery carriers. The third series will represent four industrial scenes, showing the principal sources of the products that probably will be transported extensively by parcels post. The sixty thousand post-offices throughout the United States will be amply supplied with the new stamps before the law takes effect.



"TOM BROWN" IS DEAD

THE REV. AUGUSTUS ORLEBAR, VICAR OF WILLINGTON, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND, WHO DIED RECENTLY AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-EIGHT. FROM HIM THOMAS HUGHES DREW THE HERO OF HIS FAMOUS NOVEL, "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS"

Long-distance Champions

THE feats of professional runners seem insignificant when compared with the regular performances of an East-Indian caste. These Kahars, who are also known as Jhinwarb, live in the Punjab, where for centuries they have acted not only as runners, but as fishermen and as water-fowl catchers.

These men are said to be able to accomplish a hundred miles a day without resting. There is said to be a well-authenticated instance wherein one Tika Ram carried despatches three hundred miles in three days—from Mean-Mir to Meerut. It is further said that so far from shortening their lives these performances really conduce to longevity in the Kahars, many of whom are able not only to withstand the strain of covering great distances, but to thrive under it.

The jinrikisha man, too, notwithstanding his irregular diet, excessive use of liquor, and exposure to the elements, lives to a reasonable age. In Tokio, when a census was taken of the jinrikisha men some years ago, there were found to be more than thirteen hundred who were over fifty-five years of age.

Muscles and Brain

EXPERIMENTS conducted by Mosso of Turin indicate that physical education and gymnastics serve not only for the development of the muscles, but for that of the brain as well. It is becoming evident, in the opinion of this authority, that as much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise, and that children should begin reading and writing only after they are nine years old.

Muscular fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with intellectual fatigue. Nerve cells show a tendency to rest every ten seconds. It is probable that only part of the brain is active at a time; the various parts relieve one another. The more mobile any animal's extremities are, the more intelligent, other things being equal, it is.

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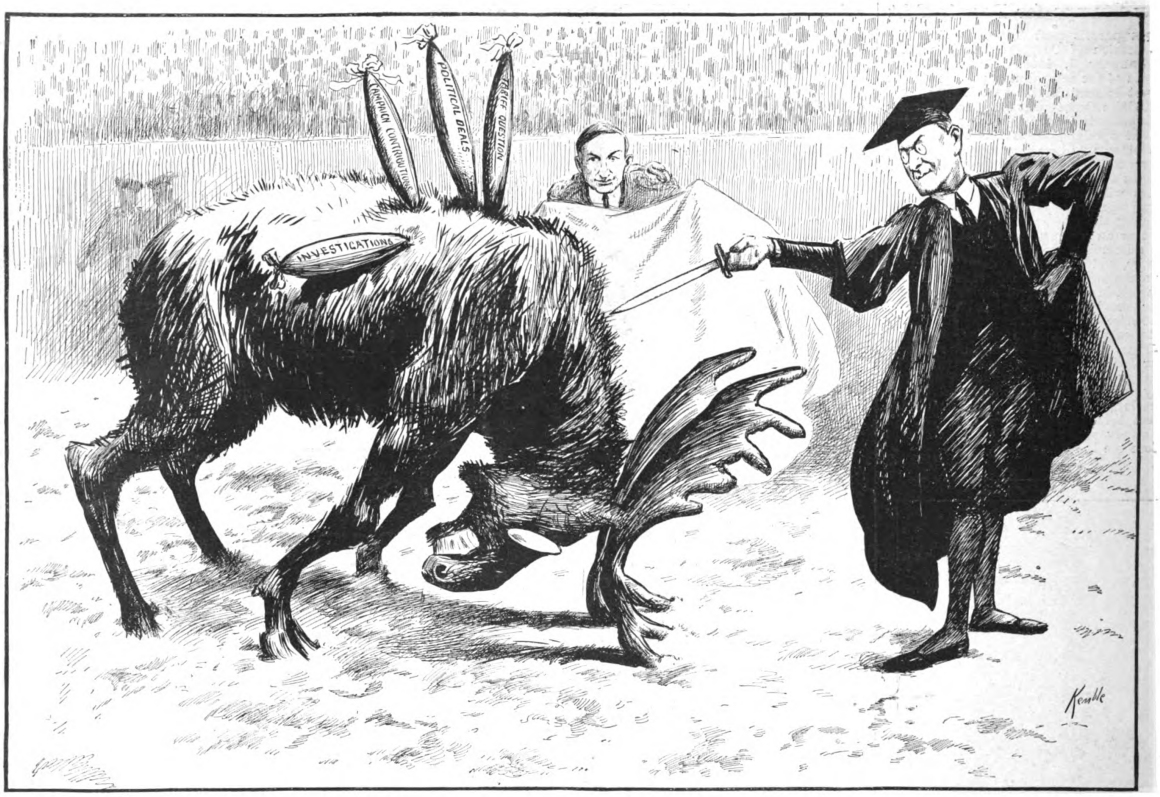

THE FINISHING TOUCH

Drawn by E. W. Kemble

How the Snake Travels

THE Scriptural injunction that the snake shall go on its belly all the days of its life has not deprived it of the ability to ascend such places as rocks and trees inaccessible to most quadrupeds.

The snake's power of getting over the ground is intimately associated with its flexibility from side to side. The flexibility is not as powerful from top to bottom, and it is a mistake to imagine the snake as undulating in vertical curves similar to the single span of the inchworm. The curves are horizontal, parallel with the ground or whatever surface the animal is traversing. Of course this may be an obique or a perpendicular line.

Locomotion is effected by a contraction of the ribs on one side of the body with a corresponding widening out on the other. This forms one curve. Another contraction takes place at the end of the expanded side, bending the body in the opposite direction. Thus there is a series of alternate constrictions and spreadings of the numerous ribs throughout the length of the reptile as it lies on the ground.

When the snake is in motion some part of the body must secure itself against a rough or projecting surface from which the forward part can be impelled. Then the forward part takes hold and the hinder length is dragged to a new position. The row of shields along the snake's belly is very quick in seizing upon the slightest projection, so that any rough surface affords a good track. The snake requires this and would move with great difficulty over a smooth surface such as glass or polished rock, of which there is, fortunately, very little in nature.

In climbing a tree the same principle is employed. The snake must find points of vantage for its curves. Winding itself spirally around a tree is an impossibility. If the animal is long enough to project its serpentine way from the ground to the first branch the remainder of the ascent is easy. Repose among the branches frequently brings about many foldings and loops of the long body, sometimes in what is seemingly a hopeless tangle.

The anatomy of the snake in some instances bears the rudimentary posterior legs from a remote era. The minutest vestiges remain of these limbs. So there must have been in Scriptural days some inklings of the fact that the snake, like other reptiles, had possessed the ordinary means of progression and did not previously (according to the interpretation of the scoffer) hop along on the tip of its tail.

Reptiles possessing legs, such as the lizard, alligator, and frog, are not equipped to the same advantage as other beasts in that regard. The reptilian legs can be used in walking and running, but are not the means of an upright support.

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The Elephantine Papyrus

UNTIL 1907, when the papyrus documents were found in Assouan, Moabite stone was the most important archæological treasure on earth—the only authentic record of historical incidents referred to in the Old Testament. The Elephantine papyrus consists of three papyrus documents found in 1907. It contains a record of the doings of the enterprising colonists who journeyed from Jerusalem to the south of Egypt, made permanent homes, married, and built a temple not like the temple of Jerusalem, but according to their own independent ideas.

In commenting on the Elephantine papyrus Wellhausen stamped the discovery as "an official document of the year 417 B.C., and noted that, by the evidence of that record, it was plain that the colonists not only offered sacrifices in their temple, but applied to the community of Jerusalem for help in the work of rebuilding the temple and restoring its altars.

The colonists must have argued long and well with the home country before they reached a point where they could reject the law concerning foreign marriages and build a temple according to their own ideas of architecture.

The Age of Gloves

IT would be hard to tell when gloves were invented. The ancient monuments show nothing to indicate that the hands were covered, but mittens were found among pieces of underclothing entombed with the mummies of the priestess of Ammon, of the twenty-first dynasty. They were between seventeen and eighteen inches long and dyed. Some were edged with blue. A thumb-piece separated the thumb from the fingers.

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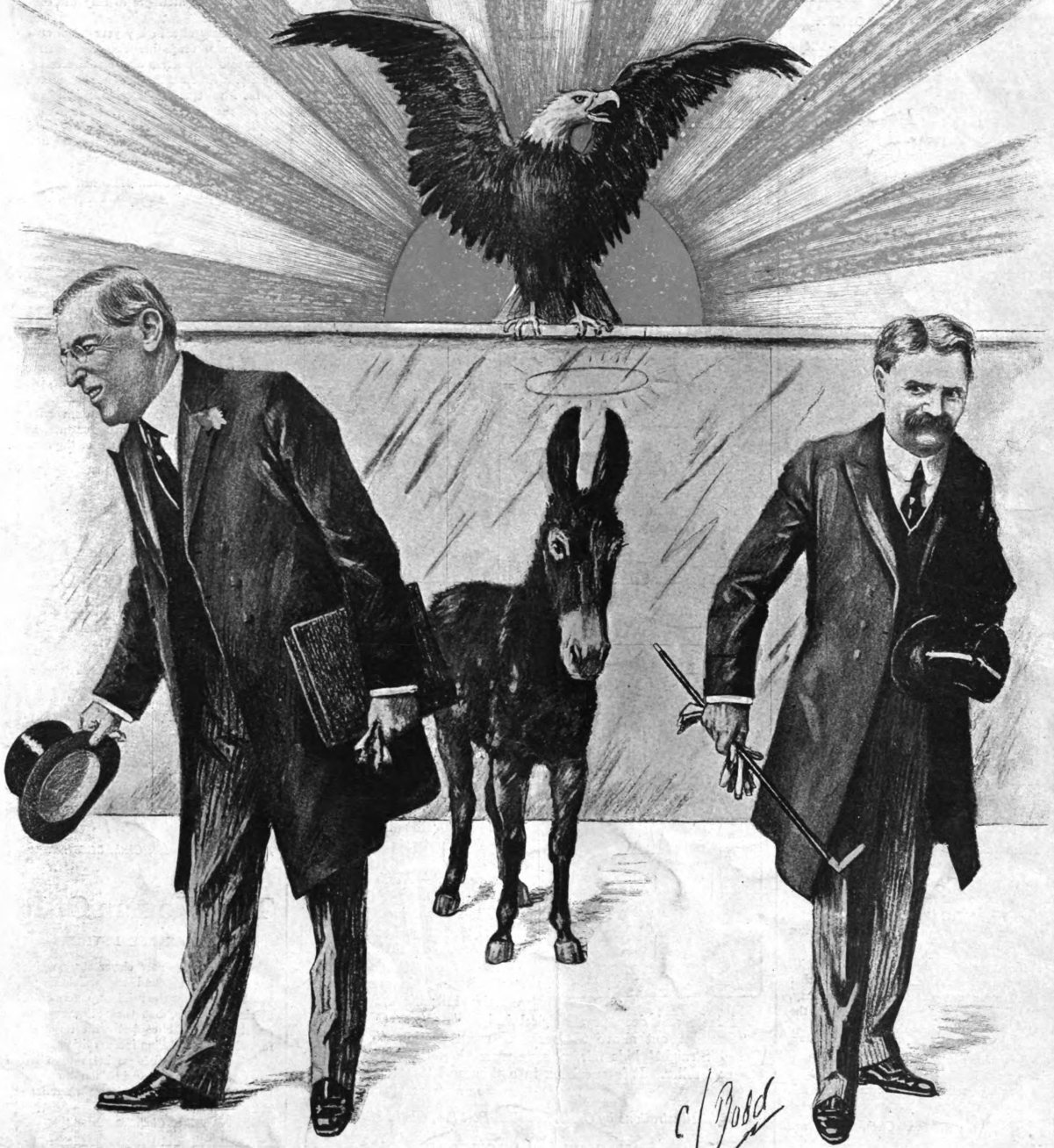

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HARPER & BROTHERS

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these States, no matter who is President, and these whirlwind victories of the Balkan allies jolt Europe critically.

So far, at least, it has been a job for armies. Not otherwise could the case be made up that now, on a despairing call from Turkey, confronts the great court of the Powers. It will appear presently whether the Turks are thrashed, as they seem to be, beyond power of recuperation. Judging from the news we get, a week may see the capture of Constantinople, a Turkish city since 1453. Then who shall keep it? The court will wish to say. But can its members agree, and will they enforce their judgment?

The theory of keeping peace in the Balkans, and of restoring peace when it collapses, and of parceling out territory in southeastern Europe so as to appease every one big enough to be dangerous—all that has been worked out repeatedly and put into various treaties which have lasted until the old disease again outran the treatment.

Can they do it again?

Of course, if Germany, Austria, Russia, England, France, and Italy were able to agree again on a prescription, the patient would have to take it. But these current times are not ordinary times at all. The people of the Balkans have been winning these victories. There are peoples back of the chancelleries of Europe. Will they have views in these matters which the chancelleries will feel obliged to respect? And these Balkan peoples, will they give up what they may win at the word of the Powers, and if not can the Powers agree to coerce them, or let Austria or Russia have its way with them? Will the public sentiment of Europe stand for that?

This is a complicated business, this business of the Balkans.

The Oyster and the Claimants

It is a ludicrous situation—the Powers considering the disposal of the oyster while Bulgaria is hurriedly making a meal of it. Will Russia and Austria each receive a shell? To drop the metaphor, if the Bulgarian army can seize and hold Constantinople, to leave that capital in the possession of Tsar FERDINAND may prove the only possible solution of the political problem. England would find it suitable to have a buffer state established at the east end of the Mediterranean, and Russia, barred out by European jealousies, might acquiesce in the possession of the city of Constantine by fellow-Slavs and the reconversion of St. Sophia into an Eastern Catholic cathedral. Would Austria go to war and upset the diplomatists' house of cards? If so, there may be greater surprises in store for us than the Bulgarians' astonishing victories over Turkey. The southern Slavs have a historic past to remember. There was a certain NICEPHORUS I. who harassed Constantinople in the eighth century, and a Bulgarian Tsar SYMEON who built up a great empire in the tenth, while Servia was a powerful nation in the days of the PLANTAGENETS. The issue is really much larger than it appears. It looks as though the Slav peoples are really entering into their predicted heritage of empire and have destiny with them. Ethnically Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins are Slavonic, and Austria is honeycombed with Slav races—Slovaks, Czechs, Poles, and Bosnians. If the Powers had put aside their rivalries to carry out the provision of the Treaty of Berlin protecting the Christian populations of European Turkey, the war might have been postponed for another generation. It is unthinkable now that the old Servian and Macedonian Christians will ever again be ground under the Moslem heel. One cannot help hoping that these freed communities will remain united to the countries of their own kin—that the Bulgarians will swallow their oyster.

The Negro in American Life

We seem to hear less of the race question than we used to. That is natural, because the particular race an American means when he says "race question" now constitutes a less proportion of our entire population than it used to—though of course there are actually more negroes among us every year. Still, it's a big-enough question, in all conscience, and any one who speaks about it authoritatively ought to have a nation-wide hearing.

BOOKER WASHINGTON surely can speak with the authority of knowledge, and whoever reads his latest word on the subject will find it hard to believe that he is not also speaking sincerely, honestly. He asks the question, "Is the negro having a fair chance?" and North and South would both be the better for pondering his answer. We wish the South might ponder what he says about "jim-crow" coaches, about the Southern public schools for negroes, about the convict-lease system, about lynching. We wish the North, where this journal happens to be published, might ponder the following:

> While in social matters the lines are strictly drawn, the negro is less handicapped in business in the South than any other part of the country. He is sought after as a depositor in banks. If he wishes to borrow money he gets it from the local bank as quickly as the white man with the same business standing. If the negro is in the grocery business or in the drygoods trade, or if he operates a drug store, he gets his goods from the wholesale dealer just as readily and on as good terms as his white competitor. . . . As a skilled laborer, the negro has a better opportunity in the South than in the North. I think it will be found generally true in the South as elsewhere that wherever the negro is strong in numbers and in skill he gets on well with the trades-unions. In these cases the unions seek to get him in, or they leave him alone, and in the latter case they do not seek to control him.

We wish that any white American who reads the following may like it, not because it speaks so well of white Americans, but because a negro, living in America, wrote it:

> Notwithstanding all the defects in our system of dealing with him, the negro in this country owns more property, lives in better houses, is in a larger measure encouraged in business, wears better clothes, eats better food, has more school-houses and churches, more teachers and ministers, than any similar group of negroes anywhere else in the world.

The Test of Contributors

In a letter to the *Evening Post* Mr. GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY points out that to the Bull Moose fund, supposed to promote a great moral cause with a vast popular appeal, there were less than seven thousand contributors, whereas to the Democratic fund there were eight times as many. "I should have assumed in advance," says Mr. PEABODY, "from the promises held out that at least one hundred thousand contributors to this great moral cause might have been found to demonstrate the 'truly religious' character which the Chicago convention was thought to manifest."

The inference is that there was some ingredient in the moral appeal of the Bull Moose evangelists that did not taste good to the mass of contributing moralists.

Easier Loans for Farmers

We have not observed a single really hostile comment on the plan to set up in this country banks and loan associations for the farmers on the model of those now in successful operation in Germany and France. On the contrary, the idea seems to be welcomed by all classes. All classes, apparently, are disposed to agree that the farmers ought to be enabled to borrow money more easily and on better terms. It is suggested, too, that the government ought to help in the plan, and even this feature of it has not as yet provoked any audible opposition.

Here is evidence of general good-will to the farmers. Possibly the very great rise in the prices of farm products should be taken as in part explaining the universal readiness to make farming more and more attractive, but we do not think the feeling on the subject is mainly selfish. If it were it would work out differently. It would work out vindictively, not benevolently. People do not hold the farmers responsible in any culpable way for the rise in the prices of what they have to sell. The rest of us do not envy them the prosperity that has come to them this autumn. It is not regarded as injurious to other classes, but the opposite. We want it to continue and are willing to help make it continue.

This journal is constitutionally cautious about adding to the functions of government and frankly wishes that not much government aid, if any, may be required in the better financing of agriculture. It is therefore pleased to observe that a beginning has been made without government's intervention. But it is as well disposed as anybody toward the general proposal, which is simply one of many sensible moves to profit by the experience of older countries.

How About the Railroads?

Meanwhile, however, here are the railroads complaining, and complaining bitterly and persistently, not that government will not help them to borrow money, but that government has by its own acts made it too hard for them to borrow money.

Now, what we have said about the farmers is sincere. It has not been said merely as an introduction to something about the railroads. But is it not logical to ask why the two industries, agriculture and "railroading," should be treated so differently?

Well, they *are* different, of course. Farms, as a rule, are run by individuals or families. Railroads are run by great corporations. There are abuses in the management of railroads that are not possible in the management of farms, and it is no doubt necessary for government to take measures to protect the public from those abuses. According to many authorities, most, if not all, railroads are natural monopolies, and they must be watched and regulated to keep them from using their monopolistic powers oppressively. It is quite true that government cannot afford to treat the railroad business as it treats agriculture.

But government must be fair to both; that is to say, it must be fair to the men engaged in both. Our railroad men, as a class, are just as deserving as are our farmers as a class. They work just as hard. They are just as honest. What they do is just as necessary to the common welfare. They are Americans and have just as strong a claim as any other Americans on our common agent, the great establishment at Washington. What is more, the same argument from self-interest that applies to our treatment of the farmers applies equally to our treatment of the railroad men. If it would be bad policy to make or keep things too hard for the farmers, it would be equally bad policy to make or keep things too hard for the railroad men.

Government ought, therefore, to consider the complaint of the railroad men carefully and justly. They declare that the costs of their business have been for some years swiftly increasing, particularly wages, taxes; and the cost of fuel and other supplies; that meanwhile government, through the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been forcing them to keep down or even reduce their charges; that as a result they cannot, at the present money rates, afford to borrow what they need to keep up with the country's demand for transportation and make proper provision for the future. Maybe they are overstating their grievance. But if they are not, or if it is anywhere near what they say it is, then it ought to be attended to, and promptly. Unfortunately, but perhaps not without some justification in the past conduct of certain managers of railroads, the feeling toward them is not like the feeling toward the farmers. But there are signs of a change of sentiment on this subject. It is not a railroad man, but one of the greatest shippers in the country, Mr. E. C. SIMMONS, President of the great Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis, who says in a current magazine:

> I believe that if the Interstate Commerce Commission would permit the railroads who need it to make a slight advance in their freight-rates, it would round out and finish everything that is lacking to bring this country back to a state of prosperity far surpassing anything before known. And why shouldn't they? It seems to be only fair when the government, by its new laws, has increased the operating cost, that they should permit the roads to increase their revenue sufficiently to meet this increased cost.

China's American General

The death of General HOMER LEA, best known hereabouts as the author of *The Valor of Ignorance* (Harpers), was the end of an astonishing life—astonishing, that is to say, to everybody but the man who lived it. He himself, however, foresaw and announced, when he was still but a college boy, what it was going to be. He announced that it was going to be spent in freeing China and that he would probably hold high military rank in the Chinese service.

That was only some twelve years ago, and it is no wonder his fellows could not believe him, for he was delicate, undersized, deformed; and if there were any signs of a republic in China hardly anybody else in America had observed them. Nevertheless, China is a republic and HOMER LEA, though he did not quite live to be thirty-six, was one of the chief agents in her transformation and died a Chinese general.

Such a career would not do in a novel. It would be accounted untrue to life, impossible.

General O'Reilly

Surgeon-General ROBERT M. O'REILLY (retired), who died in Washington on November 3d, was the only officer in the medical branch of the military service who ever attained to the rank of major-general.

He was a greatly beloved and respected man, highly competent in his profession, faithful in all relations, admirable in character after a fashion that engaged affection and stilled jealousy.

He was a Roman Catholic Irishman, a beautiful example of the graces that here and there that stock and that nurture produce.

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The Consolations of Age

NOWADAYS, one could hardly admit with the much-married king of old that a man hath no profit of his labor and that living is all a vanity of vanities. Life rather seems a casket in which one may lay such jewels as he has been able to acquire and keep. The years, after all, do heap up the rewards of labor done, and effort well directed does justify itself. Yet even so, there are but few of us who can pass over the border of maturity into old age without having to stop sometimes to number our consolations. And there *are* consolations, let one but look thoroughly enough for them. It is useless to pretend there are no losses, and inevitable ones, too. There is the loss of youth itself and slenderness: of activity and vitality, and, above all, there is the loss of "the Dream"—the "Dream" which has sustained us all the years. All through the making and the building years, the little bird of personal hope sings in the heart. One lives fancying that at any moment, any next turn in the road, one may enter into the fields of appeased desire. But once one has closed accounts with half a century, one knows it stupid and futile to lend ear to such singing. The little bird is crushed silent by the weight of knowledge. "The Dream" we come to know is never to be truth; was never meant to come true at all. Indeed, as we look at it now, we see that it held none of the elements or hard-rock fact with which our life is compassed round. It was a mere, invented fantasy; an idle illusion to cheat dull hours. It was because we saw reality as dull and meager that we tried to break the flat plane of the soul's sluggish lake and make a foam of iridescent rainbows out of spuming dreams.

Then, too, in age one misses the shining ranks of those who have passed beyond our reach into we know not what fruition to their labors. The path bereft of them is lonely, and the following leads through a valley of shadow none knows where. Indeed, if one has lived rankly with idle hopes and beggarly wants, it is a waste space ahead in old age. And yet we know that to many and many a one old age is indeed as CATO has called it, a *placida et lenis senectus*. The way is spangled with the victors in the fight. There is old SOPHOCLES, over ninety, vindicating himself of the charge of senility, in the court-room, by reciting the chorus from his recently written *Œdipus at Colonus*. It is a chorus wherein one finds, too, the natural fruit of such a mind as earlier sang:

"Break what break will, my mind abideth strong
To know the roots, how low so e'er they be
Which grow to Œdipus."

There is the vision one has of PLATO, dead, some writers have recorded, with his arms still resting on his writing-table, at work gathering up and revitalizing the elements of pure Hellenism lest they be swamped in the temporalities and accidents of the restoration. There was GEORGE ELIOT learning to read a new language after she was sixty-five, and in her last illness still interested in COMTE'S *Discours Préliminaire*. Indeed, it is to be counted to the spirit's claim that the mind does not grow old, but like the harder and more enduring substances can

"Make meet change
For day and night within himself,
Estrange his heart from naught that meets him, even laugh
When bitter roots are given him to graff
Upon Joy's stem."

There comes upon one, too, with the wisdom of increasing years a certain change in the face one turns toward life. If in youth one stretches out one's hands toward gifts and yearns to pluck all the fruits one sees, in age a quieter desire rules one; the longing to give back to life instead of taking from it. Even the mode of the affections changes. In youth there is practically no output of affection unless one believes the feeling is returned. "Friendship, love," said an alert man once, "they are nothing more than a mutual flattery society." In youth, perhaps, we warm to those who think well of us. But in age one has ceased to play with illusions and steadied oneself by intercourse with unflattering facts, and in so doing one has come at the amazing truth that one is none too lovable. Beauty wanes, and therefore is not worth much enduring enthusiasm, and one's virtues, disinterestedly measured, are just about those of the average citizen one meets. There seems, then, to be no very adequate reason for any one to set apart especial affection for so commonplace a creature. Community of tastes and interests are indeed a great bond and enliven converse, but the older one gets the more does one learn to live and read and work alone. So, by degrees, the disposition of Mary's little lamb appears unpropped by reason. One's affections for other people become more and more disinterested and feed largely upon approval and veneration untouched by selfish motives. One loves then what one can admire, regardless of one's own part in the game. Moreover, the affections of age have a power of living on, unaided and unabetted, which youth could never rival. For age is self-reliant, self-sustaining, and undisturbed. On the whole, then, the affections of age are less arduous and pleasanter to live with than the more turbulent affections of youth that seem to drop upon one from the sky, boldly defying analysis and reason.

Work, too, takes on new aspects with age. The bettering of the universe seems to depend much less upon the individual. One grows to believe more devoutly that there is a force that makes for righteousness, and *will* make for righteousness however ineffectually we play our parts. Our work is no longer anxious and harried. What it is it is, and we throw it lightly into the caldron of life realizing that motive and intention are all that concern ourselves. As to results, destiny must look after them. If we have meant to help the world along, if we have worked and hoped and tried, even at some cost of ease and comfort, we have done our little human part. If one has been victor of himself from time to time; if one has carried, now and again, a purpose to its finish; if one has borne one's defeats without flinching, and has faced life and death and mystery with unconquered heart—then one is justified. And if one has wasted some few days, and missed some opportunities, one must take heart of grace remembering that the flesh is weak and hoping that the spirit has eternity to make up its losses. None ought to brood, like the poor monk of Osneyford:

"While I was lamenting all the time
I might have been at tennis or have made
Six pictures and twelve stories."

Some seed is bound to go lost in this rough soil of human life, but eternity takes care of it no doubt. So one's work, like one's affections, grows self-reliant with the passage of time. One knows appreciation at its truer worth. The acclaim of the moment is rarely the acclaim of time. The best-paid workers are not often those who do most lasting work. And since time invariably weeds out what is chaff and keeps what is worth while, why question the matter at all? So one project into the world, in solid concrete form the finest substance one can find within, what else counts? Indeed, some hint of the detachment and indifference of the saint accrues unto each fairly good man as he grows older. And such indifference, which is not carelessness nor yet deadness, but reliance on that which is stronger than the individual, makes for fortitude.

But beyond all this there is the consolation that comes of seeing more and more the wonderful beauty of the setting of man's life. Desire and ambition cloud the vision. It is as we grow older that we come to see the thousand flickering plays of light and shade thrown by sun and moon upon the twisting cheek of earth. And did we ever in youth note the salt vigor of the untrammeled sea; or the imitative wave of trees tossed by the winds against autumnal skies? Did we rejoice disinterestedly, in the early days, when we watched the shifting patterns of wayfaring birds, shaken beneath the clouds in geometric forms? Or did we stand on frosty nights to see the stars rise from the eastern rim of the earth to light a path across the sky? Indeed, it is such sights as these that teach the soul its true hilarity and give it faith that life leads on from better unto better. Follow then the prescribed course in life, assured that age will give, in the end, more than youth takes away.

"There is one way for thee; but one; inform
Thyself of it; pursue it; one way each
Soul hath by which the infinite in reach
Lieth before him; seek and ye shall find;
To each his way is plain; that way the wind
Points all the trees along; that way run down
Loud-singing streams; that way pour on and on
A thousand headlands with their cataracts
Of toppling flowers; that way the sun enacts
His travels, and the moon and all the stars
Soar; and the tides move toward it. Nothing bars
A man who goes the way he ought to go."

Correspondence

BAD WHEELS AND GOOD ROADS

MEMPHIS, TENN., *September 4, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Clifford Richardson is right as to the "very vicious custom of issuing long-term bonds for roads." However, he fails to tell of the disease of which his "hysteria" is only a sort of secondary or induced symptom, after all.

It is only too scandalously easy to show that bad rolling-stock—bad wheels, as touching vehicles, roads, and horses—narrow tires—must cost the United States fully 1,000 millions yearly. It should be devilishly difficult to satisfy oneself that we have deliberately, superstitiously chosen and are choosing to impose upon ourselves a fool tax of, say, 2,000 millions, guessing at a second 1,000 millions as due to city streets, vehicles, and horses.

The American Association for Highway Improvement—practically the Office of Public Roads—has estimated the "yearly loss from bad roads" at 800 millions. Making a liberal allowance of 200 millions for grades, etc., as not affected by width of tire, we have a 600-million loss due to our "bad" road surfaces.

Now the Office of Public Roads, after spending probably more than one million of appropriations in eighteen years, thinks that "bad roads" are natural, but that won't do at all. We make them "bad."

In 1896 the Missouri Experiment Station, without intending or recognizing them as parts of such, made three trials—August 28th, September 12th, and November 20th—which, combined and averaged, make a very excellent competitive test between good wheels and "good roads." It completely refutes the ugly charge against Nature. It shows that Nature's unaccountable substitution of earth roads for macadam—unimproved for "improved" roads—is little more than, if indeed as much as, one-quarter as bad, in initial pull added, as our accountable use of, say, 1½-inch tires instead of 6-inch tires.

The earth roads made the good wheels—6-inch tires—pull 11 per cent. harder—61 pounds to 55 pounds—than the "good roads"—macadam—did. Bad wheels—1½-inch tires—made the earth roads pull 41 per cent. harder—86 pounds to 61 pounds—the macadam roads pulled 30 per cent. harder—71 pounds to 55 pounds—than good wheels did. Therefore, since the excess pull gives the measure of badness of road, or rather load, the 1½-inch tires were nearly four times as bad as were the so-called "bad" roads. Remember, too, that cumulative effect—of trips after these initial trials—would aggravate the difference more and more. Again, remember that the 30 per cent. self-rising excess pull of the bad wheels—41 minus 11 per cent.—was due to nothing but a corresponding excess effect of vehicle and road on each other; and was all uselessly expended on that much-worse-than-useless effect.

It is safe to say that the useless effect on vehicles and roads is enough worse to add a yearly cost of 400 millions to the 600 millions cost of pull said to be "savable" by "good roads" for bad wheels and certainly savable by good wheels. To "save" the 600 millions by "good roads," the yearly cost would be at least 500 millions—or, at the present New York rate, about 1,000 millions.

The reliability of the Missouri test is amply backed by the physical wheel-and-road fact that 1½-inch tires (used) must penetrate, before they can have as much bearing, at least sixteen times as deep into the hardest road as 6-inch tires. Of course as good a bearing at a 2,000 per cent. greater depth—the possible present average—is out of the question. A lack of bearing that gives 1,500 per cent.—say, 1,900 per cent. exert destructive initial bent—and actual cumulative penetration 100 times greater still, is scandalously *bad*.

So that, while we might so much more easily be saving our roads some 1,000 millions better by taking thought, we may (or may not) have made them—say 10 per cent. of them in effect on traffic—some 10 millions better, net, by spending 50 millions per year. It is possible that we might, sometime or other, get them 40 millions better by succeeding in getting 20 per cent. "improved"—reaching, say, about 40 per cent. of our total traffic—at a yearly cost of 200 millions.

I very much doubt if it is possible to make 20 per cent. or even 10 per cent. on any investment in "good roads" for the very bad wheels used by us. However, that's not important, as it happens that investment in good wheels—wide tires in general use—calling in our adverse investment in bad wheels—would pay 1,000,000 per cent. ten times over, and then some more.

I have been trying for twenty-five years to bring about a decent revolutionary peace between the United States and our roads (and streets). Now you do something. Nature takes no offense, but nobody—man, woman, or child—can escape payment of his exact share of the self-imposed fine for each offense against Nature's great road law.

I am, sir,
J. M. HEISKELL.

THE TAX ON MEAT

CHICAGO, ILL., *September 15, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The sessions of Congress which passed into history only a few short weeks ago did not grant the people the much-needed legislation with which to fight the extortionate demands of the meat trust. This trust, commonly known as the "Big Three" of Packingtown, has boosted the price of meat away up so that the average wage-earner is hard put to know what to do. Not alone do these packers control the output of dressed meat, but also such other necessities of life as butter, eggs, cheese, poultry, apples, potatoes, etc., because of their unlimited facilities for transporting and storing them.

This gouging of the people out of their very eye-teeth has been going on for years, and will continue just as long as there is a duty exacted on food-stuffs brought from abroad. This is in face of the fact that all crops this year will be enormous, and the farmer is feeding all the live-stock he possibly can; yet the packers will keep right on with their favorite game of bleeding the public.

There are two things that are responsible for this state of affairs: the infamous Payne-Aldrich tariff and the enormous exportation of meat products and breadstuffs to other countries. It does appear paradoxical that after paying the ocean freight charges and the expense of refrigeration for four thousand miles of sea voyage, American meat sells for much less in and near London than at Chicago, the point of origin.

Were it not for the unfortunate viewpoint on such matters of President Taft the price of meat and of other food commodities would be away down to-day. Such is, however, not to be hoped for as long as there is a duty on foodstuffs. It is a shameful state of affairs when the people have to pay one-third more for meat here than in England. Much of the meat eaten there comes from Chicago, Illinois, United States of America. Within a radius of forty miles of London American gravy beef, which is the round steaks, sells for twelve cents, while here it sells at eighteen cents a pound. For a fact, the American product is so poor that the Englishman who can afford it will buy his native beef and pay twenty-two cents in preference to buying the cheap American meat.

Pork used to be the poor man's chief meat diet once upon a time. I can well remember when salt pork sold at six cents and ham at eight cents a pound. Where is the price of pork to-day? At present prices the wage-earner has to forego it entirely. It is a startling anomaly, but chicken is cheaper even than pork.

I believe it is high time to place an export duty on all foodstuffs, the same as England has had to do repeatedly. France, Austria, and Germany prohibit the exportation of foods when the internal needs of the country demand it. In France it is a crime to gamble in foodstuffs.

I am, sir,
CHARLES F. GRINDELL.

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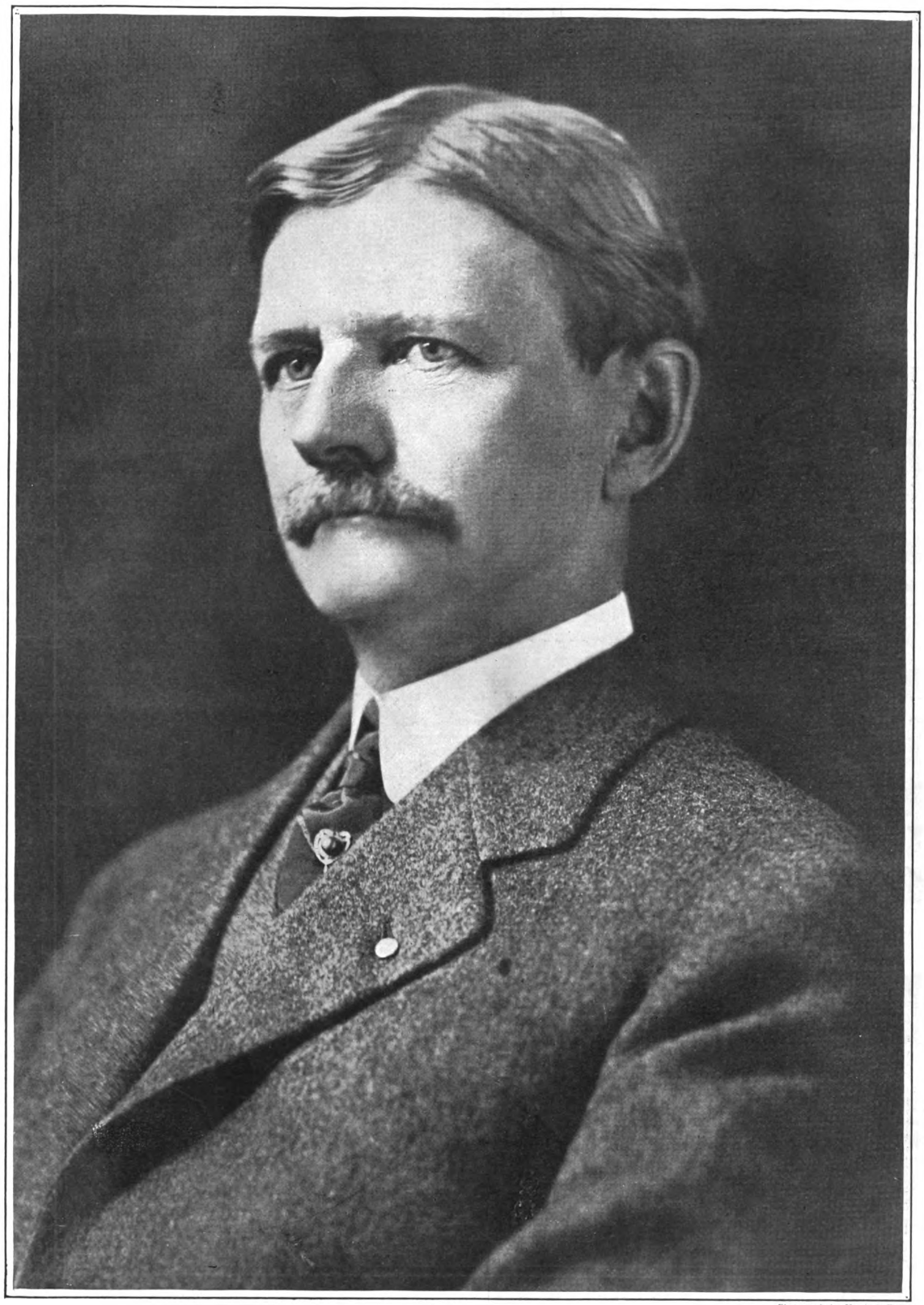

Photograph by Harris & Ewing

THOMAS R. MARSHALL

VICE-PRESIDENT ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES

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Margaret Wilson Mrs. Woodrow Wilson Jessie Woodrow Wilson Woodrow Wilson Eleanor Randolph Wilson

PRESIDENT-ELECT WILSON AND HIS FAMILY

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THE LIGHTED FUSE IN THE BALKANS

Why the Success of the Allied Balkan States in their War against Turkey seems destined to Result in an Explosion which may Involve all the Powers of Europe in War

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

THE sweeping successes of the Balkan allies have been a surprise to all Europe—only less a surprise than their original alliance. Should these successes continue, a new and dangerous situation will at once arise, since it will be impossible to postpone the question of dividing the spoils of war, and this division is certain to tempt the cupidity and arouse the jealousy of great European powers. If the pugnacious little nations of the Balkan peninsula were left to themselves to settle

General Savoff, commander of the Bulgarian army

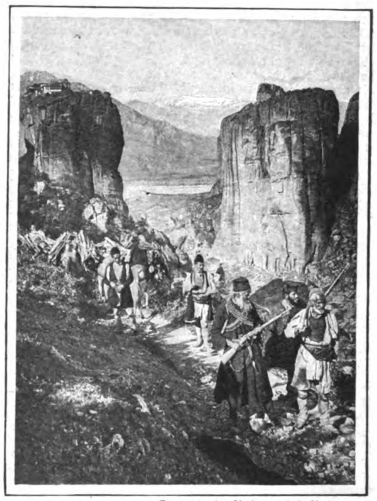
their rival claims, there would be little danger. But there is small prospect of their being so left. There are too many long-cherished ambitions and cupidities involved.

The chief danger-points are three: the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar; the Adriatic coast-line of Albania; and the northeastern region, where lie Rumania and Russia. To begin with Sanjak or district of Novi-Bazar: I might call this the "Cherokee strip" of the Balkans. It will be remembered that the original Cherokee strip was a long, narrow tongue of land lying between Kansas on the north and the panhandle of Texas on the south, which was left as a neutral region by which the Cherokee hunters might make their way to the happy hunting grounds of the Rocky Mountains, there to lay in the annual supply of buffalo meat. The Sanjak of Novi-Bazar is a like strip, through which Austria desires to make her way to happy hunting-grounds of Macedonia and the Mediterranean port of Salonica. Without question Austria would be glad to possess the whole of the Balkan peninsula down to the frontier of Greece, if not across that frontier; but she would be willing for the present to content herself with a narrow strip across Macedonia, a tongue of land with railroad concessions, joining her Bosnian dominion to the Mediterranean at the splendid port of Salonica; such a strip of conceded land as Count Cassini acquired for Russia from China, running through Manchuria to Port Arthur. Austria has long been determined to gain this southern outlet, with as much territory as possible. It was this determination that led her statesman, Count Andrassy, to move for the assembling of the powers at Berlin in 1878, when England's jealousy of Russia so decisively played into Austria's hands. It was Russia that, coming to the assistance of the little Balkan powers, had borne the brunt of the war against the Turks, but it was Austria, not Russia, that gathered in the spoils of victory. The prize consisted of what we may call a first mortgage on the two rich Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, some twenty thousand miles in area, and with a population approaching two million souls. Austria foreclosed the mortgage in 1908, while Turkey's hands were tied by the revolution in which the Young Turks overthrew the crafty old tyrant Abdul Hamid. To this first mortgage Austria added a second mortgage on the now famous Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, which she was to occupy with her troops, while the civil government remained in Turkish hands. This is her "Cherokee strip," with Montenegro on the southwest and Servia on the northeast; and Austria recognizes that, should either of these powers get permanent possession of it, her hope of an Austrian concession running down to Salonica would be at an end. It is her determination to prevent this which has led her to mobilize a large force, provided for by a special parliamentary grant, and to move this force southward toward her present outpost in Bosnia. And it is this determination on Austria's part that forms the first great danger in the Balkan situation, the first of the dangers which Premier Raymond Poincaré is seeking to avert by a timely understanding among the powers.

Austria was thus the greatest beneficiary of the Berlin treaty of 1878, thanks to the anti-Russian policy of Lord Beaconsfield and the effective aid of Prince Bismarck. Austria took under her charge a territory of twenty-five thousand square miles, equal to the kingdom of Greece, though she had not fired a shot or lost a man in the war. She finally annexed twenty thousand square miles of this four years ago, and is only waiting for a favorable opportunity to absorb the remainder, the oft-mentioned Sanjak of Novi-Bazar. Austria neither possessed nor sought legal or moral justification. She "needed" the territory, and so, with Germany's aid, she took it.

Here we have our second point of danger. Austria made this enormous gain at Russia's expense, and Russia has neither forgiven nor forgotten. In 1908, when Austria foreclosed her mortgage on the twenty thousand square miles of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Russia was furious, and would have gone to war at once had not the Emperor Wilhelm "stood in shining armor at the side of his Austrian brother." Russia's resentment remains as keen as ever, and it is the general feeling and expectation in Russia at this moment that within a few weeks the Tsar's army will be fighting against the armies of Austria-Hungary. To quote only one opinion of many, General Botyanoff, who commanded the third Russian army in the war with Japan, has just ventured on three prophecies. The first is, that the Bulgarian army will gain a decisive victory over the Turks near Adrianople, the Servian and Montenegrin armies advancing against Turkey's left flank. This action, according to the distinguished Russian general, will practically bring the war to an end, and Austria, seeing her opportunity, will seize a fat slice of Turkish territory, as she did in 1908. This, General Botyanoff declares, will be regarded by Russia as a *casus belli*, and Russia will immediately go to war against Austria, thus precipitating a general European conflict. I do not make myself responsible for General Botyanoff's prophecies. I believe he is decidedly exaggerating the strength of Bulgaria and the weakness of Turkey. But there is no doubt at all that he faithfully reflects the general Russian opinion, and that Russia is not only ready but eager to go to war with Austria. Russia believes that it is her right and destiny, and not the right and destiny of Austria, to dominate the Balkan peninsula, whose people are akin to hers in race and religion; and she has fought war after war against the Turks in the general prosecution of this Pan-Slavonic policy. Russia feels that she, as the greatest and most powerful nation within the Eastern Church, is destined to drive the Turks from Constantinople, which is the Rome of the Eastern Church, and once more to consecrate the Church of Saint Sophia, which the Turks turned into a mosque and dedicated to Islam.

Russia and Austria hold, therefore, mutually exclusive ambitions; Austria won the last move, in appropriating Bosnia-Herzegovina; and Russia feels that



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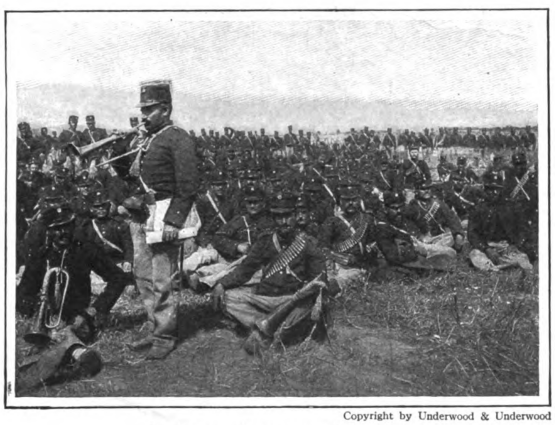
A Greek monastery and its defenders

her turn has come, and that the next victory should belong to the army of the Tsar.

I spoke a moment ago of Constantinople as the Rome of the Eastern Church, to which all the Balkan allies, as well as Russia, belong. This points to another element of danger, from the age-long rivalry between the Western and Eastern churches, and the ambition of Rome to bring the Eastern Church under her ecclesiastical dominion. Austria is the chief political power identified with this papal policy, and the strife between the two churches within the dominions of Austria rages fiercely and unceasingly. Much of the Slavonic resentment against Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was due to this hostility. The brother Slavs of Servia and Montenegro saw in it an attempt to bring these two provinces closer to Rome,



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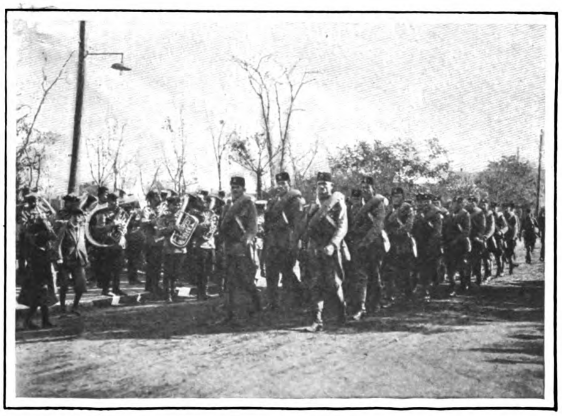
Greek troops in camp on the frontier



Types of Servian infantry in marching array

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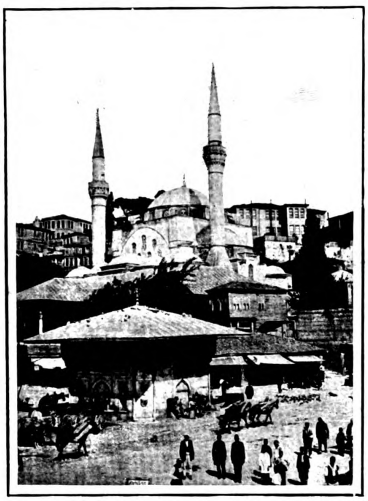
and to cut them off from the unity of the Eastern Church. But even within the Eastern Church there are violent and dangerous animosities, and this brings us to the position of Rumania. We have read more than once, in the last few days, that Rumania is contemplating throwing in her lot with Turkey, and mobilizing her army against Bulgaria. Undoubtedly, Austria would like her to do this, and would go to extremes of diplomatic action and persuasion to bring it about. But how comes it that she can hope for the success of such a policy, seeing that Rumania, in 1877, took up arms to help to liberate Bulgaria, and that the present ruler of Rumania, who then had the title of Prince Charles, was the leader of the army of liberation which surrounded the Turkish army at Plevna? The answer to this question is, that the Balkan nations are seething with mutual jealousy, though that feeling is now overruled and dominated by their hatred of the Turk and their desire to divide his dominions. The two springs of this jealousy are rivalries of race and of ecclesiastical policy; and a difference of the latter class has for years divided Rumania and Greece, leading Rumania to make common cause with Turkey. The bone of contention is the church government of certain Rumanian colonies in Macedonia; and we know that few causes can provoke keener animosity. Therefore Rumania is not at one in thought and feeling with the Balkan allies, even though she played a heroic part in their liberation in 1877. But I believe this difference is being exaggerated by Austrian publicists, who wish to use Rumania for Austrian ends. King Charles of Rumania, knowing that his motives were being called in question, recently addressed a letter to Emperor Nicholas of Russia, recalling the days when Russians and Rumanians fought side by side at Plevna, and affirming his loyal friendship for Russia, and his willingness, if need be, to fight once more by Russia's side. Therefore we may count on Rumania's not attacking Bulgaria, even if she does not help the Slavs against the Turks.

The third point of danger in European Turkey is the Adriatic coast of Albania. Just as the Greeks think they have an inherent right to Macedonia, in virtue of ancient traditional possession, so Italy cherishes a claim to the eastern shore of the Adriatic, holding that that long Mediterranean gulf should really be an Italian lake. When General Ricciotti Garibaldi offered his sword and services to the Christians of Albania, it was this old ambition that inspired him, and there is no doubt that Italy would view without serious disfavor any turn of the wheel of fortune that put her in possession of this much-desired coast. She might have struck a blow in this direction had she not found it necessary to bring the war with Turkey to an end a few days ago; the truth being, in all probability, that Italy had found the Tripolitan adventure very much more costly than she anticipated, and very much less profitable also. Therefore she was more than willing to bring the active struggle against Turkey to an end before she had absolutely got to the bottom of her war-chest. But this does not at all mean that she has given up hope of ultimately getting possession of the east coast of the Adriatic. She might, indeed, make a deal with Austria, whereby that territory-loving power should have her "Cherokee strip" to Salonica o i the Mediterranean, while Italy should exercise first a protectorate, and later complete sovereignty over the land between this strip and the Adriatic, corresponding roughly to the present Albania. But the trouble is, that Russia



Scutari, the objective of the Montenegrins

would probably object to either arrangement, to the point of going to war to sustain her veto.

So much for the three danger-points in European Turkey, caused by the position of three great powers—Russia, Austria, and Italy—in the background. A fourth danger-point is suggested by the very eloquent appeal which the veteran Turkish statesman, Kiamil Pasha, is reported to have made to England. He is relying on the old anti-Russian feeling which led England to take the side of Turkey against Russia in the Crimean War, the feeling which Lord Beaconsfield inflamed when he opposed Russia's occupation of Constantinople, in January, 1878, the feeling which gave to the world the expressions Jingo and Jingoism, from the second line of the then famous song: "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do—!" Kiamil Pasha remembers Beaconsfield's intervention, and the vigorous part he played, in a sense directly hostile to Russia, at the Berlin Congress, which handed over to Austria the spoils of Russia's victory, and the splendid old Turk hopes once again to arouse the same feeling, thus driving a wedge into the Triple Entente, and, if possible, separating England from Russia and her ally, France. It is a bold move, and, without doubt, there are still smoldering embers of anti-Russian feeling in England which might, perhaps, be blown into flame.

Kiamil Pasha, who is really the effective power in Turkey to-day, apparently apprehends that the withdrawal of large bodies of Turkish troops from the Asiatic outposts along the southern boundaries of Russia's territory in the Caucasus may open the way for Russia to send an army southward from the Caspian, to seize the whole territory which lies along the Persian frontier, down to and including the regions of the oft-repeated Armenian massacres. Russia could easily find a pretext, should any of her subjects there be made the victims of Turkish hostility and dread. She might simply proclaim a protectorate, without sovereign rights, and she could well fortify herself by the example of England in Egypt. Egypt remains, at least in theory, a part of the Sultan's dominions; but how thin that theory is was made manifest when England forbade the passage of Turkish troops through Egypt, a prohibition which made it almost impossible for Turkey to offer successful resistance to Italy in the Tripolitan campaign.

Kiamil Pasha is reported to have said that he dreads just this move on Russia's part, an invasion, from the Caucasus, of Asiatic Turkey, and he calls on England to protect Turkey against this, appealing to whatever may remain of the old Jingo feeling and suspicion of Russia, to come to Turkey's aid. The fact that there are still in the Russian army so many officers who, in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877, fought against the Turks in the territory south of the Caucasus, gives an added force to this danger; for these war-veterans would ask nothing better than a new chance to fight along the Persian frontier, trusting to add fresh glory to the laurels which suffered somewhat in the struggle with Japan.

The danger grows daily. Servia has not only sent her armies through the coveted Sanjak, fighting pitched battles against the Turkish garrisons; she has even gone so far, it is said, as to declare that the Sanjak is already a part of Servia. Austria is reported to have declared that Servia will find it cheaper to give up the Sanjak than to fight Austria for it. But Servia seems determined to fight. If she maintains this attitude, and Austria, the despoiler, persists, the appeal of Servia to Russia seems inevitable; the reply that the Russian armies will give seems certain. And if Russia fights Austria, all Europe, bound up as it is in hard-and-fast alliances, seems likely to be involved in war.

"STANDING AT ARMAGEDDON"

DRAWN BY J. CONACHER

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THE CITY OF THE LITTLE SQUARES

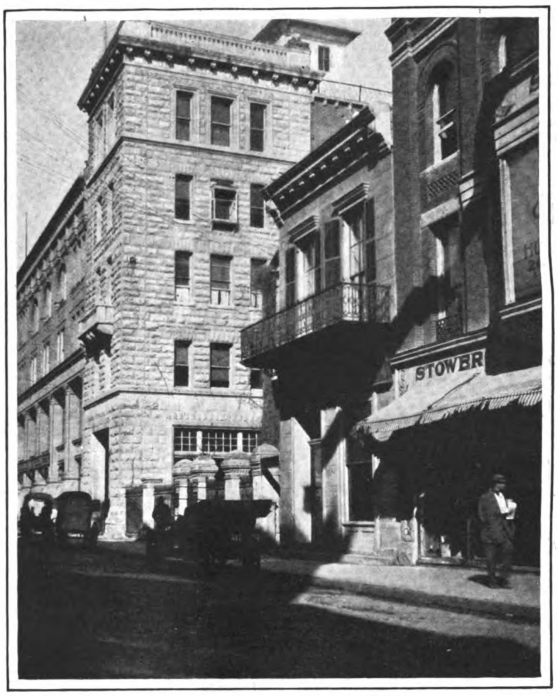
The Charm of San Antonio, Texas, where Revolution Breeds

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

I LIKE to think of it as the city of the little squares. After all the other memories of San Antonio are gone—the narrow streets twisting and turning their tortuous ways through the very heart of the old town, the missions strung out along the Concepcion road like faded and broken bits of bric-à-brac, the brave and militant show of arsenal and fort—the fragrance of those open plazas will long remain. The Military Plaza, with its great bulk of a City Hall; the Main Plaza, where the grave towers of the little cathedral look down upon the palm trees and the beggars; the newer, open squares; best of all, the Alamo Plaza, with that squat namesake structure facing it—these open places are the distinctive feature of the oldest and the best of the Texas towns. They lend to it the Latin air that renders it different from most other cities of America. They help to make San Antonio seem far more European than American.

To this old town come the Texans always in great numbers, for it is the focussing point that has drawn them and their fathers before them, their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers. For here is the distinct playground of the Lone Star State. The other cities of Texas are attractive enough in their several ways, but at the best they are distinctly commercial—Fort Worth as a packing-house town, Dallas as a distributing point for great wholesale enterprises, Houston as a banking center, Galveston as the great watergate of Texas and the second greatest ocean port of the whole land. San Antonio is none of these things. While the last census showed her to be the largest of all Texas cities in point of population, it was said by her jealous rivals, and it probably is true, that nearly half of that population is composed of Mexicans. But if it were not for these Mexicans San Antonio would have lost much of her naïve charm many years ago. The hand of the old grandees is everywhere laid upon the city. In the narrow streets the architecture of the solid stone structures that crowd in upon them in a tremendously neighborly fashion shows the touch of the Spanish in every corner; it shows again and again; in the iron traceries of some high-sprung fence or second-story balcony rail, or perhaps in the lineaments of some snug little church, half hidden in a quiet place. The little cathedral of San Fernando standing in the Main Plaza looks as if it might have been stolen from the old City of Mexico and moved bodily north without ever having even disturbed its fortress-like walls or the crude frescoes of its sanctuary. The four missions out along the Concepcion road are direct fruit of Spanish days.

But the impress of those troublous years when Spain, far-seeing and in her golden age, was dreaming of Texas as a mighty principality, is not alone in the wood and the stone of San Antonio, not even in the delicious riot of narrow streets and little squares. The impress of a Latin nation not three hundred miles distant is in the bronzed faces of the Mexicans who fill her streets. Some of them are the old men who sit emotionless hours in the hot sun in the narrow highways and vend their sweets, or come to affluence, perhaps, and maintain the marketing of *tamales* and *chile con carne* at one of the numerous little outdoor stands that line the business streets of San Antonio and make it possible for a stranger to eat a full-course dinner, if he will, without passing indoors. These are the Mexicans of San Antonio who are most in evidence—the men still affecting in careless grandeur their steeple-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, even if the rest of their outer clothing remain in the docile humility of blue jeans. These are the Mexicans who dominate the streets of the older part of the town—they are something more than dominant factors in the west end of the city, long ago known as the Chihuahua quarter.



The International Club on Commerce Street

But there is another sort—less often seen upon the streets of San Antonio. This sort is the Mexican of class, who has come within recent years in increasing numbers to dwell in a city where unassuming soldiery afford more real protection for him and for his than do all of the brilliantly uniformed regiments with which Diaz decorated his gay capital. Since our neighbor to the south entered fully upon her troublous season these refugees have multiplied. I saw, myself, last spring, two sleeping-cars come up from Laredo filled with nervous women and puzzled children. They were the families of prosperous citizens from the south of Mexico and showed no contempt for the comfortable protection of the American flag.

A man plucks you by the sleeve as you are passing through the corridors of one of the great modern hotels in San Antonio.

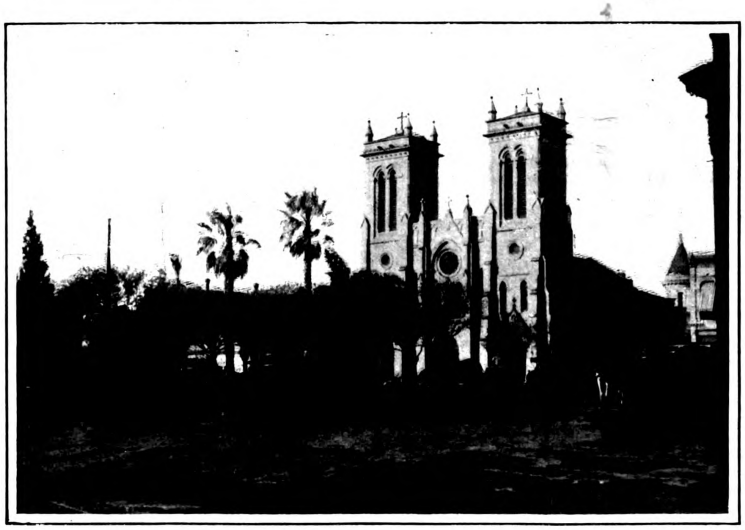
"That *hombre*," he says, "is the uncle of Madero."

But a mere uncle of the Mexican president hardly counts in a town which breeds revolutions for the sister land to the south, where the streets whisper the vague details of plot and counter-plot. There is a whole street down in the southwestern corner of San Antonio lined with neat white houses which the town will know for many years as "Revolutionary Row." For in the first of these houses General Bernardo Reyes lived, and in the second of them this former governor of Nuevo Leon planned the *coup d'état* by which he was to march into Mexico City with all the glory of the Latin, bands playing, flags flying, and a display of showy regimentals.

Here then is the incubator of Mexican revolution. There is hardly an hour in San Antonio when the secret agents of both government and revolutionists are not swarming in the town and alive to their responsibilities. The border is again passing through historic days. It is twenty-four hours of steady riding from San Antonio over to El Paso, that queer little city under the shadows of the mountains and perched hard against the "silver Rio Grande," this last often so indistinguishable that a young American lieutenant marched his men right over and onto Mexican soil not long ago without knowing the difference until he was confronted by the angry citizens of Ciudad Juarez. For every mile of that tedious trip trouble is in the air. El Paso does not often take the situation very seriously. It is almost an old story, and, if the revolutionists will only be kind enough to point their guns away from the U. S. A., they can blaze away as long as they like and the ammunition lasts. In fact, El Paso feels that as long as the Mexican frontier battles have proper stage management they are first-rate advertising attractions for the town—quite discounting mere Mardi Gras or Portola or flower celebrations. Frontier or Round-up days, not to mention the simpler joys of horse-racing and bull-fighting. On battle-days El Paso can ascend to its house-tops and get a rare thrill. But when the atrocious marksmanship of ill-trained Mexicans does its worst, and a few stray bullets go whistling straight across upon American soil, El Paso gets hot. It demands of Washington whether it realizes that the U. S. A. is being bombarded—the fun of fighting dies out in a moment.

San Antonio is a safer breeding ground for insurrection than is El Paso. For one thing it is out of the range of careless rifle-shooting, and for another—well, at El Paso some Mexican troop might come right across the silver Rio Grande in a dry season, never wetting its feet or dreaming that it was crossing the majestic river boundary, and pick up a few erring citizens without much effort. There is a risk at El Paso that is not present in San Antonio. Hence the bigger town—in its very atmosphere emitting a friendly comfort toward plottings and plannings—is chosen.

You wish to come closer to the inner heart of the town. Very well, then, your guide leads you to the International Club, which perches between the narrow and important thoroughfare of Commerce Street and one of the interminable windings of the gentle San Antonio River. It was on the roof of the International Club that Secretary Root was once given a famous dinner. It is an institution frankly given "to the encouragement of a friendly feeling between Mexico and the United States." It is something more than that, however. It is a refuge and sort of harbor for storm-tossed hearts and weary minds. Most of the time the newspaper men of the town sit in the rear room of the club and look down across the tiny river into the quiet grounds of an oldtime monastery. They play pool and dominoes—two arts that seem to flourish inseparably in Texas. The International Club nods.



The grave towers of the cathedral look down upon the palm trees

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Suddenly a tall, bronzed man, with moustachios, perhaps a little group of Mexicans, will come into the place. The pool and the dominoes stop short. There are whisperings, flashy papers from Mexico City are suddenly produced, maps are studied. One man has "inside information" from Washington, another lays claim to mysterious news from the president's palace of the southern capital. There is a great deal of talk.

"Of course you understand that the International Club is no place for the hatching out of plots," said our guide, a local newspaper man, one day last spring. "They are mysterious, these fellows, and they know that the secret agents are on their heels pretty much all of the time. But if you want to come to cases—"

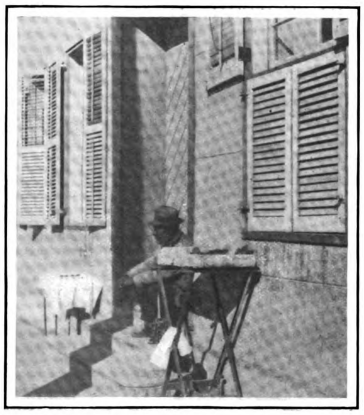
I knew then I was going to see Emilio Vasquez Gomez, the star refugee of the lot. We crossed the river—it is difficult to go more than two blocks anywhere in San Antonio without crossing that river—followed a narrow street out past oldtime stables which modernity without a wand is transforming into smart garages, and found ourselves in a quarter of a city not particularly blessed with prosperity. We found ourselves ascending the front steps of a wooden house, which by a sign and certain other indisputable evidences proclaimed itself as offering its hospitality to "Boarders."

"Aha," I said, "the great leader of the Mexicans is poor."

"Not poor, but wise," replied my guide, "I happen to know that he owns a gold-mine down in the south part of Mexico."

Not poor, perhaps, but rather proud. While the inside of the little house was quite as shabby as its exterior, there was no lack of ceremony. My guide had had full experience in dealing with the dignities of high-caste Mexican refugees, and as we sat in the dirty barren little hall an emissary took in our cards, quite as formally as though dreams had come true and we were waiting in the onyx-lined ante-room of the president's own suite back in the beloved City of Mexico. The emissary warned me not to let Gomez see the camera that I was carrying in my hand. That sort of shooting-iron unnerved him. It seems that there had been an offer of fifty dollars from secret-service authorities for the first picture of Gomez, and he had heard of it. The secret agents were worried by the fact that few of them knew what he looked like. They dreamed also—dreamed that he may slip back into Mexico unchallenged and there begin to stir up trouble once again. And so a little time after my visit to Gomez they found a proper pretext and clapped him into jail. And there he remains. . . . Our emissary, a slender young man of distinctly Castilian type, returned. The general had been very busy in conference—two impressive Mexicans had slipped out of the front parlor on his heels—but he was now very pleased to receive his callers. We moved into the parlor. Greatness rose from behind his desk—a cheap, imitation mahogany affair such as South Brooklyn is flooded with by instalment houses at $2.49 apiece—and greeted us with effusive cordiality.

Gomez speaks poor English and his twelve-year-old boy—a sturdy youth in the khaki uniform of a school which is teaching him American manners,



Old men who sit motionless in the hot sun

American customs, American loyalty—acted as interpreter. His own knowledge of English was very fragile.

"My papa," he said, slowly, "wishes to thank you for the honor of your visit. He regrets that there is nothing to say now."

A few minutes of awkward talk, with much reversion to sign language, shrugs, and gestures, an expressed hope by the general that the next time he sees us it will be in pleasanter surroundings—it is very hard to be so poor—and the fat little unshaven Mexican, who was once secretary of the interior under Diaz, was bowing us out of his presence. The slim young emissary closed the door behind us—there were more Mexicans to confer with their chief; in fifteen seconds we were again upon the street. Within the week Gomez had issued his proclamation, calling upon his old followers to support him, as thinly veiling as he dared his real desire to overthrow the present government at Mexico City. And a little while after he went to jail.

The reading of that carefully prepared proclamation gave San Antonio little thrills. To be the incubator of revolution is almost as exciting as to have bull-fights or a suburban battle-field, the treasures for which San Antonio cannot easily forgive her rival, El Paso. Each new hatching of this sort gives the big Texas town fresh terror. Gossip is revived in the hotel lobbies and restaurants, the cool and lofty rooms of the International Club are filled with whisperers in an alien tongue, out at big Fort Sam Houston the cavalrymen rise in their stirrups at the prospect of some real excitement. San Antonio does not want war—of course not—but if it must have war—well, it is already prepared for the shock. And it talks of little else.

"Within ten years the United States will have annexed Mexico and San Antonio will have become a second Chicago," says one citizen in his enthusiasm. "And what a Chicago—railroads, manufactories, and the best climate of any great city in the world!"

Even in war-time your true San Antonian cannot forget the chief asset of his lovely town.

The others say little. One is a junior officer from out at the post. He can say nothing. But he is hoping. There is not much for an army man in inaction, and the best of drills are not like the real thing.

I like to think of San Antonio as the city of the little squares. After all the other memories of San Antonio are gone my mind will revert to these—gay open places, filled with palms and other tropical growths, and flanked by the crumbling architecture of yesterday which elbows the newer constructions of to-day. I like to think of those squares in the sunny day-time, with the deep shadows running aslant across their faces, and there is delight in the memory of them at eventide, when the cluster lights burn brightly and the narrow sidewalks are filled with gaily dressed crowds—typical Mexicans; tall Texans down from the ranches for a really good time in "old San Antone"; natives of the cosmopolitan town; tourists of every sort and description. Then comes the hour when the crowds are gone, the town asleep, its noisy clocks speaking midnight hours to mere emptiness. San Antonio breathes heavily, dreams of the days when she was a Spanish town of no slight importance, and looks forward to the morrow. She believes that her golden age is not yet come. Her plans for the future are ambitious, her opportunity yet to come.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

The Entry of Women into the Political Field, in Emulation of their English Sisters, is one of the Notable Events of this Presidential Campaign

BY ANGLO-AMERICAN

ONE of the most interesting features of the present campaign, to a foreign onlooker at all events, is the large and effective part played in it by women. The women of America have plunged into it on an almost English scale of persistency and numbers; and among its many other claims to distinction the Presidential election of 1912 will always, I imagine, be remembered as marking the first incursion of American womanhood into national politics. I am well aware, of course, how much the anti-slavery movement owed to women, how they are the backbone of the Prohibitionist party, and how from time to time they have been conspicuous in the municipal risings that occasionally disturb the even tenor of American bossdom. But, speaking generally, on the normal every-day course of national politics and on the conduct of Presidential campaigns they have exercised hardly any influence at all. "If only one had suggested during the Presidential campaign of 1908," said the ablest of the New York papers the other day, "that in this Presidential year of 1912 women would take almost as prominent a part in the management of the campaign as the men, that each of the big political parties would have thoroughly organized women's bureaus, and, more marvelous still, that one of the big parties would unequivocally declare for woman's suffrage, and even go to the extent of electing women delegates-at-large to its national and State conventions as well as putting women on its national and State committees, that person would have been scoffed at if not actually called insane."

Yet all this has happened. For the first time the campaign managers have awakened to the fact that hitherto they have spurned, or at least have failed to utilize, the immensely powerful electioneering weapon that is represented by the enthusiasm, the organizing ability, and the unbreakable devotion which women throw into any cause that interests them. It is one of the very few points in which the tactics and strategy of political campaigning in America have fallen far below the English level of achievement. It looks, however, as though an effort were at length being made to fill the gap. The Bull-Moosers seem to be almost as much a women's party as a men's; and both the Republicans and the Democrats have openly sought and have been glad to avail themselves of the services and support of women. So far as an outsider can tell the American woman has not flocked into the Presidential arena primarily with the idea of getting the vote. She may or she may not be a suffragist; the true motive-power behind her present activities seems to be a realization that such questions as the conditions of women and child labor, public health and sanitation, and "the high cost of living," not only interest women as much as men, but are more likely to be dealt with on sound lines if women study them and engage in public life and decline to rest passive any longer under the masculine monopoly of legislation.

Women in the United States have achieved their present spaciousness of freedom and opportunity quickly, as we reckon time in Europe, but not without a struggle. When the late Miss Susan B. Anthony began her crusade in the 'fifties, American women had their full share of disabilities. The masses of them were almost wholly uneducated. High schools as well as colleges were closed against them. Their appearance on public platforms was a social misdemeanor of the first order. Except as teachers or domestic servants they were virtually cut off from employment. The States had one and all excluded them from the suffrage. The wife had no legal existence. She could not own property, buy or sell, sue or be sued, make a contract, testify in court, or control her own wages. The father could apprentice young children without the mother's consent, and dispose of them by will at his death. There was but one cause for divorce, and the husband, though the guilty party, could retain the property and the children. Things have moved since then. Educationally, legally, and industrially there is to-day very little to choose between the status of women in America and the status of men. In the sphere of education matters have indeed proceeded so far that a foreigner like myself is tempted at times to wonder whether there may not be some danger of American culture becoming slightly effeminate. As for their civil and legal rights, women in America have little to complain of. In three-fourths of the States a married woman may own and control her separate property, and in all of them she may dispose of it by will, the same as a married man. In two-thirds of them her earnings are absolutely under her own control. In almost all of them she may make contracts and bring suit in the courts. The old laws of inheritance have been so changed that a widow is now in full possession of her rights. The divorce laws from Maine to California seem to be especially framed to meet the convenience and wishes of women. Industrially, too, women are equally favored. Broadly speaking, there is no occupation in which they may not engage with the full approval of the law and public opinion. Some eight millions of them work for a living, a large number of them in ways that admit not only of economic but of social independence. In the so-called professions, as teachers, writers, lawyers, physicians, ministers, architects, and so on, more than half the total number employed are women. Philanthropic work has largely passed into their hands; without them nine-tenths of the American churches would have to close; their clubs and organizations and mutual improvement societies cover every inch of the continent; and socially they are supreme with a supremacy such as the European woman can only marvel at from afar.

But to the amazement of all Europeans, and especially of all Englishmen, this umbrageous feminine domination of things social, artistic, philanthropic, religious, educational, and so on, has hitherto been unaccompanied by any corresponding influence in the sphere of politics. Neither American women individually nor the sex collectively carry anything like the same weight in the public life of the United States as they bear in England. Five or six States have, it is true, given them the vote; but I make bold to say that Englishwomen exert already a hundred times more influence on British affairs and on British statesmen, even though they have no Parliamentary vote, than American women are likely to exert for a century to come. The whole British scheme of things is so organized as to make politics and society, on the higher levels at any rate, virtually identical. It is this that gives Englishwomen their pre-eminent chance. It is the absence of this, it is the separation of politics from society, that to Europeans seems to make the lives of the great majority of American women so insipid and incomplete. In a country like England, which is still very largely ruled by a "governing class," women are bound to play a leading and triumphant part. However high their position in society, it is not, and never can be, so high as to remove them above the sphere of politics. Their sons, brothers, husbands or fathers are sure to be players in the game, and they themselves are sure to be something more than spectators. Practically all Englishwomen of title are born into politics, hear politics discussed in their family circle from childhood, find their drawing-rooms turned into political *salons*, and meet day by day men who live for little but politics.

There is nothing in America, so far as I am aware, which at all resembles this. Is there a single establishment in Washington that could be called a *salon*? I should greatly doubt it. Even to come across an American woman with a real interest in and comprehension of politics is extremely rare; and I have never heard of an instance in American history in which a woman played a really decisive rôle. Like their sisters in all other republics, American women take an altogether secondary and insignificant part in national affairs.

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INCREASING THE COST OF LIVING

Interludes

THE RENUNCIATION OF DUBBS

MR. DUBBS was highly elated, so much so in fact that Mrs. Dubbs grew curiously anxious as to the causes of his joy.

"What has happened, John dear?" she asked. "You seem terribly excited."

"Oh, nothing, dear, nothing," said Dubbs, "only I was told last night that now that the elections are over our party is going in for a complete reorganization. All the old political hacks are to be set aside, and an entirely new lot of men are to be brought forward. The boys were good enough to say that they were going to make me the next candidate for Congress."

"What!" cried Mrs. Dubbs, her face going ashen white. "You? For Congress?"

"Well, of course nothing is settled as yet," said Dubbs, "but—that's the present plan."

Mrs. Dubbs burst forth into a perfect torrent of tears.

"Oh, John, John, my poor, poor husband!" she moaned. "I have been so proud of you, and the children have so respected you—why, only yesterday dear little Tommy told me, his face beaming with joy, that he had heard a man say that you were the fairest, squarest, whitest, brightest man in town, and now—"

"And now what?" demanded Dubbs. "Seems to me that's a mighty good reason for wanting me to run."

"And now you are going to sacrifice it all, and for what?" sobbed Mrs. Dubbs. "The flimsy honor of two years at Washington."

"Sacrifice? Sacrifice?" demanded Dubbs. "What do I sacrifice?"

"Everything you should hold dear," said Mrs. Dubbs. "Your wife's confidence, your children's respect, the love of your neighbors—all, all will go in the twinkle of an eye. From the moment you are nominated you will become a boss-ridden weakling, a tool of the corporations, a grinder of the faces of the poor, a corrupt beneficiary of a grafting system, a whited sepulcher. It will be insinuated that as president of the bank your accounts are under suspicion; that as president of the Board of Education you have had insidious relations with the school-book trust; that as a vestryman you have taken a bigoted attitude toward the public worthy of the days of the Inquisition; and that as a justice of the county court you have been in hand-and-glove relations with the lowest criminal element in the district. The children will have the humiliation of learning that you are the iniquitous beneficiary of a corrupt alliance with the railroads, and as for me—"

"Great heavens, Maria, what an imagination!" roared Dubbs. "Where on earth did you get all that dope?"

"Out of the opposition newspapers the morning after your nomination, John Dubbs," sobbed Mrs. Dubbs. "Wait, and you'll see!"

Whereupon John Dubbs sat down and wrote "the boys" that, while he appreciated the honor they held in store for him, he must for personal reasons absolutely decline, after which, hand in hand with his comforted spouse, he sat before the flickering flames of the log fire, while Tommy at the pianola ran softly over that pretty little ballad of home, "My Wife Won't Let Me."

MR. GIRAFFE: WELL, SAY, HERE'S WHERE I'VE GOT THAT ROMEO AND JULIET STUNT BEAT TO A FRAZZLE!

A MERE TRIFLE, ANYHOW

AN eminent German scientist who recently visited this country with a number of his colleagues was dining at an American house and telling how much he had enjoyed various phases of his visit.

"How did you like our railroad trains?" his host asked him.

"Ach, dhey are woonderful," the German gentleman replied; "so swift, so safe—chenerally—und such luxury in all dhe furnishings und opp'indmends. All is excellent excebt one thing—our wives do not like dhe upper berths."

A JUST JUDGE

"IT'S all right to fine me, Judge," laughed Barrowdale, after the proceedings were over, "but just the same you were ahead of me in your car, and if I was guilty you were too."

"Ya-as, I know," said the judge, with a chuckle. "I found myself guilty and hev jest paid my fine into the treasury same ez you."

"Bully for you!" said Barrowdale. "By the way, do you put these fines back into the roads?"

"No," said the judge. "They go to the trial jestice in loo o' sal'ry."

CUMULATIVE

"GEORGE has given me an engagement-ring with three diamonds in it," said Henrietta.

"Yes, I know," said Marietta. "He always adds a diamond every time he gets engaged. It only had one when I wore it."

IN MERRIE ENGLAND

"'ULLO, Bill, old top—'ow's things with yer?"

"Lookin' up, Tom, lookin' up."

"'Igh cost o' livin' not 'ittin' yer, Bill?"

"Not so 'ard, Tom—not so 'ard. The missus 'as went orf on a hunger stroike, and me butcher's bills is cut in 'arf!"

EXPLAINED

"MY husband is always cracking up the virtues of his first wife," said Mrs. Hinkley, with a sigh. "Though as a matter of fact they got on very badly."

"Perhaps he understands her better now that she has been translated," said Mrs. Wiggs.

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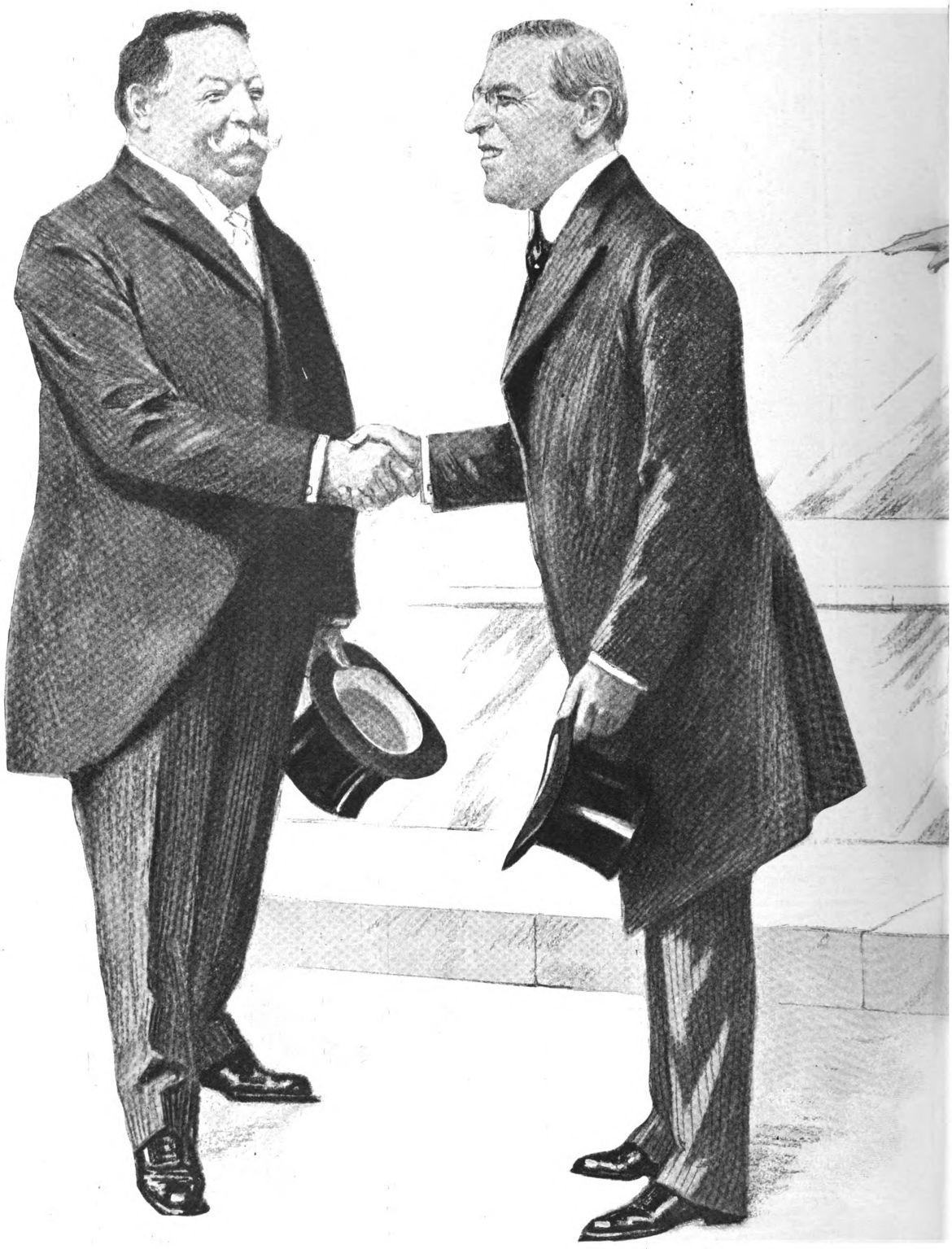

TWO AMERICA

"CONGRATULATIONS, MR. PRESIDE

DRAWN

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N GENTLEMEN

NT!" "THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT!"

Y C. J. BUDD

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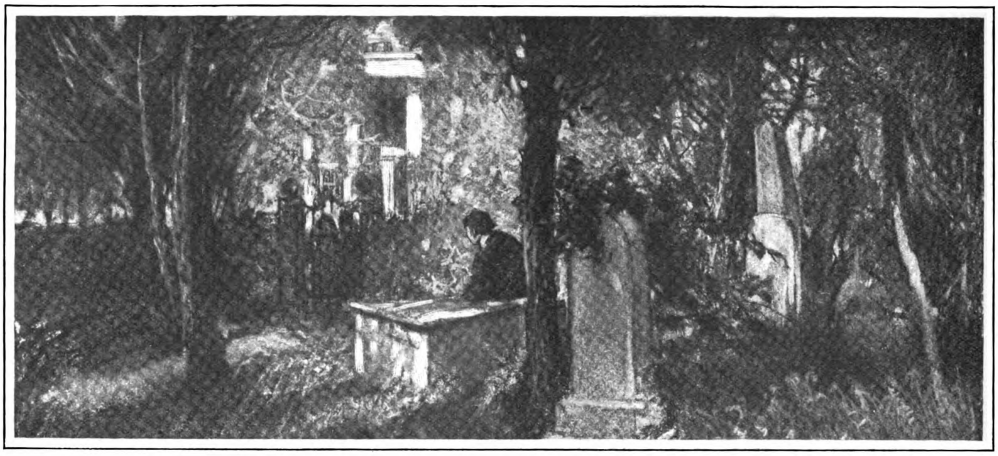
THE BROWNLOW BOYCOTT

A Story in Two Parts—Part I

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BRIGGS



YEARS ago, when I was a boy of nine, my father represented some New-Yorkers in promoting a railroad through our county. We had a branch road already, but the new one was to be a trunk line, from the frozen north to tropic tide-water. I remember wondering if it was to handle snow and hot water, a notion which wasn't so far wrong, as it turned out.

The people of the county voted bonds, which were given to the New-Yorkers, and they sold the bonds to pay for half the construction.

One moonlit June evening in the first year of bondage, Judge Marcus Clayton called at our house with Miss Clementina and Miss Rose, his sisters; these two ladies had always been my best friends, for I couldn't even remember my own mother.

We sat in the old garden under the magnolia, until I had begun riding my pony along the walk to show his paces. The men talked and smoked; Miss Clementina, who was slightly gray, and quiet and sweet, smiled up into the magnolia. Only Rose and myself had any fun. Her eyes and hair were coal black, and she was always laughing with me, though with father she had a fierce, teasing way that was surprising.

We had been whispering together, for Rose was daring me to gallop between the men with a long lily stalk held before me like a spear, but I knew better. Finally she said:

"You're a poor figure of a knight on horseback to refuse to ride for a lady's sake."

I cantered away, and then, glancing back, saw her leaning against the magnolia looking upward, and dreaming just like her sister. If I was truly a knight, here was a chance to show it, so I came back full tilt, and in passing kissed an awful kiss square on her mouth. For a second, Rose was staggered and covered her face as though not knowing where such a kiss could have dropped from. The others laughed, but Rose was still confused when I came up again and noticed a sheet of paper at her feet.

I picked it up, remarking, "I know what that is," for the paper was a green and gold bond, just like father's.

"Hush," she whispered quickly, and as we were behind the tree, Rose hid the bond in her dress unseen by the others. "That is my fortune," she whispered again, "but brother mustn't know I have it." After a moment she added, pretty solemnly for Rose Clayton, "You are pledged to keep my secret, master knight," and I promised to do so.

We were still for a moment, then the whole party began strolling across the lawn to the gate, where father and I parted from our life-old friends.

Rose lingered a moment behind the others; suddenly she made a low bow and exclaimed to father in that fierce, teasing way: "I suppose you will desert the old homestead for a mansion in New York, now that you have grown rich and great. I, for one, have no confidence in your schemes."

She stood a moment, slim and dark and pretty as any school-girl, and then, entering the arched maple lane, was instantly cloaked in shadow. Father stared a moment on the spot where she had been. "The light beneath those leaves is like leopards leaping in the dust," he said.

I know that he was thinking of the Brownlow shield. We Brownlows had come to Virginia from England, bringing the shield bearing leopards in black and silver. Thus the Brownlows had come over sea and over land, marshaling their great households, and everywhere building mansions worthy their dignity and hospitality. Surely it was something to be a Brownlow, and I felt it more deeply than ever before.

On the next afternoon I became aware that something unusual was happening in the town. Business men were loafing in front of their stores, while the usual loafers had suddenly become very busy. A corner near by was crowded with arguing, gesticulating men. Father came out of the office with several citizens, one of whom flaunted a telegram in his very face.

"It's true!" shouted the man. "The railroad company has blown up. We're swindled."

Father stopped in his tracks.

"What is your opinion of myself?" he asked, quietly.

The other flinched a little before his look; he was only our grocer, and yet he replied stubbornly, while the group listened intently. "My opinion is that you're an honest man; I hope I won't have to change it."

Father told them all: "That message is not confirmed; it never will be confirmed," and somebody saying, "I move a vote of confidence in you, Mr. Brownlow," they dispersed with a laugh.

Father explained to us on the way home that a false report of the railroad company's condition had been sent out by its enemies. But despite his confidence he seemed worried, and Rose studied his face covertly without teasing.

That evening the two of us were seated on the veranda when a messenger-boy came to the house. Father tore open his telegram and read it by the light of a match; its tiny flame might have been a blast of lightning, so instantaneously did his face seem to shrivel under it. However, he rose, and, after signing for the message by the hall lamp, began walking up and down with hands clasped behind. I walked, too, but was afraid to look at his face again. Once he stopped before the great black and silver shield of the Brownlows and spoke to himself with a strained little laugh: "And I saw those leopards playing in the dust last night!"

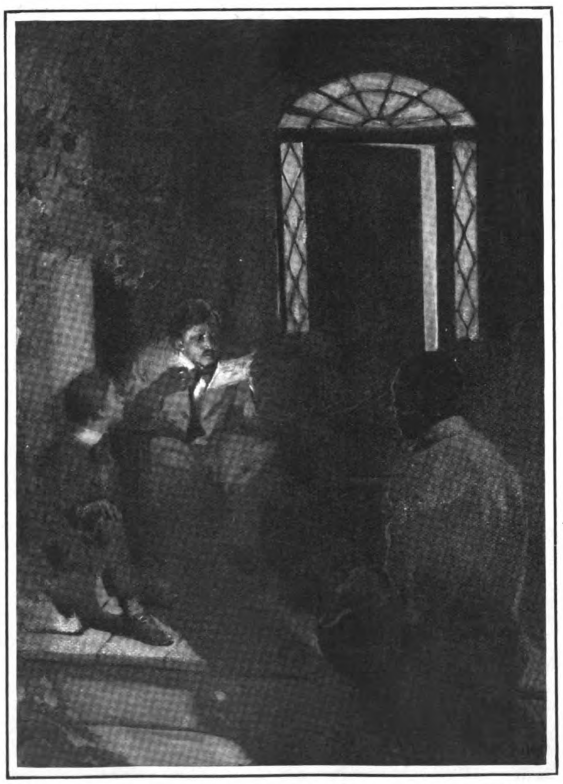
"Thank God that she has none of the bonds," he exclaimed, and I knew he meant Rose.

Observing me, he asked in a curiously guarded tone, "What will happen?"

I shook my head. "Nothing can happen to the Brownlows," I answered. I saw that his face was pale, and a ghastly wrinkle, forking between the eyes, hung across his smooth forehead. But a more remarkable change showed in his manner when several neighbors entered the hall and he went forward to greet them.

Judge Clayton was foremost. "Ha! David," he exclaimed, "what news is this, direct from the telegraph office?"

Father had bowed as usual when visitors came, but he did not quite straighten up again, nor did he speak a word. Instead he stood more like a "poor white" than a gracious master of hospitality. He grinned with a



Father tore open his telegram and read it by the light of a match

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sort of embarrassment, and, fumbling in his pockets, found the telegram, which he gave to his friend.

Judge Clayton passed it on without a word, and stood gnawing his gray beard, with eyes cast down. "It sounds the death-knell of this county," he said. "I am all unstrung. We have been hoping and waiting and working, as our fathers before us, David, to build this community into greatness. But, now, nobody will settle here under this blight of indebtedness, and we'll be taxed out of existence to pay up bonds which have brought us nothing."

A certain man broke the moment's silence. "Explain this, Brownlow, if you can," he demanded. "You planned this ruin." He was struggling forward among the men, whose number had now increased. His tone was threatening—however, it was only our grocer, Jerry Green, once more.

"Why, I am mortgaged for seven hundred thousand dollars," interrupted another, as though just realizing the fact. "What the devil, Brownlow!"

Judge Clayton looked around in astonishment. "Do you accuse my friend of sharing in this swindle?" he demanded, indignantly. During all this time my father had not spoken a word.

The grocer stormed straight ahead. "Why, the news escaped before Brownlow could, that's the size of it. Now, if I ever saw the face of a guilty man—"

"Order!" thundered the judge, as though in court. "Who are you to lecture us on patriotism to this county?" Of course he stood by father, for the Claytons and Brownlows had broken the prairie soil together three generations before, and everybody knew that the grocer was an upstart of not over twenty years' standing.

Father spoke. "The interest on the bonds is twenty-eight thousand dollars a year—" he began, but he was interrupted by a wrangle among the citizens, several making bitter reproaches, and others shaming them.

Judge Clayton's face was flaming under his white hair. "Slanderers!" he cried. "You insult me equally with Brownlow by your suspicions. Brownlow was an agent, not a member of this swindling company; he did not get your bonds."

"Answer us face to face," spoke up the grocer, leveling his finger at my father, "have you or have you not some of those bonds still in your possession?"

Father looked into each of the flushed, excited faces before answering; he seemed to falter and shrink, and I was terrified by the change in him. "I have," he replied, at last.

"Good," cried Judge Clayton, thumping with his cane as the grocer stepped back in triumph. "The county is saved so much. Brownlow will surrender them."

"My father's figure slowly and painfully straightened, the wrinkle vanished, and, as Clayton paused, he faced them all calmly.

"On what grounds should I return them?" he asked.

For an instant I thought father was going to yield, but once more Jerry Green spoke up: "We are not asking the return of those bonds as a favor; we demand it as a right."

Father looked toward Judge Clayton, who, surprised by his hesitancy, said: "We undoubtedly have a right to demand those bonds, in justice if not in law."

"Demand?" repeated father.

"You know it is not honorable to hold them," said the judge, bluntly.

Father frowned, but appeared wavering again, when Jerry Green cried: "We demand 'em—now!"

"I do not intend to surrender them," said father.

"Then you are no friend of mine," declared old Clayton, trembling but resolute.

"We will never pay those bonds, not even the interest," shouted a citizen. "Repudiate them!" And right there was taken up the cry which was to be a watchword through that county. The crowd became an organization, every man but Judge Clayton taking an oath neither to pay the bonds nor to desert the county to escape taxation. Father stood aside listening, but when threats were made against him Clayton called sharply: "Order! I stand committed to you, but a just cause never prospers by violence. Avoid him," he commanded, pointing with his stick, and from that hour forth no man in that town spoke to my father or would give him food or drink.

Two nights and a day we remained in that house, father arranging or burning papers as though setting his affairs in order against a long absence. Then, the servants reporting that no one would sell us supplies, he discharged them all, though several wished to stay and starve with us. One old aunty smuggled in a basket of provisions, but he sent them away, saying, "You will only bring vengeance on yourself."

On the third day, a man owning a plantation near our own came in, and father sold him the home just as it stood. "I think it only right to tell you," said this man, "that, although we don't want any enemies behind our trenches in this county, we wouldn't burn you out. The Brownlow mansion is held in too much respect."

"That being the case, I shall raise the price a thousand dollars," declared father.

"It is worth the difference to get you out," returned the other, and he paid on the nail.

Father did not lose his temper over all this; neither did he falter in his course or cower before the public fury, whether in the wrong or not.

We had been eating the few provisions left in the house, but now we were to be deprived even of shelter, and on the evening of the sale we returned to the streets for the first time since the company had blown up. I rode my pony beside father, and we stopped at several places with "to let" signs before them. But we were always turned away with a shake of the head, even in the poorest quarter. People looked after us, but no one spoke; my very playmates turned aside, and I wondered if we were to go forward all our lives with that dread silence spread around us.

At last we started back home, silent ourselves, and I rode the pony down the moonlit lane for the last time. Once he shied, and I saw Rose Clayton standing on the very spot where father had noticed the leopards playing in the dust; for a moment she held me close in her arms. I sat straight in the saddle without speaking, and, suddenly releasing me, she gave one long look and hurried away; she, too, had promised to avoid us. I had been listening for a single word and now felt the silence settle closely around my heart; I was like a buried boy.

In the house father began studying a closely written paper; he looked up absently, saying, "It's your bed-time, Clay."

"To-morrow—" I began, meaning to ask where we should sleep the next night, though knowing there was no place for us but the woods and fields.

"To-morrow," he repeated, grimly, drumming on his desk, "to-morrow, we shall hear people speak."

"And laugh?" I asked.

"No; they will not laugh."

Now my father possessed an old mortgage which he had once bidden in under a court judgment to save certain persons from being closed out of their property. Perhaps these people supposed it to have been destroyed long before, and it is certain that father had forgotten the matter until this sifting of papers had brought the mortgage and court judgment to light. On the following morning he went down-town to have this judgment recorded.

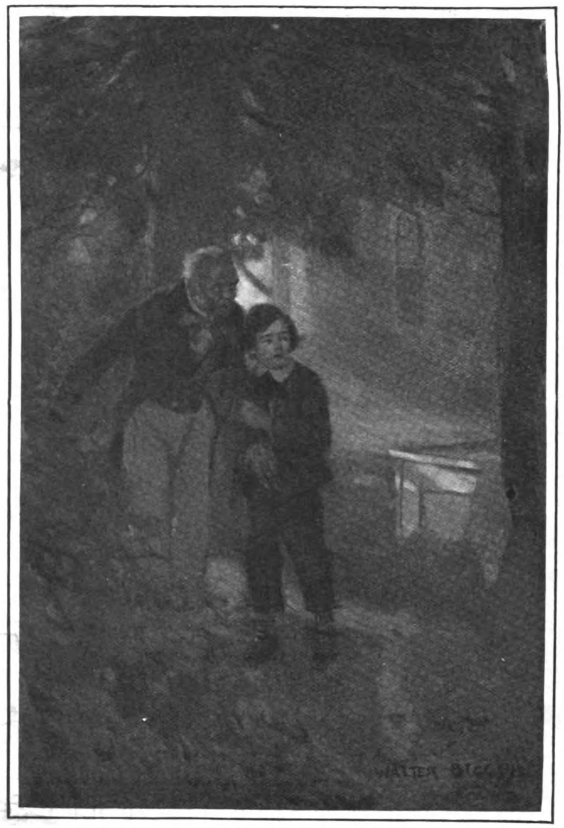
Returning home, he hitched the horses to a spring wagon, on which we loaded a few household articles; then he drove away and I sat on top of the load believing we were going out into the world like gipsies or immigrants, to live by the wayside. The citizens thought so, too, and several turned away their heads as though not wishing to see the last of the Brownlows depart in this fashion from the home of their fathers.

But we had driven only a short distance when father pulled up. "Come, Clay," he said, and caught me as I jumped.

"There's no preaching to-day," I reminded him, for we had stopped before the little old-fashioned brick church where Rose Clayton had once sung in the choir, and three or four of the ancient families had graves in the yard.

"This is the only home they have left us," he answered, and I remember observing rather judicially: "It is a very tall place for just us two." Very strange it seemed that we should live in a house with old neighbors buried just outside under the cedar-trees.

Black Joe was sexton there, and now he came up with the key to the outer gate in the churchyard wall, and we carried the things inside. In a little room off the chancel father set down his box of books, saying this should be his study; for our living-room we took the basement where Sunday-school was held and Rose Clayton had taught me the catechism. I thought, "Well, I must keep my face washed so that it shines, and my hair brushed back while living here," and so I did for a long time.



"Marse Brownlow done been away again," he said

As father had predicted, people came to speak to us that day—the minister, Judge Clayton, and Mr. Green, who was a church officer. On their arrival I went to sit in our own pew beneath the stained window whence an angel descending on a sunbeam lay fluttering its wings upon the floor. Father was standing near the study door and the others in the space before the pulpit. Green wished to pay off the mortgage, but father explained, "There is no other shelter for us."

"David, you are a changed man," said Clayton, gravely; "you have sold your home to be free to depart, now go."

"This is sacrilege," warned the minister, a tall, stern old man, but father answered him plainly.

"I must provide against the present; the wrath to come is nothing to me. Now I have heard you and given my answer." He bowed and told Joe to show out his visitors.

The minister was aghast, and Green exclaimed: "You will rue this day, you traitor."

"Order!" said Judge Clayton; "it is not fitting we should threaten here."

"That is true," assented the minister, who had baptized me; "this man here is under sentence by God and his fellow-creatures. David Brownlow, these holy shadows shall oppress you, decay and silence eat into your heart. You scorn the forgiveness of the Almighty, and I firmly believe the devil has seized your soul already."

With this last word, much resembling a curse in its bitterness and solemnity, the three walked down the aisle. I was terrified, and knew that some judgment not of this world hung over us for trespassing there; but father looked after with a cold smile until the door shut them out. "No doubt ye are the people," he said, and entered the study. He had not shown either remorse or anger.

Now that father had seized on the church, people's resentment settled into hatred. From the depth of the yard we could hear footfalls and the echo of voices, as though borne from another world. But no one ever called out to us, and all we saw of living things were myriads of eyes staring blankly and coldly as they floated along the top of the wall.

Being unmolested, we fared well enough, for father had written to have supplies shipped to him, and Joe brought them up from the depot on a wheelbarrow. "They all scowl at me, out there," said Joe, "but Jedge Clayton has told 'em to keep order."

I sensed something tracking me about this solitude, but, soon realizing that it was only father, was ashamed to seem too disheartened to play. So I made up games among the headstones, and went holloing through the church, in defiance of God and our enemies. Joe was scandalized, and my own eyes would twitch and strain in their sockets at certain shadows starting from behind the pulpit; sometimes I closed them to play better.

But father would look on smilingly and say, "Don't waste a moment in moping, you'll never be a boy again, Clay."

One morning the spatters of mud on his boots and clothing proved that he had been on a night expedition among our enemies: and a few days later I was awakened early by Joe, who signaled me to dress and led the way outside.

"Marse Brownlow done been away again," he said, and I observed that his face had turned gray; I do not believe that he ever became quite black again. In fact a terrible thing had happened. The four tombstones in the corner of the yard had vanished, and creeping up closely we found only ragged, gaping pits where the grave mounds had been, as though the dead had torn their way upward through the earth in the night. We hurried away, but Joe trembled so while cooking breakfast that father noticed it, and inquiring the cause learned that the graves had emptied themselves. After a time he burst out in the only bitterness I ever knew him to show.

"As though my presence could insult the dead!" he cried.

About this time the ha'nts first came in the night from the direction of the graves. They came one at a time, passing through the study where father sat reading. The lamp flared in the draught every time the outer door opened, and he sheltered it with his hand without moving or glancing up.

I was standing in the pulpit, Joe seated before me on the front pew, mumbling to himself, when the first one entered and, passing down the aisle, took a seat in the farthest corner. He was covered with dust as though fresh from his grave, with rough, weather-

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stained clothes, and his eyes glared dully and coldly straight ahead.

In a moment he was followed by a second, then a third, all wild-looking figures; still father did not look up, though rising to close the door after the last one.

Suddenly I felt a tugging at my coat. "Fo' God, he don't eben see 'em," whispered Joe; "Remember you is a Brownlow, and this is your estate," he said. As father had not noticed them, neither would I. "Let 'em come," I replied to Joe, though there was little breath in my body.

At that moment father called and I went into the study, Joe never for an instant releasing his hold of my coat.

"Remember who you is," he urged again, "there's four of them graves and one more ha'nt to come."

"I'll read you a chapter in history," father said, with unusual cheerfulness. Joe peeked furtively back into the church. "'Pears like this door comes open mighty saft and easy," he muttered.

"I believe the wind did blow it open just now," replied father. "Lock it."

When the chapter was finished and we went back into the church, it was entirely empty, although we would surely have heard a door or window being opened.

During the night I woke and sat on the bedside with a quilt around me and certain chips in my lap. I had made a good puzzle of these chips one night, but now I sat languidly in the moonshine unable to remember how it worked.

Father, half waking, asked in his quiet voice, "All right, Clay?" and I answered, "Yes—working a puzzle." I was terrified lest he should come out and find me unable to play, but he only replied softly, "I never knew such a boy for games," and fell asleep again.

Next week, in the dark of the moon the ha'nts came back—one after another from the direction of the graveyard—mud-stained, scowling, and stealthy as savages in a forest. As before, father did not notice them when passing through, and as before they entered the church and disappeared without opening door or window. As they cast shadows and left muddy tracks in the study, I became convinced that they were really men. But neither myself nor Joe, who knew everybody there, had ever seen them before, and the deep mystery of their visits made them seem creatures of no ordinary mold.

Month after month they came, in the dark of every moon, through autumn rain and winter snow, silent and threatening as the messengers of that hate which encompassed us. Perhaps from the first they meant to summon us to surrender, although they did not come to the point for a long time.

"They is waitin' for the fourth ha'nt to jine 'em," explained Joe; "if he ebber come, Marse Clay—well, you just want to hiss for help. I wouldn't mind if there was only three!"

The lamp in the church burned low that night, for we had something to think about besides pouring oil. I stood behind the pulpit with Joe's eyes and teeth gleaming whitely through the dusk from the front pew. The three came in as though borne on a wave of silence which engulfed us; the dark brimmed with eyes glittering more brightly than usual. Then father, in the habitual, hushed tone of that place, called us into the study as usual, for he seemed uneasy when the ha'nts were about.

He spoke, and we looked into his book filled with war pictures. There was a shudder of light throughout the room, a piercing chill, and then I saw a man standing inside with his back to the door. There had not been a creak or a footfall, and I thought that he had passed through wood and iron. Father started and rose watchfully to his feet; there was no mistaking the fact that he saw this fourth figure plainly. The man hissed and made a menacing gesture for silence; at the hiss, Joe crumpled to the floor.

Father nodded with raised hand as though understanding the other. Then the tragic stillness was shattered; a metallic shriek burst from father's lips, and he dropped a silver whistle to the floor as the intruder sprang toward him. At the same moment a single iron-like stroke of thunder re-echoed through the building; the old bell had spoken in answer to the signal.

The two men, grappling, went to the floor with a crash. "Lock the door!" shouted father, and, trembling, I turned the keys in their locks. The stranger struggled toward me along the floor, father, who was much weaker, trying to drag him back. He grasped at me, seized me, but in tumbling down I threw the keys through the glass of the window.

(To be concluded)

LABOR AND THE RAILWAYS

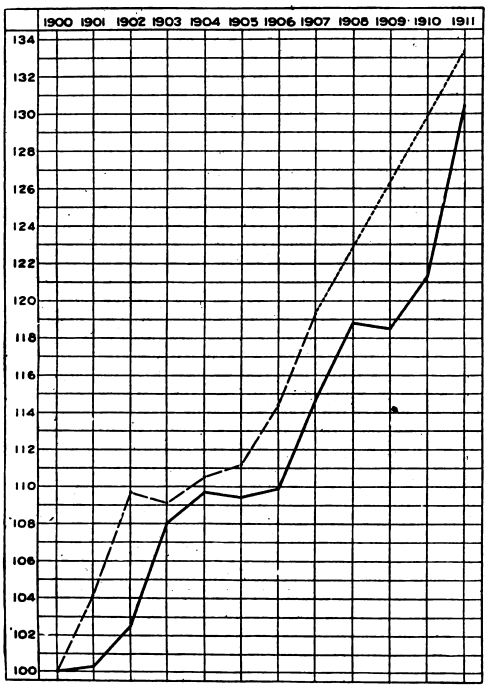
BY A. MAURICE LOW

THE wages of railway employees in the United States during the last few years have kept pace with the extra burden thrown on all classes by the increased cost of living. What this advance of wages has meant can be seen at a glance in comparing the total payrolls for different years. In the last fiscal year the railways paid to labor, in round figures, $42,000,000 more than would have been required had the wage schedule of 1910 been in effect, and $69,000,000 more than the wages of 1909 demanded. Expressed in percentages, the 1911 wages were four and three-tenths higher than they were the year before, and seven and four-tenths greater than those of two years earlier. This is all the more striking because there were 31,000 fewer people employed on the railways in 1911 than in 1910, although the railway mileage of the country increased more than two thousand miles in that time. Mechanical and other appliances made it possible to reduce the men necessary to operate trains.

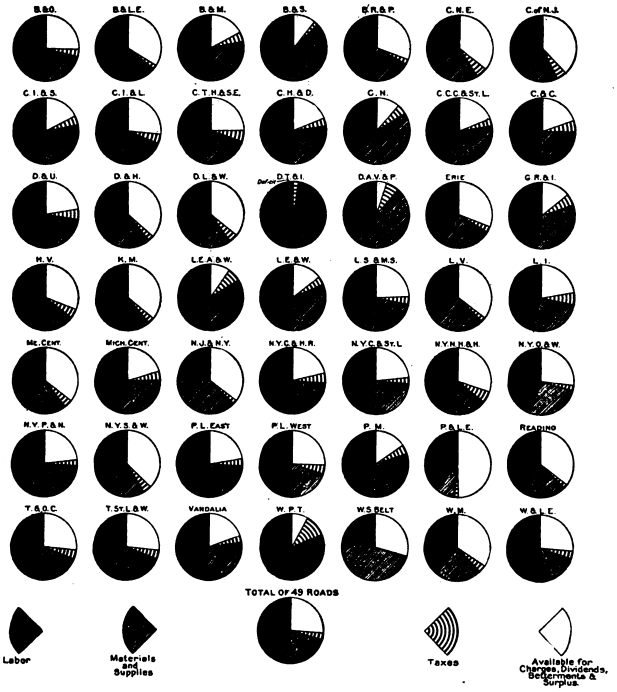
The wages of enginemen and conductors have steadily risen during the last decade; and it may be added parenthetically that when the wages of one class of labor employed by the railways are increased, all other classes enjoy a corresponding advance. From $3.20 in 1900, the wages of conductors rose to $3.90 in 1910, and those of engineers, during the corresponding period, from $3.70 to $4.55. This is not the maximum, but the average for the entire country, as there are some engineers making as much as $2,800 a year, and some firemen $1,700.

The pay of the engineer has advanced with the retail cost of his food, as the accompanying chart shows. It will be seen that since 1900, with a single exception, there has been a steady advance in the price of living. Prices in 1903 were a shade lower than in 1902, but since then they have every year mounted higher. The same thing has happened with the engineman's wages. From 1900 to 1904 there was a steady advance every year; they were a trifle less at the end of 1904 than they were at the beginning of that year; from then until 1908 they went upward without a check; at the end of that year they were a bit less than at the opening, recovering again in 1909 and going forward to the highest point known.

Of every dollar received by the railways from the public for the carriage of passengers or freight practically fifty cents goes to labor employed in operating the road and twenty-five cents for the purchase of supplies, to produce which labor, of course, has to be employed. The remaining twenty-five cents is absorbed by dividends, interest, taxes, and improvements, and the last item is also a labor charge. It is interesting to note, as the chart shows, that of forty-nine representative roads selected, only one, the Pittsburg & Lake Erie, is able to set aside fifty cents out of every dollar of revenue for dividends, improvements, and surplus, while all the other roads consider they are doing well if they can save the quarter for those purposes. The great railway systems of the country, such as the Baltimore & Ohio, the Boston & Maine, the Pennsylvania, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, the New York Central, the Vandalia, and others divide the dollar evenly with labor. Some roads, like the Buffalo & Susquehanna, and the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley & Pittsburg, while they run their labor-cost a trifle below the average, more than make it up in the money they have to spend for supplies. Taking the railways of the country as a whole, the persons who profit most by them in the way of actual money received are not the people who own the stocks and bonds, which represent the capital invested in the railways, but the men who operate the trains and keep the tracks in repair and lay new rails, for they get fifty cents out of every dollar, while the stockholders receive between five and six cents.



The advance in the retail prices of food (shown by the broken line) and that of the average compensation of enginemen (the black line) during the years 1900 to 1911



How forty-nine roads expend each dollar received. The black segments represent wages, the gray, materials and supplies, the striped, taxes, and the white, charges, dividends, betterments, surplus, etc.

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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

BRITISH COLD, ETC.

ANY one who has experienced British cold for as much as one winter should understand a great many things that she formerly regarded from an alien and distant viewpoint. British cold teaches precisely what it feels like to be poor, very poor. It has nothing snappy or stimulating in it. You do not in the least feel like cracking your fingers or dancing about to keep warm. It is a penetrating, permeating chill that makes you think there must be a broken window-pane in your room with an insufficient newspaper stuffed in it. It makes you feel plain and gray, and your hands become petrified into the supplicant position which needs a mere turning of the palms upward to make you into an orthodox beggar.

You sit huddled together, and then, when you rise, try to walk without changing your position, as anything but huddling feels so freshly cold. The dark-gray atmosphere looks dirty and is dirty, and one acquires the hopelessness of the unhappier masses about it. One thinks: "Of course, it's disgusting, but what can I do? I'm just a waif doomed to live in an unkempt slum. No one cares." The extreme rigidity of British matrons probably comes from their extravagant faith in undergarments. Nothing can keep out British chill, but they feel that good gray Scotch flannel should, and they give it unbounded opportunity.

One knows that there are places where sunshine can be had, and one mutters and grumbles in one's heart about injustice and the flaunting ways of those who have. When one breakfasts by the light of a lamp, one feels it to be but a meager imitation of the real sunlight other people can afford, and when the sun sets for you at three you snarl with all the vituperative intensity of the downtrodden: "Take your stingy scrap of thin, useless sunlight! If you can't give me what other people are getting, I don't want any at all." One has to be thick-skinned; when one has added layer after layer of indifference in an attempt to be partially impervious to the weather, one is naturally thick-skinned. It would be impossible to be anything else.

The notorious incivility of traveling Britishers is but another result of the cold. After sitting for an hour in an icy railway carriage, one cannot speak, one can only growl if inconvenienced. Generations of this sort of thing must have an effect on the character.

Why is the social side of each of us so invariably the worst one we have? Surely after all these centuries we might have learned an apparently simple task and one we have had so much practice at —that of communing with our fellows. But we muff it day after day, and century after century. Wits and philosophers are only wits and philosophers in the privacy of their studies. They make written record of how nice they are when alone, and the record when published is our one mode of meeting the most charming people we know. Face to face, and they are regrettably apt to be buffoons and egoists, or sententious souls with social ambitions.

Even we, who are not great at all, manage to be so much less than our nicest if a dozen fellow-humans happen to be in the same room. We are weighty, or pretentious, or artificial, or any of a hundred things that we never dream of being when with our familiars. We choose the smallest number possible with whom to be human and honest. For some of us it is only one, others can be real with ten, but there we stop. We will not extend our simplicity and flexibility and frankness a jot further. We regard our best self as so in need of protection that it can only be allowed out when we know thoroughly the person to whom it is being shown. Surely there is not the desperate necessity we all seem to feel of treating our better qualities as though they were such delicate exotics. Why not be prodigal with them? Such parsimony has a certain unloveliness about it.

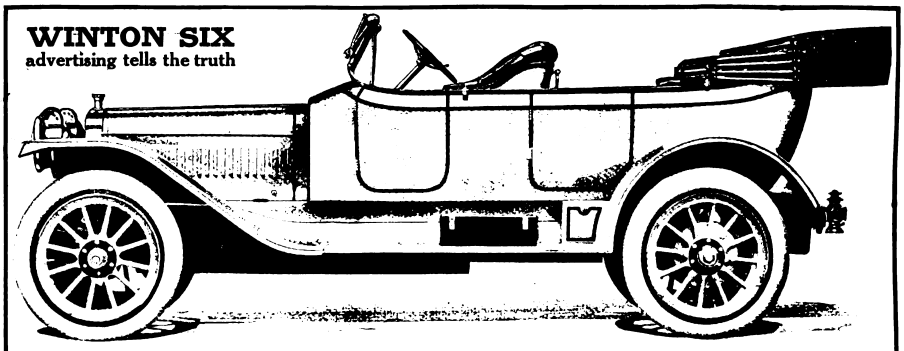
We are as fluttered when meeting a new human being as though we had never done the thing before. We seem to be eternally taken by surprise, and all our forces are put to rout. We have no idea which weapons would be the best wherewith to attack; we are utterly at a loss by what route to reach the oncoming body. We retreat by the most fantastic ruses. The last thing we think of is a frank human encounter, with any of the things we are thinking or feeling taking any part whatever in the occasion.

Dogs and children are attractive or unattractive for one quality and our capacity to endure it, their honesty. We are either terrified at their approach or infinitely relieved. It is impossible to be unreal with them; they would not put up with it for a moment. A child whom you have never seen in your life before comes up to you and says:

"Would you fight Jimmy if you was me?" Now, that is the proper way to begin a conversation. It is a genuine introduction. One's enthusiasm springs to meet it.

Dogs and children do not abandon the thing they were doing because of your sudden appearance. They go right on, and you can join in if you wish. People not only stop doing the thing they long to continue, but declare that they were not doing it and have no desire to do it, which makes you uncomfortable besides having put them to the trouble of fibbing. In our gauche terror of social intercourse we assume a dozen different disguises in quick succession, as though all humans were dangerous menaces. Nothing but the most tactful soothing calms us sufficiently to give us sufficient courage to be ourselves. That is why good dull men always have a certain degree of popularity. One knows at once just how good and how dull they are; they make no pretense about it. In fact, they say to you naïvely: "My cerebration is very slow, but I try hard." Even dullness, when it is so spontaneous and genuine, is more refreshing than wit.

In moments of extreme depression it seems as though to be alone in one's study with the books of people who were alone in their study as they wrote is the only form of human communion that is not too wearisome to be undertaken. Perhaps authors are the luckiest people in the world, for they can prove to you that at heart they exist. The rest of us shimmer dimly with various imitations of existence. If we are real anywhere it must be to so slight an extent as to be hardly worth proving.



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The Etruscan Language

THE people who settled the part of Italy known as "Tuscany" about three thousand years ago left many monuments and tombs and inscriptions, but none of their records could be interpreted in modern times, so that we know practically nothing of their origin or race. The mystery of their language has given rise to many thorough studies of their writings and much speculation as to the family of races to which they belonged. It is certain, however, that they were not related to the Latins or the Greeks, and they were probably not members of the great Indo-European family of peoples.

Professor Jules Martha of the Sorbonne has just put forth a new theory as to these strange people and their language. He concludes from his studies that the Etruscan language is related to the Hungarian, Finnish, and Lap family of languages. His conclusions are based on certain similarities in the inflections, the syntax, and in the vocabulary. On the basis of these similarities he has been able to translate a number of the ancient inscriptions, among others agreements for the sale of land, and a prayer to a god of healing.

Especially interesting is his success in translating the best preserved passages on the wrappings of the celebrated mummy in the museum of the Croatian city of Agram. The mummy is of the time of the Ptolemies, but the wrappings are not of Egyptian origin at all and bear Etruscan writings on the inner surface. The inscription appears, according to Professor Martha, to be a ritual for the use of sailors. If these discoveries should furnish a sound basis for unraveling the hitherto baffling intricacies of the Etruscan inscriptions there will be opened a rich mine of historic knowledge.

New Uses for Crystal

THE increasing uses to which crystal is being put are little short of marvelous. In Lyons there are many streets paved with glass blocks, these being adjusted so perfectly that water is not able to pass between them. It is said that the glass pavement has greater resistance than stone and is a bad conductor of heat, for which reason ice does not form readily on its surface. Moreover, it is beyond question more durable than stone, it is cheaper and more easily portable, and it offers neither interstices nor hollows where mud can lodge.

In Germany, near Frankfort, there is a factory for the manufacture of crystal telegraph-poles. In order to give better solidity to the crystal mass of the posts they carry a framework of thick wire. These posts are better than wood because they perfectly resist the attacks of insects and are impervious to atmospheric influences.

Dresses made of crystal thread have been known for some time. Dresses of spun crystal have a brilliancy like silk. Curtains, carpets, mantles, and relatively fine textures generally are being made of crystal, while factories are going up in various parts of western Europe for the furthering of this industry.

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Miss Edith Taliaferro

The two most famous comedians on the American stage

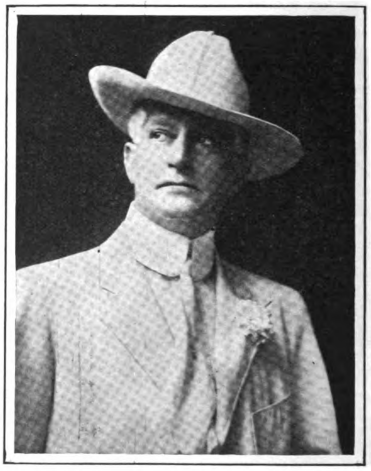
Elsie Janis and Montgomery and Stone in "The Lady of the Slipper"

Regina Connelli in "Bachelors and Benedicts"

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears"
THE ORATION SCENE IN WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR"

William Faversham as Antony in "Julius Caesar"

Miss Elsie Ferguson, who is to appear in a new Franz Lehar operetta, "Eva"



Robert Hilliard in "The Argyle Case"

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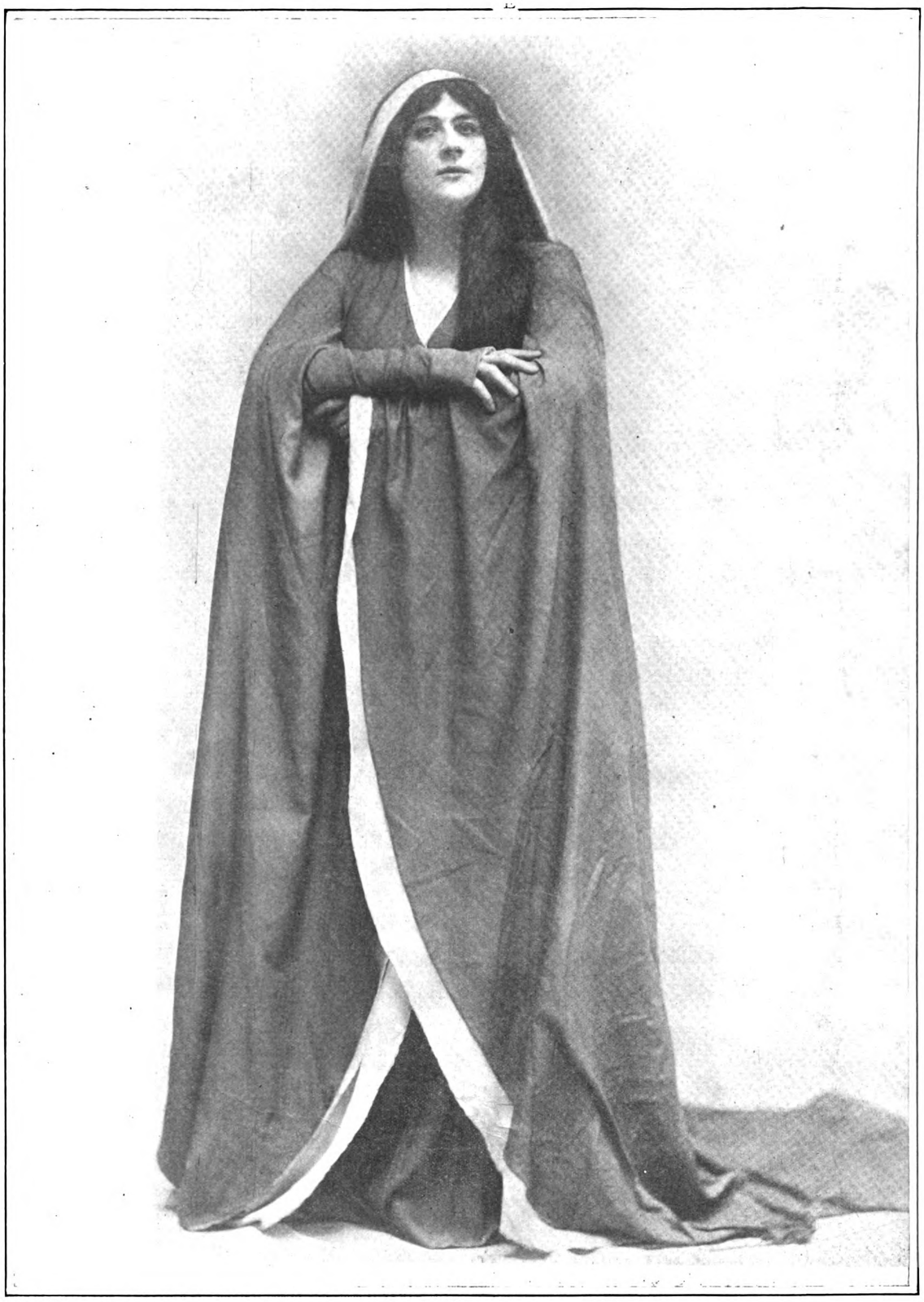

JULIE OPP AS "PORTIA"

MISS OPP (MRS. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM) IS APPEARING IN MR. FAVERSHAM'S ELABORATE PRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR" AT THE LYRIC THEATER

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

An Appraisal of the Crop Influence

THE SEASON'S HARVESTS AND WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN TO BUSINESS AND THE MARKETS

THERE is no place in the world where correct judgment of the strength and importance of influencing factors means as muc as it does in Wall Street, and there is no place in the world where the appraisal is likely to go more wide of the mark. Over-estimation of this, under-estimation of that—that is the regular order of things. A situation such as the one in the Near East develops, and Wall Street refuses to recognize it as a factor—until half a million shares of stock are suddenly dumped into this market, and foreign capital, badly needed here, is urgently recalled. The crops turn out better than it was thought they would, and almost instantly half the Street jumps to the conclusion that the only possible result is "the greatest prosperity the country has ever seen." In customers' rooms, where the talk is of stock prices, you hear the crop influence spoken of twenty times to once for any other. The literature brokers send out to their clients is filled with it. Below Fulton Street wherever two or three are gathered together it is nothing but crops, crops, crops, and the marvelous influence they are going to have on business and the markets.

Now the crops do constitute a factor of great importance which no intelligent commentator is going to attempt to deny or belittle. But before jumping to the conclusion that because this year's harvests have turned out well business is bound to go booming and the stock-market to go seeking new high levels, it may not be a bad idea to pause and try to make a dispassionate appraisal of just what this crop influence amounts to. So let us for the time being at least discard the generalities about "the greatest prosperity," and "nine billions of new wealth taken out of the ground," and get down to the facts in the case. After a poor start the crops have turned out most satisfactorily. Very well—what are the direct points of contact between that fact and business and the markets?

There are four of them. The first is through the effect on railroad earnings of the handling of all this additional tonnage. The second is through the increase in buying-power resulting from the sale of the crops. The third is the influence on our trade with foreign countries. The fourth is the effect on commodity prices, or, as it is more generally spoken of, the cost of living.

There is no questioning the fact that crops like the one just harvested provide the railroads with a very large amount of agricultural tonnage, and so are a strong stimulus to gross earnings. It must not be lost sight of, however, that a good proportion of the railroads of this country have their *raison d'être* in the big crops which we annually raise, and that it is only because we do have big crops that they were ever built at all. The fact, therefore, that crops are good and that there is a lot of wheat and corn to carry doesn't necessarily mean phenomenal earnings. The whole scheme of construction and capitalization of the railroads is predicated on the idea that each fall there *will* be a big agricultural tonnage to be taken care of. It is not as though the tonnage originating from things taken out of the ground were all extra. Upon it a large number of railroads absolutely depend.

It is true, however, that when the crops run as large as this year's, a very considerable amount of purely extra tonnage is brought into existence and that railway earnings are correspondingly benefited. Take, for instance, the difference between this year and last, when crops were only fair. Receipts of grain at the country's sixteen primary points last year were 800,000,000 bushels. This year's grain crop being fully twenty-five per cent. larger, it is fair to assume that to these sixteen main distributive points the railroads will haul an extra 200,000,000 bushels. Allowing forty bushels to the ton, that means 5,000,000 tons of freight *extra* hauled from points of origin to primary points of distribution.

And that, of course, is only the primary movement of all this additional tonnage. The grain hauled to the main distributive points doesn't stay there, but is shipped all over the country, the movement out of the primary points averaging seventy per cent. of receipts. Of this year's extra 5,000,000 tons of grain, therefore, at least 3,500,000 tons will have a secondary movement, the haul in a good many cases being clear to the seaboard.

There is no possible way even to estimate what this will mean to the railroads in the form of extra earnings, but that the amount will run up into big figures is certain. The railroads, as has been said, count upon a big grain tonnage each fall, and, indeed, need it in order to earn interest and dividends. But this year's movement will be quite exceptional. In addition to the amount of business the railroads regularly count upon, there will be an additional tonnage the hauling of which means a big increase in gross earnings.

The same thing is true with regard to the tonnage of miscellaneous merchandise coming into the crop country after the crops have been marketed. Plenteous harvests mean largely increased purchasing-power in the agricultural sections, which, for many months after, makes itself felt in the form of purchases of all sorts of manufactured articles. Following the marketing of this year's crops there is certain to be a return flow of merchandise which will give the railroads a big extra volume of business.

That brings us to the second important point of contact, the stimulation of general business resulting from the creation of new wealth. But right at the outset we want to be careful about this proposition of "new wealth." Taken all together, this year's crops are worth somewhere in the neighborhood of $9,000,000,000. But any one who figures that the country's buying-power has been increased by any $9,000,000,000 is far off the track. Of the corn and hay and other things we raise, by far the greater part is consumed right on the farm where it is produced. Last year's total production of grain amounted to 5,500,000,000 bushels. Considerably less than 1,000,000,000 bushels ever reached primary distributing points. That gives something of an idea of the proportion actually marketed.

Then, too, in getting at the true inwardness of this matter of increased buying-power as a result of big crops, it has to be considered that it is only the net profit which can be counted. A farmer may sell his wheat for $10,000, but that doesn't by any means say that the farmer is $10,000 better off than at the season's beginning or that his buying power is increased by that much. Out of the $10,000 has got to come all that it cost him to raise the crop from the time the seed went into the ground until he got his check from the elevator. What he made *net*—that is what counts and what determines the increase in his spending-power.

It would be foolish, of course, to attempt to deny that the marketing of a crop like this year's results in a substantial increase in buying-power. What is true, however, is that the extent of the increase is very generally over-rated—that it is nothing, for instance, like what might be inferred from the statement about "$9,000,000,000 of new wealth" being taken out of the ground. As a result of this year's big crops large sections of the country are going to have more money to spend, and are going to spend it on a large variety of manufactured articles. But to imagine that, as a result of the crops, buying-orders originating out in the crop country are going to be big enough to make the whole country's manufacturing industries run overtime would be very wrong indeed. In certain lines of business where the demand converges a very considerable degree of activity will be stimulated, but in a good many others the influence will make itself felt but slightly, if at all.

Of really greater importance than the direct increase in buying-power as a stimulus to business is the fact that the big crops are sure to result in the repayment of loans on a big scale, which process will put the banks in a better position to finance the needs of trade. Following the marketing of a big crop, especially, when prices received are high, the farmer is in a position to pay back money previously borrowed to pay running expenses. His wheat or corn or whatever it is having been disposed of at a good price, he knows that the bank expects him to come around and pay off his loan. He does, and his neighbor does likewise, and, as a result, the local bank finds itself in a position where it can make that loan to the general store which, last week, it had to refuse. The general store, in consequence, is able to put in its order with the jobber for a whole lot of merchandise, which, had the bank not "loosened up," it would not have had the means to buy. For the fact, therefore, that some mill, perhaps in an entirely different section of the country, gets an order to make up so-and-so-many gross of this or so-and-so-many yards of that, Farmer Smith's prosperity and consequent ability to pay his bank is directly responsible.

All this question about the amount of new wealth "created" by the raising of a crop in one part of the country and its sale in another is not the easiest thing in the world to understand. When, however, the question is of crop-products sold *outside* of the country, the proposition is as plain as day. Every bushel of wheat and every bale of cotton sold outside of the United States means just that much added to the amount of capital available for business needs.

It doesn't, of course, follow that when we sell $1,000,000 worth of corn or cotton in Europe $1,000,000 in cash is at once sent here in payment, but it is a fact that somewhere abroad $1,000,000 is put to our credit which wasn't there before. Very possibly the parties here to whose credit the money has been put in London or Paris may elect to leave it where it is for a while, but that doesn't alter the fact that the money is there. Nor does it make any difference if, perhaps on the same day the credit entry is made by the foreign bankers, a debit entry of like amount, covering something we owe and have got to pay for, is made on the other side of the book. The credit resulting from the sale abroad of the corn or cotton has, apparently, been canceled, but such is very far from being the case. The debit entry would have been made anyway—we had bought something and had to pay for it. Suppose now that there had been no credit entry. Where would the account have stood then?

Just because what we owe abroad offsets to a great extent what we get abroad for the wheat and cotton and other things we export, a good many people are disposed to doubt the great financial advantage to curselves of the shipments of merchandise we are constantly making. That, however, is a very wrong view of the case. It is just as though a man whose monthly expenses about balance his income should doubt the financial advantage to himself of the deposits he makes. The end of the month, it may be, will find the balance to his credit little larger than the beginning. But suppose he *hadn't* made deposits in the mean time—where would he be then?

That our exports should run large is just as important to us as it is to the man mentioned that he should keep on making deposits. *He* has got to keep on drawing checks; *we* have got to keep on taking care of an annually recurring indebtedness which runs into big figures. If he can manage to deposit more than he needs to draw out, so much the better for him. If we can manage to pile up credits abroad bigger than the entries on the debit side of the book, so much the better for us.

Now it is true that big crops tend to bring about an increase in exports, but here again care must be taken that the influence be not over-rated. There was a time when agricultural products made up the bulk of our exports, but that time has long since passed. Exports of foodstuffs and food-animals (which includes all the wheat and corn and meat we send abroad) in 1911 comprised just 19.14 per cent. of the total. Last year, out of a wheat crop amounting to 635,121,000 bushels, we exported 69,311,000 bushels, or only a little over ten per cent. Out of a crop of corn amounting to 2,886,000,000 bushels, exports footed up to just 65,614,000 bushels, a trifle over two per cent. These figures show the really very small percentage of grain exported these days. This year's crops are going to run larger than last year's, and we are going to export considerably more wheat and corn this season than last. But the increase, in all probability, will not amount to so very much. The fact of the matter is that in order to satisfy our own requirements we *need* crops very much larger than those we are at present raising. By the time domestic consumption has been provided for, even out of a crop as abundant as this year's, there is mighty little left for export.

The fourth point of contact between the season's big crops and the business and financial situation is through the effect likely to be exerted on commodity prices. One thing and one thing only, in all probability, can put a check to the rise in the cost of living, and that is a big increase in the production of foodstuffs. With our population increasing as it is, it is a very simple proposition that, unless the output of foodstuffs is correspondingly increased, prices are bound to keep on going up.

The connection between the rise in the cost of living and the unsatisfactory state of the financial markets is pretty generally understood. As a result of the high prices prevailing, the saving-power of the people has been lessened, and the amount of money available for the purchase of investment securities consequently reduced. That is one thing. Another is the disturbing element introduced by reason of the universal demand for a higher yield. Still another is the over-expansion of bank-loans brought about by the rise in the price of the things the banks lend money on. In these ways and in a number of others which might be mentioned the rise in the cost of living has done business and the markets a great deal of harm. If, then, as a result of the big crops, there is to be a reduction in living costs, the effect on the markets is likely to be most pronounced.

Three billion bushels of corn, 1,500,000,000 bushels of oats, and a wheat crop only once before exceeded constitute a long step toward that bigger production of foodstuffs needed to cut down the cost of living. But whether one crop, however large, can make much of an impression on the level of prices remains to be seen. Were there any assurance that next year's agricultural outturn would duplicate this year's, prices would unquestionably go down—two crops like this one in succession would cut the cost of living ten or twenty per cent. beyond a doubt. But that, as a result of this one crop, commodity prices will show any great recession seems hardly probable. A check to the upward movement, with, perhaps, some little decline here and there, seems all that can be reasonably expected.

Summed up, then, the influence of this year's big crops will be, measurably, to increase railroad earnings, to stimulate business to a considerable degree, to add something to our exports, and, finally, to exert a strong restraining influence on the rise in the cost of living. Constructive and important—but hardly in itself a combination sufficient to bring about the wonderful conditions being predicted as a result of this year's crops.

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Smoke Abatement

By A. L. Ayman

To one who is at all acquainted with boiler practice the prevention of smoke is a live subject. That is, to one who has practical, not theoretical, knowledge of what is needed. The fact is that the abatement of smoke from boilers of any type or of any capacity has been accomplished during the last twenty years or more. Smoke has been abated successfully in thousands of steam plants, and the many thousands of steam plants that are yet producing dense quantities of smoke can be easily freed of the smoke, and at a profit to the owners—if the owners desire to do so.

Societies for the abatement of smoke are being formed constantly. They work from a theoretical standpoint only. Other societies employ at considerable expense so-called investigators, who continue their investigations indefinitely. They never reach a conclusion. As a rule these investigators are persons who have had but little practical experience. They begin their investigations by attempting to devise some means to abate the smoke—without taking into consideration the fact that there are hundreds and even thousands of others who have made the subject a study for years, many of whom have placed in actual use devices which under varying conditions will absolutely secure freedom from smoke in any plant, provided these devices are installed under conditions which are reasonable.

For years the theoretical investigators, who generally get the "newspaper ear" because of their connection with public societies formed for the abatement of smoke or kindred subjects, have had their ideas exploited in the public press. Because of these frequent exploitations and because the devices exploited are seldom heard of in actual use, the general public have reason to believe that the abatement of smoke is practically an impossibility. The contrary is the case.

It is, however, true that in many instances devices which will prevent smoke fail to produce the results expected because the conditions under which they are installed are entirely improper. In many instances the purchaser of these devices conceives the idea that he knows more regarding the device and its application to his boilers than do those who manufacture it and who have made the subject their life-study. Years ago many manufacturers made installations of their devices under the above conditions. To-day the leading manufacturers of devices that will abate the smoke will not sell them, except under conditions which they know to be proper. A failure of any of the leading devices for the prevention of smoke is very infrequent nowadays.

In a large number of instances, too, the devices failed to abate the smoke because the operators were either ignorant, careless, or for personal reasons were so prejudiced that they would not give the device under their charge the care they knew it needed and must have. There are hundreds of cases of this kind. Another reason for so-called failures is the wonderful increase in business of almost all plants requiring steam power. Their output often exceeds the capacity of their steam plant. This makes it necessary to operate the steam plant at a very high percentage above its nominal rating—that is, the rating at which their boilers were sold to deliver.

In many instances users of steam plants obtain from their boilers one hundred per cent. of capacity beyond that which their boilers were sold to provide. In this event, unless special provisions are made, the successful abatement of the smoke nuisance is practically an impossibility. There are, however, many boilers that are operated at a very material percentage beyond their rating and without smoke. The most smoke is, of course, made in plants where the capacity necessary has materially increased since the plant was originally erected.

The whole problem is easily solved. All that is required is to deliver the necessary quantity of air to the furnace to produce commercially complete combustion. This air cannot be supplied when the stack draught is insufficient, or unless mechanical means are provided for the delivery of air to the furnace, in which event a sufficient stack draught must be supplied to convey the products of combustion from the firing furnace to the heating surface of the boiler. The proportion of grate surface to heating surface is another feature that must be very carefully considered.

It is a fact that smoke once made cannot be consumed. Yet the United States government constantly grants patents covering various schemes for burning smoke that has been made. Thousands of dollars are spent every year in patent fees for devices of this kind, and in the exploiting of such devices.

It can be set down as a settled fact that the abatement of smoke from bituminous coal is possible in any plant within reasonable limits. Where the limits are unreasonable the necessary changes can in almost every instance be made with but small cost as compared with the benefits that are certain to accrue.

It goes without saying that when commercially complete combustion is secured—and this can be secured by using numerous devices that have been on the market for years—there must be a saving in fuel, which is mainly due to the delivery of a proper quantity of air to properly permit the consumption of the fuel required.

The Hygiene of Violins

The violin and violoncello are most sensitive to atmospheric conditions and suffer from atmospheric variations quite as much as the tender vocal cords of the singer. Those who have attempted to make the violin an ornament by hanging it upon the wall have had reason to repent taking such a liberty. The violin loses its varnish and gradually its pitch and timbre. The artificial heat of rooms in winter makes its tone raucous when it does not obliterate it entirely. Metal cases, morocco-covered, are equally unfit for it. A strong, well-varnished wooden case, even though it be not especially attractive to the eye, suits the susceptibilities of the violin much better. Certain qualities, sometimes unsuspected, in the wood play an important part in the falsification of notes, causing progressive deterioration. There was a time when manufacturers applied to their product several coats of "paint"—*i. e.*, a concentrated solution of bichromate of sodium potash in boiling water. The wood soon acquired a yellow tone, and, under the action of light after drying, the color darkened and took on the aspect of very old paint. For commercial purposes this was all very well, but what happened to the purchaser was that as soon as he began to use his instrument exposed to the light the bichromate worked on the gelatine which the manufacturers employed to color the wood and prevent the penetrating of the varnish, while some element in the bichromate of soda was converted into stone. The violin suffered petrification, which impeded its tone and rendered it useless.

Pennies

That Americans are careless of their small change is evidenced by the fact that of the 150,000,000 pennies annually sent out from the Philadelphia Mint only a small percentage are ever accounted for afterward.

It is thought that but a very small percentage of pennies lost in the streets are ever found, since they lack luster and fail to catch the eye as does a silver coin. The chances are that they are swept up with rubbish and so, for the most part, lost as coins.

When the new Lincoln pennies were first placed in circulation thousands were used as souvenirs, never again to find their way into general circulation. Hundreds were gold plated and silvered to be used as cuff-links and stick-pins.

County fairs and shows of various kinds mutilate thousands of pennies every year. At the fairs one may see a machine that will flatten a cent and at the same time emboss a souvenir view of the event.

Hundreds of thousands of pennies are carried out of the United States by tourists, who leave them abroad. A year or two ago one hundred thousand of them were shipped to Cuban bankers and placed in circulation among the laboring classes in Cuba. The American copper runs a close second to the pin, of which millions are lost every year.

Compressed Gas

During the last ten years or so the practice of transmitting compressed gas from some central station to small towns ha grown rapidly. In Illinois one plant now supplies several thousand customers, in Indiana another has as many, and in California one plant has about six thousand consumers on its line of pipes. Another plant is now projected to supply ten thousand customers, and it is estimated that one hundred and twenty miles of piping will be required.

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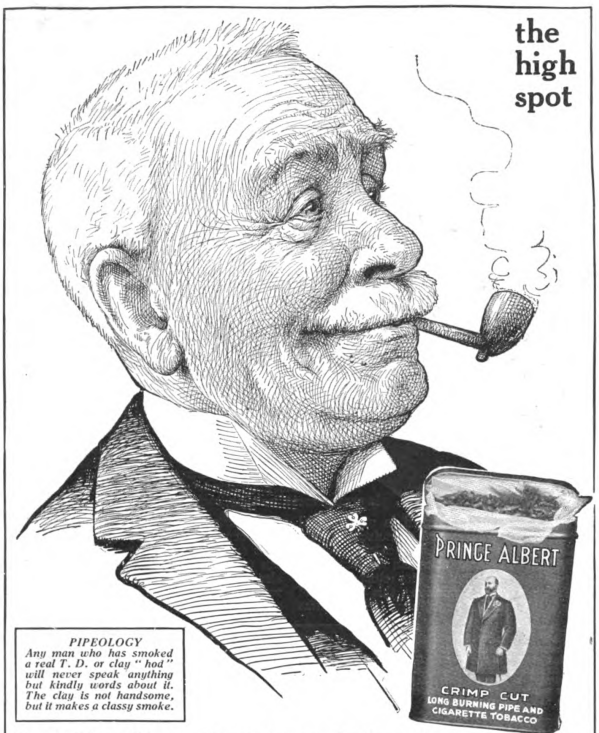

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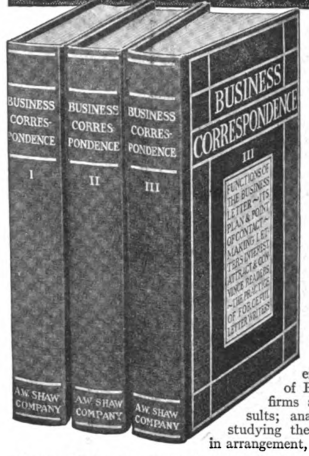

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The Danysz Virus and Rats in the Tropics

CULTURES of bacteria that cause diseases among rats and other rodents have been used for several years as means for exterminating these pests. Experiments made with several different species of bacteria in the tropics have in many cases given inconclusive results; but the experimentation is being continued.

In Jamaica, where the rats cause a yearly loss of half a million dollars to the cocoa-plant, a special study has been made of this method of rat extermination. Since 1908 there has been at work a government commission on the extermination of rats. After trying and discarding poisons and traps, the commission turned to the use of a virus. It soon came to the conclusion that the cultures prepared in Europe underwent certain deteriorative changes because of the heat and light and thus lost their efficacy. In some cases the imported cultures even imparted to the rats a certain immunity against further inoculation. It is always necessary to use the virus fresh and in sufficient quantities.

Mr. Cousins, director of the agriculture for the colony, undertook the study of a virus adapted to the tropics and succeeded, after a year, in producing encouraging results with a virus prepared in his laboratory. The virus is inoculated into rats that are then set free. Mr. Ashby, chief of the government laboratory at Kingston, states that the rats infected with the cultures died in from three to five days. If they become infected naturally there is a period of several days during which they do not seem to suffer at all; then the symptoms develop rapidly, leading to many deaths. He confirms the view that the virus prepared in cold countries fails to do the desired work in the tropics. The best results were obtained by making subcultures of the imported virus at Kingston, then inoculating a number of rats and setting them at liberty. These rats died in a few days, in the mean while spreading the contagion to other rats. The dead rats are eaten by the survivors, thus continuing the work of extermination even after their death.

Simple Sterilization of Water

A FRENCH scientist, M. Dienert, has discovered that drinking-water can be completely sterilized by being placed in a vessel containing a small piece of zinc and stirred from time to time. He has placed distilled water in test tubes, with a small piece of zinc in each, and then added cultures of various microbes. After a time the microscope shows the microbes gathered about the zinc and all dead. Zinc and zinc oxide are practically insoluble in water, but the bacteria cause slight quantities of these substances to be dissolved, probably because they secrete a small amount of some acid. The amount of zinc dissolved, however, is so small as to be absolutely harmless when taken in with the water.

The extended use of zinc and "galvanized" iron vessels as receptacles for drinking-water shows that the zinc will last a very long time. This use of zinc or zinc-lined containers works thus automatically to sterilize the water placed in them. Experiments in which cultures were made from water that had been kept in zinc vessels for various lengths of time will tell us before long whether this principle can be utilized on a large scale for sterilizing drinking-water intended for domestic or community consumption.

Woman's Brain

MAN has always been apt to ascribe to the brain the certain fundamental differences of character existing between men and women. It appears, however, from a comparison of trustworthy statistics, that the brain of the average man is about only one-tenth larger than that of the average woman; and that if, on the other hand, the ratio between the size of brain and body be taken into account, man's brain comes out second best. Happily, however, the "lord of creation" finds a loophole of escape from the natural inference from this fact. The smaller animal always has the larger proportional brain. A cat has more brain in proportion to its size than an elephant, and a baby's brain is five times the relative size of its father's.

Woman, however, has other lines of defense. All mental activity finds its origin in the thin outer layer or cortex of the brain. On every square inch there are some ten millions of minute cells, the instruments of mental energy. It has been suggested that a more just comparison might be based on a consideration of these cells. But no observer has yet shown that sex makes any difference in the number, development, or vital energy of these brain elements.

When all is said, if the average man prefers to regard size as the correct index of intelligence, he must admit that forty per cent. of the women he meets are of larger intellect than he. This will give him food for reflection, and perhaps, after a little, he will agree with Sutherland that "every year seems to show with increasing conclusiveness that there is in the great mass of cases a practical equality in male and female minds."

The Invasion of the Sea

THERE are portions of land along the seacoast where the waves are always fighting for dominion. The erosion is very rapid unless these places are protected by artificial dikes or by natural embankments of sand. On the east coast of England startling changes have been wrought within a few hundred years. Where the old maps of that coast appear incorrect, showing capes where there are now bays, the want of accuracy to-day is not due to any fault of the old map-makers. The shore line has greatly changed, and towns have disappeared or are now to be seen under the waves.

The most wonderful feature of all this is the slender means whereby the power of the sea is resisted. A layer of sand only a few inches in thickness, washed upon the edge of a marsh, will bear all the pounding and beating of the sea in a storm, and be made all the firmer by what it has to endure. And yet the same sand, when dry, will drift before the wind like snow, and will seem as poorly fitted for a breakwater as would a snow-bank.

All along our own Atlantic coast are to be found beaches similar to those of the east coast of England, which rest upon soft mud. The means for preserving these are as simple as the nature of the beaches themselves. Grasses that will grow in the sand, and nowhere else, give the only protection that can be found, and in most instances all the protection needed. The variety grown is called marum grass in England. The name evidently means sea grass. This grass is used by the Dutch on the sand hillls that line their seashore; and it is altogether likely that the practice of sowing it was introduced into England from Holland in very early times.

As nature provides very simple means for holding the water and the sand, so the banks are threatened from a quarter from which danger would hardly be expected. When the water is low the rats pierce the banks with their holes, and these quickly enlarge in the soft sand, so that a single rat-hole may prove the destruction of miles of embankment.

One feature that is not sufficiently taken into account by those interested in diking and reclaiming marshes is that the peaty soil settles, upon being drained, and brings the surface much lower than before. Artificial dikes must be made with this result in view.

Rude Forefathers

NEWLY-FOUND neolithic deposits near Lyons comprise remains hidden in an oval grotto seventeen feet long and ten feet wide. The grotto was discovered by men digging in a quarry. While it contained human bones, it was not a sepulcher. The place was an ossuary, used for bones cast out of sepulchers. The bones were either skulls or from limbs; there were no other parts of the skeleton, and nothing was found with the bones but objects hollowed out of stones, molds, or other receptacles. Of the fourteen skulls taken from the ruins, twelve are distinctly long-headed; the others, which are short-headed, show that there had been an infiltration of new blood. The bones were from a skeleton which, if normal, was of a height of about five feet. The skull was regular, the forehead was rounded and well developed, the face was short, and the orbits were low and widened transversally. Evidently the men of the grotto were of the race that occupied the south of France toward the end of the paleolithic period.

The Mystery of Sleep

IT is impossible to give any precise explanation of the phenomenon of sleep. Yet many theories have been advanced. Legendre has shown by fairly conclusive arguments that it is due neither to "brain pallor," nor to intoxication by carbonic acid, nor to the presence of narcotic substances in the blood, theories that have been in turn advanced. Legendre intimates his preference for the view that sleep is not the result of fatigue, but is an inherited instinct designed to protect the organism against the ill effects of fatigue.

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Hothouses Under Water

It is a common experience of bathers, where the water is comparatively still, to find it warmer than the air. This is due, of course, to the heating action of the sun's rays, which are absorbed by the water, the dark heat rays being taken up near the surface, while the visible or light rays penetrate deeply. Such places are always rich in animal life as compared with spots exposed to the waves and currents of the open sea, and sometimes extraordinarily so. A curious example is afforded by the "oyster pools," as they are called, of Norway, where oysters do not grow along the coast generally. In many of the fjords, however, there are little side basins, separated from the outer fjords each by a sill which is covered only at high water. At the surface the water within such a basin is comparatively fresh, but from the depth of about a yard down to the bottom it is very salt and heavy. The summer sun heats the water to the depth of a few yards, but it cools rapidly during the chill nights. At the distance of a fathom or so beneath the surface, however, the heavy and protected water yields little of its acquired heat. When this has gone on for some time the temperature at the depth of two or three fathoms or more may become remarkably high—sometimes exceeding one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, while the surface will fall to less than seventy degrees. This is because the surface layer prevents the escape of the deeper warmth into the air, thus serving the same purpose as the glass roof of a hothouse. In effect, that is what such a pool is. In midsummer tropical conditions prevail, and oysters and other species flourish there which could not endure at all the outside conditions so far north. The pools get stocked originally by chance survivals, presumably of eggs or larvæ, of southern organisms drifted north in midsummer.

A HOOKED LEVIATHAN

THIS SUNFISH, MEASURING TEN AND ONE-HALF FEET ACROSS FROM THE EXTREMITY OF EITHER FIN AND WEIGHING TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, WAS CAUGHT OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST RECENTLY AND IS NOW IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AT NEW YORK

A Night

The day's faint, sultry breeze had died away;
The twilight fell, portentous, sad and swift,
Suddenly closing in; a stifling gray
Brooded above me, pallid, with no rift.

Above the heavens bend like dull, blurred brass,
Yellowish; the flowers fail and droop and die.
Beneath my feet is burnt and charred the grass,
And see! And see! The lightning rips the sky!

O night! Deep night! O strange, mysterious night,
Where hushed and secretive the darkness creeps;
Pass swiftly o'er my head; and let the light
Wake hope again for one who waits and weeps.

Westmore Willcox, Jr.

Lead-pencils Without Lead

The above title is not in description of some new writing implement, but of the same old pencils with which mankind has been writing for years. At one time the basic material was called plumbago, "plumbum" being the Latin word for lead. Neither black-lead nor plumbago, which are the same thing, contains any lead whatsoever. This mineral is also called graphite, a term that was applied in 1789, and means nothing more than a substance for writing.

The pencils are manufactured from a mixture of graphite and clay. The purifying and refining of these materials is a lengthy process in the making of higher-grade pencils.

The graphite is pulverized and the dust floated through settling tanks. In the first tank the gritty particles go to the bottom, and the finer dust is floated on. Repeated settlings and floatings bring to the last tank the pure graphite dust that is used for the best pencils. The clay, which must be free of sand and iron, is put through the same process.

In mixing the graphite and clay dust, a heavy paste is formed. This mixture is then put into a vertical cylinder, which has a perforated base, through which the material is forced by a plunger, coming out in a thread. After being cut to the required length, the threads are heated in crucibles for some hours.

Hardness and softness in their many degrees, with accompanying blackness and grayness of writing quality, are a matter of heating in the crucible and proportioning of the ingredients. The more graphite and less heat the softer and blacker is the pencil.

Pencils of coarse quality, such as are used by carpenters on wood, are pulverized graphite mixed with sulphur and tallow, and run into molds.

In its natural state graphite has a metallic luster, is somewhat greasy to the touch, and imparts its blackness much more readily than in pencil form. It is also produced artificially. Graphite is crystallized carbon, and chemically is the same as the diamond. For that matter, so is the principal factor in many other cheap commodities, as shoe-blacking.

Twenty-four-hour Clock Faces

Many years ago the Italian government established a standard twenty-four-hour day as an official basis for recording and reporting time. All the railroads in Italy run on schedules whose hours are numbered continuously from midnight to midnight. Later the same system was adopted in Belgium and within the year also in France. One of the chief obstacles to the adoption of the plan in any country lies in the fact that we are accustomed to our forenoon and afternoon systems of calculation and our watches are all built on the twelve-hour plan.

A Frenchwoman, Madame Martha Mazaudrier, has devised a plan for reconciling our old watch-face habits with the new system. Her plan consists essentially of a supplementary pointer and a supplementary dial. The scheme allows of many different combinations. In one style of watch the numbers from one to twenty-four are arranged around the outer margin and the numbers from one to twelve in a second circle nearer the center. The minute hand makes a complete revolution every hour, but there are two hour hands: one makes a revolution in twelve hours and the other makes one in twenty-four hours. One can therefore tell at a glance what the time is according to either system.

To avoid confusion the two hour hands can be differentiated by means of color or form. In one style of watch the smaller twelve-hour dial is distinct from the larger twenty-four-hour dial and slightly raised above it. The longer hour hand travels between the two disks, only the very tip of it being visible beyond the margin of the smaller dial. In this way any possible confusion of the eye by the presence of a third hand is entirely avoided.

Life Under Pressure

The bed of the Arctic seas is very fine and plastic, while in the other zones of the Atlantic the bed is covered with reddish mud and an accumulation of the remains of animals that lived in the surface waters, died, and slowly sank.

The pressure of the sea increases about one atmosphere to every ten meters, so every additional hundred meters adds the pressure of ten atmospheres. When deep-sea fishes are brought to the surface they lose their scales, their teguments become brittle, and they are so inflated by internal distension caused by the lessened pressure that in many cases they burst asunder.

Softening Granite Slabs

It has been observed that, under certain conditions which have not been explained, granite will warp like wood. A slab set in a wall has been under observation in Switzerland, and a perceptible distortion has made itself apparent.

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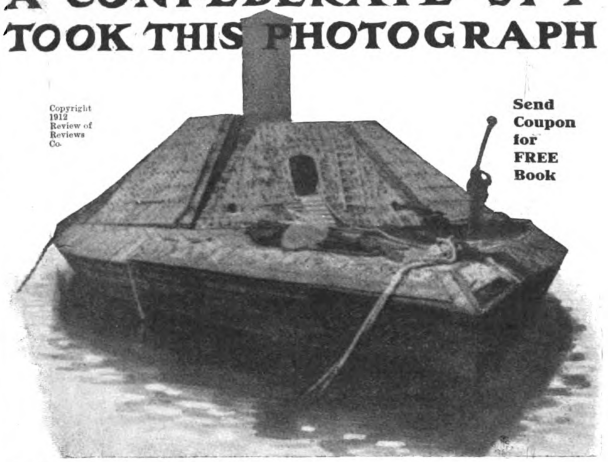

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STARTLING reminder of the adventure—the daring, the reckless courage of those hot days fifty years ago is this photograph taken by Lytle of the Confederate Secret Service along the Mississippi. He slipped through the Union lines and photographed the cavalry in formation, the men in camp, regiments ready for battle—all as information for the Confederate Generals. And now you can own these strange photographs, telling the very secret heart of history—in your set of the

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New Harbor Works

A CONSIDERABLE amount of harbor work is being done at present. Most interesting, historically, is the renovation of Piræus, the port of Athens. The enlargement of this harbor is planned and new customs buildings, warehouses, cranes, and quays are to be erected. Thus, it is hoped, shortly, when a connection has been established between the Greek and Turkish railroad systems, to accommodate the increased traffic. Another port with a history, now in course of rehabilitation, is Macao, near Hong-Kong, settled by the Portuguese in 1557. Dredging for a channel from the sea to the port's inner harbor has been completed, and this channel it is intended to widen and deepen for the anchorage of big ships.

Asia generally is waking up. In India, at Madras port, there is a remarkable development of shipping facilities which have replaced old lighterage methods. The chief improvement is a system of quays that will greatly increase the port's capacity and allow vessels to come alongside at low tide.

A great scheme is being planned for Nieuport, Belgium. This is the diversion of the water which now empties itself into the harbor through five locks to make it flow into the sea direct. At Ghent there is to be constructed a large dry-dock, and a new quay wall is being built. In Denmark proposals have been submitted for harbor works on the Faroe Islands. It is a significant fact that German shipping companies take a special interest in the development of Boulogne's deep-sea harbor. This is taken to foreshadow a desertion of Cherbourg in favor of Boulogne, which would enable business men traveling between Europe and South America to reach their destination more quickly. The Russian government has assigned a large sum for the improvement of Rostov and an increase in the port's area.

Tenders from British and Canadian firms are advertised for the breakwater at Victoria harbor. Vera Cruz will shortly possess a new coaling station. In South America there has just been launched at Puerto Cabello a steel dock vails at Pernambuco in connection with of American build. Great activity prethe new harbor works. Port construction has been in progress for some time at San Antonio and Valdivia, Chile, not to mention the new works at Valparaiso.

Among adjuncts to harbor works is the erection of a port granary at Glasgow for the loading and discharge of grain to ships at the quay. In New Zealand there is under consideration a system of lighthouses, special attention being given to the Three Kings Islands which lie directly in the track of shipping between New Zealand and Australia.

Meanwhile the Gulf of Mexico is like a big department store before the rush hour, so busy is the scene at ports in anticipation of the opening of the Panama Canal. One noticeable feature is the possibility of the water-front extension at Galveston, Mobile, and Pensacola. That conditions, in fact, compare so favorably with those ten years ago is largely due to the perfection of suction dredges.

Why Thunder Sours Milk

IT is universally known that milk turns sour after a thunder-storm. This has been attributed to the large quantity of ozone which is liberated by the electricity in the air. The experiments of Professor Trillat in Paris do not confirm that theory. He has established that atmospheric depressions cause putrefying gases —normally quiescent—to rise to the surface of certain substances, and in support of his theory points out that odors of all sorts are more permeating after storms. These atmospheric depressions accelerate the decomposition of gases and tend to liberate them. Hence lactic ferment is produced. Professor Trillat has made many experiments with diverse substances under varying pressures and has observed that when the barometer is lowest (during storms, etc.) the decomposition of gases is most rapid.

Trousseaux

IN ancient Greece the trousseaux were made by all the women of the bride's house. Later the Merovingian chiefs exacted that their brides should come to the marriage bringing all their possessions. When the daughter of the seigneur of Covey married, her trousseaux, or "trousses," included "nine servitors, thirty liegemen, a chaplain, and an astrologist." The customs of the seigneurs evolved popular "fashions," and, high and low, the women multiplied their garments and the fashions of them.

Under the Empire the trousseau was composed of jewels, lace, fine underwear, bonnets, and veils.

MR. HO. "I lost my balance as the street car started to-day and sat right in a monkey's lap."

MRS. HO. "Oh! I hope you apologized."

MR. HO. "No; it was too late, but I'm going to send a wreath."

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Thunderstones and Aerolites

IT was not until the eighteenth century that science was convinced that stones and metals fall from outer space. The British Museum has now a collection of more than 550 meteors, the fall of more than half of which was observed by authentic witnesses.

Meteorites are composed of various minerals; an aerolite is of stone formation. The minerals most frequently found are iron, nickel, magnesium, calcium, silicon, aluminium, and phosphorus; there are also copper, cobalt, antimony, chromium, manganese, tin, sodium, and vanadium. Occasionally there are traces of gold, silver, platinum, and lead. No element unknown to our earth has been discovered.

Previous to such scientific acceptance, it was a popular belief that thunderstorms are sometimes accompanied by the fall of stones. This belief prevailed especially in Scotland. Science disproved this to its own satisfaction, but not to the entire peasantry of some countrysides. The meteors are not the so-called thunderstones. The latter, as found in the British Isles, were proven to be of two sorts: first, prehistoric stone implements; second, belemnite, which is a contribution to geology from the prehistoric cuttlefish. Belemnites are as long as twelve inches, tapering like a spear-head; and, by the way, the Greek "Belemnon" means a dart or javelin. Scottish folklore has given various names to these curious objects—viz., thunderstones, elf shots, devil-fingers, and bot stones.

Having no record of their Stone Age ancestors, some of the country folk attributed the flint arrow-heads to magical workshops of contemporary activity. Indeed, there was no lack of testimony to the effect that a wanderer from fairyland had cast the missile. Some persons went so far as to claim themselves victims of such elfish marksmanship, averring that they had found the flints in their clothing after feeling a slight shock. There was no wound because these elf shots caused internal mischief without injury to the skin. Elaborate incantations were recited for the relief of the sufferer. Flint is the material from which the prehistoric warrior fashioned many of his weapons. As these stones give forth sparks when struck, that fact was considered circumstantial evidence of their having fallen during a lightning storm.

Insurance Against Rain

THE famous insurance company, Lloyds, has recently established insurance against the effects of bad weather for the benefit of tourists who in spring and summer make excursions in the south and west of England. These policies are called "rain policies" and are divided into four classes—A, B, C, and D. Tourists taking policies of the A class have to pay five dollars weekly during the journey, but in exchange receive forty dollars weekly for each week that has rainfall for more than two days. The "rainy days" are considered by the policies of the A and B class to be those in which the rainfall registers more than five millimeters of rain in twenty-four hours, but the assured does not collect on the A policy even though it may pour for two days in the week, unless the rainfall on a subsequent day registers the above stated amount. With the B policy the assured collects even though it rain but one day in the week, but since the probabilities of this are much greater than in the cases covered by the other policies the rates are higher and the amount recovered relatively less. The C and D policies offer diverse combinations under the basis already indicated.

Rose-Perfume from Paraffin

PARAFFIN does not figure in the category of perfumes, but recent investigations show that it may figure in the category of odors. However absurd it may seem, it is certain that essence of roses may be manufactured from it. The profits offered by this industry are evident at once if one considers that the pure essence of roses is sold at forty cents a drop for the best. As the essence is fully as popular as it is expensive, the majority of the preparations that are sold in the name of "essence of roses" are nothing but imitations and not always good ones. The latest product was discovered by accident on the congealing of paraffin with liquid air. As the paraffin solidified it was observed that there floated over its surface an unknown liquid containing a new perfume. This perfume when refined was to all intents and purposes "essence of roses." Besides the essence of roses, other perfumes have been obtained by a special process.

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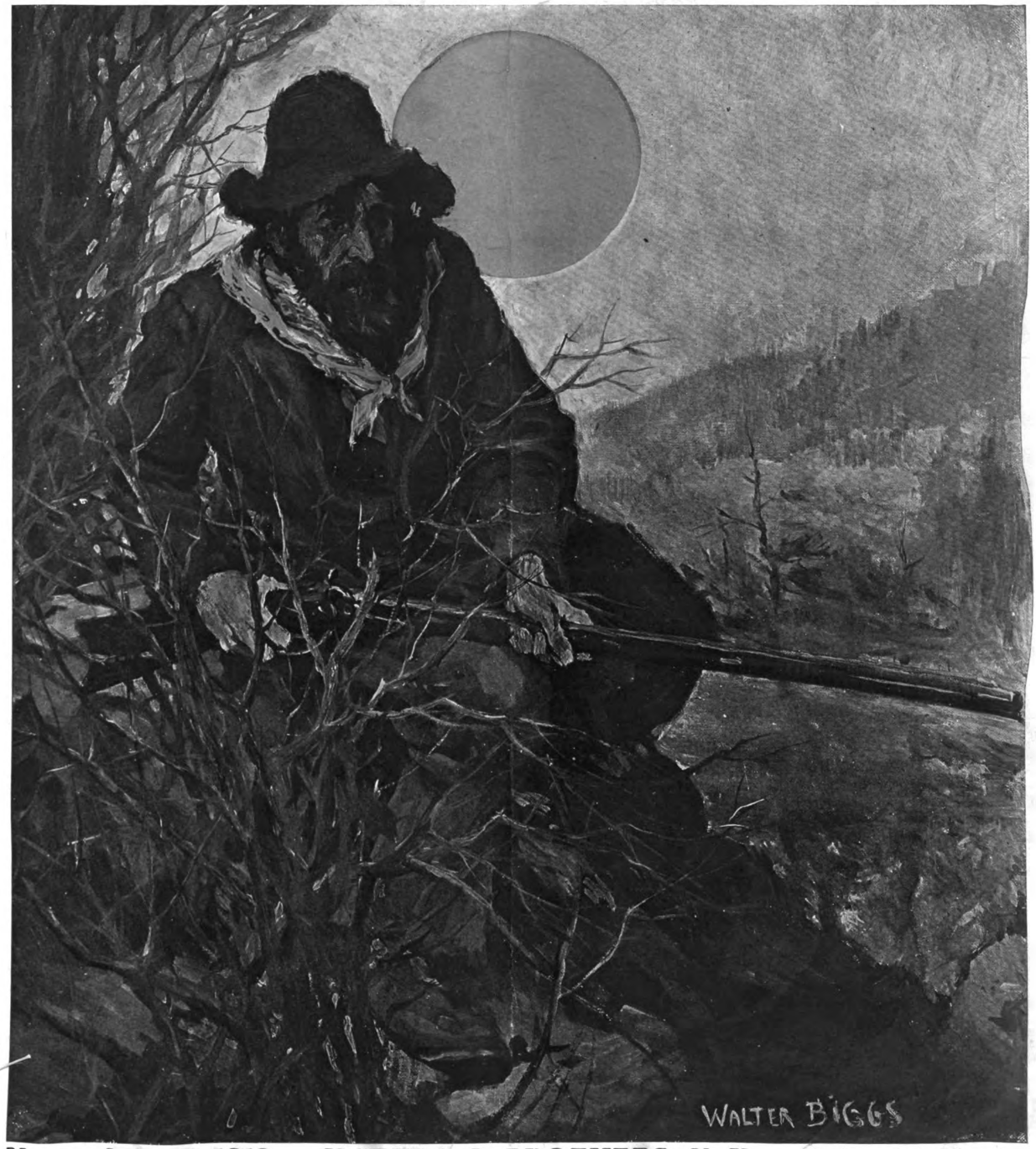
HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



November 16 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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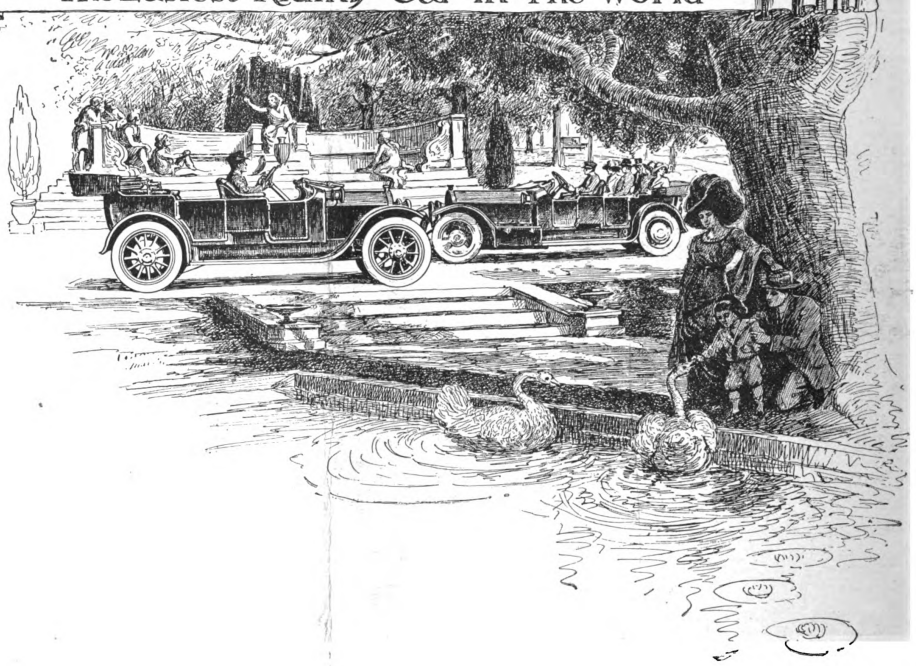
MARMON

"The Easiest Riding Car In The World"



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Marmon service is efficient and dependable.

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Sixty years of successful manufacturing.

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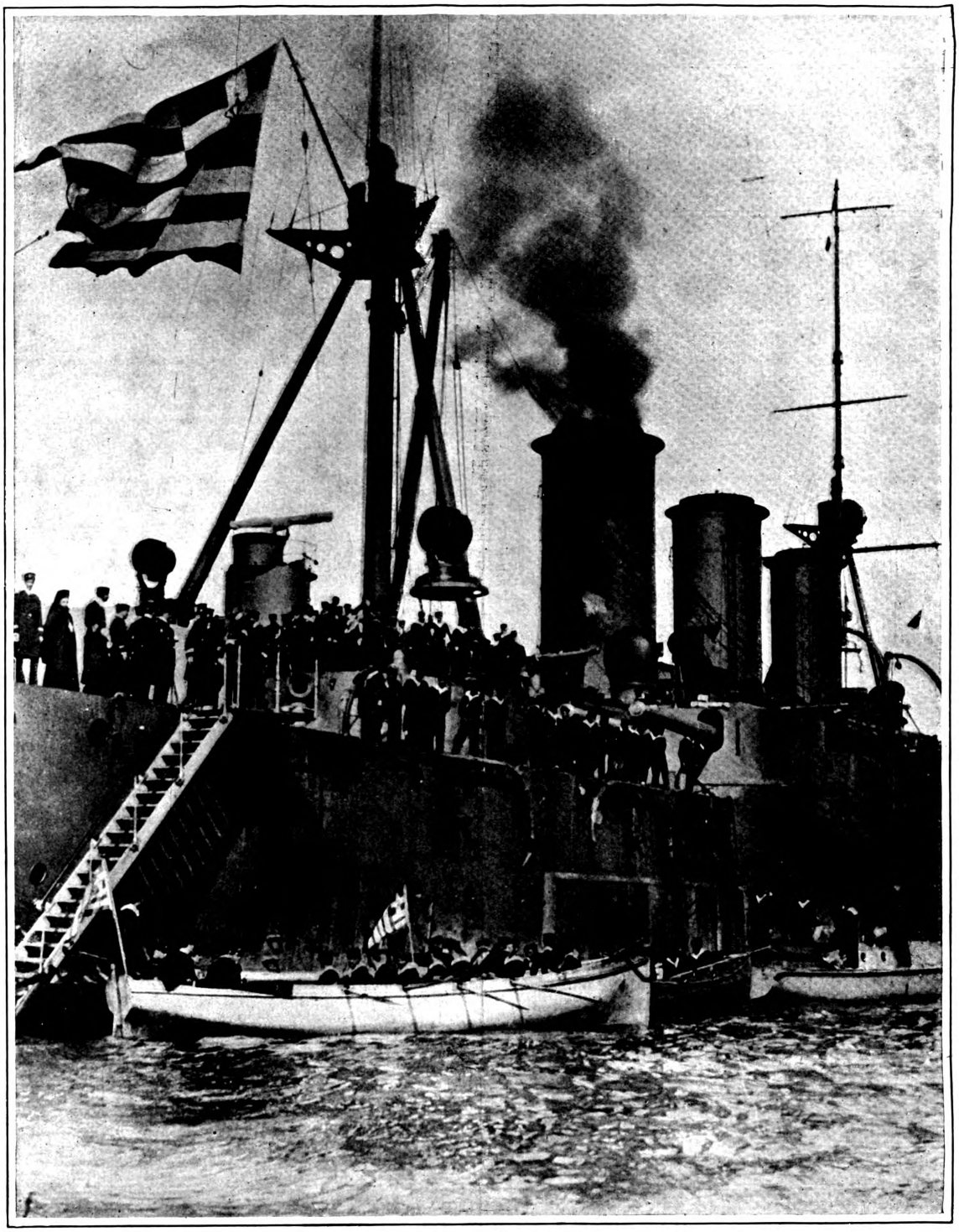

THE WAR IN THE NEAR EAST

The Greek armored cruiser "Averoff," of 10,000 tons displacement, en route for the Turkish coast. Admiral Contouriotis telegraphed a challenge to the Ottoman commander to leave the Dardanelles and fight, but the latter prudently declined, and the "Averoff," which comprises the main effective fighting strength of the Greek navy, has been engaged in peacefully blockading the enemy's coasts

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COMMENT

Six Years, 7 Months, and 21 Days

I

WE venture to suggest the nomination of President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.—*Harper's Weekly of March 10, 1906.*

II

We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate WOODROW WILSON as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention of 1912.—*Harper's Weekly of November 28, 1908.*

III

We now expect to see WOODROW WILSON elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910.—*Harper's Weekly of May 15, 1909.*

IV

At the expiration of sixteen months since the above appeared in this place we perceive no occasion to revise our calculations. Mr. WILSON'S majority will be forty thousand.—*Harper's Weekly of September 24, 1910.*

V

We now fully anticipate the nomination of WOODROW WILSON for President of the United States by the Democratic national convention of 1912, as against WILLIAM H. TAFT, Republican candidate.—*Harper's Weekly of November 19, 1910.*

VI

We end this series of prophecies with a prediction that WOODROW WILSON will be duly elected President of the United States in November next.—*Harper's Weekly of July 13, 1912.*

VII

We now predict that WOODROW WILSON'S majority over all in the electoral college will exceed **300**—*Harper's Weekly of November 2, 1912.*

VIII

It was **327**.

Finis.

Steady in the Boat

Far be it from us to dampen the ardor of exultant guides of Democracy, but may it not be well to go back and sit down awhile before calling extra sessions and constructing cabinets? Inauguration day being still nearly four months away, why not devote a portion of the intervening time to study and reflection? It is never easy to start a new administration upon the highroad to success, and a false step at the beginning is apt to handicap the future seriously. Why, then, make unnecessary haste in forming momentous decisions?

We are not prepared to say that an extra session may not be a good thing. First-rate arguments can be and are being advanced in its favor. But the considerations involved, both political and economic, are highly important. It is well enough to say that if a thing is to be done let it be done quickly, but it is far more essential that it be done satisfactorily. Not only is preparedness a prime requisite of real achievement, but an extra session itself is or should be regarded as simply a part of a carefully devised programme. Otherwise it invites only disaster such as has attended previous attempts to heed popular "mandates" hurriedly.

It seems to be taken for granted by the most insistent advocates of the suggestion that adequate tariff legislation awaits only a majority of votes in the two Houses and the signature of the new President. We doubt if that view will hold water. It is a fact, of course, that several measures have already been passed under party pressure preliminary to a national campaign, and have been duly vetoed. Granting the excellence of the provisions of these separate bills, the fact remains that their purpose was primarily political. Not one of those who drew them, we venture to assert, would maintain that they are not susceptible of improvement. Moreover, while doubtless admirable as making for specific reductions, there still remains the question whether they are as well adapted to a general revision as they might be made.

For, despite the fact that seems to have been overlooked by the urgent ones, a general revision there must be. The Democratic party is now in full power to enact measures into law, and must act accordingly. Mere striking at certain "indefensible" duties sufficed as an example of intent, but it cannot serve as a comprehensive policy. The various schedules are interwoven inextricably, and must be treated as a whole. Although, in his somewhat precipitate declaration in favor of an extra session, Mr. UNDERWOOD does not allude to this very important consideration, we cannot doubt that he appreciates it fully, and proposes to conform to the obvious requirements of changed political conditions.

The question then arises whether the new Congress, meeting for the first time simultaneously with the breaking in of a new administration, will be as well equipped as it will be later, when the new Secretary of the Treasury will be better acquainted with revenue requirements and the bearing of customs duties generally, to handle the difficult subject most efficaciously.

It may be so. Indeed, in view of the common desire to have the matter settled as promptly as possible, our instinctive judgment is that it will be so. But the decision is not one to be made offhand, and we are glad to see that Mr. WILSON proposes to take time to think it over in the light to be derived from painstaking inquiry and prudent counsel.

The incoming President does well also to put a quietus upon Cabinet gossip. He has authorized nobody to speak for him on this subject, and "inferences" from his conversation are rendered nugatory by his declaration that every valid announcement will be made over his own signature. This is both wise and politic. It cannot prevent aspirants from getting frequent "mention," but it will tend to allay inevitable disappointments, and will serve beyond question to relieve the new President himself from embarrassments arising from real or assumed misunderstandings.

The fact of the matter is that there is no great excess of Cabinet timber in the Democratic party. Not that the old aggregation does not contain ability in abundance. It does undoubtedly, but in the very nature of things an organization so long out of power could not have developed men whose special talents are generally recognized. It is quite possible that unavoidable inexperience will find adequate compensation in exceptional zeal and peculiar adaptability, but selection must necessarily be somewhat experimental. Under such circumstances, especially in view of the heavy responsibility which now devolves upon the great department chiefs and of the President's dependence upon their sagacity and skill for his own properous issue, it is clearly a time, not merely to make haste slowly, but to hurry not at all.

The ice under the Democratic party is none too thick for comfort or for safety.

The South and the Election

Readers of this journal will recall that it has for years heartily favored the idea of nominating and electing some fit Southerner to the Presidency. It has held that Northern people would no longer object to a fit man merely because he happened to be of Southern birth and rearing, and it has felt very strongly that the country ought to be free to choose its Presidents without any thought of sectional lines.

The election, it would seem, has amply justified our contention. But that is not the reason why we mention it now. We mention it because we hope our record on this matter will be enough to win for us the privilege of voicing freely, and without any risk of misconstruction, one of the reflections that now come to us.

As a result of the election the South is going to have great power in our common government—more than it has had for many, many years. It is not merely that the President will be a man of Southern birth, the first since ANDREW JOHNSON, and the first to be elected to the office since ZACHARY TAYLOR. That fact is naturally gratifying to Southerners, but it has not struck the country as very significant. Governor WILSON is too distinctly national a figure, with his Northern education and residence and his record of high services in Northern communities, for anybody to take his election as a mere sectional triumph. The really important thing is that Southern men will by virtue of long service take the lead in both Houses of Congress at a time when the party they belong to, and which practically the whole South belongs to, will control every department of the government. Most of the chairmen of the great committees of both Houses will be Southerners. Southerners, therefore, will shape our legislation. Giving due weight to the practical certainty that this will be so, and also to the Southern origin of the President-elect, it is not much of an exaggeration to say that for two years, at least, and possibly for four, the welfare of the Republic is committed to Southern hands.

Nobody can blame the South for elation as it takes in the full meaning of what has happened. We do not, certainly. But we do trust that the South at the same time feels to the full the immense responsibility which it thus incurs.

The South and the Nation's Service

For our own part, we have much confidence that the South will rise to its great occasion in the right spirit—that is to say, in a truly national and not a merely provincial or sectional spirit. We find nothing to the contrary in the utterances of Southern men or in the tone of the Southern press. We know, too, that among the Southern leaders at Washington there are men who are not likely to forget what they owe to their party or to their country; men who will be fully conscious that their power will be short-lived unless from the very start they exercise it not as Southerners, but as Americans; men who love their whole country, and are proud of it, and would resent any imputation of narrowness in their way of serving it. Let every Southerner at Washington take that view of his duties and his opportunities under the new dispensation, let the South itself, through its newspapers and other organs of public opinion, sustain its representatives in that attitude, and the country will not regret what it did election day.

All this may sound rather general and vague; but we believe every thoughtful Southerner will understand it and will agree with us as to its very practical importance.

Not, however, that any Southerner needs to forget he is a Southerner in order to serve the Republic aright. That is far from our meaning. It is, in fact, the reverse of our meaning, for we mean that Southerners, because they *are* Southerners, ought now to feel an especial call and consecration to the service and guardianship of the whole nation. Certainly we would not have them forget the tradition of such spacious patriotism to which they are themselves the heirs. In asking them to hold up the hands of another Virginian President we could offer them no better heartening than they themselves will find in the matchless Americanism of the other names that make that line illustrious.

No Joke

Editor HARVEY now waxes exceedingly bold and predicts for Dr. WILSON an electoral vote majority of more than 300 over all. TAFT will get Vermont and Utah, he thinks, and may get Idaho and Wyoming. We mark the prediction. It's one of the humors of the campaign.—*Hartford Courant of November 4th.*

Now let us see. Following is a comparison of the actual results with our summary of November 2d, including "probabilities" which we did not guarantee:

	Forecast	Results
Wilson and Marshall	462	429
Roosevelt and Johnson	54	90
Taft and Sherman	15	*12
Wilson's majority over all	393	327

*Including Idaho.

We designated 33 States as virtually certain for WILSON. He carried 32 of them—all except Minnesota, about which we are still awaiting explanation from the Hon. FREDERICK B. LYNCH.

We allotted WILSON a total of 40 States as certain and probable. He carried 41.

We gave TAFT as certain only Vermont and Utah, and as probable only Idaho and Wyoming. He carried the three first named and no more.

Our *prediction*, be it observed, was cautiously restricted to an actual majority over all of more than 300. That is all we really knew about what was going to happen. The rest was guessing.

If Brother CLARK knows of anybody who guessed better, the joke, of course, is on us.

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Congratulations

The predictions of the New York *Herald* and of Colonel GEORGE HARVEY and all the rest of the wild-eyed prophets appear to have been exceeded by the actual results.—*Macon News.*

The New York *Herald*, after hearing from every part of the land, predicted dispassionately that Mr. WILSON would be President. Why classify us as a "wild-eyed" prophet? Aren't you Southerners sober yet?—*The Herald.*

Our distinguished neighbor's resentment at being designated as a wild-eyed prophet is fully warranted. The *Herald's* forecast, based upon the most extensive and expensive poll ever undertaken, was remarkably accurate. Following is an interesting comparison with the actual results and with our own prediction, which, incidentally, was made several days in advance of the *Herald's:*

Votes	States	*Herald*	*Harper's*	Results
12	Alabama	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
3	Arizona	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
9	Arkansas	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
13	California	Doubtful	Roosevelt	Roosevelt
6	Colorado	Doubtful	Wilson	Wilson
7	Connecticut	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
3	Delaware	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
6	Florida	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
14	Georgia	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
4	Idaho	Taft	Doubtful	Doubtful
29	Illinois	Doubtful	Doubtful	Wilson
15	Indiana	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
13	Iowa	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
10	Kansas	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
13	Kentucky	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
10	Louisiana	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
6	Maine	Taft	Wilson	Wilson
8	Maryland	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
18	Massachusetts	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
15	Michigan	Doubtful	Doubtful	Roosevelt
12	Minnesota	Wilson	Wilson	Roosevelt
10	Mississippi	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
18	Missouri	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
4	Montana	Doubtful	Wilson	Wilson
8	Nebraska	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
3	Nevada	Wilson	Doubtful	Wilson
4	New Hamp.	Taft	Doubtful	Wilson
14	New Jersey	Doubtful	Wilson	Wilson
3	New Mexico	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
45	New York	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
12	North Caro'a	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
5	North Dakota	Doubtful	Doubtful	Wilson
24	Ohio	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
10	Oklahoma	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
5	Oregon	Doubtful	Doubtful	Wilson
38	Pennsylvania	Doubtful	Doubtful	Roosevelt
5	Rhode Island	Taft	Doubtful	Wilson
9	South Caro'a	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
5	South Dakota	Doubtful	Doubtful	Roosevelt
12	Tennessee	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
20	Texas	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
4	Utah	Taft	Taft	Taft
4	Vermont	Taft	Taft	Taft
12	Virginia	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
7	Washington	Roosevelt	Roosevelt	Roosevelt
8	West Virg'a	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
13	Wisconsin	Wilson	Wilson	Wilson
3	Wyoming	Doubtful	Doubtful	Wilson

	By the *Herald*	By *Harper's*
States correctly placed	33	36
States incorrectly placed	4	1
Classified as doubtful	11	11
Totals	48	48

Obviously our opulent and enterprising neighbor has no occasion for being peeved at the merry quip of either a bilious or a bibulous contemporary. Its forecast of the result of a national campaign so sadly muddled was a real journalistic achievement. With the single exception shyly indicated above, it was far and away the most precise of all the prognostications ventured, not excluding even Mister MUNSEY'S striking "intuitive deduction."

We tip our hat to the *Herald.*

Forgetting Hosea

The *Courant* from the best advices it can receive believes that the election to-day will result in a clean Republican victory in this State. That's our business. As for the State ticket, Judge STUDLEY'S nomination, a surprise to himself and a hard blow to the Democratic management, is almost a full guarantee of his election and of that of the whole ticket. In their private conversations leading Democrats give it up outright.—*Hartford Courant of November 5th.*

We don't want to rub it in, but may we not again wax so exceeding bold as to suggest that the above violation of HOSEA BIGELOW'S famous injunction constitutes one of the humors of the campaign?

Sorry

The Savannah *News,* noting certain somewhat bumptious observations from Bull Moose quarters, politely asks:

One of the ROOSEVELT newspapers says that "everybody knows that save for THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S enlightenment of voters to the benefits of progressive politics WOODROW WILSON could never have been called from Princeton University to the Governorship of New Jersey. More than any other living American, more than any group of Americans, THEODORE ROOSEVELT created the conditions which made it possible for WILSON to become a conspicuous and inspiring figure in American politics." This is as much as to say that Colonel ROOSEVELT is entitled to the credit for the election of Governor WILSON to the Presidency. In view of the fact that Colonel HARVEY of HARPER'S WEEKLY had a great deal to do with bringing Governor WILSON into public life, it might be well to inquire of him whether or not Colonel ROOSEVELT made it possible for Governor WILSON to get out of the seclusion of Princeton University and into the political limelight.

We think we may go so far as to say, in reply, that if he did, he's sorry.

What May Yet Happen

It is painful to think of the shocking waste of mathematics and legal lore caused by Colonel HARVEY'S discovery that the election might devolve upon Congress.—*Springfield Republican.*

Was it a waste? We are not so sure of that. Who knows how many Republicans voted the straight Democratic ticket rather than chance the chaos of no election by the people? Our forecast is sufficient evidence that we did not consider the danger real, and yet the *Republican,* of course, has noticed that, if we had been choosing a President by popular majority, the election would have gone to the House of Representatives. And is it a waste to seize an opportunity to bring home to the minds of the people the perils that lurk in our antiquated electoral system—a system that, in the quite possible event of no election by the people in the next national election, say, confers upon a Congress *elected two years before,* the privilege of naming a President? Frankly, we don't think so. Neither will the *Republican,* upon reflection. Its snippy paragraph strayed into an uncongenial place.

To Democrats

Do not forget, on November 28th, to add some thanks to THEODORE.

Now Stop It

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR.—Beautiful thought that which was wafted to President-elect WILSON from the Nebraska sage-brush by the greatest sage of them all:

> "This is the day I long have sought,
> And mourned because I found it not."

But suppose Mr. WILSON should not do thus and so, according to the Nebraska programme, and should not offer a great political prize to the Great Man of Lincoln, Nebraska, and indeed should ignore that Great Man in the plans of his administration, shouldn't the charming little burst of poetry have read,

> "This is the day I long have sought
> And mourned because I found it naught"?

Just supposing. C.

NEW YORK, *November 7th.*

We wish folks would stop putting on Brother BRYAN. He contributed handsomely to the result through his presence in the West and his absence from the East. Moreover, as the cullud lad said of his beloved gee-gee, "When he run, he run just 'z fur an' just 'z as fast as he cud." He is not so slow on his political feet, either. The fact is not to be disregarded that Mr. BRYAN polled more votes in 1896, in 1900, and in 1908 than Mr. WILSON obtained in this present year of grace by THEODORE.

Looking Backward

Now that it is all happily over, we may be forgiven for recalling that this was the first journal, immediately after the Baltimore convention, to direct attention of Democrats to the fact that Mr. TAFT was not the man they had to beat; that it persistently counseled the cultivation of friendly relations with patriotic Republicans; and that it alone paid any serious attention to the election of United States Senators, frankly chiding the Democratic managers for their neglect of Maine and calling for special efforts in Colorado and Illinois, which, we cheerfully record, were given subsequently with a will by both candidates and committees.

Brother Brisbane's Bolt

Brother BRISBANE, always interesting, was interesting in a new way in the late campaign. Urging the election of Mr. STRAUS, he said in an address before election:

I do not speak as an editor. The newspaper by which I am employed is supporting the Democratic ticket from top to bottom. If Mr. HEARST has pledged himself to support the Democratic party that is his business and has nothing to do with my personal views.

I want to make it clear to you that the editorials published in the HEARST papers advocating the election of Mr. SULZER have not been written by me. For a candidate to say that you must vote for him because he claims credit for the abrogation of the Russian passport treaty is the action of a demagogue.

This is the greatest exhibition of detachment and political individuality that Brother BRISBANE has given in our recollection. Perhaps he was a Bull Moose all through. Does anybody know?

Anyhow, congratulations, Brother BRISBANE!

Well-founded Hopes

Driven out of their camps the State over by the rising tide of ROOSEVELT strength, the Republican and Democratic political workers have now fallen back on Boston in the hopes that it will help to save the day for them.—*Brother* MUNSEY'S *Boston paper just before election.*

It did help. They saved the day, between them, for a year ahead in the Governorship, for six years ahead in the prospective Senatorship, and for other periods in other offices. In all, quite a saving!

Felicitations

We tender our sincere congratulations to the public upon the assumption of full control of the *Independent* by Mr. HAMILTON HOLT. We don't know a better editor.

A Sound Reason

It was a fine thing for the equal suffragists to add four stars—Arizona, Kansas, Oregon, and Michigan—to their flag, but better yet that they justified themselves by voting down crazy-quilt notions wherever they had the chance. We want women to have the vote because they have sense.

The Socialists

The Socialists polled nearly a million votes. If ROOSEVELT had not been running, they probably would have got half as many more. That is a fact to be reckoned with. Make no mistake!

War and Peace

It seems abundantly demonstrated that the Balkan allies can whip the Turks clean up against the ropes of Asia. The larger question of the peace of Europe is to the fore this week. Germany, Italy, and Austria, the Triple Alliance, confront England, France, and Russia, the Triple Entente.

The commentator who says that the German Emperor holds the peace of Europe in his hand no doubt comes pretty near the truth. If Austria could have her way to Salonica, of course she would take it. But her venerable Emperor is no hothead, and has great influence, and German WILLIAM is past fifty and conscious of his responsibilities, and a war over the spoils of the Turk that would involve all Europe would be a more appalling chance than the stakes now on the table seem to warrant. It does not seem likely that any of the big players will dare to take it. A great war in Europe would cost far more than any settlement it might procure in southeastern Europe would be worth. The readiness of some of the Powers—France, England, Germany, Austria—for war does not make war more likely, for that preparedness means weight of voice in counsel as much as strength in the actual field or on the sea. Everybody's guns are counted, everybody's bank balance added up, before these great decisions are reached. It will be with rifles across their knees that the Powers in conference will reach their conclusion, but the prospect is that they will reach it, and with powder unburned.

Practised Fighters

It is conceded that the Balkan soldiers are very bonny fighters. They keep in practice better than most moderns, scraps in the family keeping them active and limber. Thus we read in the paper describing the Balkans in ordinary times:

Greeks raid Macedonia, Macedonians retort by raiding Greek settlements in Bulgaria. The case is made worse by the feuds between elements that should be allies. As late as 1886 Servia and Bulgaria had a bitter war. The Albanians and the Montenegrins are perpetually raiding across each other's frontiers.

Which is all bad for the temper and for business, but excellent as martial exercise. It recalls a piece in last Sunday's *Times,* in which a member of the London Bulldog Society laments that bulldogs have become so popular as women's pets that they are losing their fighting qualities. As to his own methods he says:

When my pups are six weeks old I put them at mice. At three months I put them at rats. Later, when they fall out in the kennels, I encourage them within limits, stopping the fight at what I consider the proper time.

That has been about the way of it with the fighters of the Balkans.

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Suffering versus Training

We are all at work, to-day, legislating away suffering. We are determined upon a healthy, contented population, enjoying a living wage, an eight-hour working-day, decent housing, protected women, free hospitals and clinics, temperance, wholesome and cheap diversions, and free education from the kindergarten through the university. And yet when all is accomplished that is now in the germ, when all the reliefs and reforms are in running order, there will still be an adequate amount of suffering left in the world to keep energy alive.

It is still an open question whether energy and wisdom strike deeper when they come by suffering or when they come by warning and teaching. "I notice," said a Southern woman, who had been spending the summer with some Northern women of advanced ideas, "that I have got just what they have; the only difference is that they imbibed it with their education, in school and college, in free and joyous intercourse with other thinking people; I had to learn by mistakes and by suffering. I've had to suffer every step of the way because I did not know things. I was never taught anything but a few traditional standards. With these and nothing else I had to face a complex and difficult world and go through years of faint-heartedness when life was so hemmed in and bound down that life seemed—nay, it *was* not worth living. And yet, you know," she added, "I sometimes feel that I have gotten things more deeply into my nature than the women who have learned things happily."

"No," said the Hermit, who was listening with interest, "not more deeply; you have only learned more consciously. It is not yet bone of your bone and fiber of your fiber; the courage, the detachment, the independence you have acquired. You have paid out life and health and energy for what you know. Now these other women, who have been trained from early life to meet all the bristling difficulties of existence with courage and ingenuity and hopefulness, are strong just in so far as they have not suffered. Disease—and suffering *is* disease—always leaves its external mark. Why should we want a scarred-up humanity? What is civilization for but to so adapt the world to the human beings that live in it that they need not meet age looking like a battered and half-destroyed army returning from the fight; alive indeed and singing of victory, but with all the marks of the battle still on them?

"The more of life's difficulties and problems we can do away with by wholesome conditions and precautionary training, the nearer we come to civilization. In comparison with earlier and more savage days, we often think of our own time as showing a fairly high degree of development and the effects of an acute and sensitive moral sense. Yet we cannot but see that a time is moving toward us when present conditions will seem horrible barbarism. What! the world and all its goods owned by about one-tenth the people! Masses of the people exploited and deprived of every chance at health and happiness, leisure and culture, in order that a few may rejoice in corrupting luxuries! A part of humanity half-starved, untaught, unsupported, terror-struck before the vision of life, while the other portion is smothered under a glut of goods and a superfluity of unused wealth. A high civilization? Oh no, we are just at the very beginning of a social conscience which must ultimately become the very base of human consciousness. There can be no very real civilization until individually we feel that our welfare is closely intertwined and interwoven with the whole warp and woof of humanity's welfare. So long as we are afraid to share our comforts and refinements, lest we thereby lose the distinction of having them, just so long are we distanced from real civilization. So long as we can rejoice in our own shelter or superiority, instead of hastening to pass it on, just so long are we removed from real civilization. For any progress in civilization implies a sensitiveness to the difficulties of others which shall equal our sensitiveness to our own difficulties.

"A great writer on the foundations of modern life and thought has said that we are only at the beginning, in this century, of an understanding of the message of Christ. His conception of life was a total upheaval of the accepted and natural doctrine of life based on self-sustainment and self-protection. In Christ's teaching the whole system of man's relation to other men and to himself was practically reversed. Of a sudden he was declared to be no longer merely his own keeper. He no longer owned allegiance chiefly to his own family or tribe or country. He was his brother's keeper and must love his enemy; he must suffer for his brother—and every man was his brother—be punished with and for him, be happy and comfortable only with and through him. He was forbidden to buy, nay, to accept, any shelter or security or happiness at cost of another.

"'All motives of action, all hearts' desires and hopes must be built anew and on different foundations.'

"It has taken us, then, some two thousand years to obtain and spread abroad this faint ray of the new illumination. It has been accomplished by the suffering of the martyrs and the fellowship of the saints. But how much deeper knowledge of Christianity it will be that later men and women will have when they are born with the sense we have so painfully acquired of their solid welding to the whole of humanity; when they know by instinct that the good of all is the only good of one. They will come direct to their task, those men and women of another age, without depletion of energy. The struggle of life may perhaps not be less, but the struggle will be on a different plane.

"The elementary lesson will be learned at the beginning. So I think we are quite safe to legislate away all the suffering we can; and to strive with all our will and might for the enlightenment of consciousness and the wider spread of education. I do not undervalue the power of pain to make knowledge real, but I think as much knowledge as possible should be given easily and unconsciously and as a matter of course. There will always be room for a new struggle higher up. What is it we do as parents but teach our children to walk carefully round our pitfalls and avoid the dangers of our paths and the wounds of our falls. Our one hope for the race is that each generation may be born a step higher up. The more I think of it," said the Hermit, "the more I believe it is better to teach humanity to know as much as it can happily and not to come at necessary truths through pain."

Correspondence

SOCIALISM

COLUMBIA, MO., *October 25, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was very much interested in reading the editorial in your issue of October 19th in which you discuss "Reconstructed Socialists." When I read the article I did it with the hope of gaining some worthwhile information upon the subject. I am not a Socialist, but since the movement is growing at such an enormous rate in our country I have set about to get some idea of their principles and their work.

But I fear that I could read a thousand articles such as the one you printed and yet never learn anything either for or against Socialism. You write upon the premise that Socialism is fundamentally bad. It may be a most nefarious doctrine. But what a multitude of Americans want to hear is a fair-minded, unprejudiced discussion of the demerits or merits of the doctrine. Now, the most striking thing about your editorial was the unfairness and prejudice that must have been in the heart of the writer. It was either this or it was ignorance that caused him to say some of the things he said. For instance, the editorial says that the mayor of Milwaukee "has been repudiated by his fellow-townsmen after a sufficient opportunity to demonstrate his faith by his works." Now, anybody that knows anything at all about Milwaukee knows that the Socialists had a very successful administration in that city, and that the people did not repudiate Socialism, but, on the contrary, the Socialist vote was increased something like 8,000. The defeat of Seidel was due to the fusion of the Republicans and Democrats. Any one also knows that the mayor did not "have sufficient opportunity to demonstrate his faith by his works," but that the work of the Socialist administration was cut short just when it had fairly begun an era of reform and good government such as has never been known in a large American city.

Your writer further says that Socialism is a morbid moral and psychical teaching, the mainsprings of which are envy and hatred. Now, I know very little about Socialism, but the one thing that I have always been impressed with in the teaching is the great plea that it makes for brotherly love.

No, Mr. Editor, the editorial is disappointing, it carries no weight—no conviction. If you want to publish articles against Socialism, do treat the subject in a substantial, trustworthy manner. Give us readers, who are anxious about the matter, some good sound argument against Socialism. Thousands of your readers will be grateful.

I am, sir,
GEO. WALKER TURNER.

OWEGO, N. Y., *October 31, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Abraham Lincoln said: "In the early days of our race the Almighty said to the first of our race, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and since then, if we accept the light and air of heaven, no good thing has been or can be enjoyed by us without having first cost labor. And inasmuch as most good things are produced by labor, it follows that all such things of right belong to those whose labor has produced them. But it has so happened, in all ages of the world, that some have labored and others have without labor enjoyed a large proportion of the fruits. This is wrong and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as near as possible, is a worthy object of any good government."

In your issue of October 19th you state that Socialism is a failure in Schenectady and Milwaukee. As a matter of fact, there is no Socialism in these cities, nor never has been. The laborers do not receive the full product of their labor, and that they should is the fundamental and vital basis of Socialism. Only one minor detail has been tried in Schenectady; that of the city selling ice at cost. In spite of an injunction against the city selling ice the consumers saved $1 on every $2 worth they used; the injunction being made useless by Mayor Lunn selling it in the capacity of a private individual. Milwaukee Democrats and Republicans combined on a half-Democratic and a half-Republican ticket against the Socialist ticket. Results showed the Socialists had gained 6,000 votes. The combination lost 9,000 votes, although winning the election. No honest-informed person can truthfully charge that the Socialists mismanaged the city. The very fact that they gained 6,000 votes proves it. Nowhere in the world has Socialism been tried. True, some of its minor details are in vogue. Without the vital principle that the laborer must secure the whole value of his labor the alleged Socialism would be as logical as Christianity without Christ.

I am, sir,
JAMES B. HILL.

MR. RIKER'S IMPROVED CLIMATE

NASHVILLE, TENN., *October 8, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Did Mr. Riker in his article, "Driving Back the Arctic," in HARPER'S WEEKLY in September 28th, give sufficient attention to the elements of climatology? I fear Mr. Riker has a wrong notion of why the climate of the northeastern part of this hemisphere exists as it does to-day.

If he does not know "why," then I can understand his omission of some very important considerations that should have been disposed of by some reasonable process in his plan for changing the climate of all the land north of New York so that it would have a better climate than is possessed by New York to-day.

Mr. Riker's article was very interesting, especially from an engineering standpoint, and very curious from a climatological standpoint. Will he kindly answer the following questions:

1. How will he change the prevailing wind direction, which is from west to east, so that the warmth of the Gulf Stream will affect the climate of the interior of the country?

2. Is it not a fact that the Labrador Current has but little effect in lowering the mean temperature of that region? Is it not a fact that the effect extends inland but a short distance, probably less than one hundred miles?

3. Is it not a fact that the cold climate is due to the latitude and the effect of the wide continental area to the westward, and that the influence of the waters on the east is exerted only when the winds are from an easterly direction, which is comparatively rare?

4. Is it not a general and fundamental fact that, although ocean currents do have in some instances a pronounced effect on climate, it is only when the prevailing winds are such as to carry the air from over the water upon the land?

5. Is it not well known among scientists that the popular notion of the effect of the Gulf Stream on climate, both of the United States and of western Europe, is greatly exaggerated?

6. Finally, had we not better begin to hew to the line of practicality in our "conservation" dreams, although it would look very well to have a huge work on the North to balance the one on the South (the canal)?

I am, sir,
ROSCOE NUNN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., *October, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The article referred to by Mr. Nunn, "Driving Back the Arctic," was limited by space to the actual project and the ocean currents directly involved.

My book, *Power and Control of the Gulf Stream*, published at the same time, and of which the article in HARPER'S WEEKLY was a synopsis of the three first chapters, contains the details referred to by Mr. Nunn as omitted.

That article, however, did show the underlying initial and prime moving cause of ocean currents to be the equatorial force, which also controls the movements of the atmospheric currents.

The principal atmospheric currents are the lower or initial heavy, blanket-like strata moving from both poles toward the equator, just above the surface or local air-currents, and the return or retroceding current movement of the upper and lighter strata from near the equator toward the poles. The proof of the existence of these currents can be obtained from the United States Weather Bureau. The heat and moisture liberated by the then open Arctic Ocean would be conveyed by the then accelerated south-moving strata over both continents to the south.

The exclusion of the Labrador Current from between the Gulf Stream and our coast would eliminate that descending cold-air current now induced by it. In the vicinity of New York, this cold current overpowers the prevailing winds from off the coast fully one-quarter of the time, bringing fog and chill, which would then not occur, and the west wind be practically perpetual, much stronger and more uniform.

Concerning that "conservation dream," it will not be years nor months until Mr. Nunn will question himself, "Was I asleep or why were my eyes not open?"

I am, sir,
CARROLL L. RIKER.

THE DEMOCRATIC DANGER

NANTUCKET, MASS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Coiled up in your editorial comment "Here is the Danger," there is enough electrical force to run a Democratic campaign. You show precisely what "wrecked the party's programme under Cleveland." You will recall, sir, the fact that Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, went down to political defeat simply because he preferred the interests of his country to the assumed interests of his section. It will be a sad day for the party if a triumphant Democracy shall construct a tariff bill that unjustly favors either the section of the country that holds the most money or the section that holds the most Democrats. Come back to this point again and again.

I am, sir,
JOHN SNYDER.

PRINCETON, ONE UP

MORRISTOWN, N. J., *November 5, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will your golfing editor please note that in the Presidential cup matches, at the "National" links, Princeton is *again* 1 up on Yale.

I am, sir,
VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

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THE ELEPHANT: "WELL, YOU'VE HELPED RIP ME APART AND 'DOWNED' YOURSELF! NOW I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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THE TURKS IN EUROPE

BY ANGLO-AMERICAN

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The city of Constantinople, viewed from the Golden Horn. A Moslem center since its capture by the Turks in 1453, it now seems destined to fall into the hands of the victorious Bulgarians and to become again a capital of Christendom

THE Turks have been in Europe for five hundred years, but they are still strangers to it. A clear grasp of that all but incredible fact must be the starting-point of any effort to understand either the present conflict or any of the endless conflicts of the past in which the Ottomans have engaged. For a length of time, ranging in different parts from two to five hundred years, a large part of the fairest and most historic regions of the earth, a large part of the most renowned cities, the ancient seats of empire and civilization, have groaned under the yoke of foreign rulers—rulers whose rule is in no way changed by the lapse of time, but who remain at the end of five hundred years as much strangers as they were at the beginning. In the lands where European civilization first had its birth, the European has been ruled by the Asiatic, the civilized man by the barbarian. A race which stands apart from all the other races of Europe in all which makes those races European, in all which distinguishes European man from Asiatic or African man, has held an abiding dominion over those parts of Europe which are in their history pre-eminently European, over those parts of Europe from which the rest have learned well-nigh all that has made Europe what it is. Alike in Europe and in Asia, the ancient seats of European dominion are now in the hands of the Asiatic who rules in Europe.

Over by far the greater part of the Turkish dominions the Turks themselves are in a minority. It is only in regard to a very few spots that one can say that the mass of the population is Turkish in the sense that the population of Devonshire is English or of Normandy French. Everywhere on the coasts Greeks abound; in the Armenian provinces perhaps a third of the people are Turks; in the interior of European Turkey the Turkish race is unquestionably the weakest of all in numbers; while in Asiatic Turkey practically only the officials are Osmanlis. The Turks came in as conquerors and as conquerors they remain. "An army of occupation" is still the briefest and truest description of them. Nomads by nature, they conduct themselves as though their settlement in Europe were little more than a halt by the way. Where they cannot rule they will not stay; and their idea of ruling is to remain an aristocratic caste, neither assimilating nor becoming assimilated to their subjects, and outside the three careers of officialdom, war, and agriculture disdaining to join in the pursuits of the modern world. The nations of Europe have a common religion; and having a common religion, they have also and inevitably a common civilization, a common morality, and a common set of social instincts. These influences, working together, and reinforcing one another, have completely banished from Europe two of the most distinctive features of an Eastern society, polygamy and slavery. And, possessing so much in common, the nations of Europe by a natural process have come to possess more. They have all, for example, tended toward a more or less similar type of government and polity. The various forms of administration which they have evolved differ, no doubt, from one another at this point and at that. But all European governments fairly discharge "the great duty of defending their subjects from wrong to their persons or properties." In all of them the voice of the nation has some way, more or less perfect, of making itself known. In all of them the ruler has a right to allegiance from the subject because the subject receives protection from the ruler. One can hardly think of a European nation being parted from its government by a deep gulf of antagonistic feelings and emotions. One talks of Italy or France or England as a whole, as a collective entity from which time has removed nearly all traces of fundamental division, whether of race or creed or material interests. And in so talking one is perfectly right. But it is important to remember that no European nation started as a nation, that each represents a fusion of conquerors and conquered, of races, tongues, and faiths, and that the unity which each displays to-day is the resultant of a blend of numerous, diverse, and once antipathetic elements.

If now we turn to the Turks we see at once the immensity of the cleavage between them and Europe. They do not belong to the Aryan, but to the Turanian stock; their language has no traceable connection with the European group of tongues; they never formed part of the Roman world or shared in the memories, culture, and traditions that have molded Europe; what Greek and Latin, literature and civilization, have been to Europeans, Arabic and Persian have been to the Turks; their religion is Mohammedanism, whereas that of Europe is Christianity; their whole basis and conception of society remains Asiatic; above all, they have never fused with their subjects or adopted the manners and beliefs of their new surroundings. They have no countrymen, only subjects. The process of fusion, which has gone on uninterruptedly throughout the rest of Europe, has not even begun in southeastern Europe; and the process of conquest, which has long come to an end in the rest of Europe, still persists wherever the Turks hold sway. They are just as much foreigners and conquerors to-day as they were five hundred years ago.

Had the Turks invaded Europe before Mohammed arose the whole subsequent history of that troubled corner of the world would in all human probability have been different. They would have accepted Christianity, they would have settled down, they would gradually have merged with some at least of their new subjects. But their religion operated and still operates as an impassable barrier. It not only kept them aloof, but commanded their aloofness and consecrated it. They came not merely as conquerors ruling over conquered, as men of one race and tongue ruling over men of different races and tongues, but as true believers ruling over the infidel. This last is the stumbling-block that nothing can get round. The ultimate trouble lies not with the Turks as such, but with their religion, and with the chance that has set them in authority over Christians. For Mohammedanism is a conqueror's religion that enjoins conversion by the sword and relegates men of other faiths to a position of static inferiority. The subjection of the infidel is not so much a political principle as an article of faith, sanctioned by divine decree. There never has been, nor can there ever be, under a Mussulman government any real equality between Christians and Mohammedans. There may be a contemptuous but not unendurable equality; there cannot be equality. There has never, therefore, been, nor can there ever be, a national Mussulman government that impartially rules over and protects all its subjects, of whatever creed, alike.

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Greek soldiers in possession of a demolished Turkish frontier station

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Macedonian refugees under the protection of the Bulgarian invaders

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WHAT HAPPENED IN NICARAGUA

BY DUDLEY HARMON

Gen. Luis Mena, the leader of the rebellion

THE bombardment had begun. A white-clad sailor of the United States navy stood on the roof of the American legation, "spotting" the shells as they crashed into the neighboring buildings and even upon the walls of the legation itself.

Wh-e-e-e-e-i-n-g, came a shell, screeching and whining its deadly way through the air. B-r-r-a-n-g! It had found its target, the stone walls of the near-by cathedral. A piercing scream and angry cries told the story of the flying fragments while the sailor on the legation roof cried out, "Two squares south that struck!" A second later another crash, not quite so near. "Three squares east!" And then those below heard this young American, facing fire for the first time, in startled tones, exclaim, "That one had whiskers! I could feel 'em as it went by."

In the legation an anxious group of American residents, haggard after a day and night of constant shell fire in this Nicaraguan revolution, moved restlessly about, watching the shells from the gallery of the patio. They were absolutely helpless, and they knew it. A few frightened Nicaraguan domestics, so benumbed by terror that their hands refused to perform their accustomed duties, were dodging about. In the office the American Minister was writing despatches to Washington, despatches which he well knew had a small chance of getting out of the beleaguered capital. But any task which would bring even momentary forgetfulness of the death and destruction being hurled into the city by the horde of rebels outside was welcome.

In the iron-barred front court of the legation stood a group of American bluejackets. Their ears were filled with the high snapping of the distant rifle fire, like a million firecrackers. This rattle was interspersed with the louder bang of the Hotchkiss guns and the deep boom of the siege guns. Yet the bluejackets could see nothing of what was taking place beyond the row of clay-walled houses opposite. The usual morning procession of barefooted peons astride quiet little gray burros, bearing panniers filled with market produce, was absent. Not even a face showed at the barred windows of the houses opposite. Only clouds of dust swept down the deserted thoroughfare.

Through the slovenly streets of the Nicaraguan capital there was the same appalling absence of activity. Doors and windows were all closed and barred. The cathedral bell, heard at intervals above the roar of guns, in contrast to its usual message of peace and good-will, struck a double terror to the people's hearts as it sounded its wild alarm. The flags of many nations displayed here and there gleamed in the bright sunshine and gave the appearance of a city deserted in the midst of festivity.

One flag was notable by its absence—the Stars and Stripes. Americans in Nicaragua that August day knew that, should the horde outside force its way into the city, the United States flag, wherever displayed, would mark that house and its occupants for destruction and death. The American flag would have been the first to witness murder and rapine, inspired by an insane hate. At the very moment the guns of the enemy were aimed, not at the government fortress on the other side of the city where troops were defending the capital, but principally at the American legation and its occupants.

Quite two weeks before the bombardment of the Nicaraguan capital, General Luis Mena was ousted from his post of Minister of War, when found plotting against the government. On the night of July 29th he plunged the city into darkness and led out of the capital all the government soldiers who would follow him. His brother, Salvador, chief of police, joined him with his men. They fired a few shots as they went, and another Central American revolution was in process of accomplishment.

The American public has accustomed itself to viewing recurring Central American revolutions as pure comedy. But those returning Americans, from whose lips the first real account of what happened last summer in Nicaragua is now obtainable, know it to be tragedy.

For an understanding of this latest upheaval in Nicaragua it is necessary to make some mention of the causes and conditions which brought it about. Nicaragua, even in times of peace, is a closed book to most of the outside world. Little is known of what goes on in this most backward republic, inhabited by 600,000 people, most of whom are of pure Indian blood, almost as ignorant, uncivilized, and poor as they were four centuries ago.

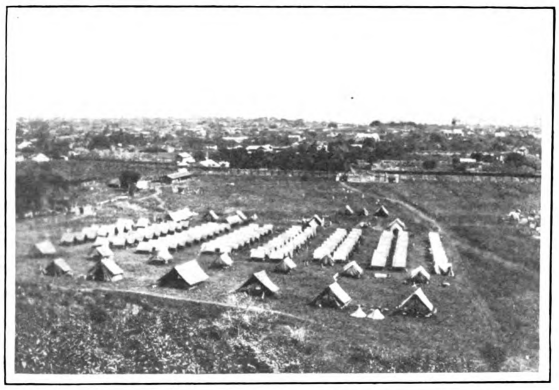
By virtue of her position, almost in the middle of Central America, Nicaragua has long been a storm-center. Her territory has been the battling ground of one revolution after another, and the favorite resort of professional filibusters and revolutionists of Central America. Out of it all, eighteen years ago, came Zelaya, who established himself in Nicaragua as the worst despot Latin America has ever seen. As president-dictator he instituted a systematic bleeding of the republic, and drained its resources almost to the last drop. By corruption of every sort he and his satellites grew rich, while thousands grew poor. No family or estate was safe from the blasting touch of Zelaya. He persecuted, imprisoned, murdered, and shot. During sixteen years of tyrannical rule he inspired that hatred of Americans which characterized the revolution just ended and exemplified itself in numberless atrocities committed by his creatures.

Zelaya fell a victim to his own arrogance. Following his murder of the Americans, Groce and Cannon, in 1909, he fled the wrath of the United States. A successful revolution soon drove his henchmen after him into exile.

The victors found themselves in possession of a broken, bleeding, and impoverished country. Under Zelayism the Nicaraguans had sunk rapidly in civilization, education, and material welfare. The public school had almost disappeared from the land. Business stagnated; of roads there were practically none, outside the cities; while one dilapidated short railway line connected the cities of Managua and Granada with Corinto, on the Pacific. The people had lost all incentive to save, for they had learned that the acquisition of property meant only to attract to themselves the attention of Zelaya and his fellow-plunderers.

Upon this ruin the victors attempted to re-establish the republic. They invited the United States to aid them in their task. The leaders signed an agreement, to which General Mena affixed his name, pledging themselves to give to Nicaragua a truly free and popular election, and to support loyally the man who should be chosen president. A treaty was negotiated providing for the liquidation of the huge foreign debt of Nicaragua by a loan from American bankers. The United States pledged itself to protect the integrity of the custom-houses, so that subsequent revolutions should not tear down all that it was hoped would be built up in Nicaragua. The treaty was shelved by the United States Senate last spring, but the Nicaraguans obtained a small loan from the bankers and went ahead with their plans. A national bank was established and the depreciated paper currency recalled and administrative reforms were begun. The prospects were bright for a rehabilitated and prosperous New Nicaragua, until General Mena's overweening ambitions broke forth. He attempted by force to seize the presidency, to which he had induced the legislature illegally to elect him. Then followed ten weeks of horrors and atrocities such as not even Central America had ever seen before.

The principal towns held by the rebels at the outbreak of hostilities were Granada and Masaya. Granada is one of the oldest towns on the Western Continent, and its population of 25,000 claims to represent the intelligence, culture, wealth, and purest Spanish blood of Nicaragua. The principal building is the San Francisco Church, which, because of its size, commanding position, and thick walls, was converted by General Mena, while Minister of War, into a combined arsenal, prison, storehouse, and fortress under the jurisdiction of his illegitimate son, Daniel, a half-witted Indian fanatic. Within an hour of the time when Mena attempted his *coup d'état* at Managua, Daniel began to arrest prominent citizens to secure contributions. Torture was used to force payments of money into the rebel coffers. Prisoners were bound and locked together in a small, dirty cell and deprived of food and water for days. When they were on the point of starvation, food was sold to them at 1,000 pesos a plate.

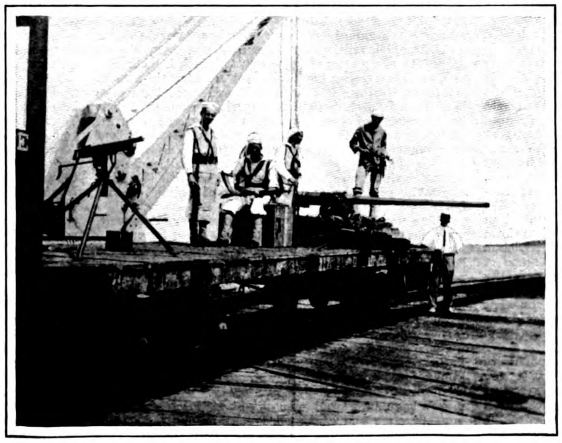


The camp of the American marines at Managua

Martin Bernard was one of the leading merchants of Granada. He was dragged from his house at two o'clock in the morning and taken to the San Francisco fort. There he was stripped of his clothing and blindfolded, and rebels, with knotted ropes and whips, then compelled him to run about the corridor, lashing him at every step. Finally he collapsed, exhausted and bleeding. Upon regaining consciousness he was told that only the payment of 25,000 pesos would save him from a repetition of the same cruel performance.

Rafael Cuadra is Minister of Finance of Nicaragua. Two of his brothers were seized in Granada by Mena and his men and imprisoned for five days, during three of which they had neither food nor water. They were told that if the government troops came to take Granada they and all other loyalists would be lined up against the wall of the fort and shot. One of the brothers went insane.

On the first day after the outbreak Daniel Mena sent troops with wagons to seize the stocks of goods of merchants supposed to be government sympathizers. After a while the soldiers began to loot on their own account. These ill-disguised robberies continued for almost two months. After Major Butler, in



American sailors with a two-inch gun guarding Corinto

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command of the American marines, took possession of the church, he found inside about two hundred head of cattle and horses and stocks of laces, silks, and general merchandise of little or no application for military uses.

Women and children did not escape the general persecution. The wives and daughters of well-to-do citizens hid themselves, passing sometimes from house to house across roof-tops to evade the soldiers. When captured they were forced to pay contributions. The young girls in a French boarding-school were kept in constant terror by squads of soldiers in search of food or alleged contraband. The directress, Mademoiselle Eugénie Angevin, a citizen of France, stated to Minister Weitzel that the girls' dormitory across the street from the academy building was entered at night by the troops, under the pretext of looking for government spies disguised as women.

These outrages against men, women, and young girls were committed on people of the very best class. The sufferings of the poor were far worse, for within a week of the outbreak a system of concentration was begun. The people were compelled to remain in the city, and as the farmers who ventured into the city were robbed by the soldiers, they ceased bringing their products to the markets. Thus the poor of the city were threatened with starvation. Thousands of them were compelled to subsist on cooked green mangoes and stewed grasses. They walked the streets from door to door begging for something to eat.

This condition continued for more than six weeks, and the young children in particular suffered from the lack of nourishment. Death from starvation resulted in many cases. On the day of arrival of the American marines, one woman with five young children was about to take them all out in a boat on the lake to drown them in preference to the lingering death from starvation that faced them.

Not only the misery of hunger, but the terror of machete and rifle oppressed the people of Granada. Mena's troops revived the Zelaya system of flogging and chaining known in Nicaragua as "palos and grillos." A native of Chile, who was imprisoned by Mena's soldiers, has informed the American legation at Managua of the most horrible brutalities committed by the soldiers, and of which he was an eye-witness while in prison.

Neither Americans nor other foreigners were spared. An Italian, Antonio Cassinelli, has made affidavit that during the rebel occupation of Granada his house was broken into and robbed by Mena's soldiers, who committed all manner of abuses, violently entering his wife's room and jeopardizing her life and that of her new-born babe. Cassinelli says that he made complaint to Mena, and that two days later the soldiers returned and, with machetes, cut down the Italian flag above his house and then fired with their rifles at the house. Emil Downing, an American citizen, was arrested and imprisoned three separate times. Though he showed his American citizenship papers, he was thrown into jail and starved into paying 5,000 pesos. He was arrested again on the day that the American marines reached Granada, but was fortunately released by Major Butler. The rebel soldiers also entered the home of an American woman, Mrs. Inez Etienne, and, after robbing her of everything they could use, they deliberately destroyed every particle of perishable food which they could not carry away, so that she and her family were left without other sustenance than green mangoes. The daughter sought protection at the rebel headquarters and was openly insulted by Mena's officers.

The American marines succeeded in entering the city and disarming Mena's forces without firing a shot. They brought with them Red Cross provisions. Immediately the marines were formed into relief squads and began the distribution of food to the schools, hospitals, and the poor. Eight thousand people were fed the first day.

But it was at Leon, that city of Nicaragua which has never recognized any rule but its own, that atrocities unparalleled even in Central American history occurred. General Duron, the federal commander, was entrapped in the fortress with five hundred of his men. Under pretense of averting unnecessary bloodshed, the rebels, who seemed to have dropped from the sky by the hundred, gave General Duron permission to leave the city in peace. Drawing up his men, two abreast, General Duron marched his column through the streets. As they proceeded, strung out in a thin line, a withering fire was suddenly opened upon them from almost every house along their line of march. Caught unawares, all of the five hundred fell victims to this treachery. None survived, except four or five, who saved their lives by joining the rebels. The bodies of the dead were robbed and then mutilated. General Duron was not only killed, but disemboweled, and a woman hacked his face with a machete. Among this heap of the dead were two Americans, Philip Craven and Harvey Dodd. Craven was wounded in the fighting, and his friend, Dodd, to save his life, carried him to a near-by house. The rebels pursued them there and murdered both.

The worst treachery was shown by Zeledon at Masaya. After promising in writing safe passage to the American relief train, Zeledon fired with a machine gun upon the cars filled with marines. Documents discovered later showed this rebel fiend gloating over the way he had tricked the Americans, although at the time he made apology and disclaimed responsibility for the outrage.

It is worth while to tell more of the conduct of this Zeledon. He occupied two hills near Masaya, between which the railroad passed, thus preventing the relief of the starving Masayans. Evacuation of this position was demanded. He refused, declaring that every one in Masaya might starve before he would move, and hurled insults and defiance at Admiral Southerland, the American commander. He accused Admiral Southerland of acting in Nicaragua without authority of the United States Senate. Threatening resistance to the end, on the very eve of the American attack, Zeledon deserted his men and took refuge in a church in Masaya. At the first sound of battle he fled precipitately for the Costa Rican border, taking with him twenty-five "generals." In their flight his party encountered three Nicaraguan women, and, fearing lest the women disclose the direction of his flight, Zeledon murdered all three on the spot. He met his end a few hours later in a skirmish with a detachment of government cavalry.

This man, with scores of others of his ilk, had swooped down upon Nicaragua like so many vultures at the first scent of blood. It was they who sought to make of Nicaragua a shambles, for their own purposes of plunder and rapine. It was they who were responsible for the barbarities and atrocities of the warfare masquerading as "revolution." Their destructive aims were revealed when, foiled in Nicaragua by the American forces, more than two hundred of them fled to Honduras with the intention of starting a revolution against that weak government. To accomplish their purposes their stomachs were prepared for anything, while they were ever ready with fresh devices of torture and new insults to humanity.

That such things can be in the very dooryard of the United States, in countries which because of our Monroe Doctrine are supposed by the civilized world to be our special province for the benevolent promotion of peace, prosperity, and freedom, seems almost incredible. Yet official despatches to the State Department and the tales recounted by returning eye-witnesses leave no shadow of doubt as to the atrocious nature of the happenings in Nicaragua.

Here is a proper subject for the righteous indignation of the American people and serious consideration on the part of the United States government and Congress. It is not so much that the American flag has been outraged, that representatives of the United States government have been insulted and attacked, American property despoiled, and even American citizens murdered, as it is that thousands of innocent people are slaughtered, depraved, and held in bondage by the machinations of professional revolutionists and plunderers of already impoverished lands.

WAS IT WORTH WHILE?

An Open Letter to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, formerly President of the United States

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

REGRETS are vain things. Nothing is so futile as self-reproach. Yet as you sum it all up, Mr. Roosevelt, and search your conscience, and balance what you have lost as against what you have failed to gain, can you honestly declare that you believe it paid? Has it been worth while?

Compare your position now to what it was and what it might have been at this very day. You were once a great leader of a great party. You occupied a position of extraordinary power and influence. Europe listened to you. Asia heard and pondered your words. Your own country gave you attention. Whether for good or evil, you were a force. You did many things that were unwise, more often than not you made the judicious grieve, your acts as well as your actions could not always stand close scrutiny. Yet through the gift of dominating personality, tremendous physical vitality, an alert mind and retentive memory that enabled you to absorb the thoughts of other men, you struck out for yourself a great place in the world.

You had the greatest opportunity ever vouchsafed man. The time was ripe for a great leader—a really great leader. Your party had been in power so long that it had become arrogant, corrupt, inefficient. It had become a party of monopoly and special privilege. The party that had made war for freedom had sold itself into slavery. From a feeble opposition it feared nothing. The public was tired of vague promises that had no meaning, of lavish promises that were never fulfilled. There were certain wholesome reforms that it demanded, and it looked to you to carry them out. A man is so often taken for what he proclaims himself to be. You belonged to what is known as "the better element. You were labeled reformer. You had championed the cause of civil-service reform against the spoilsmen and the spoils-seeking politician. In the flush of your youth, fired by a fine sense of duty, you had shown your detestation of the unworthy by joining the noble band of mugwumps. You had preached the ideal. Well, the world took you for what it believed you to be and saw in you a crusader to regenerate society; believing that no matter what happened you would hold true to the faith.

It is a mournful thing to see a great opportunity wasted. History will say, Mr. Roosevelt, that you wasted your opportunity and frittered away your time. History will tell succeeding generations that you accomplished nothing. Historians will search in vain for a single achievement. Your biographers and partisans—who are not historians—will say you aroused the public conscience, history, which is as impartial in its judgments as fate is indifferent to the fame of man, will say that you perverted the public conscience by your precept and example. I am willing to give you the benefit of every doubt. I am willing to believe that according to your own distorted vision you saw the light, but it was a light that blazed the path to destruction. Into the hearts of men you poured malice and all uncharitableness; into their heads you put envy; you destroyed their faith. Destroy faith that is the worship of false idols and no one shall challenge you, but to destroy faith and offer nothing in return, that is cruel. You attacked courts and legislatures, you taught men to believe that purity no longer existed and dishonesty sat enthroned. You took from men the things they cherished, but you gave nothing. You came at a time of unrest. You fostered it. You had no remedy to offer. You could feed the flame, but it needed a wiser head than yours to keep the fire within limits.

I have said that you accomplished nothing, but this I retract. There stands to your credit one achievement so great that I am almost inclined to bestow upon you, Mr. Roosevelt, the title of Genius. Single-handed, in a day almost as great movements are measured, seemingly without effort you were able to do that which millions of Americans had essayed with desperate energy for fifty years and failed. The Republican party was the target for Democratic attack. At times its lines had broken, it had more than once been forced to capitulate to superior numbers, but it had surrendered with the honors of war and returned to battle with renewed strength and courage. It had been vanquished, but never defeated. *You wrecked the Republican party.* Surely history shall not deem a man entirely unworthy of notice who with the sling of David could bring the Goliath of politics to its knees.

When you entered the White House, Mr. Roosevelt, your party, perfectly disciplined, captained by veteran leaders, superbly organized, was in the majority in both House and Senate. When you went out your party was disorganized, its discipline broken, its leaders weary of contending against the mutiny you had encouraged. There are people ungenerous enough to believe that you purposely left your party bleeding at every pore so that you might be called back to bind up the wounds your hand inflicted. You alone will know whether this charge be true or false, the world knows how you showed your gratitude for the honors so lavishly bestowed by your party. Even then all might have been well, you might still have retained your prestige and commanded your influence, had you been content to play the game as a man should. Fair play required that you should leave Mr. Taft alone. You must needs interfere. You gave encouragement to his enemies, you lent willing ear to tale-bearers, sedition and mutiny met no reproof from you. You began then that course that led not to Armageddon, as you boastfully declared, but to Waterloo. Only an insatiable lust for power plunged you into the fight in 1910. Your weakness is that you cannot wait; it is your misfortune that you are always in a hurry. You have yet to learn the lesson that not a single grain of sand can run through the hour-glass of time beyond its ordained speed.

Your followers already talk of your nomination in 1916, and they not only see you nominated but elected, as most of them did in this year of grace. I think it more than probable that defeat has not chastened you and that you are still foolish enough to believe that four years hence you will be returned to the Presidency. May I suggest, Mr. Roosevelt, that you disabuse your mind of that hope, which can only lead to added disappointment. Your pursuit of the Presidency is the chase of an *ignis fatuus.* You have given some study to the history of your own people, and you are credited with almost intuitive knowledge of their temperament. With this equipment the meaning of last week's election ought to be clear, and it is that meaning which is so gratifying to the hundreds of thousands of Americans whose votes made possible the election of Governor Wilson.

You believe that four years hence your minority of a week ago last Tuesday will have been transformed into a majority. You are mistaken. It will not be. Your countrymen are emotional and often foolish, but you can recall no time in the history of your country when the whole people were mad. On the contrary, a majority of the people are always sane, always able to think for themselves and to see the dangers confronting them. You must convert the majority before you can hope for success, and that conversion is impossible. Instead of being stronger four years hence, you will be weaker. In 1910 you had the prestige of success, which was a tremendous asset. You were—you will pardon me if I mention it—defeated. This year you had the prestige of former success to balance against the humiliation of defeat, and the superstition of your invincibility was no longer a bogy. Four years hence your opponents will say contemptuously, "We shall have to beat him *again,*" and they will proceed to do it as thoroughly as they did last week. Then, Mr. Roosevelt, you will become not a serious candidate, but a standing joke.

Four years may bring reflection and understanding. Let me hope so. Four years may perhaps not be too long a time, Mr. Roosevelt, for you to determine to your own satisfaction whether it was really worth while for you to wreck the Republican party to gratify an undisciplined ambition.

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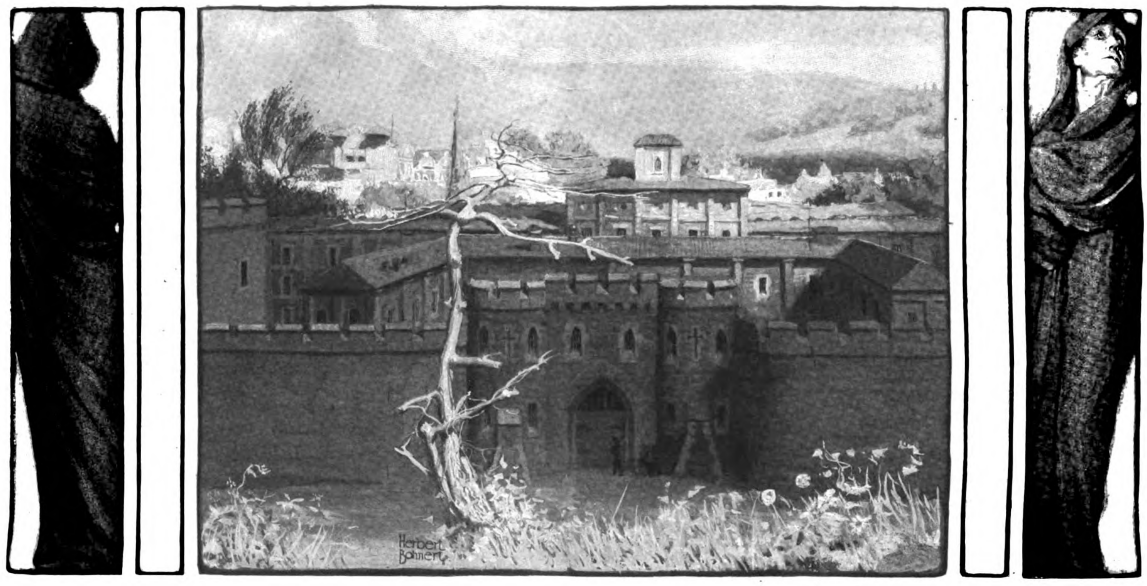

THE PRISONER

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

DRAWING BY HERBERT BOHNERT

ON a fine day of early summer in a London garden, before the birds had lost their spring song, or the pear-trees dropped their last blossom, our friend said suddenly, "Why, there's a goldfinch!"

Blackbirds there were, thrushes, and tits in plenty, an owl at night, and a Christopher Columbus of a cuckoo, who solemnly, once a year, mistook this green island of trees for the main lands of Kent and Surrey, but a goldfinch—never!

"I hear it—over there!" our friend said, and, getting up, he walked toward the house.

When he came back our friend sat down again and said, "I didn't know that you kept a cage-bird!"

We admitted that the cook had a canary.

There was silence. Some strong feeling had been aroused that neither of us could understand. Suddenly he burst out: "I can't bear things in cages—animals, birds, or men. I hate to see or think of them." And looking at us angrily, as though we had taken an advantage in drawing from him this confession, he went on quickly:

"I was staying in a German town some years ago, with a friend who was making inquiries into social matters. He asked me one day to go over a prison with him. I had never seen one, then, and I agreed. It was just such a day as this—perfectly clear sky, and with that cool dancing sparkle on everything that you only see in some parts of Germany. The prison, which stood in the middle of the town, was one of those, shaped like a star, that have been built over there on the plan of Pentonville. The system, they told us, was the same that you might have seen working here many years ago. The Germans were then, and still, no doubt, are, infatuated with the idea of immuring their prisoners in complete solitude. But it was a new toy to them then, and they were playing with it with that sort of fanatical thoroughness which the Germans give to everything they take up. I don't want to describe this prison, or what we saw in it; as far as an institution run on such dreadful lines can be, it was, I dare say, humane; the governor, at all events, impressed me favorably. I'll simply tell you of the one thing which I shall never forget, because it symbolized to me forever the caging of all creatures, animal or human, great or small."

Our friend paused; then, with an added irritation in his voice, as though aware of doing violence to his natural reserve, he went on:

"We had been all over the grisly place when the governor asked my friend whether he would like to see one or two of the life prisoners.

"'I will show you one,' he said, 'who has been here twenty-seven years. He is, you will understand'—I remember his very words—'a little worn by his long confinement.'

"While we were going toward this prisoner's cell they told us his story. He had been a cabinet-maker's assistant, and, still quite a boy, became infatuated with the wife of his own employer. One night, being surprised at a stolen meeting with his inamorata, he blindly struck out and killed the husband on the spot. He was sentenced to death, but on the intervention of some royalty who had been upset by the sight of corpses, I believe at the battle of Sadowa, his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life.

"When we entered his cell he was standing perfectly still, gazing at his work. He looked quite sixty, though he couldn't have been more than forty-six—a bent, trembling ruin of a figure, covered by a drab-colored apron. His face had the mealy hue and texture, as it were, of all prisoners' faces. He seemed to have no features; his cheeks were hollow; his eyes large, but, looking back, I can't remember their color—if, indeed, they had any color at all. As we passed in, one by one, through the iron door, he took off his round cap, drab-colored too, like everything about him, showing his dusty, nearly bald head, with a few short gray hairs on end, and stood in an attitude of 'attention,' humbly staring at us. He was like an owl surprised by daylight.

"Have you ever seen a little child ill for the first time—full of bewilderment at its own suffering? His face was like that, but so extraordinarily gentle! We had seen many of the prisoners, and he was the only one that had that awful gentleness. The sound of his voice, too: 'Ja, Herr Direktor—nein, Herr Direktor!' soft and despairing—I remember it now—there was not a breath of will-power left."

Our friend paused, frowning in his effort to re-create the scene. "He held in his hand," he went on presently, "a sheet of stiff paper, on which he had been transcribing the New Testament in letters from a code of writing for the deaf and dumb. When he passed his thin fingers over the type to show us how easily the deaf and dumb could read it, you could see that his hands were dusty like a miller's. There was nothing in the cell to produce that dust, and in my belief it was not dust on his hands, but some excretion from that human plant running to seed; and when he held the sheet of paper up it trembled like a moth's wing.

"One of us asked him who invented the system he was working at, mentioning some name or other. 'Nein, nein,' he said, and stood shivering with eagerness to recollect the right name. At last he drooped his head and mumbled out: 'Ah, Herr Direktor, ich kann nicht!' But all of a sudden the name came bursting from his lips. At that moment, for the first time, he actually looked like a man. I never before then realized the value of freedom; the real meaning of our relations with other human beings; the necessity for the mind's being burnished from minute to minute by sights and sounds, by the need for remembering and using what we remember. This fellow had no use, you see, for memory in his life; he was like a plant placed where no dew can possibly fall on it. To watch that look pass over his face at the mere remembrance of a name was like catching sight of a tiny scrap of green leaf in the heart of a withered shrub. Man is really very wonderful—the most enduring creature that has ever been produced!"

Our friend rose, and began pacing up and down.

"His world was not a large one—about fourteen feet by eight. He lived in it for twenty-seven years, without a mouse even for a friend. They do things thoroughly in prisons. Think of the tremendous vital force that must go to the making of the human organism, for a man to live through that. . . . What do you imagine," he went on, turning to us suddenly, "kept even a remnant of his reason alive? You don't know? While we were still looking at his 'deaf and dumb' writing, he suddenly handed us a piece of wood about the size of a large photograph—the painting of a young girl, seated in the very center of a garden, with bright-colored flowers in her hand; in the background was a narrow, twisting stream with some rushes, and a queer bird, rather like a raven, standing on the bank. And by the side of the girl a tree with large hanging fruits, strangely symmetrical, unlike any tree that ever grew, yet with something in it that is in all trees, a look as if they had spirits and were the friends of man. The girl was staring straight at us with her perfectly round, blue eyes, and the flowers she held in her hand seemed also to stare at us. The whole picture, it appeared to me, was full of—what shall I say?—a kind of wonder. It had all the crude color and drawing of an early Italian painting, the same look of difficulty conquered by sheer devotion. One of us asked him if he had learned to draw before his imprisonment; but the poor fellow misunderstood the question. 'Nein, nein,' he said, 'the Herr Direcktor knows I had no model. It is a fancy picture!' and the smile he gave us would have made a devil weep! He had put into that picture all that his soul longed for—woman, flowers, birds, trees, blue sky, running water: and all the wonder of his spirit that he was cut off from them. He had been at work on it, they said, for eighteen years, destroying and repeating, until he had produced this hundredth version. It was his masterpiece. There he had been condemned for life to this living death—without scent, sight, hearing, or touch of any natural object, without even the memory of them, evolving from his starved soul this vision of a young girl with eyes full of wonder, and flowers in her hand. It was the greatest triumph of the human spirit and the greatest testimony to the power of art that I have ever seen."

Our friend uttered a short, sharp laugh. "So thick-skinned, however, is a man's mind that I didn't even then grasp the agony of that man's life. But I did later. I happened to see his eyes as he was trying to answer some question of the governor's about his health. To my dying day I shall never forget them. They were incarnate tragedy—all those eternities of solitude and silence he had lived through, all the eternities he had still to live through before they buried him in the graveyard outside, were staring out of them. They had more sheer pitiful misery in them than all the eyes put together of all the free men I've ever seen. I couldn't stand the sight of them, and hurried out of the cell. I felt then, and ever since, what they say the Russians feel—for all their lapses into savagery—the sacredness of suffering. I felt that we ought all of us to have bowed down before him; that I, though I was free and righteous, was a charlatan and sinner in the face of that living crucifixion. Whatever crime he had committed—I don't care what it was—that poor lost creature had been so sinned against that I was as dirt beneath his feet. When I think of him—there still, for all I know—I feel a sort of frenzy rising in me against my own kind. I feel the miserable aching of all the caged creatures in the world."

Our friend turned his head away, and for quite a minute did not speak. "On our way back, I remember," he said at last, "we drove through the Stadt Park. There it was free and light enough; all kinds of trees—limes, copper-beeches, oaks, sycamores, poplars, birches, and apple-trees—were in blossom, were giving out their scent; every branch and leaf was glistening with happiness. The place was full of birds, the symbols of freedom, fluttering about and singing their loudest in the sun—it was all enchanted ground. And I well remember thinking that in the whole range of Nature only men and spiders torture other creatures in that long-drawn-out kind of way; and only men do it in cold blood to their own species. That—so far as I know—is a fact in natural history; I can tell you that to see, once for all, as I did, in that man's eyes, its unutterable misery, is never to feel the same toward your own kind again."

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ASQUITH THE ACHIEVER

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

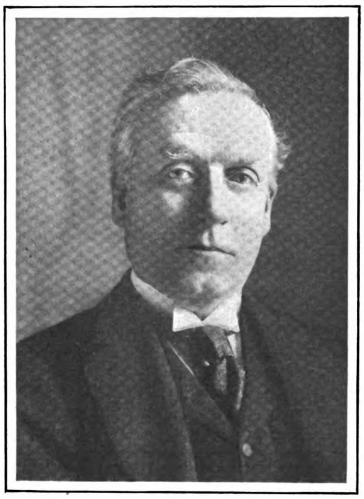
LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE present session of the British Parliament promises to be one of the most arduous and contentious on record. Three first-class measures—the bill granting Home Rule to Ireland, the bill disestablishing the Episcopal Church in Wales, and the bill reforming and enlarging the electoral system and thus bringing upon the carpet once more the question of woman suffrage—are all scheduled for disposal. And, in addition, there is the normal business not only of Great Britain, but of the British Empire, to be transacted; foreign affairs, especially since the outbreak in the Balkans, have assumed an ominous look; and with every month, almost with every week that passes, the unescapable routine of administration, and the stress and anxieties of all who essay the task of government in a modern state, grow heavier and heavier. I remember some eighteen months ago I sought and was accorded an interview with President Taft. It took place in the executive-room at the White House toward the close of the day that I had no reason to think was any more harassing and crowded than its predecessors had been or than its successors would be. Every shopkeeper and professional man in Washington had long ago finished with the business of the day and gone home. Yet the President was still at work. I sat in his room, almost at his elbow, for nearly half an hour before he could find a moment even to exchange a greeting with me. Secretaries came and went with bulky and important-looking files of documents. There were letters to be written, letters to be read through and signed, letters to be dictated; plans for the ordering of the morrow had to be made; an infinity of worrying minutiæ pressed round that genial giant at his desk; he grappled with them in his easy, effortless way, as though he rather enjoyed their onrush than otherwise; but it was at last with a great heave of relief that Mr. Taft put down his pen and turned round to me with a "Well, Mr. Brooks, I'm glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. President," I answered, "you can accept my condolences on being the most scandalously overworked man in America." He let loose a hearty gale of laughter; but really the way we of to-day, whatever our nationality, overwork our rulers is no laughing matter. There isn't a king or a president or a cabinet minister anywhere who is not well-nigh badgered to death. To be a statesman nowadays is to part altogether with time to think. It is to shoulder a burden that in my opinion will have to be lightened if democracy is to realize its hopes and opportunities. An American President in one way escapes the pressure that falls upon the heads of other systems of government: he does not have to appear in Congress. But a British Prime Minister is not only the chief executive to a very large and real extent, but he has also to lead his party, unfold his measures, and defend his actions for hours every day on the floor of the House of Commons. I do not know that either would gain much in the way of an easier life if President Taft and Mr. Asquith were to exchange offices. Both of them are caught up in an inexorable, pounding treadmill of work that they can only evade by quitting the service of the people altogether.

Like Mr. Taft, Mr. Asquith seems to stand the strain of governing pretty well. I saw him the other day passing through the lobbies of the House—as fine a picture of physical robustness and alert intelligence as one could wish to see. The hair is whiter, the face more deeply marked, the fine, rugged expanse of forehead shows a sterner and more compressed aspect, but the eye is as bright, the step as firm, the whole bearing of the man as confident and stalwart as though his four years in the Premiership, so far from wearing on him, had been precisely the tonic he needed. Yet those four years have been a time of ceaseless anxiety and indefatigable toil. It has fallen to Asquith to preside over a government unique in British annals for the many-sided energy of its reforming vigor. He has conducted a profound constitutional revolution to a successful issue. He faced last year not only the imminent chance of a war with Germany, but the most surprising and sinister outbreak of social and industrial discontent that has ever threatened the internal peace of the British Isles; and hardly had he weathered the railway strike and the Morocco crisis than he was engulfed in the long agony of the miners' strike, with its aftermath of a coal famine, industrial paralysis, and a huge and nation-wide increase in the volume of unemployment. Only a man of the stoutest fiber, physical and mental, could have grappled with this converging onset of difficulties and still remained master of himself, with all his faculties braced instead of weakened by the struggle.

But that is Asquith all over. He is a man who throughout his career has shown a consistent capacity for rising to the occasion. He has never to my knowledge failed in anything he has undertaken. At this moment he stands head and shoulders above any other man in British public life, except Mr. Balfour. As a debater there is nobody in the House of Commons who even approaches his deadly and lucid effectiveness. As a party leader there has been no one since Gladstone more sure of himself, more competent to impose his will, with a greater instinct for command or with a firmer grasp over policy and administration alike. The Opposition papers and orators have for years been assuring the world that the Prime Minister was a mere figurehead in his own Cabinet, that the real control of affairs was in Mr. Lloyd George's or Mr. Churchill's hands, and that Mr. Asquith, besides being the shuttlecock of his colleagues, was the obsequious slave of Mr. Redmond and the Irish Nationalists. And thousands no doubt have believed it, because in politics people will believe anything. Yet there never was a more fantastic misapprehension. If there is one thing Asquith never has been and never could be, it is a time-serving politician, with his mind or conscience in some one else's keeping. In the old days of his Home Secretaryship, when for a while he was the idol of Labor, when he was stretching all the powers of his office in the cause of social and industrial reform, and when he was fitting the nation with a new sense of its responsibilities, he none the less on three crucial occasions—the release of the Irish dynamiters, the right of the unemployed to meet in Trafalgar Square, and the riots at the Featherstone mines—did not hesitate to stand up to Labor in the country, and to his political allies in the House of Commons, when he was convinced that the public interest demanded it. And last year when the railway men were on strike and only a hair's breadth separated Great Britain from a convulsion approaching the horrors of civil war, Asquith flung "politics" to the winds, never stopped for a moment to think how his action might influence the votes, turned his face "home to the instant need of things," and by a stroke of matured decisiveness and resolution



Herbert Henry Asquith
ENGLAND'S PRIME MINISTER AND LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

headed off the most appalling peril that could have threatened any modern community. I do not know if the legend of Mr. Asquith's flabbiness and squeezability obtains in America. If it does, let those who are inclined to subscribe study his course of action on the occasions I have referred to, and study also the remorseless determination with which he carried to victory the long struggle of Liberalism against the House of Lords. In Great Britain itself people are at last beginning to take the Prime Minister's real measure. They have long known him as a master of compressed and sun-clear speech; they now see that when he promises he always performs, that he can act as firmly, sharply, and pertinently as he talks, and above all, with as little fuss and as few flourishes.

Fuss and flourishes, indeed, are accessories with which Mr. Asquith has always managed to dispense. In the judgment of the mob he would probably stand higher if he had not so rigidly eschewed the artifices that most politicians cultivate even to ostentation. He is one of the least dramatic or sensational of men; there are no purple patches in his career, or in his oratory; he makes the mistake of doing things, or appearing to do them, too easily; one gets almost a sense of monotony from a survey of his achievements. As a boy he took all the school prizes. As a youth he won the blue ribbon of classical scholarship, the Balliol, became president of the Oxford Union—the famous debating society of the university—took a "double first," carried off the Craven scholarship, and so impressed his professors and fellow undergraduates, from Dr. Jowett downward, that perhaps no man ever left Oxford amid so many or such confident predictions of a brilliant future. He matured early, and a character sketch of him in those Oxford years would probably need little modification in detail and none at all in essentials to-day. A companionable youth among his chosen associates, but at no pains to be popular or ingratiating outside his own circle; a hard reader and nothing of an athlete, with few recreations beyond whist, chess, and talk; a lucid, confident, somewhat arrogant, but undeniably effective debater at the Union; one whom a few swore by and many, perhaps, were more inclined to swear at, but of whose ability, directness, strength of character, and dry, triumphant adequacy there could be no question—such was Asquith some forty years ago, and such in the fundamentals of mind and temperament he remains to-day. It was only a few years after leaving Oxford, but years of wholesome struggle and difficulty, that he was recognized as one of the most effective of English advocates; in Parliament he attracted Gladstone's favoring notice with almost his first speech; step by step he has mounted up, till he is now the most powerful man in the British Empire. And it has all been done without theatricality or self-advertisement, with no attempt to dazzle his contemporaries or force their applause, and without the least assistance from those advantages of birth, wealth, and social connections that in England more than in any other country smooth the path of political and legal ambition.

Asquith's career is as fully an edifice of his own rearing as Lloyd George's or John Burns's. A Yorkshireman of Puritan stock, born in moderate circumstances, he has made his own way on his own merits. He might stand alongside of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the president of the Local Government Board as a product and representative of that newer England in which men are judged and rewarded for what they are and do, and not for the non-essentials of lineage or means or social position. Yet, though and in the best sense a self-made man, Asquith has never touched the imagination of the country as many lesser men have done, or roused it to a passion either of enthusiasm or detestation. There is something of coldness in the popular conception of, and attitude toward, the Prime Minister; he is not one of those, as Lloyd George most decidedly is, whom you are violently for or violently against; even his own followers regard him with pride, respect, admiration, and an implicit confidence in his unfailing adequacy, rather than with affection. Of Asquith, as of Sir Robert Peel, posterity may say that, if only his personality had equaled his performances, he would have been the greatest of all British Premiers. As it is, the real Asquith, whose praises are sung by his friends—the man of quick, vivid, and hearty emotions, of genial considerateness, of warm and tolerant humanity—goes almost unsuspected by the general public; and Lord Rosebery never surprised England more than when he went bail for it that Mr. Asquith possessed qualities of heart even more remarkable than his qualities of head. The average man remains to this day somewhat unconvinced. He finds in the Prime Minister few of those amiable and attractive weaknesses and accomplishments that irresistibly engage the popular interest. Nobody disputes the genuineness of his abilities or the sincerity of his Liberalism, or affects to deny that he has amply earned every success he has won. Yet nobody is really thrilled by him. A rather hard, self-centered, or at any rate self-contained, embodiment of all the efficiencies; one whom it is difficult to think of as ever having been young, expansive, and indiscreet; not without a touch of Oxford "superiority"; apt to treat stupidity as a crime; a first-class fighting man, always at the top of his form and able at any moment to bring all his powers into play, yet somehow spoiling the effect of his triumphs by the austere and unsympathetic self-assurance with which he enters the lists and the mechanical regularity with which he routs his antagonists—it is in such ways as these that Englishmen generally think of Mr. Asquith.

It is his self-repression that very largely accounts for the fact that Mr. Asquith is a greater figure in Parliament than in the country, and that among the mass of the people his personality is not the invaluable asset that Gladstone's was to the party he leads. But it is a quality, on the whole, by which he gains more than he loses. It attunes him to a moderation of speech and bearing that by contrast with the harangues and demeanor of some of his colleagues seems positively piquant. He is scrupulous of the dignities and traditions of his high office, of the decencies and amenities of Parliamentary debate, of the repute and decorum of public life; and of by no means all of his associates can as much be said. If he were to seem as human as he really is, if his drawbridge were oftener down, if he appeared less completely barricaded against the possibility of committing an indiscretion, if he were a little less metallic and a little more mellow—why, then, he would not be Asquith. In the somewhat bloodless rigidity of excellence and competence that runs through all he says and does, in his air of grave and steadfast aloofness, in the workings of his penetrating and disentangling mind, and indeed, in his whole "atmosphere," he greatly resembles an American statesman whom I have long reckoned among the ablest men on either side of the Atlantic—Mr. Elihu Root. Mr. Root has never been as thoroughly and as searchingly tested as Mr. Asquith has been, and the world has consequently never had a chance of learning with full exactitude how much of the genuine stuff of statesmanship and of the governing and administrating faculty he has in him. But had he ever been so tested one imagines from the evidence of his achievements in the War Department and as Secretary of State that he would have achieved the same sort of success and in very much the same sort of way as Mr. Asquith, and that the impression left upon the American mind would have been almost identical with the impression that Mr. Asquith makes on the mind of England.

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Interludes

DIOGENES AND THE HONEST MAN

DIOGENES was delighted. Apparently his long and painfully weary search was ended. The honest man was found at last. He had heard the fellow speak before a large multitude of people, and never since the original promulgation of the Ten Commandments had there been a more forceful presentation of noble injunctions, convincing asseverations, and uplifting sentiments than were there so impressively delivered to the cheering masses. There was but one doubter in all that gathering of humanity, and his sneering interruption with his question of suspicion elicited a reply that quieted any misgivings that might still have remained in Diogenes's heart.

"What do you expect to get out of this?" roared the doubter.

The speaker paused, and eyed his questioner amiably.

"What do I expect to get out of this, my friend?" he answered. "I will tell you—for the question conceived in impertinence is yet singularly pertinent, and wholly welcome to me. I shall answer you as frankly as I know how. I'm going to get all I can out of it. I make no pretense to unselfishness, my friends. I am not promulgating ideals for my health. I am out for Number One every time. I am looking after myself just as I hope you are all looking after yourselves. Let there be no mistake about it. I am not working for nothing, and I would not have you suspect for an instant that I am pleading for your interests alone, for that is not the truth. Me, I, myself, as well as you, are to be the beneficiaries of this movement, and I am in it for all that it is worth!"

"A fine, frank, manly answer," said Diogenes, blowing out his lantern. "I have arrived. The honest man is found at last."

Whereupon the sage invited the speaker to join him in a light repast, which the latter, being hungry, accepted with alacrity, filling himself eagerly with the good things the wise old host provided.

The supper over, Diogenes went to the desk to pay his score, and then returned to the table to find that the stranger had flown.

"I should like to have conversed longer with him," said Diogenes, as he reached under the table for his lantern.

But alas, it was not there!

The honest man had taken it with him!

ON THE ROAD

IT was geting very late and Dubbleigh's gasolene had given out.

"Anybody around here got any gasolene?" he asked, drawing up at a small hotel by the roadside.

"Nobody but me," said the landlord.

"Good," said Dubbleigh. "How much do you want for it?"

"Couldn't sell it to ye to-day," said the landlord. "It's Sunday."

"But see here, my friend," protested Dubbleigh. "What can I do; I—"

"Ye might put up here for the night," said the landlord, indifferently. "I got a nice room I can let ye have for seven dollars."

NOT SURPRISING

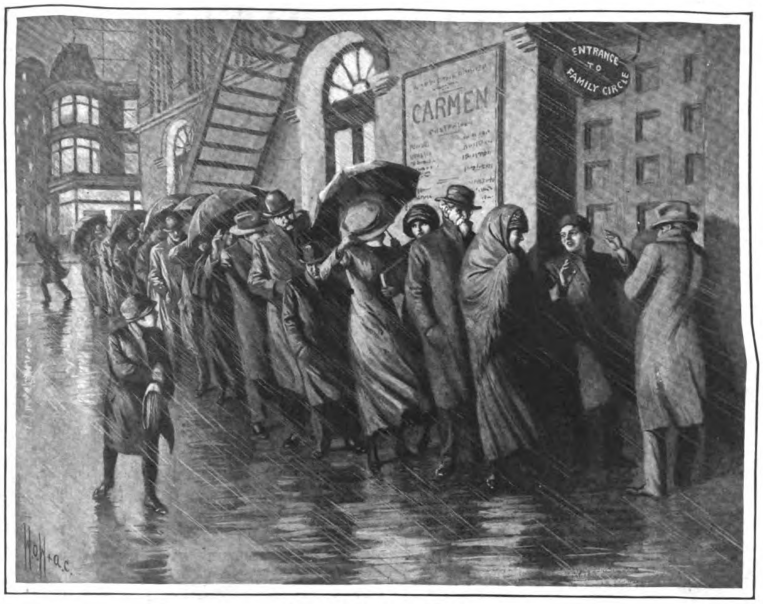
PAT was visiting the zoo and stood in awe before the hippopotamus.

"Bigorry," said he, "Oi don't wonder they call him th' hippypottymus! Just look at thim hips!"

CONVERTED

"WELL, what is it?" demanded Tompkins, stopping his car on signal from the wayfarer.

"You're under arrest," said the wayfarer. "I'm taown constabule and ye come the last five miles in seven minutes."



MUSIC HATH CHARMS

The constable climbed in and Tompkins let out at full speed again, carrying that official forty miles outside of his jurisdiction in just sixty minutes.

"By crackey!" cried the constable as he climbed out to walk back, "I don't blame ye; it's wuth it!"

NIGHTMARE OF A VISITOR TO OUR CITY

STRIKING A BARGAIN

BARNLEY'S car was hub-deep in the sands, and the tide was rising fast.

"Hi, there!" he cried to a farmer who was engaged in filling a wagon with seaweed. "What 'll you charge to pull me out of this?"

"Oh, fifty dollars, I guess," replied the farmer.

"Fifty dollars?" roared Barnley. "Jerusalem, man, isn't that rather high?"

"Wa-al, I dunno," said the farmer, resuming work on the seaweed. "'Tain't no higher than that there tide 'll be in about an hour."

THE OPTIMIST

"BY GEORGE," said the pessimist, "I can't see any silver lining to this cloud of the high cost of living. Every blessed thing under the canopy has gone up."

"Oh, no," returned the optimist. "With the approach of winter thermometers are getting lower every day."

THE FOOTBALL GAME

"Go it, Bilkins! Wake up, Jones! Never mind your busted bones. Grab the ball, now—Slithers—run! Gee! Ain't he a number one? Bully, Hulker! Slam his nose! Hi, there, Snifkins—quit that pose—get your back on in that rush! Gosh! His spine is made o' mush!

"Who's that plowing up the grass with his nose beneath the mass? Tinker? Gee, but that's tough luck—he's worth ten men in a buck. Wow—that Higgins makes me sick! Wasn't that a punky kick? Come now, fellers, one good cheer while old Slithers finds his ear!

"No, Miss Barker, you're quite right. Football never was polite! Good boy, Tompy! Hully gee! Good old Tomp's the boy for me. Go on through, Bill! Look at that! That's right, bust him in the slat! What's the whistle for? That youth Blenkinsop has lost a tooth.

"Who's that lying over there with his toes up in the air? Looks like Winkle—Bobby Tibbs tried to butt through Winkle's ribs—still, he'll get his letter, so there's no cause for tears of woe. Yes—it seems a brutal shame, but you see, ma'am, it's the game!"

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

LEAP-YEAR

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THE RED POLICE

The faithful Service of the Red Men who Maintain the Peace on the Reservations, often at Risk of Life and Dishonor among their own People

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

A group of Crow police. Big Medicine is the man with the gloves and Lieutenant Fire Bear is on his left

IN common with other wild game, romance has become scarce and shy in the West. It must be hunted down with the utmost faithfulness and precision, and then, as the science books tell us about radium, the sum total of it can be put in a pill-box. But on almost any Western Indian reservation romance comes hunting one, instead of being hunted. Sit down in any Indian agent's office, with the dust of civilization still on you, and your muscles still stiff from your long stage-ride, and there will come the pat-pat of moccasined feet in the hall. You look up and see an Indian

Doctor John, Chief of the Navajo Police

framed in the doorway, and instinctively you feel that romance has arrived. After you have been inspected, and the pat-pat dies away in the hall, the agent tells you a story about the momentary visitor that confirms the promptings of your instinct.

If it happens that the caller wears the blue uniform of the reservation police, the story is certain to be appealing, for these hard-riding, straight-shooting guardians of the red man's lonely domain face conditions that call for hardihood and courage in the ultimate. Unlike the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and our own Texas Rangers, the Indian police have few to sing their praises. They make no reports, aside from the few grunts of explanation that are furnished the agent. That individual's transcript is in the form of a report to the government—and who reads government reports in these days when there is so much more attractive literature beckoning from every newsstand? Deeds of heroism have passed unnoticed because they have happened on Indian reservations, which are like stretches of back-water, close to the surging tides of civilization and yet remote from all their influences.

The courage of the Indian police is not always purely physical. It takes moral stamina to stand with the white men in enforcing rules that are unpopular with the policeman's own people. On the Crow Indian reservation, in Montana, the second in command of the native police is a huge old fellow named Fire Bear, who slew the most popular medicine-man the Crows ever had, at a time when the tribe seemed ready to follow their idol on the war-path. The medicine-man was a young brave named Ches-che-pah, which means, literally translated, "Wraps-up-his-horse's-tail." Indians, when going on the war-path, always wrap their ponies' tails in some gaily colored cloth, and the medicine-men who bestowed the odd name on the future prophet of the Crows probably saw some brave wrapping the tail of his war-pony, and the infant was christened without further waiting. The name became shortened by the white people to Wraps-Up-His-Tail, and it is by that title the leader of the Crow uprising is known to-day.

Wraps-Up-His-Tail, when a young man, led a band of Crows into the Piegan country on the trail of a bunch of horses which it was said the Piegans had stolen. The Crows surprised a camp of Piegans, ran off as many horses as they could find, and killed two squaws. The Crow agent immediately put the offenders in jail. Wraps-Up-His-Tail sent out word to the Crows that he was a great medicine-man, and that it was an insult to the Crow people to imprison so mighty a man. A delegation of Crows waited on the agent and demanded the release of the prisoners, and, instead of "standing pat," the agent weakened, and Wraps-Up-His-Tail and his companions were given their liberty. They immediately took refuge on Wolf Mountain and bade defiance to the agent. Wraps-Up-His-Tail went to Cloud Peak, the largest of the Big Horn Mountains, and there he had great visions. He sent word to the Crows that if they would follow him they would become a free people as in the days of their forefathers, and that the buffalo would come back and everybody would be happy.

The Crows had always been well disposed toward the white people, but the war-like young medicine-man made a powerful appeal to the imagination of the tribe. His stock rose when a series of his prophecies came true. His braves had begun to grow hungry, but he said: "To-morrow you shall have plenty to eat if you come with me." They followed him toward the agency, and about four o'clock in the morning they met a freighter with an ox-team. A thunder-storm had come up—something unusual in Montana at that time of the day—and lightning struck the team, running along the chain and killing the eight oxen and giving the Indians all the meat they wanted. Then Wraps-Up-His-Tail prophesied that the agent would be killed or injured, and that official's team ran away, throwing him out of the wagon and nearly crippling him for life.

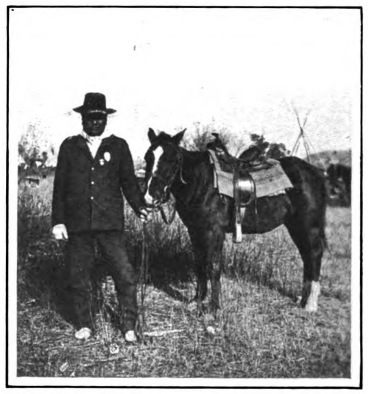
The tribe became so restive, owing to the "big medicine" that was being practised by Wraps-Up-His-Tail, that the government was appealed to, and soldiers were sent to the agency. They brought two Hotchkiss guns, and when the other Indians told Wraps-Up-His-Tail about the guns that would shoot to-day and kill to-morrow, he said he would let them shoot once or twice and then they would be destroyed. At target practice, which was being carried on to awe the Indians, one of the Hotchkiss guns blew to pieces, and immediately it was noised about the reservation that another of the medicine-man's prophecies had come true.

Wraps-Up-His-Tail, from his mountain stronghold, prophesied a great storm which would destroy the soldiers. Immediately there arose a terrific wind-storm, accompanied by torrents of rain, and half the tents of the soldiers and the tepees of the Crows were blown over. Wraps-Up-His-Tail then sent out word that he did not fear the soldiers, because he had a powder that he could toss into the air which would blind them so that their shots could not kill. He had a cavalry sword which he had dyed red, and with this he said he could decapitate all the soldiers at one blow.

The commanding officer was reluctant to shed any blood, but he realized that something must be done or the Crows would follow their medicine-man in open revolt. He sent word to Wraps-Up-His-Tail to come in and surrender, and the young prophet sent back word that he would come to the agency on a certain morning, when he would kill all the soldiers and free his people. On the appointed morning the medicine-man rode to the agency, where the soldiers were lined up. The Crows were grouped along the river, the entire tribe being assembled to see the outcome. Most of the Indian police had taken off their uniforms, and had joined the prophet's sympathizers. Fire Bear was among the few Indian skeptics. He rode among his people, still clad in his blue uniform, trying to stem the tide that threatened to lead his tribe to destruction. In spite of open threats of death from his own people, the Indian policeman remained at his post, where he was soon to play an important part in the drama that was being enacted.

Wraps-Up-His-Tail, mounted on a swift pony, circled in front of the soldiers, crying incantations. He knew that every Crow warrior on the other side of the Little Big Horn carried arms beneath his blanket, and was only waiting some encouraging manifestation to overwhelm the little band of soldiers. The medicine-man cried incantations, and tossed a white powder in the air. Word was given to fire over his head. When the volley was discharged, and the medicine-man did not fall, it was whispered that the magic powder had blinded the soldiers. A sergeant's horse became unmanageable and bolted from the line, straight toward the medicine-man. Wraps-Up-His-Tail drew a revolver and shot the soldier through the body. The medicine-man then waved his terrible red sword, but no heads fell. The order was given to charge, and as the cavalry swept toward him the medicine-man fled toward the river. A Hotchkiss shell burst under his pony at the edge of the river and killed the animal, but Wraps-Up-His-Tail plunged into the stream, and had he reached the other side no doubt he would have been assisted to escape, even if his sympathizing tribesmen did not go so far as to shoot down the cavalrymen who were in pursuit. But Fire Bear, seeing that the drama had reached its crisis, and that something must be done at once, rode down to the edge of the stream, and before the Crows realized his purpose had leveled his heavy service revolver and fired at the medicine-man. The Indian policeman's aim was true, and Wraps-Up-His-Tail tossed up his arms and disappeared in the swift current of the Little Big Horn, while the cavalrymen halted on the opposite bank and watched the wailing Crows search for the body of their prophet.

Fire Bear is still a Crow policeman. For years he was unpopular with his own people, on account of



Big Medicine, Chief of the Crow Indian Police

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the killing of Wraps-Up-His-Tail, but he has gone on doing his duty and earning the confidence of each succeeding Indian agent. He and his chief, Big Medicine, have been the leading figures in the Crow Indian police for many years. A dozen or fifteen of these Crow police guard a reservation that is about as large as Massachusetts. They have to contend against "boot-leggers," horse-thieves, cattle rustlers, and "bad men," whose specialty is gun-fighting.

The Crow reservation is surrounded by a thinly populated jumble of mountains and plains, and many of the valleys in out-of-the-way spots have been congregating places for outlaws. It was a favorite practice for years to rustle cattle on the Indian reservation and drive the stolen stock to safe retreats in the surrounding hills. So bold did the cattle rustlers become that what was known as the Garvin Basin gang planned and executed the greatest cattle raid known in the history of the frontier. Nearly a thousand Indian cattle, bearing the ID brand of the Department of the Interior, were driven off the Crow reservation in the dead of winter. They were driven to Garvin Basin, where the brands were changed, the line of the D being extended until the design made what was called the Two-pole Pumpkin brand—thus, ⊐D.

The stealing had been going on for a long time, and the Two-pole Pumpkin brand had grown to large proportions. The gang that had been conducting the rustling operations was made up of desperate characters, and, secure in the belief that no one could trail them to their mountain fastnesses, they ran off an entire ID herd, as described.

When the Indian agent was told of the immense number of cattle missing he gathered his police and took the trail. It was at the height of one of the worst winters Montana has ever experienced. The trails to the mountains were almost impassable, owing to the heavy snowfall, but the Indian police struggled through the drifts. The trail of the stolen cattle was followed to Garvin Basin. The outlaws, serene in the belief that nobody could follow them in such weather without perishing, failed to keep guard. The work of changing the brands was still in progress when the cattle rustlers heard the command, "Hands up!" and found themselves surrounded by the Crow Indian police. There was no resistance. Most of the gang were sent to the penitentiary, and the Two-pole Pumpkin steers were rounded up from the surrounding ranges and turned back to graze on the Crow reservation. Since then the Crows have suffered little from the depredations of cattle rustlers.

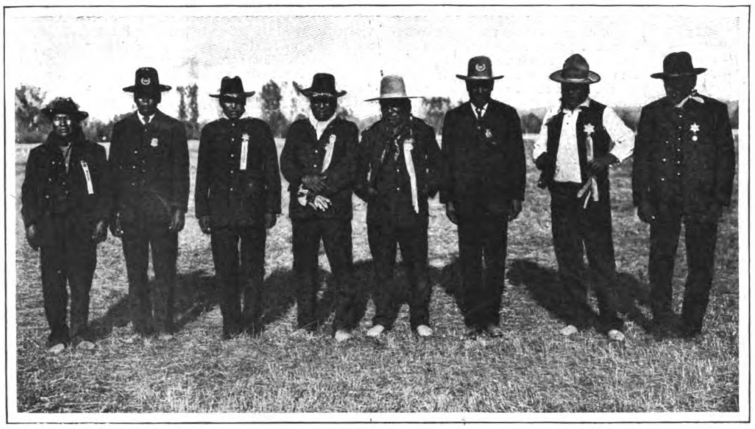
What the Crow police are doing on the wide, grassy plateaux and in the green-clad mountains of Montana the Navajo Indian police are doing in the vast, desert stretches of their inhospitable reservation. The Navajo reservation is the largest in the country. It contains more than 3,000,000 acres and 20,000 Indians live within its borders. The Navajos are rich, and have flocks and herds to tempt cattle rustlers. The barren mountains are filled with hiding-places, and the sterile plains are gashed with deep arroyos and dry water-courses, where armies might find concealment. It is the greatest place in the world for hide-and-seek, which the Navajos themselves demonstrated at the time of their rebellion in early days.

Nothing escapes the keen eyes of the Navajo police when they are on the trail. In the lonely Four Corners country, a murder was committed a few years ago, a trader being killed by an Indian whom he had befriended. The Four Corners is named from the fact that the four States of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah meet there. The nearest agency is at Shiprock, on the San Juan River, nearly fifty miles away. By the time the police from Shiprock were on the scene the murderer had a good start. With Indian cunning, he had driven his pony in with a bunch of broncos, and had even trailed behind the horses a few miles, thinking that his trail would be completely obliterated. But one of the policemen had noticed that the pony tracks leading from the trader's store had one peculiarity. One of the shoes had been slightly nicked. With unerring precision the police kept on the trail of the nicked shoe. The white men who had joined the chase confessed themselves baffled. They could not distinguish the mark of the nicked shoe among the hoofprints of twenty or thirty other horses, but the Indians never faltered. A day or two after they had taken the trail the Indian police ran down the murderer in a snug retreat in the distant Carrizo mountains, and when he asked how he had been trailed so readily one of the blue-coated guardians of the reservation lifted the hoofs of the fugitive's mount one after another until finally the nicked shoe told its own story to the prisoner.

The police at Shiprock have been under the direction of Agent William T. Shelton ever since he established the agency, eight years ago. In that time they have waged a ceaseless war on cattle rustlers, horse-thieves, "bad men," "boot-leggers," and "bronco" Indians from their own tribe. There have been many hand-to-hand combats with desperate characters, for, contrary to the general opinion of the Indian as a fighter, the Navajos are not at all averse to coming to close quarters with an adversary. The gun-fighter who tries to "get the drop" will find that he must use all the quickness of which he is capable, for the police are all adepts in the use of the big, blue-steel service revolvers, of which they are inordinately proud.

There are about a dozen Navajo police detailed from the Shiprock agency. Some of them are sheep-owners, and are men of wealth and position in the tribe. All of them conduct farms, for the agent believes his police should set a good example to the Indians who are slow to adopt the ways of white men. The chief of police, Doctor John, is regarded as the best orator in the Navajo tribe. He preaches to the Indians to be "strong" for the government, and, where physical force rather than oratory is necessary, he does not hesitate to grapple with the worst Indian on the reservation.

The Navajo policeman's literal obedience of orders sometimes works out in ludicrous fashion. This was demonstrated not long ago, when a tramp who was "footing it" across the reservation applied at the agency for work. The agent told him there was nothing, but that night remembered that there was some work to be done about the agency grounds. In the morning he found that the wanderer had started off afoot. Thinking the tramp had not gone far, Mr. Shelton sent an Indian policeman on his trail.



Navajo Indian police at the Shiprock Agency

"Tell him I want to see him," said the agent, and the Indian policeman disappeared, only to return at noon with a raging, frothing tramp tied hand and foot and slung across his saddle.

The tramp had secured a good start and was several miles on his way when the policeman caught up with him. He did not want to turn back, but his pleas and protests were unavailing. "Agent want to see um," said the policeman stolidly. Finally, when the stranger, flying into a rage, drew a revolver, the big Indian policeman knocked the weapon from his grasp. Then, calmly taking his lariat from his saddle, the policeman proceeded to "hog tie" the tramp in approved fashion. Flinging his captive across his saddle, in no comfortable position, the Indian policeman jogged back to the agency, where the stranger, after being unbound, refused to listen to the agent's offers of work, but set off on his way once more, several hours late, and with a burning hatred against all Indian police.

Sometimes it is found that a "bronco," or bad Indian, will make a valuable member of society if he is given a position of trust on the Indian police force. This has proved true among white men as well, for some of the best marshals in frontier towns in early days were former "bad men," who were proud to lend their efficient aid in hunting down the very criminals with whom they formerly associated. The Apache Kid, the worst Apache, next to Geronimo, that ever terrorized the Southwest, was a valued member of an Indian police force before he started his red career. The Apache Kid was a young Indian raised by the veteran white scout, Charley Sieber, who did such great work in the long campaign against Geronimo. The Kid was first sergeant of the Apache Indian police and gave no indication of a "bronco" disposition. His father, old Chief Toga-de-chuz, a San Carlos Apache, was killed and a rival chief named Old Rip was suspected of committing the murder. Sieber warned the Apache Kid not to attempt to avenge his father's murder. But, being the eldest son of Toga-de-chuz, the Kid was bound by Indian tradition to avenge his father's death. Shortly after the killing, when Sieber had left the agency in charge of the Kid, some matters at Camp Apache having claimed his attention, the young sergeant took five of his policemen and rode over to Aravaipo, where Rip lived, and shot the old Indian. Then, the Kid, knowing that his days with the white men were ended, took off his police uniform and went among his own people.

Sieber was soon on the Kid's trail, and brought the young Indian back to the agency. A large band of sullen Apaches had ridden along with captor and captive. When Sieber dismounted in front of his tent and told the Kid to get down, the Apaches called to the boy to shoot. The Kid whipped out his weapon and shot his foster-father in the leg, shattering the bone and making Sieber a cripple for life. Then the Kid and his band fled, killing two white men, and stealing and burning as they went. Soldiers were sent after them, and there was a fight, in which several of the Kid's band were killed. The Kid struck out afoot and slew several more white men before he was captured, with the remnant of his band. He and five companions were sentenced to the penitentiary at Yuma for life. As they were on the way to prison, heavily handcuffed, they suddenly grappled with their guards in the stage-coach. They killed both men before the driver realized what was going on. As the driver looked around, one of the desperadoes shot him in the eye and he fell to the ground. Then the Kid and his companions took the keys from the pocket of one of the dead guards, unlocked their handcuffs, mounted the stage-horses, and rode away.

That was the beginning of a life of outlawry for the Apache Kid. The former Indian policeman lived alone and wandered about Arizona and part of New Mexico, killing every solitary white man he met. His name became a word of terror in the Southwest. Men hunted him in vain, and none knew in what part of the country he would turn up next. Not even his white predecessor, Billy the Kid, created a greater reign of terror. The exact number of his victims will never be known, but it is thought that the Apache Kid killed at least fifty white men and Mexicans before he disappeared, several years after his first bloody outbreak. It is thought he died of consumption, in some lonely arroyo in the Arizona desert.

It takes a diplomat to handle a police force of Indians. At the same time the agent must be able to "talk strong," as the Indians say, when occasion arises. I have seen half a dozen Navajo Indian policemen called into the office of an agent. Among them were three or four who, in early days, had defied the white men, and had been brought back from the mountains in handcuffs. As in the case of the Apache Kid, it would take little to send them on the war-path again. Yet the agent has "talked strong" to them for an hour or two, on account of some neglect of duty, and finally has made them take off their beloved uniforms, pile them in a heap on the floor, surrender their prized revolvers, and file out of the office stripped to the breech-clout and disgraced in the eyes of the tribe. No ceremony of "breaking" a disgraced officer on the New York police force is half so thrilling as this administration of discipline among the policemen of the desert, for the agent is handling the most rebellious spirits in the world. Let him "overplay his hand," or let him show the slightest sign of weakening, and he is in imminent danger of having another Apache Kid outbreak on his hands, and of being the first victim on the altar of discipline.

A BALLAD OF DEAD QUEENS

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX

In all the twilight realm of dreams, I wis,
There walks no Queen so high-hearted as this,
Who, gazing on her King and Sweetheart dead,
Sped forth her soul to his in one last kiss.

Other great Queens in that dim purple space
There dwell, of whose bright loveliness and grace
Poets have sung, until some trait of theirs
Each lover sees in his own lady's face,

The shining Daughter of the Swan, and she
Who once with Tristram on a summer sea,
Under the witch-light of a waning moon,
Drank deep the chalice of their destiny.

Pale Guinevere, her eyes yet heavy-fraught
With dreams of two who rode to Camelot,
And mouth that still, for all the dead, dumb years,
Is dewy with the breath of Lancelot.

But, on her heart the Rose Inviolate
Of Love triumphant over Death and Fate,
Of Love that perished on the lips that fed,
Queen Emer holds unchanged her royal state.

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THE BROWNLOW BOYCOTT

A Story in Two Parts—Part II

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

DAVID BROWNLOW, having been mainly instrumental in inducing the community to vote bonds for a railroad through the county, refuses to surrender his share after the failure of the enterprise, in spite of the plea of his friend Judge Clayton. The county resolves to repudiate the bonds and pay no taxation. Brownlow, with his small son, who tells the story, finding every man's hand against him, takes refuge in an old church, which he obtains under a foreclosure of mortgage. At times three strange, ghostly visitors appear, but Brownlow seems not to perceive their presence. One night a fourth figure comes after the three have entered. Brownlow blows a whistle and the stranger attacks him.

THE man tossed me aside and, dashing father to the floor with tremendous force, ran to the window, but it was too small and high for him to jump through. His fierce eyes met mine as I rose on my hands; his teeth gritted audibly.

"Well, by the great gun," he roared. In an instant he laughed. "If I didn't walk into a regular plant," he said, in deep disgust. "I might break down a door, but it's too late now." Suddenly leaning forward, he raised me up, asking, "Did I hurt you, son?"

We looked down on Joe, still in a crumpled heap; on father lying extended, a piece of the intruder's coat in his clenched hand and a broad smear of blood across his forehead. Believing him dead, I fell to my knees beside him; but the stranger quickly reassured me.

"The old gent will come around in a minute," he said, sprinkling water from a pitcher and fanning vigorously with a folded paper. After father was able to sit in his chair he agreed readily to the proposal that I be dropped through the window, and in this manner I recovered the keys.

The stranger stirred Joe curiously with his foot, the ensuing groan and the gleaming white of a single eye making him laugh. "'Possum," he said. Then turning on father he added, grimly: "You haven't done with me, sir; I'll be back after you when I want you."

Taking the lamp in his hand he commanded me to lead the way through the church, of which he searched every nook and corner. He paused before the door of the tower which had always remained locked, but, raising a pew above his head, he smashed it in. Then we ascended the narrow, winding stairs to the tower-room beneath the belfry.

Here we found a table and three chairs, one of which had been overturned; pens, ink, and papers were on the table, but, most remarkable of all, a candle burning deeply in its winding-sheet of tallow. A handful of revolver cartridges lay among the papers.

The invader inspected the room briefly, then turned to me. Never have I seen such a man; his ungainly figure moved swiftly and noiselessly, his eyes were cavernous and black, and he possessed no wish but to hasten into danger. As he tilted up my chin with his finger he seemed about to question me, but instead of doing so only gazed intently into my face.

"Lord above! what do you play in this place?" he demanded, and I answered, "Everything."

"Well, well," he said, "you've played the devil with me to-night and that's a fact." I was afraid he would either abuse me or feel sorry for me, but he wasn't that kind of man. "You look wild enough to scare a woman out of her wits," he exclaimed, slapping me on the shoulder; "but between men that wouldn't make any difference, anyway."

Swiftly and noiselessly he started down-stairs with the lamp, which he set down upon reaching the study; there he paused only long enough to scowl terrifically at Joe, who sat on a chair in the corner, and then vanished into the night. So passed through my life in one episode of violence and mystery that fierce, cool fellow who would not halt in any desperate enterprise. Yet he had a rare quality of friendliness to speak to a Brownlow.

Father had deep finger-marks on his throat and shoulder, a scar on his forehead, and the shock of the struggle gave a lasting tremor to his body. But he was writing unsteadily before the stranger's footsteps had died away, and, having finished, rose to put on his hat and coat. I entreated him not to go out, but he replied, sternly, that he must have that bloodhound called off as quickly as possible.

He did not return till toward morning, with scratched hands and smeared with clay from head to foot; long before I had fallen asleep on the floor of the study, with Joe sitting like a mummy in the corner.

For ten days there was almost continuous silence about the church; Joe went twice to the depot, leaving and returning after dusk, but the rest of the time he spent in the church corner, staring at the broken door of the tower, the splintered pew, and meditating upon the scowl of the stranger. Everything about the place was in dismal confusion and covered with dust, which the March winds blew in from the distant graves. It took all my courage to walk around the estate as a Brownlow should, for that cloud of hate was settling more closely about me, haunted with powers to do us mischief.

Father moved tremblingly, though sustained by a kind of fever; but he never referred to the stranger's visit. I lost all superstition about the ha'nts, who, as I now understood, made their rendezvous in the belfry and didn't care who or what they were. On I played furiously, as one must do in a church if he would play at all, and father, looking on with shining eyes, would say, "I never saw such a chap for games."

There came one clear, chilly night; the grass was brittle with frost and the wind snarled among the cedars in a high metallic strain. But in spite of this brightness the ha'nts returned, and this time I heard them scrambling over the wreck at the tower door.

I wondered if the fourth one would return to renew the fight, and observed that father sat at his desk with a loaded revolver before him. An hour passed, then we heard the outer door of the church shaken slightly; after a moment the study door was tried also, and a light, firm rapping followed.

"I did not believe he would scent us out to-night," said father. "Do you go on into the church and turn the key behind you."

My blood, cold as it had become, rose in surges; he intended to lock himself in with the danger at the door.

"I won't go," I told him. In this last tragic moment of our long silence, when the world was about to burst in upon us through the dissolution of the spell, an outsider might have been struck with the appearance of two such wild-looking people defying each other in a church. But father was more dismayed than angry.

"Would you be a bad boy to me, Clay?" he asked, reproachfully; but I knew that I was already as bad as possible.

"Why, I'm on your side," I told him. I felt that the devil wouldn't go back on us after we'd turned the church over to him, and said so plainly.

The rapping was now continuous, but father, with a white face, pondered on my reply.

"Look what they have brought us to!" he exclaimed. "This is no kind of game for you to play."

I laughed and said: "Let 'em come. Two Brownlows ain't afraid of all hell now."

I hardly know what effect this statement would have had on him if our conversation had not been interrupted in a most startling manner. Some one was calling: "Clay, Clay! David!"

One moment we listened to this first faint hail from the world which had forsaken us; the call was repeated, and as the knob jumped in its socket I unlocked the door. Rose Clayton came in. One moment she stood aghast at our appearance and then spoke in the greatest agitation:

"David, you must escape. Leave Clay with me."

"What have I to escape from?" asked father; and being told "Imprisonment," replied, "I am in prison now."

"But this means an indelible disgrace. Make haste."

Father and I looked at each other, scarcely believing in this dark-eyed apparition who raised her arms in impassioned entreaty. "My brother's term of office expires to-morrow," said the woman; "he will not run again. He has protected you all this time, but with the promise that if you did not make restitution and leave the county by this date he would indict and try and sentence you in accordance with his duty and oath of office, though it broke his heart."

Father answered, respectfully, "I cannot profit by your warning."

"A horse is ready outside the wall. Go, David, go!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Why, I should only add to my disgrace by running away," he explained, and inadvertently his eye met mine.

"You enemy!" I told the woman. "A Brownlow won't run away from a Clayton."

She had been right in urging haste, for the outer door of the church was shaken and wrenched open as I spoke. Father, with a bow and word of thanks, stepped past her through the door and walked down the aisle, which Judge Clayton and two companions entered from the front at the same moment. They met midway in the church.

"Read your warrant," commanded the judge, and one of the men, whom I recognized as a court deputy, did so.

The latter then said: "You are under arrest, David Brownlow. Make ready to come with me."

"The case is docketed for to-morrow, Mr. Prosecutor," said Judge Clayton to his other companion, and these two turned away.

Then the three men in the tower, not having received any signal and supposing the church clear of intruders, emerged from the shadow of the stairway and came face to face with Clayton. Naturally, the latter started and raised his stick, then he exclaimed loudly and retreated step by step as though the three men were driving him back, although they stood uncertain whether to flee or advance.

"The justices of the county court," gasped the prosecutor, peering over his companion's shoulder.

These three mysterious visitors were, in fact, justices of that court whose duty it is to administer the civic affairs of the county.

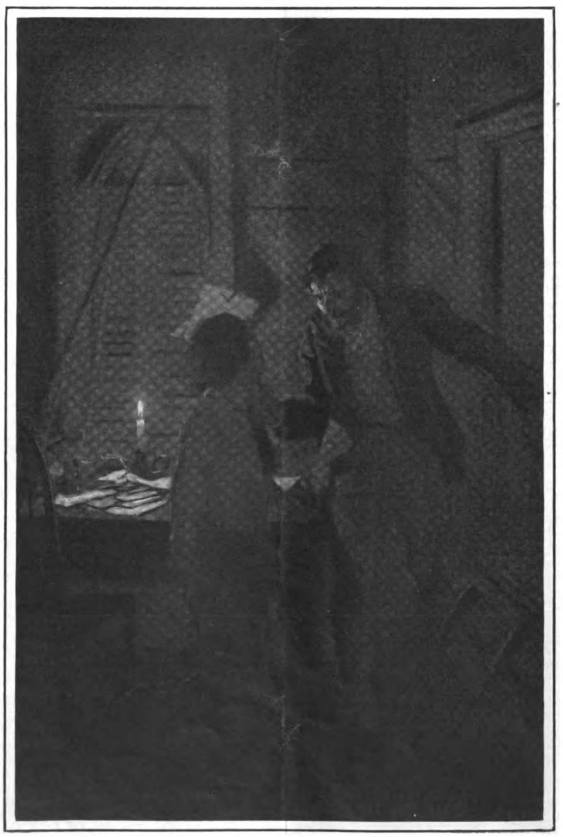
The citizens, having resolved to repudiate the bonds, had elected three obscure citizens to the county bench. These men, as justices, were pledged not to appropriate money from the county treasury with which to pay the bond interest.

The county being promptly sued in the United States court for the unpaid interest, a marshal was sent after the three justices, who thus became fugitives from the Federal law. For to be captured meant that they must either vote the money or be committed to jail during their entire term of office for contempt of the United States court.

Now the circumstance of their presence in the church was explained in a brief conversation between the chief justice and the prosecuting attorney.

"We are not widely known," said the former, "but even three strangers can't meet in the woods very often without attracting attention — and that marshal was on the trail night and day. On account of the public enmity toward Brownlow, this is the last place we would be suspected of meeting."

"You were placing your head in the lion's jaws—it's a miracle that



His ungainly figure moved swiftly and noiselessly

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"David, you must escape; leave Clay with me"

Brownlow didn't betray you," retorted the prosecutor, grimly.

"Brownlow once did me a favor," resumed the chief justice, drily. "He came to my house in the night, but I was in hiding. When he came again he was brought to me and suggested this church as the safest place to meet in. Warning him that his death would surely and suddenly follow our betrayal, we accepted. It was the best we could do, being hard run at the time. We never spoke to him after that, but have reason to believe that the scar on his face was received one night last week in fighting off that very marshal while we escaped."

"Brownlow protect you!" cried the attorney, incredulously.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "This man signaled us and we escaped. Then he notified us to meet here to-night, as the marshal had been thrown off the scent. That is all I know about it."

All this made a fearful puzzle to Clayton and the attorney, who stared in amazement.

"I am ready to accompany you just as I am," said father to the deputy, quietly.

"Hold!" commanded Clayton. "I speak to you, Brownlow—as an officer in the interest of the public," he added, with a great effort. "Have you sued this county on your bonds?"

"I have not," replied my father, in a ringing voice; "but this county will pay myself or my heirs the amount of that bond to the last penny with accumulated interest."

"Take charge of your prisoner!" thundered old Clayton. "His trial"—he paused abruptly and clapped his hand to his forehead. A new and terrible thought burst through his brain, and without being able to give it coherent utterance he continued, stumbling at every word:

"Those bonds—many innocent purchasers, gentlemen, from that swindling company—but we can't help that. Only repudiation will save us from ruin—repudiation. What am I saying? Brownlow—did you buy those bonds from your company?"

Father did not reply; his face was white, for standing so long in his weakened condition was an exertion. But he stood erect as ever and returned the glance of the men calmly. Across his forehead the scar received in the fight with the marshal burned redly.

"No—no; it is incredible," muttered Clayton, though still unable to master his agitation. "It is incredible," he repeated, sighing, and turned away.

Rose Clayton had come down the dim aisle unnoticed; now she stood in the moonlight under the stained window. Her hands were clasped across her breast like the tips of silver wings, and she seemed the shadow of the angel risen from the dusty floor.

"He bought them—paid for them," she said, in a low voice which penetrated every corner of the church; she gazed on my father, fascinated.

The judge spoke her name. "Come, Rose, you are strangely out of place," he said; and added in a kind of entreaty so that the others would not blame her: "An old friend disgraced, gentlemen; she is much affected. She is not herself—"

"Not herself," repeated the girl, languidly, and laughed. "Yes, I am now truly myself. You needn't justify yourself to me, David. I understand now." Their eyes met in a long look. "And I asked you to run away from us," she said; "from us," with a bitter little laugh.

"Gentlemen, I believe she speaks the truth," exclaimed the prosecutor.

"Tell him to answer you, Rose," said Judge Clayton, but the girl turned on her brother fiercely.

"Justify himself! Never. Is he the man to explain to us that his deeds are honorable—to present proof that he is not a thief? David Brownlow, I come so late with my friendship that it is worthless. But I take my stand with you against these men, this county, and repudiation. I'll have what they owe me."

"Rose, you are beside yourself," pleaded the judge.

"You are nothing but law and justice," retorted she, impatiently. "You hound the public unfortunate and ignore calamity at home. Look closely, brother. Have you ever seen this dress before?" She approached, but evaded his touch.

"Why, Clementina—" he began, puzzled.

"You notice it now, do you? It is Clementina's," said Rose; "I have none of my own. I have nothing of my own. Now this county owes me twenty thousand dollars. I am a bond-holder, also an innocent purchaser along with David Brownlow; and I join with him in the stand he takes—whether to throw the debt in your faces or demand my dues to the last drop of blood in this precious, most honorable county."

I do not know who was most amazed by the revelation of this secret, which Rose had kept so long lest my father receive additional blame.

An agitated conversation broke out in the group, and the prosecutor said, plainly, to Judge Clayton: "I shall dismiss the case."

The other pondered for several moments; his eyes were clouded, his face became gray as his beard.

"Law is law, sir," he said, finally, in a high voice. "The count in the indictment charges Brownlow with a fraudulent act—in exchange for our bonds we received stock in a railroad which the company he represented never intended to build. The fact that he bought and paid for the bonds in his possession has nothing to do with the case."

"The prejudice of the public mind is such that conviction is certain," the prosecutor interrupted. "I can't believe now that Brownlow had the intent to perpetrate fraud."

"The facts have not changed since the indictment was found," said Clayton; "the arrest has been made and the case must go to trial."

The prosecutor, a young man, ran up half-way to father and Rose.

"Bear witness, Brownlow, and the rest of you," he cried, with violence. "I am coerced into trying this case. I say the defendant is guiltless in intent—he has suffered enough for his mistake."

Judge Clayton remained unmoved; for a moment, absorbed in thought, he seemed to forget the rest.

"Open court, Mr. Sheriff," he said, abruptly, and, after gaping, the deputy obeyed in a sing-song voice.

"Now procure me a panel of twenty men instantly. Rout them out of bed—take them into custody if necessary."

The old man met every eye unflinchingly. "Neither does the law seek to justify itself in the eyes of any man," he said, calmly. "Mr. Prosecutor, prepare your case. We will send for any attorney you wish to defend you, Brownlow."

"There is no defense," replied my father.

"Do you plead guilty?" asked the judge, with a start, but, receiving no answer, continued, hurriedly: "Plea of not guilty. Bring back the clerk, Mr. Prosecutor. Order," he said, and, after the two officials had departed, he paced to and fro in the aisle without ceasing.

The prosecutor beckoned the justices of the county court, who followed him outside, but after a time I saw them enter the study and close the door between us.

Father and I sat together, Rose having withdrawn to one side, and perfect silence reigned throughout the church except for the light, steady footfall of old Clayton. The law was there, preparing to thunder its doom upon my father, but his example of fortitude gave courage to myself. I showed him the puzzle made out of chips, and we worked it in the very rush of danger.

For here it came, led by one man who entered, blinking and frightened as a bat. He slunk into a corner, but when others came hurrying in our enemies gained boldness and chose seats in the lighter part of the church. The prosecutor returned with the clerk and two witnesses, and the hum of conversation became general.

Judge Clayton opened court standing at the end of the aisle before the pulpit. Here he questioned the men, twelve of whom were immediately passed unchallenged and sworn to try the case. Benches for the jury were set near the study door.

The tall old minister was among them, and he spoke to Judge Clayton deliberately:

"The accused has desecrated this place by making it his refuge in an unrepentant spirit. It is fitting that the chastisement of law should be given the weight of divine displeasure. Sir, you may occupy the pulpit."

Judge Clayton looked at him in astonishment.

"Your mind seems to be made up as to the guilt of the accused," he said, drily. "Brownlow, do you object to this man?"

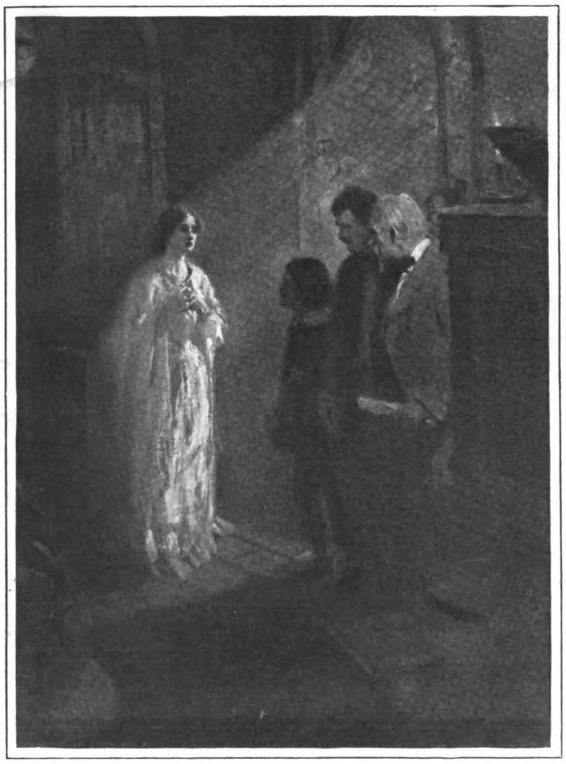
"I do not object," replied father.

Notwithstanding this caustic rebuke to the minister, Clayton mounted slowly to the pulpit.

The witnesses testified; one of them was Jerry Green, whose eyes glittered malevolently. The prosecutor read from his record. Then he called a name, adding, "The chief justice of the county court will take the stand."

This caused a great stir, for these men, known to only a few of the county's principal citizens, were reputed to live surrounded by danger as fugitives from the Federal law.

But the judge, after questioning the prosecutor in



She seemed the shadow of the angel risen from the dusty floor

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whispers, announced aloud: "The justice's testimony is inadmissible as entirely irrelevant."

"There is no defense," replied father when questioned. The indignant young attorney disdaining argument, the case went to the jury, and to give them privacy the court and spectators retired to the extreme front of the church. Father withdrew also, though aloof from the others, and I remained unmolested in my seat near the jury.

Several men, among them Jerry Green, had looked at me with pitying aversion, as though I had thrown back into some primitive creature neither beast nor boy; but father they regarded with a certain awe.

The jury rose to consult together, their guarded tones being almost lost amid the hum of conversation from the front of the church. Still, I caught the word "guilty" spoken from man to man.

Suddenly I became conscious of a whispering overhead which pierced the murmured consultations of the jurymen and then dominated them completely.

Dusk was gathering thickly in the church, the oil of the lamp burned low; but as that whisper persisted the jurymen espied a dimly outlined form in the choir loft directly above them.

"I am Rose Clayton," said the whisper; and without pause the woman stated clearly some facts pertaining to my father's conduct which had come to her knowledge this night. The group of men were astonished and concerned at first, but only the minister interrupted:

"We should not listen to this—"

"Hush," commanded another, and they all returned to the spell of that shadow whose white hands hung down to them and became absorbed in the vehement whisper which seemed to sing threateningly in their ears.

"You, man of God, who devoted his pulpit to this trial," were the last thrilling words, "do you deny any man salvation because of the inadmissibility of evidence? Open that door at hand and question those within. Ask how David Brownlow got the scar upon his forehead."

The voice failed abruptly, the hands floated away, and it seemed that the form vanished only to reappear instantly as the angel in the stained window hovering silvery before the moon.

The old minister, still gazing upward, turned the knob of the door; the study was dark, but I could hear the jury communing with the men harbored there.

Presently they recalled the court, and as the spectators crushed silently forward Judge Clayton remounted the pulpit. "Light! light!" he called, harshly, a slip of paper in his hand, and the minister held the expiring lamp.

"Not guilty, thank God!" said Clayton, and fell to the floor with hands outstretched toward my father.

I remember Jerry Green's yell of rage, the sudden clamor from many throats; then the justices entered from the front and the prosecutor demanded silence.

The chief justice related the circumstances of the affair in his homely way and concluded: "Lying on the desk in that study we found a subscription to a fund to build a railroad in this county. The subscribers were all holders of bonds—the subscription more than half the value of them. The list was headed by David Brownlow with one hundred thousand dollars, the total amount of his holdings."

One exclamation rose above the others, and the man who had bought our house pushed forward. "One hundred thousand—there went the Brownlow plantation!" he cried.

Father raised his hand for silence. "Since that subscription has come to light," he stated, "I will tell you that it is conditioned on this: that you first abandon the policy of repudiation and restore your injured credit."

"Hang the credit; it's gone already," shouted Jerry Green. Father shook his head and a flush overspread his face.

The first speaker peered into his eyes. "Brownlow has saved it," he said, with awe. "He has paid the interest, twenty-four thousand dollars. There went the home; that's why the marshal won't come back, justice! And to think that I begrudged him that thousand-dollar raise. Friends, this man has cleaned himself out for us."

A heated discussion was precipitated by this; the church bell began ringing furiously and within thirty minutes the building was crowded to the walls.

In the midst of this great assemblage the county court sat in regular session; twenty-four thousand dollars was voted to reimburse David Brownlow—father would accept no interest on his own bonds. Here the policy of repudiation was abandoned and the home of the Brownlows restored to them.

Amid this tremendous rallying of old friends father held me up to view; new strength of body had come to him, and his face was glorified by forgiveness.

"We are of these people—our own people—again, Clay! They understand us now," he laughed, joyously. "Welcome them."

ROBBING SURGERY OF ITS TERRORS

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

THE python intimidates the cowering rabbit without inflicting any physical injury. Fear of the reptile utterly paralyzes the animal, and the python then leisurely coils about and crushes his prey.

Inhibition is a physiological mystery that science has never entirely solved. It is the organic brake, the automatic controller of vital function, inherited from Adam's progenitors and increasingly specialized through countless generations up to the highest type of civilized man.

The four-year-old boy with enlarged tonsils and adenoids, wrongly disciplined by a misguided mother with threats to summon the terrible "doctor man," goes partially under the influence of ether on the operating-table struggling and crying in fear of that same "doctor man"—and unexpectedly dies before the operation is started, killed by inhibition. And the mystified doctor is sued for malpractice.

A strong man suffering from an "ulcerated" tooth sits in the dental chair dreading the pain of extraction—and suddenly collapses, gasps a few times, and falls over dead—killed by fear which automatically sets the brakes and stops the beating of the heart. The dentist is unjustly censured.

This ever-present influence of inhibition is not wanting even in the unconscious subject. Shock, that bane of modern surgery, is increased by every "insult" or unnecessary handling of the organs exposed at operation, even though the patient be deeply anæsthetized. The ether does not reach the deeper levels of consciousness.

Extensive laboratory and clinical research carried on by Dr. G. W. Crile, of Cleveland, has recently thrown new light on this vital question. In fact, the application of principles elucidated by Crile's genius has already reduced the death-rate from shock in surgical practice to the lowest figure imaginable. Unquestionably the sacrifice, perhaps in some instances the torture, of a number of dumb animals used in these experiments will lead to advances in surgical technique that will save countless human lives.

For one thing, Crile has demonstrated that much depends on the mental impressions made on the patient by environment immediately preceding and while undergoing anæsthesia. For instance, the bustle and excitement of preparing for an operation, careless remarks let fall by doctors, nurses, or friends within the patient's exaggerated hearing, the sight of instruments, a thousand and one little incidents which tend to arouse the sense of fear, all are reflected later as inhibitory impulses that add to the state of shock.

To avoid these deleterious influences an effort is made to spare the patient every possible suggestive impression. This means nothing else than an exquisitive thoughtfulness on the part of all concerned and a special care to foster the patient's confidence in the success of the outcome—not by empty words, but by the manner and conduct of those about him.

The gossipy acquaintance—not to say garrulous old woman—who gains access to the bedside and regales the patient with histories of sundry similar cases with disastrous terminations, does more than disturb the sufferer's equanimity; she adds the weight of her disheartening talk to the stress of the approaching crisis, and often enough actually turns the balance against recovery.

Crile makes it a rule to anæsthetize the patient in his bed and have him conveyed to the operating-room after consciousness is lost, sparing him the unpleasant recollections which are believed to account for much of the nervous impairment following operations.

He furthermore advocates the administration of an opiate or narcotic an hour or two before the beginning of the operation in order to diminish the patient's natural timidity. Victims of the guillotine are said to have submitted without fear when under the influence of morphine, while without it they often resisted forcibly. Under the influence of such a drug no one is a coward, no one is brave—every one is in a neutral state.

During anæsthesia, from ether, chloroform, or "laughing gas," the senses are asleep, but the brain still continues to receive nerve-impulses from the field of operation. In other words, the nerve-centers "feel" every touch of the knife on the skin, and these impulses are reflected to the circulatory organs as inhibiting impulses which produce shock, or slowing of the circulation.

As Dr. Crile explains it: "Anæsthesia puts asleep only a portion of the brain, and is at best only a veneer. Rough manipulations of the viscera excite an involuntary reactive opposition of the patient to the surgeon, a silent protest of the unconscious patient against physical injury."

Now Crile conceived the idea that if he could temporarily cut off communication between the field of operation and the brain—prevent the nerves from carrying "insults" to headquarters—the occurrence of shock might be prevented. He performed hundreds of experiments on animals under ether with the operation field cocainized in addition, and found that the cocaine prevented the transmission of these injurious impulses and so prevented shock.

The principle was then applied to the human subject with happy results. An extremely dilute solution of cocaine or similar drug is used, not enough to involve any danger from the drug; it benumbs the nerve-endings in the wound, being purposely injected in and about the nerve-trunks that supply the part to be operated on, after the patient is well under ether. This effectually "blocks off" the part, prevents the transmission of alarms to the brain, and thus completely cuts off control from headquarters for the time being.

The obvious result of this stratagem is that the brain is unaware of any danger to that part of the body and consequently sends out no "down brake" orders to the organs of circulation. The machine continues running as smoothly as usual and there is no manifestation of shock.

Strangely enough, until Crile enlightened us, it was in minor cases requiring "just a few whiffs" of ether or chloroform that sudden heart-failure seemed most likely to occur. Tonsil, adenoid, and dental operations are frequently done under fractional or interrupted anæsthesia, the surgeon being inclined to hurry the work through before the patient is completely under the anæsthetic. The semi-conscious "insult" thus inflicted is reflected as a brake impulse to the heart—sometimes with a fatal result.

A significant circumstance of the new technique is that ninety per cent. of the patients have no unpleasant recollections of their operations and the post-operative nervous impairment has been strikingly absent.

The whole purpose of Dr. Crile's work is to protect from unnecessary harm that part of the mind which is known to be wide awake during the operation.

"The Evening Prayer"
BY RHODA HOLMES NICHOLS

"The Model's Lunch"
BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

TWO WATER-COLORS OF INTEREST

A COUPLE OF AQUARELLES SHOWN AT THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW YORK WATER-COLOR CLUB

Photographs by P. A. Juley

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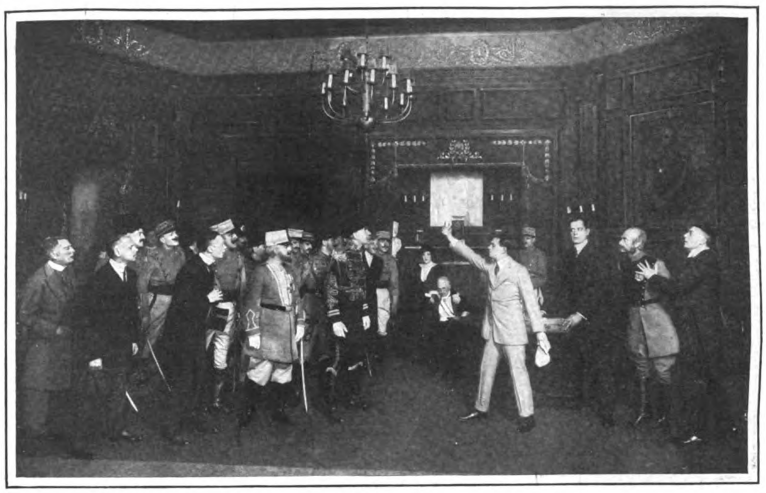
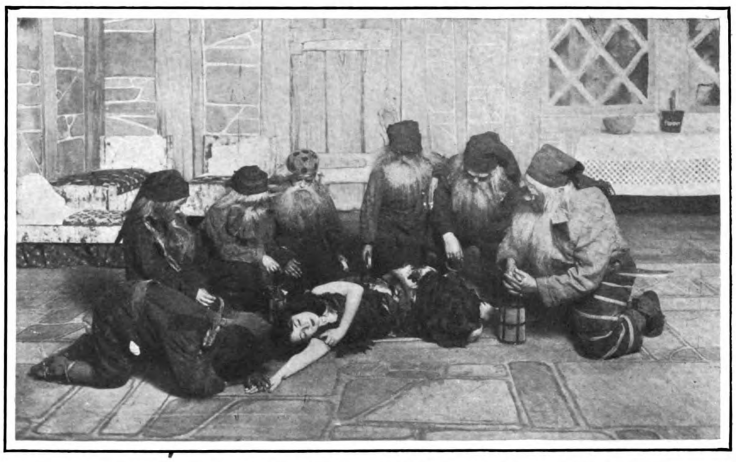


A tense situation from Act III. of the new farce, "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." (Douglas Fairbanks, center), at the Astor

J. Arthur Young and Antoinette Walker in "The Yellow Jacket"



Snow White (Marguerite Clark) and the Seven Dwarfs in the fairy-tale play for children, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," at the Little Theater

A scene from the Chinese play, "The Yellow Jacket," at the Fulton

Jessie Ralph and Ralph Morgan in "A Rich Man's Son," at the Harris

A scene from "The Dove of Peace," the new comic opera by Walter Damrosch and Wallace Irwin, at the Broadway Theater

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

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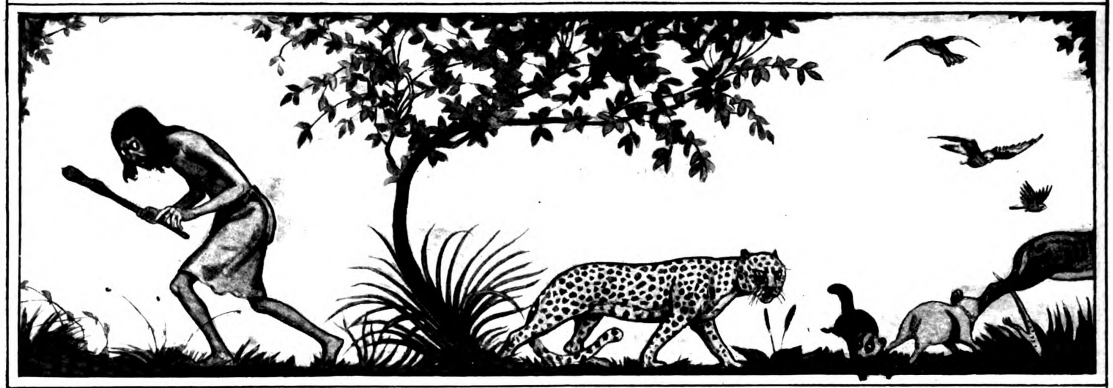
THE TYRANNY OF FEAR



BY LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, M.D., A.B., M.A.
(Johns Hopkins)

Illustrated by Peter Newell

FEAR makes devils of cherubim, says a proverb, while a more practical historian wrote that fear is "swift and strong." The modern machinery of civilization, however, gives little or no opportunity to put the matter to the test. We ride serenely from the cradle to the grave upon a policed wave of governmental nurture, protected from fire and deluge, shot and shell, dirk and dirt, reptile and riff-raff. Most of us are born to blush unseen and to be buried without the faintest glimmer of experience that might be called danger, that might call into play the fundamental instinct of man—to wit, fear.

Neurasthenia is called the national malady of the United States. All of us, it is said, are more or less its victims. One man has "a case of nerves" and a loud noise makes him jump from his chair; another man is abnormally excitable and quarrels on the slightest provocation; another is gloomy and downcast, no matter what the temptation to be gay; another "hates children"; another is nervous and cannot sit still for two minutes at a time; another has a senseless fear of the water. All of these men at bottom are neurasthenics. They are out of tune with the rest of the world. The ordinary phenomena and experiences of life pain them.

Every man fancies that he personally is absolutely free of such abnormalities and delusions; but, as a matter of fact, it is extremely rare to encounter a human being of whom this claim may be made truthfully.

Every man has his delusion. One is afraid of the water and another of the dark; one fears firearms and another sharp instruments; one hates a crowd and another hates loneliness; one turns sick at the sight of blood—and his wife faints if a mouse crosses the room. These people do not make believe—they really suffer. If you do not believe it, consider your own pet aversion and the pain it gives you.

Agoraphobia—the fear of open spaces—takes a number of forms and has had not a few distinguished victims. One of these was the celebrated Emperor Heraclius, who conquered Constantinople and reigned in Byzantium during the sixth century. An open plain made Heraclius shiver with terror, and he could not bear the sight of the sea. In his palace he inhabited small, low-ceilinged rooms with heavy hangings. When he went abroad he traveled in closed conveyances. Once when it was necessary for him to cross the Bosporus he had his engineers build a bridge of boats bordered on both sides by walls made of curtains and branches of trees. Only thus could he bring himself to venture over the strait.

An English investigator is of the opinion that agoraphobia is a dread not so much of open spaces as of the surface of the earth. He says that it is a legacy from our simian ancestors, who sought safety from their foes in the dense tops of trees. These primeval anthropoid apes were at a disadvantage on the ground, and they knew it. They associated the idea of the earth's surface with that of sudden assaults by leopards and lions. This ancient race impression has come down to us. In the majority of human beings later impressions have wiped it out. When, by atavism, it reappears we call it agoraphobia.

The converse of agoraphobia is claustrophobia, the fear of closed places. It is comparatively common and is usually revealed as a dread of entering crowded street-cars or of passing through narrow passages. The man who feels ill at ease indoors—who likes to go roving across the open fields and to sleep under the blue vault of heaven—is a claustrophobe.

According to the English investigator referred to, claustrophobia dates from the early days of the human race, when man was ceasing to live in the trees and learning to live on the ground. He felt the need of shelter, and so sought it in caves and in hollow tree trunks; but experience soon taught him that these places were often harbors for snakes, wild beasts, and other fearsome enemies. Therefore he began to associate small, confined shelters with ideas of fear, and it took him a long while to drive this fear out of his mind. Even to-day savages, children, and the ignorant are afraid of caves and dark rooms.

The fear of darkness, which is common to nine-tenths of the human race, probably had its rise in the same manner, though now and then it is justified by some small or great risk of actual injury. A great many intelligent and educated persons are utterly unable to rid themselves of this fear. They know the absurdity of it and they battle against it, but in vain. It is, in fact, pathological, and frequently it is accompanied by other and better-marked symptoms of neurasthenia or hysteria; but this is by no means true invariably. On the contrary, many persons in whom it is strong are conspicuously sound in mind otherwise.

A trio of queer fear-maladies are aichmophobia, the fear of sharp instruments; astrophobia, the fear of lightning; and mysophobia, the fear of dirt. The first is more common than is generally supposed. King James I. of England was one of its most notable victims. The sight of a drawn sword, it is said, would make him shudder and grow pale, and he employed the knife at table only by a strong exercise of the will. One of the Georges suffered from the same fear. He had the spear-tops of a row of iron fence rails cut off because they made him tremble whenever he glanced at them. It is not unusual to find men who are unable to shave themselves because

A loud noise makes him jump from his chair

the razor terrifies them. When it is in the hands of a barber it does not disturb them so much, but they are unable to touch even the handle themselves.

Astrophobia is so familiar that it scarcely needs description. Every person has among his acquaintances some woman who grows faint with terror whenever there is a thunder-storm. Some of these unfortunates lock themselves in a dark room or go to bed with the sheet pulled over their heads at the first flash of lightning. If a storm comes up at night, when, of course, the lightning is much more vivid than during the day, their alarm is pitiable.

Mysophobia is a malady that afflicts a great many housewives, though in them, it may be admitted, it is often more a virtue than a disease. But in other persons it has ludicrous manifestations sometimes. There is on record the case of a man who so feared dirt that he washed his hands fifty times a day and changed his collar every hour. He spent thousands every year on Turkish baths, shampooing, and manicuring. He could never bring himself to wear the same suit of clothes two days in succession. Fortunately this man was rich, so his mysophobia was looked upon by his friends as a mere eccentricity. Had he been poor, it might have landed him in a lunatic asylum.

Acrophobia, the fear of high places, is often complicated or caused by a physical malady such as vertigo; but now and then it appears alone. Its victims have an intolerable dread of high altitudes. They cannot be induced, by any means of persuasion, to look from the roof of a high building or ascend a monument. When they find themselves accidentally or unavoidably at a great height they are seized by an impulse to leap into space. It is their knowledge of this suicidal impulse that makes them afraid of heights.

Two related, but contrary, fear-maladies are anthropophobia, the fear of society, and monophobia, the fear of loneliness. Anthropophobes are common. Almost every village has its recluse. The malady is marked by a disinclination to meet strangers, a horror of crowds, and, as a rule, by an aversion from the opposite sex. Most misogynists, or woman-haters, are anthropophobes also. It was so with Spinoza the philosopher, and so with Schopenhauer. The latter dwelt alone, took solitary walks, received no visitors, kept the blinds of his lodgings down, and evolved a philosophy whose foundation stone was a complete renunciation of all human society, love, and companionship. His view of the fair sex, as set forth in his celebrated *Essay on Women*, was essentially that of an anthropophobe. He believed, indeed, that it was good for man to be alone.

Monophobia is nothing more nor less than a pathological exaggeration of the social instinct which is evident in all of us. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, was a typical monophobe. He had a horror of loneliness. In the worst phases of monophobia the victim stands in actual horror of himself and is not happy unless the presence of others makes it possible for him to forget himself.

Kleptophobia, the fear of committing theft; lyssophobia, the fear of hydrophobia; pyrophobia, the fear of fire; toxophobia, the fear of poisons; zoophobia, the fear of animals; pantophobia, a general state of fear and uneasiness—all of these have been differentiated and described by the experts. The last named is called by the French *folie de la doute*—doubt lunacy—and is characterized by a chronic condition of doubt. The pantophobe, on leaving a room, turns back to be sure that he has shut the door. When ordering his dinner, he hesitates between roast beef and roast lamb and changes his order before the meal reaches the table. On arising in the morning he debates whether he shall put on his left stocking or his right stocking first. Whenever he undertakes an act it is with doubt and hesitation; and all in all he has a miserable time of it.

As a rule, a fear-malady seldom approaches the bounds of lunacy, although occasionally it is accompanied by true hallucinations. A cure is always difficult and usually doubtful. The person born with a fear of blood, of corpses, of high places, or of sharp instruments retains it all his life. Only rarely do educational influences rid him of it.

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TO ENLIGHTEN THE SPIRITUAL FRONTIER

An Interesting Religious Movement and What it Hopes to Accomplish

BY JOHN HOPPER

HOME MISSION WEEK is to be celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the United States from Sunday, November 17th, to Sunday, November 24th, inclusive. It is the first effort in a general plan to arouse American churchmen and churchwomen to the stirring need of earnest work in the task of making their country really civilized, really decent, also to counteract evil and destructive influences that are active in the land. The week's work will culminate in mission mass-meetings in thousands of churches on Sunday evening, November 24th.

Home Mission Week, to quote from the prospectus issued by its organizers, is "an attempt to impress upon every man and woman of every church of every evangelical denomination in this country the supreme importance of attacking modern social and religious problems through the established agencies of the Church and to convince them that they have a distinct personal responsibility in the performance of this stupendous task. It is planned that during Home Mission Week America's social, moral, and religious needs be presented in and by every church in every community on every day of the week from November 17 to 24, 1912, inclusive, through specially prepared literature and programmes adapted to every constituency in the Church."

From the time of the earliest efforts in home missionary work in America the term has meant the extension of Christian and humane activities among the Indians and other wards of the nation and the establishment and aid of churches along the frontier. But America no longer has a frontier. That shifting, ever-flitting bourne which began its course a mile or so west of Plymouth Rock and slipped back to the western wilderness of New York and Pennsylvania and then lingered awhile on the prairies has now drifted across the broad Pacific and has become a vast circle inclosing the Philippines. Geographically, then, "the frontier" has vanished, but morally and socially it is to be found in every city, big and small, in every town and hamlet, and in the desolate country places. Wherever men are vicious or hopeless or in any other moral adversity, it is the aim of the home mission workers to clear away the spiritual darkness of their "frontier" with the light of Christian faith and kindness.

It is the function of Home Mission Week to stimulate the interest in this work in all the evangelical churches of the United States. The Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., LL.D., is president of the Home Missions Councils, which has arranged the programme for the week. This council is made up of twenty-seven general boards engaged in national home mission work. Mrs. George W. Coleman is president of the Council of Women for Home Missions made up of representatives of nine women's boards engaged in the same work and jointly directing the programme for the week. These councils have distributed six hundred thousand large posters graphically portraying American social and religious conditions that loudly call for improvement, besides an even greater number of pamphlets both great and small.

Local committees have been appointed in 2,500 American cities of more than 2,500 population to arrange for daily meetings in the churches for the fullest discussion of the needs of the home missions. Incidentally it is interesting to note that nearly half the people in the United States live in these cities, while one-tenth of our entire population live in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia. And the congestion is daily becoming worse.

As to the conditions which American home missions must ameliorate, the Rev. Charles Stelzle, Executive Secretary of Home Mission Week, writes:

"Home missions is no longer a matter of geography—it is a question of problems. Some of the most serious aspects of the entire situation are found in our big cities, where, like a great whirlpool, these centers are drawing to themselves those elements which constitute the social unrest. Growing so rapidly that our wisest statesmen are coming to have serious concern about them, the great problems of the cities also confront the Church. Nearly fifty per cent. of the population of the United States live in the cities. During the years from 1900 to 1910 the population as a whole increased twenty-one per cent., but the cities of 25,000 and over increased fifty-five per cent., while the rural population increased only about ten per cent. The factors which are developing the city will never diminish.

"We have been hearing much about the immigrant and the problems which he is bringing with him. Coming for a time at the rate of a million a year, and continuing to come because our country, with its great opportunities, is like a magnet to the oppressed and the depressed of other lands, these foreign-tongued peoples will either, with us, build up a mighty nation, or they will, in spite of us, destroy the very foundation of our government. Which shall it be, and is the Church equal to the occasion?

"The negro—what shall we do with him? Ten million strong—nearly one-ninth of our entire population. He will not return to Africa to establish a Liberian republic, as some people have fondly wished. He is here to stay. He came originally against his will, and we must now stand by him. The white and the black will rise or fall together. During the past ten years the negro race increased 994,300. While the negro is not increasing proportionately as rapidly as the white man, he will undoubtedly continue to increase in at least the above rate. The fact that the negro is dying in such pitifully large numbers of tuberculosis and other still more frightful diseases is due to his living in such unsanitary sections of our towns and cities, and because in most of our cities we drive the worst forms of immorality into the negro quarters; or because the negro cannot rent a dwelling in any other part of the city. The Church has a distinct missionary task in the matter of teaching the negro better morals and then seeing to it that he is given a chance to live a more decent life.

"There are nearly 6,000,000 women and children in industrial life in this country. They are facing many difficult questions in shop and store and home. The Church has long been saying that it has the best solution of the industrial situation, and the women and children in industry are asking the Church to prove it. They have a right to ask this of us, for other forces are to-day challenging the Church for supremacy in the hearts of the people. Socialism and trade-unionism are becoming substitutes for the Church among many millions. What is the message of the Church to those who are going through life like lean, warped animals? What can it say to those who are overworked and underpaid, who suffer because of back-breaking toil, insufficient food, the lack of leisure, the swift approach of old age? Here's a challenge to the Church—can we 'make good'?

"Rapid has been the growth of our country and many have been the 'frontier' lines which we have crossed. Just now we are thinking and talking much of the 'new South' and the 'new West,' with their tremendously significant developments. The next decade will witness marked advances in the growth of cities and the opening up of new territory in these modern Eldorados. Great wealth will be accumulated and many powerful institutions established. Shall these be dominated by the spirit of Christ, or shall mammon reign supreme? The Church must answer."

In a Ruined Palace

For ever and ever silently
The white stone falleth in dust away,
And silver spiders with threads of gray
Make dull the gold of the tapestry.

The painted faces are pale and wan,
Knight and lady and singing squire
Who drank deep of the world's desire—
The hollow wind through their bones is gone.

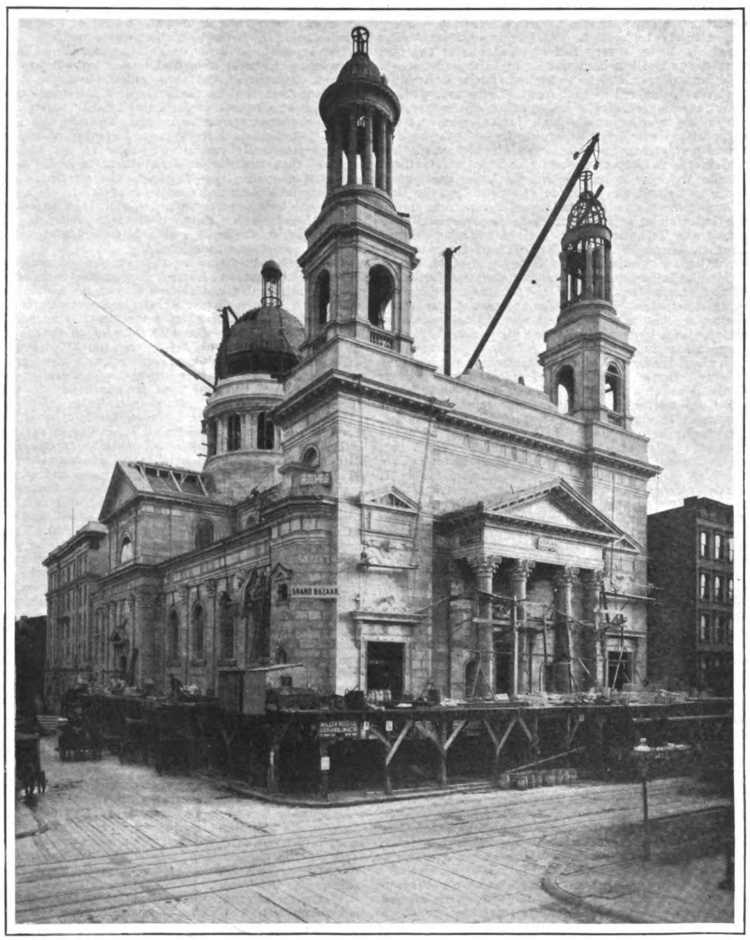
The wind in the terraced balconies
Stirs with murmurs of dancing feet,
A shadowy sound of lutes is sweet
With ancient laughters and tragedies.

The white owls nest in the turret walls,
Full of voices and whispering,
Voices remaining there to sing
Low sonnets and lovers' madrigals.

. . . . . .

Now in the house of lost delight
The phantom winds make revelry—
Joy's captives now are utterly
Bound asleep in a dreamless night.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.



MR. RYAN'S GIFT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW YORK

THIS MAGNIFICENT EDIFICE, RAPIDLY NEARING COMPLETION IN NEW YORK, IS THE LATEST GIFT OF THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN TO THE SOCIETY OF THE FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. THE CHURCH IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE BASILICA STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE. IT HAS A FRONTAGE OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWO FEET ON LEXINGTON AVENUE AND TWO HUNDRED FEET ON SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET. IT WILL COST ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

Lowering the Unit of Investment

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD THE ISSUE OF BONDS OF SMALL DENOMINATION AND SOME OF ITS IMPORTANT EFFECTS

THE finance committee of one of the western railroads was recently settling up the details in connection with a small issue of new bonds authorized by the Board and approved by the stockholders. A number of points having been decided, the question of the denomination in which the bonds were to be issued came up. The chairman expressed himself as of the opinion that the unit should remain, as heretofore, one thousand dollars, with certificates of larger denomination for such institutions and wealthy individual investors as wanted them. In this the second member of the committee, the vice-president in charge of operation, concurred, adding that he didn't believe it made much difference, anyway. The third member of the committee, however, a partner in the banking firm which was to bring out the bonds, dissented vigorously. Perhaps it *had* always been possible, he said, for the railroad to sell its bonds in denominations of one thousand dollars, but times had so changed that, in his opinion, it was very much of a question whether it wouldn't be wiser to split up the bonds into one-hundred and five-hundred-dollar denominations. If we do that, he concluded, we'll only be following the example of any number of the most progressive systems in the country who have recognized the drift of things and made their arrangements accordingly.

The reactionary chairman and the operating man were at first disposed to demur, but on such a matter as this the word of the banking member was law, and it was decided to go ahead and issue the bonds according to his plan.

Practically the same thing has happened a good many times over during the past few years. By many important corporation heads the change in investment conditions is hardly realized, but on the part of every one actually engaged in the business of marketing securities there is very full appreciation of the fact that the public has been waked up to the advantages of bonds of small denominations and is demanding that they be offered in that form. There has, without doubt, been a good deal of exaggeration of the extent to which the movement has gone, but a glance at the corporations now actually issuing these "baby-bonds" shows pretty clearly the headway already made. We find in the railway group such roads as the Southern Pacific, the New Haven, the St. Paul, the Burlington, the Rock Island, the Colorado and Southern, the Norfolk, and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas. And among the industrials, such corporations as American Telephone and Telegraph, New York Air Brake, Central Leather, Liggett & Meyers, P. Lorillard Company, International Agricultural, and General Electric.

The list is impressive. It shows that the discarding of the "magnificent unit of one-thousand dollars" is not a mere catch-penny effort on the part of one or two companies, but a very definite and settled policy on the part of a large number of the biggest and strongest corporations in the country. Nor is there any question about the bond of small denomination having come to stay. In the economic development of every other civilized country there has come a time when large-scale business has had to take into account the small investor. In our own case, that period, long overdue, has finally been reached. It is no passing whim on the part of the security-buying public which has brought about the issue of bonds of small denomination. Quite as important as the public's demand for small bonds has been the corporations' own realization, first, that here is a vast and hitherto almost untapped reservoir of capital; and, second, that from the standpoint of their own good the very best thing in the world for them is to have their securities just as widely distributed as possible.

It is this latter consideration which, probably more than anything else, has been responsible for the willingness with which the corporations have acceded to the investment-public's demand. The past few years of corporation-baiting have made it very plain what an advantage it is for a big company to have its stocks and bonds widely distributed among those who do the voting. Let a man become the owner of even the smallest amount of shares or bonds and there is developed in him at once a strong tendency toward conservatism. Conservatism and capital, it has been aptly said, are twins, and the possession of even a few shares of stock or one or two hundred-dollar bonds puts their owner in the capitalist class. Where such a man used to listen with satisfaction to the most rabid and demagogic proposals he is apt to say to himself, Here, I've got a personal interest in that company they're trying to hurt; how's all this going to affect *me*?

Consciously or unconsciously the holder of securities, and on however small a scale his holdings may be, acquires a measure of conservatism and of aversion to hasty or ill-considered legislation. The promise of a change, so strong with all those who have nothing to lose and everything to gain, entirely loses its fascination for him. He is bad material for the agitator to work on. Since he bought that few shares of Steel and that five-hundred-dollar Telephone bond he has been looking into things and has made up his mind that the Steel Corporation has other objects than to crush competition and jack up prices, and that the Telephone people really treat the public quite as human beings, after all. He has come to know more about it, and the whole thing looks very different to him than it did before.

To bring about this highly desirable change and to as great an extent as possible, the corporation's first step was to sell stock to its employees at low prices and on easy terms of payment. That was all right as far as it went. This new plan of issuing bonds of a denomination so small that they are within practically everybody's reach is simply a further long step in the same direction.

Then, in the second place, the abandonment of the "magnificent unit" and the issue of bonds of reasonable denomination has been brought about by the competition for capital which has developed in recent years. A hundred years ago the ability to invest money safely and profitably in some enterprise was looked upon as a privilege, and up to within a comparatively recent time that same condition obtained to a greater or lesser degree. Wide as was the scope of our industrial enterprise, it was not sufficient to absorb the new capital created by the country's marvelously rapid growth. It was possible for a corporation desiring to raise money through the sale of bonds to make its appeal solely to those having plenty of money to invest and in those quarters easily to dispose of its new securities.

In that regard there has been a very great change. On the one hand, rise in the cost of living has cut deeply into the available capital supply. On the other, demand from the country's industries, coming as a result of rapid expansion, has largely increased. There has developed, in consequence, a degree of competition for capital never before known. It used to be a privilege to lend. It is now the other way round.

Development of these competitive conditions soon drove those in quest of capital to seek out all possible sources of supply. And then, quickly enough, it became apparent that in the savings of the small man, the man who cannot buy thousand-dollar bonds, but whose investment-power runs well up into the hundreds, there exists a very large reservoir of capital as yet practically untouched. How to get at this capital—that was the problem. Creation of the bond of small denomination—that was the solution. The old story of Mohammed and the mountain.

So much for the borrower's side of it. Let us look at it now from the lender's point of view. What are the advantages, to the lender, of this movement to issue bonds in small denominations?

The first advantage is the greater convenience. Whatever the sum to be invested, securities for exactly the amount wanted can always be found. A man, we will say, wishes to invest $1,800, and considers bonds the most favorable form of investment. One $1,000 bond, however, under the old order of things, is all he can buy—he can go and invest his $800, practically half of the total, some other way. How much more reasonable is the new system, which allows him to go and pick out the bond he wants and then to invest the amount he wants to in it.

Particularly convenient are these bonds of small denomination for the investment of moderate savings. Take the case of a man who finds that his income runs $100 a month above his expenditures. He can take that $100, of course, and bank it, and at the end of ten months buy a $1,000 bond with it. But with the money lying there subject to check, it is anything but improbable that the end of the ten months will find the balance considerably *below* the required $1,000. There are so many uses to which ready money can be put! But with each month's surplus safely stowed away in a "baby-bond" it is different. If the pianola has got to be bought or the house painted, it is possible, of course, to convert the bonds bought into cash with not a great deal more trouble than it is to draw a check, but the average man will hesitate about doing that. The securities once bought and locked up in his box, he will think twice about taking them out and disposing of them. Between money in the bank and money locked up in bonds he is apt to make a distinction. One is working capital, the other principal. And most people don't like to spend their principal.

The second great advantage is the higher rate of interest obtainable from this form of investment. It is a question, let us say, between putting $800 into the bank or into small bonds. What is the highest rate of interest that any conservative bank will allow on such a deposit, withdrawable without notice? Very considerably less than the rate of interest to be had from bonds of unimpeachable security. Confine yourself, if you will, to the very best bonds on the list, and yet the yield is decidedly more than the rate of interest any conservatively managed bank can possibly offer.

Where the alternative is the placing of the money in a savings-bank, the same thing holds true. Besides which, in the case of most savings-bank deposits, interest does not begin as soon as the money is put in, nor can the money be withdrawn without notice. It is only during times of stress, as a rule, that this latter provision is enforced, but those are exactly the times when the depositor wants his money. During the worst of the panic five years ago there was never a moment when the holder of high-class bonds found it impossible to realize on them.

The difference in the rate of interest isn't so very great, it is true, especially when applied to amounts of money that are moderate, but on the part of most people there is a feeling that they have worked hard for their money and that they want their money to work hard for them. Suppose that the difference in the rate of income from $800 deposited in a bank and $800 invested in gilt-edged bonds of small denomination is only two per cent. Even that, in the course of a year, means $16 additional income.

The third advantage is that bonds of small denomination allow the investor to put into practice that cardinal investment principle, diversity. To the man of means it may seem strange that any one having, say, only $1,000 to put into securities should be anxious to divide up his investment into parts; but where the thousand dollars measures the extent of the principal it is just as important as though ten times or a hundred times as much money were involved. In connection with investment matters the old saying about the inadvisability of putting all one's eggs in one basket is worked to death, but it applies none the less well. And that is exactly what bonds of small denomination make it possible for the man of moderate means to avoid. Where each security purchased requires the investment of a thousand dollars there is not much of a chance for diversity. But with hundred-dollar bonds it is different. Purchasing them in a discriminating way, the man with only a few hundred dollars can do his investing in just as scientific a manner as any large capitalist. He can, for instance, split up a five-hundred-dollar investment between high-grade rails, public utilities, and high-interest-bearing industrials, in exactly the same way as a $500,000 fund might be split up.

As to the market in "baby-bonds," it may be said that while it is not as broad as it will be when the movement toward issuing bonds of this sort has run further, in all the good issues it is already broad enough for all intents and purposes. The main trouble, as a matter of fact, is that the demand for hundred-dollar bonds is so much greater than the supply that in buying them it is frequently necessary to pay a price higher than that at which the thousand-dollar pieces are being offered. But that, of course, is offset by the fact that when it comes to selling, the same conditions obtain. Because of this very fact that the demand *is* so much greater than the supply, hundred-dollar bonds usually can be sold at a higher price than that bid for the thousand-dollar denomination. Usually, indeed, a bid can be obtained at the same price at which the regular bonds are being offered. Thus, if the quotation on some thousand-dollar bond is 96 bid and 97 asked, the quotation on hundred-dollar pieces is likely to be 97 bid, offered at 98.

For this not only the fact that demand habitually outruns supply is responsible, but also the fact that these bonds of small denomination, once distributed, "stay put." Even in good bonds of the ordinary type there is at all times considerable speculation, but in these "baby-bonds" there is little or none. Practically all purchases are for investment. When a corporation, therefore, sells an issue of small bonds to its bankers, it knows that when the bankers have done distributing the bonds there is absolutely no danger of their coming back on the market in any considerable quantity. And that, of course, is an important consideration to any corporation which puts out securities right along. Two years ago, for instance, when the St. Paul sold $50,000,000 of its debenture bonds in Paris, the issue comprised no less than 400,000 separate pieces. It took one of the officials, sent especially to France for the purpose, several months to sign these bonds, and there were other heavy expenses in connection with the issue. But the management considered it well worth the extra cost. Once distributed with the small investor all over the country, it was realized, most of the bonds would not again see the light of day until presented for payment upon maturity.

There are other advantages in connection with the issue of bonds of small denomination which might be mentioned, but enough has been said to indicate that the movement is a favorable one to all concerned. To the borrowing corporations it means a great broadening of the field to which they can go for the capital they need, and the spread of a more friendly feeling toward them and their business. To the lender it means a greater degree of convenience in making his investments, an income from his money higher than he can get any other way, and the opportunity of conducting even the most modest investing operations in a scientific manner. And to the country at large it means broader-gauged citizenship and a long step toward eradicating that part of the get-rich-quick industry which until now has got fat off savings "too small to be invested in the regular way."

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The Wife of a Great Man

By VIRGINIA WATSON

From the Italian of Matilde Serao

ONCE upon a time there was a young girl—ah, how many of them there have been and how many of them there are!—a girl who was to marry quietly, with no blowing of trumpets, a young man, a good sort of a youth, a wholesale dealer in spirits and sugar. His friends remarked of him that his stock of the first article never lasted long, and that he was too well supplied with the second—in other words, that he was good and stupid. The girl, on the other hand, had an Italian teacher who declared that she was a blue-stocking. She read novels, attended scientific, historical, and poetical lectures, was never absent at first-night performances, took a lively part in the critical discussions and chatter to which the plays gave rise; in short, she was a modern girl, a superior girl. It is, of course, understood that, before becoming one, her marriage to the dealer in sugar and spirits might have seemed quite the logical thing; but, once she had attained this superiority, it became an absurd proposition, since every superior girl who has any respect for herself must marry an illustrious man or die an old maid. The parents, who were devoted to their daughter, were persuaded of this profound truth and dismissed the fiancé. He wept for an hour, was in despair for three days, melancholy for a week, and ended by marrying the daughter of a lumber merchant. History does not add if they had numerous progeny, but the honest reader is at liberty to believe so.

In the mean time the girl sought her illustrious man, and, after many difficulties, found him. These difficulties were not due to the scarcity of the genus, since, to listen to our contemporaries, we live in an era of greatness; but she demanded the genuine article of undisputed value. The one she chose was, as usual, a self-made man, because a celebrity who has not risen from nothing is only a pseudo-celebrity. He had fought against poverty, hunger, and cold—boon companions of his youth. Like many another, he had entered upon his career through the little door of journalism, and, taking with him two opposite qualities, patience and boldness, he had succeeded in winning a name and a place in the militant body. Then events turned out favorably for him; unheard of miracles happened to him; his editors paid him; his books reached their sixth editions; the critics made much of him; fame descended upon him even while he was yet alive. He tried politics, that great extinguisher of artistic minds, and was fortunate enough to come out of it alive and victorious. When one of his cases was announced, the ministry examined its conscience; his adversaries filed their rapiers; the galleries were crowded with listeners. A portfolio was offered to him, and he had the spirit to refuse. Honors, titles, crosses from every direction came to him; he received them all with an Olympic serenity and remained an illustrious man, observed, studied, discussed, commented upon, and always applauded by the public.

How the girl met him, grew to know him, took him home with her, persuaded her parents, would take a long time to relate. Day after day through the channel of the word marriage torrents of feminine diplomacy flow into life's ocean. It was surely no easy undertaking to make the conquest of this all-successful conqueror, because he loved himself too well to love any one else much; but the girl was rich, beautiful, and elegant; she knew his books by heart and recited bits of them, smiling her admiration—it was a perpetual adoration of the acts and the words of the great man. The parents in their admiration seemed to be humbly requesting the honor of his connection; the friends of the house adored him; he was intoxicated with this incense, was moved by the sight of so many worthy people at his feet, descended from the throne of his greatness and let a gracious consent be wrung from him.

A merited adoration—thought the young fiancé. A man of genius has nothing in common with the crowd of other small and insignificant creatures; he lives in an elevated sphere, surrounded by light. The proud carriage of the head, the careless attitude of the person, the gaze now fixed on earth, now lost in the heavens, but always profound, the artistic carelessness of the hair, the furrow of the brow, the sense of mystery in the varied smiles, the ironic curve of the lips—all revealed the race of the elect. No one, she thought, knew how to enter a room like him, to bow, to draw attention to himself, to be the center of observation, to dominate every assembly. Everything he said had a hidden meaning which escaped the vulgar; often he repeated the simplest things that every one knew, but impressed on them the seal of an elegant originality; the smiling modesty with which he talked of himself, the bonhomie with which he received youthful aspirants, that air of disdain with which he encountered his adversaries, the calm with which he met discussion face to face, and the sudden irruption of an idea were all things which made up his greatness. He had the singular power of investing with a poetic grace even our prosaic modern garments; the bosom of his shirt seemed nebulous; his gloves had a suave and indefinite tint; even his dress-coat took on artistic lines; one felt a desire to ask if this man dined, drank, and slept like the rest of humanity. How sublime he must be in a moment of inspiration! And in love! To be the wife of this man, to bear his name, possess his heart, share his glory—that would be happiness above all others.

I detach a few notes from the young wife's journal:

"A most beautiful journey. At Rome William talked to me of Roman antiquities; at Florence, of Italian republics; at Bologna, of the University; everywhere of art and esthetics—on a honeymoon!

"William's friends will end by irritating me. They are always surrounding him; they besiege him; they never leave him to me for a single moment. As for me, they either lie to me or talk to me with a certain compassionate air which gets on my nerves. One of them in particular never fails to say to me when he departs: 'I recommend the great man to your care'; and the other day he said to me in a sentimental tone: 'Make him happy, madame, make him happy, because History will hold you to a strict account.' I ask if History has a right to stick her nose into certain matters.

"We are at home. William has four libraries, numberless books which are admired by visitors, but he himself never reads. And I believed that he studied at least five hours a day; I was mistaken; he must have studied once upon a time.

"Horrible! horrible! He wears a night-cap with a red tassel, on the pretext of preserving the curl in his hair!

"He stays whole hours in his dressing-room, and this piqued my curiosity; admitting that husband and wife are one and the same, it is not an indiscretion to see what the other half of oneself is doing. I put my eye to the keyhole. He was practising before the mirror; I saw him try a dozen different smiles and eight different poses.

"In the moment of inspiration my husband looks just like an idiot. And woe to him who enters his room then! He is rude, ill-tempered, and sends you away with such language!

"He dines well. He always wants big pieces of bloody meat, which give him the air of a cannibal quartering a Christian. Just talk to me again of the ambrosia of the poets!

"A week ago my husband tramped up and down the house, declaiming a speech which he will improvise at the Chamber. I sha'n't go to listen to him; there are moments when I myself repeat the speech; I have heard it gone over so many times.

"These politics make me do a great many things which I dislike. Just now I am obliged to call on Mrs. Zeta, a nice little woman, too gentle. ('If you'll only hold your tongue I'll give you a cracker!') I know we are weak creatures, but let us at least save appearances! And she is the wife of a politician; has she then learned nothing in her husband's school?

"I am furious. William receives love letters from unknown women who love him for his books. When I make a scene, he replies in his usual cold manner: 'My dear, in marrying me you should have accepted the uncertainties of the position!' He calls them uncertainties to me! One of these shameless creatures wrote him: 'I am certain that your wife does not understand your greatness.' I wish that this young lady could see him in his night-cap!

"William pays assiduous court to the ambassador's wife. When you make remarks about it he says that it is for political reasons; moreover, the other day he recommended me to let the ambassador pay court to me; thus the powers would remain in equilibrium and the peace of Europe be assured. Not that I should be exactly displeased to put the ambassador on my list, but he's such a bore!

"William can't accompany me to the baths. He is off on a diplomatic trip where I am not to follow. Very well, I can resign myself."

Up-to-date Watch-making

THE rapidity with which watches are nowadays manufactured has been made possible by the ingenious machinery designed within recent years for the making of all parts of a watch. The speed with which these various parts are turned out is little short of marvelous. Great sheets of brass and steel are cut and rolled into ribbons and punched out into wheels at the rate of ten thousand a day from each punching-machine. Workers drill the thirty-one holes in the roof of the watch as fast as they can count.

Brass wire glides into a machine that measures off the length of a part, turns it, puts a screw thread on each end, and actually screws it in at the rate of two thousand a day.

The screws are of such tiny size that fifty gross of them may be put in a woman's thimble, while of others there are one thousand gross to the pound.

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Wheels have their teeth cut, a couple of dozen at a time, some with from sixty to eighty teeth, at the rate of twelve hundred wheels a day from each machine.

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THE greatest depth of the sea known is near the Caroline Islands. At this point the water is 9,636 meters deep, and there the highest mountain could be sunk so deep that not a trace of it could be seen.

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Most diseases start in the alimentary canal—stomach and bowels.

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The stomach does not digest any of the starchy food we eat—white bread, pastry, potatoes, oats, etc.—these things are digested in the small intestines, and if we eat too much, as most of us do, the organs that should digest this kind of food are overcome by excess of work, so that fermentation, indigestion, and a long train of ails result.

Too much fat, also, is hard to digest, and this is changed into acids, sour stomach, belching gas, and a bloated, heavy feeling.

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"About five years ago I suffered with bad stomach—dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation—caused, I know now, from overeating starchy and greasy food.

"I doctored for two years without any benefit. The doctor told me there was no cure for me. I could not eat anything without suffering severe pain in my back and sides, and I became discouraged.

"A friend recommended Grape-Nuts and I began to use it. In less than two weeks I began to feel better, and inside of two months I was a well woman and have been ever since.

"I can eat anything I wish with pleasure. We eat Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast and are very fond of it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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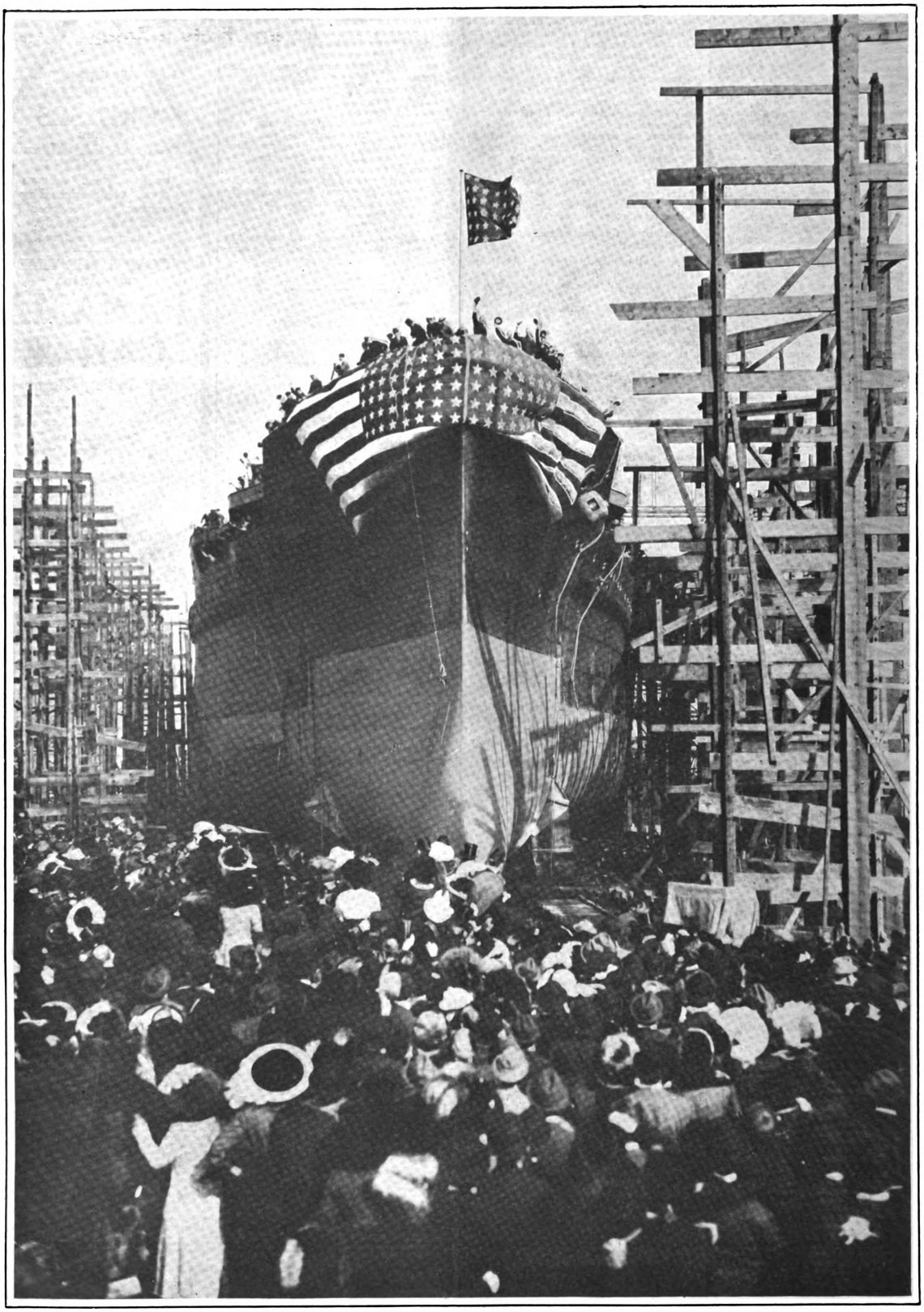

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THE SUPERDREADNOUGHT "NEW YORK," LAUNCHED ON OCTOBER 30TH AT THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD, IN BROOKLYN, IN THE PRESENCE OF PRESIDENT TAFT AND FIFTY THOUSAND SPECTATORS, IS NOT ONLY 1,367 TONS BIGGER THAN HER NEAREST RIVAL, THE GERMAN "ÆGIR," BUT WILL CARRY THE HEAVIEST BATTERY KNOWN, TEN 14-INCH GUNS, WITH AN ACCURATE RANGE OF MORE THAN TWELVE MILES. SHE WILL BE THE GREATEST FIGHTING MACHINE AFLOAT

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Feats of Railway Engineering

SOME remarkable feats in railway construction have been accomplished in the Rocky Mountain States. Passes that a few years ago were deemed insurmountable have been scaled, seemingly impassable cañons have been threaded, and mountains have been tunneled to cut down heavy grades until the barrier of the Rockies has become no barrier at all.

But a generation ago engineers pronounced Colorado hopeless from a railway viewpoint. Yet to-day there are several railways making daily climbs of the main range in Colorado, and a road built not so long ago from Denver toward Salt Lake climbs the barrier at a point where, twenty years ago, engineers said no roadbed could be successfully made.

This road—the Denver, Northwestern, & Pacific—crosses the main range at an altitude of 11,660 feet. This impressive climb is effected only by the most tortuous windings and numerous tunnels. At one point—Bow Knot—the train plunges through a tunnel, makes a sharp turn to the right, and returns over the very tunnel it entered a few minutes before.

At another point the train "loops the lake." It swings round a tiny body of water called Yankee Doodle Lake, and in so doing it describes a complete circle. It then climbs up and up and makes another curve and climbs again, enabling one to stand at the lake and count three tiers of track above him.

When the Denver & Rio Grande company prepared to build through the Rockies, engineers contended that the cañon of the Arkansas could never be penetrated its entire length. There was one spot in this awe-inspiring chasm where there was not room for a road-bed on either side of the stream. The walls of the cañon came down to the swift current of the Arkansas without foothold for a man on either side. But an engineer suggested a hanging bridge suspended between the walls of the cañnon. The bridge was built with supports embedded in the solid rock, and across it the heavy transcontinental trains now flit daily with nothing but the slender iron work between the river and the top of the cañon 2,600 feet above. Great iron braces, which, in the vastness of the cañon, appear spider-like in their proportions, were thrown across the gorge and anchored securely in the sheer sides. Huge cables depend from these braces, holding a long iron bridge, which extends not across, but parallel with, the course of the river.

The Game of Lawn Tennis

THE first public mention of lawn tennis in modern times is in the *Army and Navy Gazette* (London) of March 7, 1874. "A new game has just been patented by Major Wingfield, which, if we mistake not, will become a national pastime. Lawn tennis, for that is the name under which the game makes its appearance, is a clever adaptation of tennis to the exigencies of an ordinary lawn or level piece of ground, the space required being merely twenty yards by ten," says the paragraph.

As a matter of fact, the "invention" was not patented, and fortunately, since the game would otherwise have been kept from developing by the major's restrictions. His notion was a portable court, for which he wanted many things: side nets for his walls, guy ropes and poles, etc., besides other adjuncts, as colored tapes for the lines, and even a brush in case whitewash was used. All this was to go into an easily handled box. His pamphlet, "The Game of Spairistiké or Lawn Tennis," describes the principles of play, which show the influence of rackets in the service, the scoring, and the service lines. The server alone scored; fifteen up was game. He stood in a diamond-shaped "crease" on one side of the court in its center, and served beyond a cross-line dividing the "out-court" into the diagonal half of it. A ball dropping outside the "walls" and end lines was out. One advantage claimed for the new game was that it could be played on ice by skaters.

This game, however, aroused interest enough in the sporting world to bring about a public exposition in London on May 6, 1874. There were four players, including the inventor. Men looked on and sneered. But the Marylebone Cricket Club took the game in hand and shaped it into what it is to-day. "Side walls" were done away with. The server's position was changed to the base line, and the ball served was to drop on the net side of the middle line. Later, racket-scoring was replaced by tennis and the net was lowered. In 1875 the All-England Croquet Club opened its lawns to tennis. The game and its rules were well tested by the championship held in 1877, a date that marks the real inauguration of tennis as a sport.

Tennis, of course, is much older than lawn tennis. French and English kings were fond of it. Hence it became known as the "Game of Kings," much as horse-racing is called the "Sport of Kings." Originally, it is said, tennis was played only in open spaces, fields, or parks, and that the walled-in court was introduced a long time after. There was the indoor game called "short tennis," and the outdoor game known as "long tennis," of which lawn tennis is a funny verbal echo. One variety, a sort of handball, was played by ten men in a square grass court before Queen Elizabeth of England, "to the great liking of Her Highness." Badminton or shuttlecock tennis, so fashionable in the fifties and sixties of last century, served to pave the way to the present game of lawn tennis.

Aluminum in the Textile Industries

ALUMINUM, as is well known, is extracted from clay. It was Napoleon who styled it "the silver of clay." Formerly it was the practice to extract it from the clay by means of retorts. More recently the electrical current has been employed for this purpose and with marked success, the cost of production of this valuable and by no means fully utilized metal thus having been very much reduced. In 1850 a pound of aluminum cost about forty dollars; nowadays it costs only about twenty cents.

Above all other metals, aluminum has the greatest specific lightness with the greatest durability and toughness. It can be rolled out and drawn exceedingly fine. This has made aluminum valuable and useful in the textile industries. The fabrics made from aluminum do not require combination with other textile yarns. Of late the most beautiful effects have been obtained by employing aluminum in smooth as well as in twisted threads for the warp, and for the weft silk yarn of any desired color. These fabrics are used in the making of evening cloaks and of theatrical costumes. Such a fabric has, it is said, the effect of causing its wearer to look as if she had been "dipped in silver."

A Chilly Forecast

THE earth is growing in bulk on account of the meteoric dust that falls on it. It has recently been estimated that one hundred tons fall daily over the surface of the globe, and that millions of years hence this will have increased the thickness of the earth considerably. This would have a tendency to bring us closer to the sun. But centrifugal force is augmented at the same time in greater proportion and counteracts this tendency; consequently the earth would be swept away from the sun, with the result that its distance from that body would be considerably augmented. This is spoken of as having possibly happened to some of the larger, outer planets—notably Jupiter—in the remote past.

Relative Value of Fibers for Clothing

BEFORE the Paris Academy of Medicine Dr. Guilbert recently gave the results of a study he had made on the relative value of different kinds of materials used for clothing from the point of view of bodily protection. He concluded that fibers of animal origin, such as wool and silk, were of greater protective value than fibers obtained from plants. Wool has an advantage over silk in that it does not absorb water as readily and it loses its protective value less rapidly. A textile fabric made of a mixture of fibers loses in protective value out of proportion to the quantities of the dominant material used. The manner in which the fibers are worked up into a fabric is also of great importance. Thus Dr. Guilbert found that in all cases a woven cloth is superior to a knitted cloth.

The Snail and the Screw

As evidencing the fact that for the most part human inventions have been suggested by natural objects, it has been pointed out that there is an interesting parallel between the shell of the snail and the ordinary screw.

It is thought that the idea of the screw was suggested by the spiral shell of the edible snail. It was not the shape of the shell that suggested the screw, but the spiral motion which it is necessary to give to the body of the snail in order to withdraw it from the shell. This at once showed that an object of a screw shape imbedded in a solid powerfully resisted attempts to withdraw it by a straight pull.

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Another is the lack of knowledge as to just what forms of exercise are best.

The third is the notion that you don't need any exercise. This condition is typical of the man of sedentary habits.

Which is YOUR reason?

I can practically rebuild the man who, for the first two reasons, is letting his physical condition go to pot. And I can do the same for the man in the third case, provided he will stir himself enough to acknowledge his physical flabbiness to himself and to me.

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will take one of you men whose bodies respond only sluggishly to the command of your minds, and will force mind and body to co-ordinate—to work in harmony. This will enable you to control not only your own body, but will give you a personality that, instead of bending for others, will sway them your way.

It is not the purpose of the Thompson Course to build big, useless surface muscles. The Thompson Course builds strong, hardy, clean internal organs—and these bring power, health, reserve energy and longevity for the man or woman who enjoys their possession.

If the day's work fags you,—

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion,—

If a sleepless night spoils the next day—then you are *not normal*, but are below par, unnecessarily, yes and shamefully.

You were given a body that had an abundant *reserve fund of energy* to draw upon in just such hours of need.

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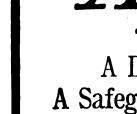

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The Energic Theory of Happiness

THE necessary condition of happiness, according to a professor of St. Petersburg, is applied energy. As a physicist he sees in the secretion of carbonic acid the register of happiness: the greater the amount of applied energy the greater the production of carbonic acid in the human organism. A healthy man at work gives off more carbonic acid than a sickly, idle man, and is by that sign the happier.

Next to this first factor of happiness, the exercise of energy, the professor puts the condition that the will be commensurate with the achievement. We feel happy, he says, when the thing happens that we wish, irrespective of whether the wish is reasonable or not. He unites the two factors of happiness in an algebraic formula:

H (happiness) = (E + W) × (E — W) = $E^2 — W^2$.

E stands for energy applied according to will, and W for energy acting against will. Thus E+W is the sum of the energy displayed; E—W the difference between the energy that we apply with our will and the energy that is independent of will. This difference the professor describes as the will-created surplus. H becomes greater as the total energic activity E+W or the will-created surplus E—W increases, but in any case E must always be greater than W.

The professor believes in the practical application of his formula. We can increase our happiness if we strive to increase E—W or E+W.

When E+W rises very high there is the state of so-called heroic happiness in which the sum of energy reaches great dimensions. Here, too, W must always be subordinate to E. Such heroic happiness is felt by conquerors and rulers, but also by great artists and philosophers.

The man to whom such an equipment of controlled energy is not given can attain happiness if he applies himself to the second part of the equation, E—W. He must strive to diminish or to eliminate W. Several means help toward that end.

The most powerful means in contemporary civilization is, according to the professor, money. Money is power, for it is "accumulated energy," placed at the disposal of the individual in its most convertible form. The man who has no money can diminish W by adopting conditions of life in which external resistance is very small. Such happiness of modest requirements and contentment with solitude is found by hermits. In such lives the factor E may yet stand high.

Another means toward raising the sensation of happiness is the relationship toward other men, work in the service of many; for happiness does not rest on the absolute values of E and W, but on how strongly they are felt. The more strongly E and the more slightly W produce their sensations the greater is the feeling of happiness.

To reach that state, religion and philosophy help us, for their teaching is that W is to be looked upon as something petty and to be despised. Religious enthusiasts who are in a state of sanctification feel the highest happiness, for to them W is quite swept away.

The Finnish Church-boat

ATTENDING divine service in certain parts of Finland is a social affair, since the church-boat is an institution in that northern possession of the Tsar. That craft is of such size that in some cases no fewer than one hundred persons may be rowed to church at the same time.

Twenty or thirty take the oars together, and it is deemed the proper thing for every one to serve his turn at them, since the church is frequently quite a distance from the houses of the parishioners. In the event that the boat has a long distance to travel, it is not unusual for a party to start on Saturday night. Then may be seen the peasants going down to the waterside in the evening, in order that they may be ready at the time appointed. With them they carry little bundles, in which are contained their best clothes.

Service lasts some hours, and, when it is ended, the women turn up their skirts or more often take them off and make up the little bundles again, and the church-boat starts for home.

The Electric Pencil

A NOVELTY is a penholder permitting one to write in the dark, since it is provided with an electric light. The tube through which the point of the pencil goes is fitted with a small accumulator and an electric lamp. The latter throws a disk of light over the point where the writing is being done. This luminous pencil has been invented for the use of doctors, reporters, detectives, etc., whose work necessitates the taking of notes in the streets and in darkness.

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PAWNBROKER. "Vell, vell, don't get so excitet. How much do you vant on it?"

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"Camel Backs"

ABOUT the middle of the last century the "camel back" was the type of railway locomotive that corresponded to our notion of the "monster engine" of to-day. The old engineers thought a "camel back" was "as big as a house." Indeed, it did give the appearance of great size, inasmuch as the cab was built on top and along the whole length of the boiler with glass window all around. There was about as much "room" in it as there is to be found in the "parlor" of an ordinary city flat.

The cab of the old engine was reached by means of a flight of steps built along the side of the boiler leading up from the footboard of the tender, where the fireman stood one flight below, the engineer standing about ten feet from the ground.

These engines were of eight wheels connected—that is, with four drivers on each side, the diameter of each wheel being about forty inches. There was no pony truck in front to steady them, and when they got under full headway they jumped about the track in such a way that, did not the engineer hold fast to something, he was likely to be thrown about the cab like a chip. The side rods of the "camel back" made a racket that could be heard at quite a distance.

These old engines weighed but thirty-six tons, but they were able to take a train over the hills that an engine of different pattern of the same weight would not be able to move.

The chief defect of the "camel back" was its top-heaviness. It was apt to "turn turtle" if rounding a curve at full speed, although full speed with them meant little more than thirty miles an hour.

The "camel back" had no reverse bar. That came later and was the invention of the man who had designed the "camel back." The reverse bars first introduced were a great deal different from the perfected affairs of to-day, which are so nicely balanced that one may pull them back with his little finger. The first bars were about six feet long. Their great length was designed to afford plenty of leverage, which was a decided desideratum in the old days. The dome of the engine filled all the further end of the cab toward the stack and was about five feet in diameter. At the very top of the dome was the throttle. When it was wide open the handles were against the roof of the cab. The throttle, too, was very different from the throttle of to-day. It was a square-framed contrivance, with the valve connection on the upper end, and on the bottom end there were two handles, one on each side, so that it could be used from either side of the cab. The engineer was obliged to stand between the throttle and the reverse bar, which were so far apart that a man of small stature was unable to have hold of both at the same time. When the engineer of the old days wanted to reverse he was obliged to put his feet up against the dome and tug away for all he was worth. These reverse bars were so hard of operation that some of the men did not possess sufficient strength to work them.

In Other Lives

I WOULD not have thee lift thine eyes;
Let me go past afar, head bent, with reverent feet,
Making no prayer but this, my pilgrim song.
Let this arising as I pass unseen
Half wake vague dreamings in thy heart serene,
Half wake them only; for the way is long,
Ere comes the time when we at last shall meet.
I would not have thee lift thine eyes.

I would not have thee lift thine eyes
Nor know that I have passed so near.
It must not be
Too soon. Lives have I yet to live in pain,
Stern deaths have I to face alone.
My whole salvation first I must work out; atone
For much. Yet know that I will come again
Triumphant, perfected by time; worthy of thee.
Then will I bid thee lift thine eyes.

WESTMORE WILLCOX, JR.

Sirens and Sponges

THE origin of the sirens, whose voices charmed men to their death, has been fancifully attributed to a species of great sponge that grows in the Cyrenian Gulf. Sponge-fishing is the chief industry of the Tripolitan and Tunisian coasts. Through a golden mist that rises when the sun is setting the giant sponges are seen like nymphs, seated in the depths of the clear water.

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EDITED by GEORGE HARVEY

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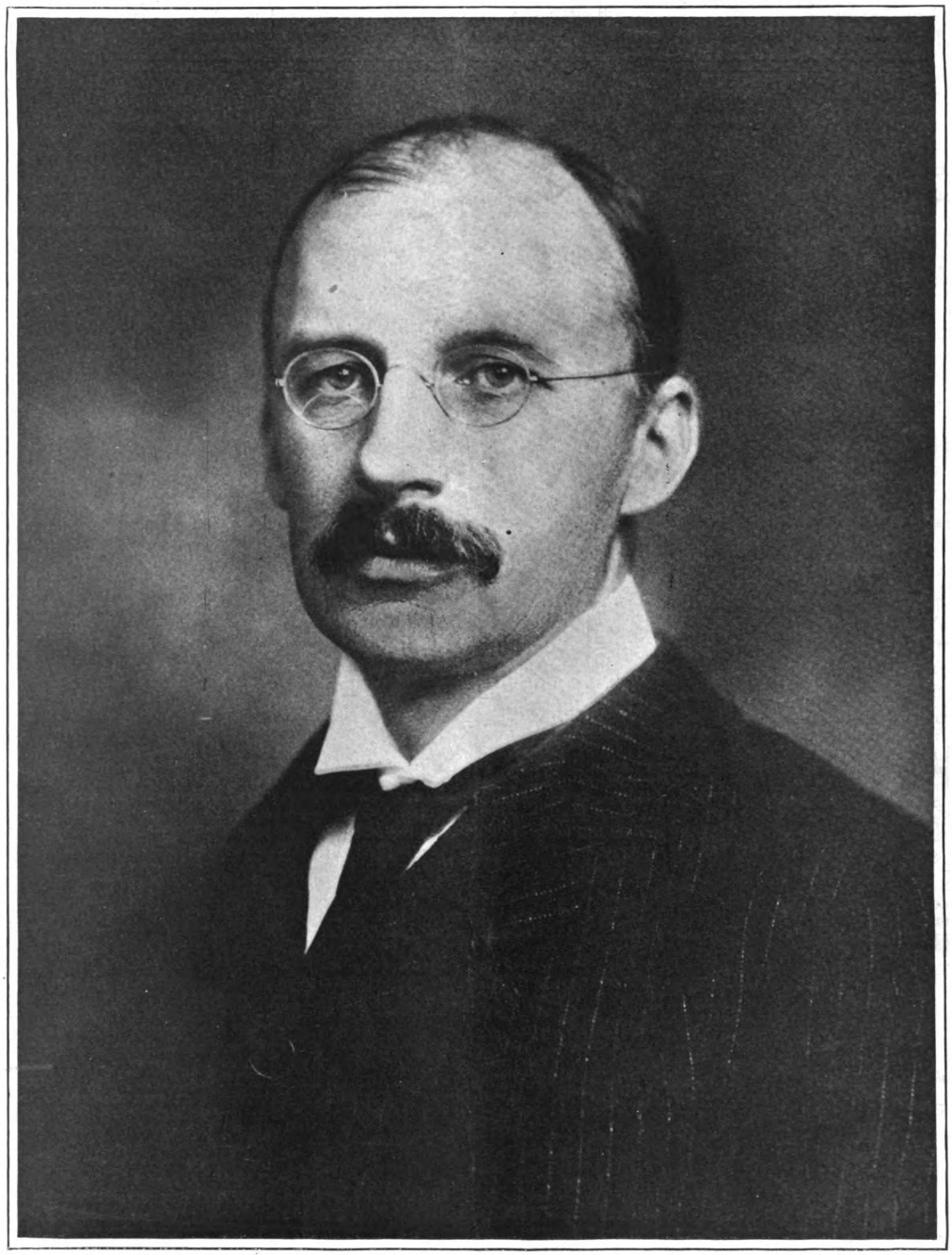

BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR

Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, who will succeed Mr. Bryce as British Ambassador at Washington. He is fifty-three years old and has had a distinguished career in the diplomatic service. He acted as third secretary at Washington in 1886, served later at Brussels and Tokio, was transferred back to Washington in 1893, and has held posts at Cairo, Berlin, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, and Teheran. Since 1908 he has represented Great Britain at Stockholm

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COMMENT

True to Tradition

WE take it for granted that HARPER'S WEEKLY will be the official organ of the new administration.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY has been an organ of the American people through fourteen administrations, and has no intention of shifting its allegiance.

For Prompt and Thorough Action

Mr. WILSON'S announcement that he will call an extra session not later than April 15th to revise the tariff has won general approval, and now the talk relates to scope and method. In our judgment, Speaker CLARK hits the nail on the head when he declares that the revision "should touch every schedule in the law."

From the moral point of view, the commitment of the Democratic party is complete and unequivocal. It has promised that just as soon as the people give it the power it will begin to relieve them of the burdens of unjust and unnecessary tariff taxation. To this pledge there has been added also a promise to do the work by such steps and processes as will obviate any undue disturbance of business, and that, of course, is an additional reason for beginning it promptly; for the sooner it is begun the more time there will be for doing it carefully and with reasonable deliberation, and the less occasion there will be for anything like precipitancy or violence. There is simply no excuse whatever, so far as regards the party's platform or the utterances of its candidates, for either delay or hesitation. The country fully expects the change, is prepared for it, and is not afraid of it. The party has not merely promised to make it, but has promised to set to work on it at once, and in a fashion that of itself demands a prompt beginning.

The argument from expediency is just as plain and just as convincing, and it is so whether the country or the party is considered.

As to the country, there is nothing to gain, and there is something to lose, by keeping business in suspense. Not even the highly protected interests would really profit by such a course. They, too, want to know precisely what the change is to be, and the sooner everybody knows the better. Moreover, as it happens, the times are good. People are cheerful and hopeful and in the right mood to face any kind of change in business conditions and to make good use of the opportunities presented by the new order.

As to the party, its true interest in the matter also seems to us quite plain. If recent history has proved anything about American politics, it is the expediency of keeping pledges and the folly of breaking them. The one other thing that stands out most conspicuously as an ever-present danger to parties and causes is the temptation to listen to the pleas of special interests instead of attending solely to the demands of the whole people as expressed at the polls. If the Democratic party is in any doubt as to the way of its own salvation, it has only to consider the present plight of its historical opponent, the Republican party.

If that is not enough, it can go back to its own experience the last time it was in power. Then as now it was put in power to reform the tariff, and we defy the subtlest apostle of the policy of delay and shillyshally to point out wherein it profited either by postponing its task or by shrinking from thoroughness in the doing of it. True, the postponement in that instance was not entirely the party's fault. It fell heir to a panic, and was compelled to deal first with a situation not of its own making. But no such situation confronts it now. Everything is favorable to prompt, honest, and thoroughgoing action.

For Tariff Reform by Tariff-Reformers

For of course promptness alone will not be enough. The work should be done speedily, but it must also be done right. It must be done sincerely and it must be done competently.

That is to say, it must be done by men who understand it and who heartily believe in it.

On this point, too, plain speech is best. Believing as we do that both the future of the party and the welfare of the country are involved in the present handling of this issue, we for one must decline to be mealy-mouthed about it. We are too intensely concerned to speak about it otherwise than precisely as we feel about it. A great and just cause, for which the best and wisest men in this country have been fighting for generations, has won a complete victory in the election, and the fruits of that victory remain to be secured. It will be an unpardonable thing if we are deprived of them by any cowardice or by any treachery or by any weakness in the very hour of our long-deferred triumph.

We have just seen what comes of tariff revision by the friends of high protection. Of that there is now no danger. Twenty years ago we saw what came of tariff revision when intrusted to half-hearted tariff-reformers. Of that there *is* some danger, and it is the duty of every sincere tariff-reformer, of every true Democrat, to be on guard against it.

A direct responsibility will rest, of course, on every Democrat in either House of the newly elected Congress, as well as on the President-elect. But according to the regular processes of legislation three men will have to bear the main burden of it—the President himself, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, and the chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance. The President is named, and we know that we can trust him. The chairman of the great House committee is as good as named, and him also we know that we can trust. The third of the triumvirate is not yet named.

In the actual framing of recent tariff laws the holder of that third place has really had the most potent voice of all. ALDRICH had more to do with the final form of the PAYNE bill than PAYNE had, and more to do with the final form of the DINGLEY bill than DINGLEY had. What is still more to the point, when the WILSON-GORMAN bill went to CLEVELAND for his signature, it was more GORMAN'S bill than it was WILSON'S.

To ignore these facts and their significance would be as culpable as it would be useless. The Democratic majority of the next Senate Committee on Finance should be made up of men sincerely devoted to tariff reform. Above all, the chairman of that committee should be a man whose devotion and soundness are no more open to question than is OSCAR UNDERWOOD'S or WOODROW WILSON'S.

The question as to whether the Congress in extra session should take up other legislative subjects is one not to be decided in a hurry. Again, in our opinion, Speaker CLARK does well to pronounce it "a matter for counsel," without undue anticipation of the judgment of the incoming President, upon whose shoulders devolves the moral, if not the technical, responsibility for the line to be followed.

Loose Talk about a "Money Trust"

Newspaper head-lines are powerful factors in forming public opinion. One is tempted to paraphrase a famous remark and declare: Let me write the head-lines and I care not who writes the articles beneath them! Almost any phrase, if repeated often enough in big type, will win a wide acceptance among the careless and ignorant.

It will be that way, no doubt, with the phrase "Money Trust," now in such common use by the newspapers when they speak of the investigation being conducted by the Pujo committee of the House of Representatives. Here is the *Sun*, for example, which emphatically denies that there is any such thing; yet it uses the phrase in its own head-line, where it is doubtless read by hundreds who never read the *Sun's* vigorous arguments on the subject. Last week it appeared in the heading of a letter to the *Sun* from Mr. SAMUEL UNTERMEYER, commonly regarded as the moving spirit of the investigation, in which he himself explicitly disclaims any belief in the existence of a money trust properly so called.

Coming from a man of Mr. UNTERMEYER'S known views and position—he is attorney to the committee—what he says on this point is worth circulating. He quotes from an address he delivered before the inquiry began, as follows:

> If it is expected that any Congressional or other investigation will expose the existence of a "money trust" in the sense in which we use the word "trust" as applied to unlawful industrial combinations, that expectation will not be realized. Of course there is no such thing. There is no definite union or aggregation of the money powers in the financial world. There certainly is none that can be said to be in violation of existing law.

Mr. UNTERMEYER'S letter is strongly criticized. We ourselves should be disposed to criticize his apparent notion that illegality is part of the definition of a trust. But what he says here might, if it were read widely enough, tend to correct the impression that a veritable "money trust" has been traced to its lair.

Mr. UNTERMEYER argues, however, perhaps correctly, that a small group of great financiers, controlling many corporations, do have too much power over credit in this country. That, if true, is important, and a matter of public interest. It must be considered and dealt with in any comprehensive plan to improve and modernize our financial system. But sensational talk about a "money trust" does not help to form the public opinion needed for that great reform.

For Monetary Reform

Commenting in a speech in Tacoma on October 23d, on Mr. MORGAN'S exploits in the panic of 1907, GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, of Massachusetts, said:

> What MORGAN did was to pass the money among Wall Street speculators, while business men who needed it were forced to go to the wall or borrow at a high rate of interest. In a time like this we want no more Presidents of the United States who will take the money that has been obtained from the people by means of taxation and give it to a trust magnate for the purpose of spreading it among Wall Street speculators.

You are right, GEORGE. In times like these we don't want that done. In panic times we may want desperately to have it done again, for it was the way to check a panic.

What we want in times like these is such a recasting of our monetary system that such desperate expedients as Mr. MORGAN and Mr. CORTELYOU used with such courage and success may never again be necessary; a system under which the necessary volume of money will come out automatically in response to the demands of a crisis, and go back after the crisis is passed.

Talk it up, GEORGE FRED! Talk it up! Now is the time when business is prospering and nobody is frightened, and we have in sight a Democratic government strong enough to pass any good law on which its members can agree.

The Future of the Republican Party

President BUTLER, of Columbia, distinguished himself as an apologist of the Republican party before the election; but we can only partly agree with what he now says about that party's future. He himself remarks that political prophecy is alluring and dangerous, and it is both—never more so than at present. Our party alignment has been swiftly and confusingly altered. The Republican party's future depends not only on itself, but also on the course of both the Democrats and the Bull-Moosers.

For it would be arbitrary to assume that ours is going to remain a two-party system. It is just as well to remember that in a number of other countries that system does not prevail. It is customary to speak as if it still prevailed in England, but over there the Labor party is a pretty well-established and effective institution. There are not wanting among ourselves thinkers who hold that we shall have to come to a three-party or four-party arrangement before long, and who would even welcome the change. While we ourselves find the possibility disquieting, we cannot agree with Dr. BUTLER when he apparently dismisses it as negligible.

Neither can we quite agree with him that both the Republican and Democratic parties are bound to persist "because each is founded on a principle of governmental interpretation which grows out of the very structure of our government itself."

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Each *is* so founded. But did not both the Federalist and the Whig parties stand for the same "principle of interpretation" now represented by the Republican party, and are not both dead and buried?

Not that we are ready to predict speedy extinction for the Republican party. Not at all. On the contrary, we are glad to agree with Dr. BUTLER that its still loyal adherents should set to work promptly to rid it of the weaknesses that have so nearly destroyed it. One of these he names correctly—the atrocious Southern policy which has so long kept its conventions unrepresentative and offered such an open temptation to manipulation and corruption. That canker must be cut out. The Republican rotten boroughs must be deprived of their power in the party councils. It would be well worth the cost and trouble of a special national convention if this urgently necessary piece of political surgery could be accomplished before the party again asks favor of the country.

The other plainly necessary measure Dr. BUTLER does not suggest, and it is not quite so simple. It is for the party to free itself, and to convince the country of its freedom, from the control of special interests that demand governmental favors. That does not mean that it must abandon the theory of protection. Unfortunately, enough Americans believe in protection to insure that some party shall continue to advocate it. But the time has come when no party can live by exchanging governmental favoritism for financial and other support in campaigns.

These two sins of the Republican party have been the main factors in its undoing. It is not prophecy, but plain common sense, to say that it cannot hope to be again successful until in respect of both it shall convincingly mend its ways.

The Higher Journalism

For solemn misrepresentation, accompanied by an equally solemn pretense of fairness, we have not yet seen anything quite equal to the *Outlook's* leader on the Democratic victory. The climax is reached in the positive assertion that concerning boss rule the Democratic platform is "absolutely silent"—to which the *Sun* replies by quoting in full from that same platform about the longest and strongest plank ever drafted on that subject. But to our mind there is an even cooler disregard both of the truth and of the public's intelligence in the statement, also perfectly positive, that by electing WOODROW WILSON we have actually strengthened boss rule "in every State and probably in every district in the United States"!

Comment on that statement from Essex County, New Jersey, should be interesting. Still more interesting, however, is the psychological state of minds that can reconcile it with the *Outlook's* recent assurance that it is not a party organ, but still, as always, "absolutely" independent.

Not Quite All Bluff

Of course Senator DIXON'S confident predictions of a landslide for ROOSEVELT were nine-tenths bluff, but probably the other tenth was a sincere illusion of the emotions.

In Hard Luck

Even ladies of uncertain age might not decline to have a birthday, provided it could be signalized as VINCENT ASTOR'S was.—*The Evening Sun.*

The papers say that VINCENT on his birthday came into about seventy millions. We don't suppose our neighbor is serious in suggesting that that is an experience that would look tempting to a sensible lady of uncertain age. A snowball is a good thing if you want one, but an avalanche is inconvenient. It sweeps one off his feet and is liable to leave him out of sight or with his feet sticking out of a hard snow-bank. A dollar is a good thing, but an avalanche of dollars is something to get from under.

The important thing to a young man is the development of his manhood. An avalanche of dollars is not good for that. It is likely to crush him out of shape. A mature and seasoned man like Mr. CARNEGIE or Mr. ROCKEFELLER may make a fair bluff of surmounting such a catastrophe, but it's hard on a young fellow. It starts him with a great debt to society, dischargeable only by a man of first-rate talents and training, and hardly by him. We see remarkable efforts made by very remarkable men to discharge the obligations that naturally come with tumified fortunes, and while they don't wholly fail, their success is not impressive. These vast fortunes are symptoms of social disease; not very alarming, we hope, but apt to be bad for the individual patient on whom the dropsy fastens.

Young Mr. ASTOR, the papers say, has already bought himself two very high-power racing automobiles, one of which can go a hundred miles an hour!

Golly! What chance has that boy got!

Because a dollar, or a thousand dollars, or a hundred thousand dollars, or even in some cases a million, may be good at twenty-one, it does not follow that seventy millions at that age is not a calamity.

Blind Right

A lady in Columbus who lately recovered her sight after four years of blindness says:

I had no idea what frights women were making of themselves, though my club friends had given me the best word description they could of the changing styles of gowns. You know the lines of gowns have vastly changed in the last four years. I was shocked the first time I saw a lady fashionably attired after I recovered my sight, and, in fact, I have not yet become used to the change.

Such fashions! I never thought women could dress themselves to look so ridiculous. In everything there has been improvement, it seems to me, except women's dress. I cannot get used to that. The scantiness of the dresses is almost shocking.

We suspect this is a case of being blind right. Current fashions in women's clothes are considerably deprecated by lay observers. The toleration of them by the wearers seems curious, but, for that matter, the whole submission of women to fashions is curious. To open intelligent eyes on the prevailing modes after four years of blindness was a shock which it behooves the artificers of styles to appreciate. Fashions are changed altogether too much for the sake of change, and to compel women who like to be in the mode to buy new clothes. The business of designing women's clothes seems to have been corruptly commercialized. What is sought is not beauty, but sales. Brother BOK has raised a banner of reform in this matter. He is a good hand to carry it, and the reform is important both as affecting the high cost of living and for the sake of common sense and the embellishment of creation.

Working-girls and Their Clothes

There was a considerable outcry when the papers reported that Professor SIMON PATTEN, of the University of Pennsylvania, had said that working-girls did well to spend a large proportion of their earnings on dress, and might better run in debt to make a good appearance than not make it. That sounded like bad counsel, and Dr. PATTEN was guyed, rebuked, or reviled according to the talents of his critics. But his views, as set forth more precisely in the *Sun* last Sunday, are interesting, and certainly not unintelligent. He says:

It is no evidence of loose morality when a stenographer earning eight or ten dollars a week appears dressed in clothing that takes nearly all of her earnings to buy. It is a sign of her growing moral development. The well-dressed working-girl constitutes a tremendous influence for good, and she is the backbone of many a happy home that is prospering under the influences that she is exerting over the household.

It is as important for her to be neat and well dressed as it is for her to be accomplished about her work. Her employer is the first to notice her clothes, and when she appears prosperous and dressed with taste and dignity her salary will soon be raised until she is earning half as much again as she was when she began her employment at small wages.

It is a mistake for the working-girl to continue to wear the same old clothes and hand over all her earnings to her family. By reason of her own disappointment at not appearing prosperous she will become discouraged and will never increase her income, for the employer will soon learn to regard her as careless, and instead of advancing she will stand still, and in place of being an aid to her family she soon loses interest in her own fortunes and also those of her family, whom she started out with the intention of helping.

A girl of this type soon becomes a burden and a handicap to herself and her family, whereas the girl who spends her earnings on her clothes is not only self-respecting, but she learns to love nice clean things, and will ultimately love the better things of life and profit by her environment, so that she will become of much greater financial value to her family and exert a wonderfully effective influence upon her own life.

Well, yes, Doctor; but, after all, "it depends." Everything depends a good deal on circumstances. In France, we understand, girls whose parents are not well off work out to accumulate a dowry, and when they have got enough they get married. While they are saving money thus for a specific purpose they doubtless curb their propensity for garb. Dowries are not so much respected or expected in this country, nor is marriage achieved in so matter-of-fact a way as in France, and we doubt if our girls give much thought to dowries. But it is true that a good appearance is valuable to them in getting married, and also in whatever employment they undertake, provided there is efficiency and sound character back of it. It is a mistake to overdress one's part. A stenographer does not do well to array herself like a successful actress or a Steel queen even if she has the honest money to do it; but to make herself neat, comely, and attractive is just as much the concern of the stenographer as of any other woman. She will always be a woman first and a stenographer next, and it will never pay her to neglect the woman.

To dress perfectly the part of a stenographer is, of course, a very pretty exercise of taste, and offers, no doubt, a very generous opportunity for expenditure. Her clothes must be working-clothes, but there is nothing against their being the best she can afford. They may be too showy or too frail or too elaborate, but they can't be too good.

A young man, newly come to employment in an office in Wall Street, said: "I had to make an abstract of a matter, and I asked one of the stenographers to come over with me to Summertides. That girl!—do you know, when I had got my hat, there she was with her hat on, and her note-book wrapped in white paper, pulling on long white kid gloves. I could have sat down with a feather! Instead of which we took the elevator and tripped off together, exchanging light discourse. I say, those stenographer girls are wonderful."

That is the American of it, isn't it? Nobody in this country intends to keep her place if she can help it. She proposes that it shall be not a place, but a step, and she dresses, if she can, to fit that conception.

Who shall say that that is not right, that that is not the spirit that makes civilization? Christianize savages, and the best of them at once aspire to clothes, and then to better clothes. They want to be like civilized people. The shop girls have the same desire. They want to be more like the most civilized people they see. Possibly the aspiration finds expression in too costly a hat, but in itself it is good. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," said LAERTES, and that is the rule about clothes unless the purse is so stuffed that clothes need no longer be related to it, and then they must be governed by taste.

A lot of "ifs" and "buts" must be adjusted to Dr. PATTEN'S remarks to make them critic-proof, but in the main they have sense. But, oh, girls, don't skimp your stomachs to adorn your heads! Health is beauty as well as power to work.

First Aid to the Illustrious

Notice is hereby given to all public men that newspapers and periodicals are constantly printing things about them. In giving this notice we feel that we are performing a grave and important service. While it is true that most prominent persons the world over subscribe to clipping bureaus, and with their own eyes or the eyes of their secretaries eagerly scan every published line about themselves, yet they forget all about their publicity whenever anything adverse finds its way into print. It seems as if they have to be shaken, awakened, aroused, and shrieked at before they can discover anything hostile. Almost invariably they begin their reply with the pompous protestation, "My attention having been called."

Mayor GAYNOR recently wrote to ARCHIBALD R. WATSON, Corporation Counsel: "It has been called to my attention that the *Evening Post* published a statement," etc. Also the Hon. WILLIAM SULZER, in the heat of the campaign, issued at Pulaski, New York, a signed statement beginning: "My attention has been called to an article," etc.

These instances are quoted only as examples of a habit well-nigh universal among men in public life. The history of the habit, if traced by a competent psychologist, would probably find its origin in the ancient contempt affected for the users of ink. It is odd that the habit should persist in these days, when getting one's name in the paper is the surest formula for fame. And surely our great men would drop the phrase forever if they knew that using it always evokes laughter from the stereotype-room to the top of the building.

Acknowledgment

We have received a great number of communications bearing upon the work done by this journal in the interest of true Democracy during the recent campaign, and in advocacy of WOODROW WILSON as a Presidential candidate during the past six years. They are uniformly commendatory and generally congratulatory. We should like to print them, but cannot. There are too many of them. But we can and do acknowledge their receipt with lively gratitude and with full appreciation of the generous and kindly spirit which actuated the writers.

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Dr. Horace Howard Furness

By John Jay Chapman

It is every one's duty to set down notes about the remarkable persons he has met. The world is richer for such pictures, and the makers of them, however humble, deserve the gratitude of posterity. Dr. Furness was at the time of his death the most famous of American scholars. The sixteen great volumes of his Variorum Shakespeare are like the Fondaco dei Tedeschi at Venice—a casket and a monument, a thing of beauty and a symbol of ancient wealth.

In one of his prefaces Dr. Furness says that every textual variant of the volume in question has been thrice verified by himself. These textual variants or alternate readings are the ashes of the various texts that have successively been evolved and destroyed by one and another of Shakespeare's editors since the earliest times, and these ashes are preserved, lest perchance a little scrap of gold should somewhere be left among them, or lest there should lurk in them some gleam of the life of that phoenix that flew forth out of them.

But the labor of endless textual detail is only one feature of Dr. Furness's work on Shakespeare's monument. The other sides of his work are less dreadful to think of. His aim was to bring the substance of all the books ever written about Shakespeare into the compass of a single edition. Any other man would have attacked his work like a beaver. Dr. Furness attacked it like a bee. His sunny disposition turned the gigantic work into pleasure. And here a strange fact may be perceived—that Dr. Furness ended by weaving his own character and personality into this edition as completely as if he had been writing his memoirs, or making a portrait of himself for posterity. Furness's notes and glossaries abound in that playful tenderness which I feel sure was the characteristic quality of Shakespeare himself. I am certain that an unwillingness to hurt any one's feelings was the most noticeable quality in Shakespeare, and that this is why Shakespeare was so often called "gentle" by his contemporaries. (Imagine a stage-manager who should be nicknamed "gentle" to-day!)

If, as I just said, Dr. Furness has written himself into these volumes, it is because in dealing with the Shakespeare legends he only takes what he loves, and he only loves thyme and sweet-william. If a subject displeases him, he drops it. For instance, he cannot bear to speak ill of such a good Elizabethan as John Payne Collier; and he, therefore, frankly says that no discussion of the Collier forgery question can be looked for from him. This is not what is called scholarship; but it is something better than scholarship, it is character, it is temperament, it is vitality.

No great scholar has ever written such a good commentary on Shakespeare as Dr. Furness has written; because all great scholars are apt to become bores. It is really their duty and their destiny to be bores. Even A. C. Bradley, the latest and greatest of Shakespearian scholars, is just a little, slightly a bore. The note of virtuosity is in him. Dr. Furness was really engaged in arranging, condensing, and transcribing the things that he thought vital in Shakespeare's literary history. He was one kind of a scholar, but he belonged to that type and species of scholarship of which Bishop Percy and Walter Scott are examples, the species to whom literature is food and drink. To some modern scholars, literature is a dead body or at least a subject for vivisection—never a live animal to be stroked and talked to, befriended, lived with, laughed and cried over.

Furness's tone about his own views is so modest that he almost seems to have no views of his own; and when he suggests an idea of his own, he barely hazards it, and that in the fewest words. What great scholar ever did the like? Dr. Furness collects all the bones and tidbits from three hundred years of Shakespearian controversy; and having laid them before you, scampers away with a jest. The result is that he has written enchanting commentaries which frame Shakespeare with a genial sort of foolery that is near kin to Shakespeare's own spirit.

This Variorum Edition will cause many old Shakespeariana to go out of print. The positive results of many a great commentator's life may be embodied in an improved text; and the wagon-loads of disquisition which at first were essential soon became superfluous through their very success. The same reasoning holds good in regard to the theories which course like dolphins in Shakespeare's wake, theories as to the chronology of the plays, theories as to the sources of their plots, and the metaphysics of their characters. A brochure upon any such topic will in a few years shrink and dry up till it can be carried in a mere footnote. Indeed, any idea must be quite monumental at the beginning of its career, in order that posterity shall afford it more than an asterisk.

The notes and disquisitions in the Variorum Edition give you all you are ever likely to want of a host of old worthies and worthiesses who strutted their little day and penned with quill pens and steel pens their various comments. I love the race of men who write notes on great books, whether on Dante or on Shakespeare. They collect miscellaneous information and they chatter like happy magpies. They keep literature alive, like Darwin's earthworms, by creeping down out of sight and bringing new soil to the top. Without them some poets would be incomprehensible within a few decades after death. Dante would be unread to-day, Chaucer and Shakespeare would be almost gone, and Byron would be on the road to oblivion. To put all the Shakespeare chatterers into one great aviary, to tame them, docket them, assign them their perches and index them—this was the work of Dr. Furness's life. The Variorum is really a Shakespeare library; and no private person has need to encumber his shelves with more authorities than this edition supplies. If a man wants to make a beast of himself, let him go to a public library.

My acquaintance with Dr. Furness was slight, or rather, I should say, it was short, and did not occur till 1912, when he was in his seventy-ninth year. But the man himself cast back such a light on his books, and his books now begin to cast forward such a light on the man, that his image is very clear in my mind. It is the image of the perfect scholar, and of the great gentleman, through whom there yet shines a crystal idea of something nobler than either. He was all his life a man of various social activities and of great influence; and this contact with life gave him a robustness and rotundity of nature which literary men often lack.

He certainly was the most picturesque old gentleman that I have ever known. He was short and stout —his head, with its large dome, was fringed with the most brilliant white hair—immaculate, gleaming hair. His gold eyeglasses, which were very transparent and which magnified the gray eyes behind them, his elegant, delicate silver ear-trumpet—(more like some elfin horn, or the ornament of a fairy king or goblin herald, than a necessary instrument), that horn which was always at hand, always being adjusted to receive good news from the guest—his wonderful neatness and trimness —as if his waistcoat and watch-chain had been burnished upon him—as if his clothes were made of bronze, or as if he were a drawing by Ingres—all these things, as well as the smiling trustfulness (like that of a good child) with which he welcomed every one, took him out of the actual. You could not believe that he was true. He was as a picture, or as a character of the imagination. Of course he really did belong to a familiar epoch; but somehow his deafness had isolated him and surrounded him with an invisible hothouse. There was a bloom upon him; he radiated a sort of heaven-sent bonhomie. I am sure that if I had seen him in a railroad station without knowing who he was, I should have followed him home, tracked him to his habitat, so as to assure myself that he was an earth-born creature.

Think of such a man's having lived in the America of to-day! He might have come out of London in 1811; he might have lived in Edinburgh in 1830. He was like Charles Lamb; he seemed to be clad in knee-breeches; he was all leisure, all literature, all tenderness for the feelings of others. I am sure that this quality of hating to hurt any one's feelings, of avoiding the unpleasant, must somewhere, somehow have run into vice with Dr. Furness. It is wrong to be so tender as he was.

Dr. Furness, as every one knows, was deaf—so very deaf that one had to speak into his silver ear-trumpet and speak quite loudly in order to reach him. Yet his deafness never separated him from the rest of society, but on the contrary it joined him to others. His expression of perfect benevolence and perfect accord, as he surveyed the dinner-table, his smile of expectation as he caught your eye, gave you something to say. You could not be dumb in his presence. In fact, his deafness had the very opposite influence to that which deafness usually has: it drew you out. He elicited extravagant sallies; he invited foolishness: and when foolishness came, he welcomed it as the Father in the parable welcomed the Prodigal. One knew all the while that somewhere in the middle of all this gaiety there lay a great renunciation. This power to give and take innocent pleasure is always bought with a great price. A big lump sum has been paid down at some time in the past, so great that the interest of it supports the donor forever after; he is care-free.

Dr. Furness had cunning ways, he did cunning things; but they were always very clever. He himself was never deceived for a moment. He understood his drolleries well enough. When, for instance, I asked him why it was, or why he thought it was, that Fanny Kemble had singled out just him as the person to whom she should give Shakespeare's gloves—he assumed the attitude of the ingénue in old English comedy—put his knuckles to his lips, looked archly at the ceiling, bent his head from side to side—"I don't know, I don't know." A lifelong familiarity with old English stage businesses had given him quite a battery of odd little gestures and tones of voice, which were as natural to him as they were unexpected by every one else.

Dr. Furness had habits of a clockwork regularity. He rose at a certain hour, whatever it was, to the minute, and appeared at breakfast, which was a stately and sumptuous meal, long, luxurious, and social. Then he suddenly disappeared, and I don't know what he did for several hours. He performed his Shakespearian work in the middle of the night. After sitting up cracking jokes, or reading aloud, till twelve or one, he dismissed every one and sat down to work till cock-crow. His library was of that sort which is added to the house as a unity—is lighted from the top and surrounded inside with a balcony. The room was full of memorials, pictures, and photographs, and was lined with all the books about Shakespeare, I suppose, in the world. In a small vault or inner sanctuary beyond, a fire-proof holy of holies, he kept his first editions. He had all the folios and a whole lot of quartos. (I'm not sure that it is possible to have them all.) Here were kept other treasures more remarkable still—namely, fragments of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, and a pair of gloves which originally belonged to Shakespeare's theatrical properties, and which, after the playwright's decease, were shipped to Avon from London together with the rest of his belongings. These gloves are perhaps the most precious personal relic in the world. I do not know what doubts scholars may throw on their authenticity; but their history is well known and forms a part of the annals of the British stage. At any rate, I felt in looking on them an overwhelming belief in them—a pang of belief, such as no other personal relic ever gave me.

I cannot say that I always agree with Dr. Furness's views upon Shakespeare's characters. This is a subject upon which the clodhopper has rights of opinion; and some of Dr. Furness's theses seem to me to reflect his own temperament too closely—as, for instance, his views on the love affair between Anthony and Cleopatra. I must confess that his opinions here seem to me to be misjudged and even fantastic. Dr. Furness's romanticism has misled him. It is himself, not Anthony, himself, not Shakespeare, that the seraphic Doctor has depicted in his rhapsodical preface to his play. And yet this same enthusiasm which, in this case, betrays Dr. Furness is the pervading cause of his charm. Dr. Furness is never really interested in anything except the poetic part of Shakespeare. He deals with the other parts because they must be dealt with. But the reason for all the rest is not to be found in the rest; the reason lies in the poetry. Furness never forgets this; he is in love all the time. He had a sort of adoration for Shakespeare that a schoolboy has for an elder brother. When this quality gets into a book of any sort, the book becomes happy and vigorous. "Isn't he a glorious fellow? Did you ever hear anything like him?" This is what Furness seems to be constantly saying.

Such is the general nature of Dr. Furness's contributions to Shakespeare's criticisms. They sound so small and are so tremendous. For I suppose that the sunlight hidden everywhere in these big yellow volumes is enough to warm the earth. It will surely affect the disposition of all future commentators; and even the philologist, the comparative grammarian, the Indo-Germanic person may be softened, tinged, sweetened, and made into something more nearly resembling a human being, through contact with the unscientific, non-conclusive intellect of Horace Howard Furness.

A short time before his death, Dr. Furness sent me a copy of his Phi Beta Kappa address entitled, "Shakespeare, or What You Will"; and in thanking him for it I sent him the verses printed below, which thus became the occasion of this paper. His death fell like a curtain, unexpectedly, without illness, without premonitory old age; and, as it fell, it left him in our imagination just as he had always appeared, standing in a sort of radiance.

"Yes, I have seen the wreath of woven flowers
That in your garden (which is Shakespeare's mind)
Have blossomed freshly through the dewy hours,
And which the deaf, old gardener smiled to find.

"Laughed as he found them—saved and wound and gave them:
(The richest trophy that his life could bring),
Shakespeare's they are, and were, and he shall have them
Forever as a fragrant offering.

"So, on thy bier, old servant, tried and tender,
Some loving hand may lay a paler sheaf;
For none but Shakespeare might thy crimson render,
Or match in words the greenness of thy leaf."

Correspondence

"MOOSETTES"

Philadelphia, Pa., *November 8, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Of all the absurdities and inconsistencies that were introduced in the late Presidential campaign by the "Bull Moose" party, the most amusing was the invention of the name "Moosette" for the female of the species. Can it be that the renowned hunter and naturalist, the Only Honest Man, has become a nature faker? He, at least, knows that the proper term is "Cow Moose," and it is almost incredible that his misguided followers should, after introducing this unmeaning and unscientific term, allow it to be supposed that it had His sanction.

I am, sir,
Frank Johnston.

APPROPRIATE

Sorento, Ill., *November 6, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir.—Allow me to suggest the cowboy's epitaph as politically appropriate for T. R., namely:

"Here lies T. R.
He had his faults, but he done his damdest."

I am, sir,
S. E. Cress.

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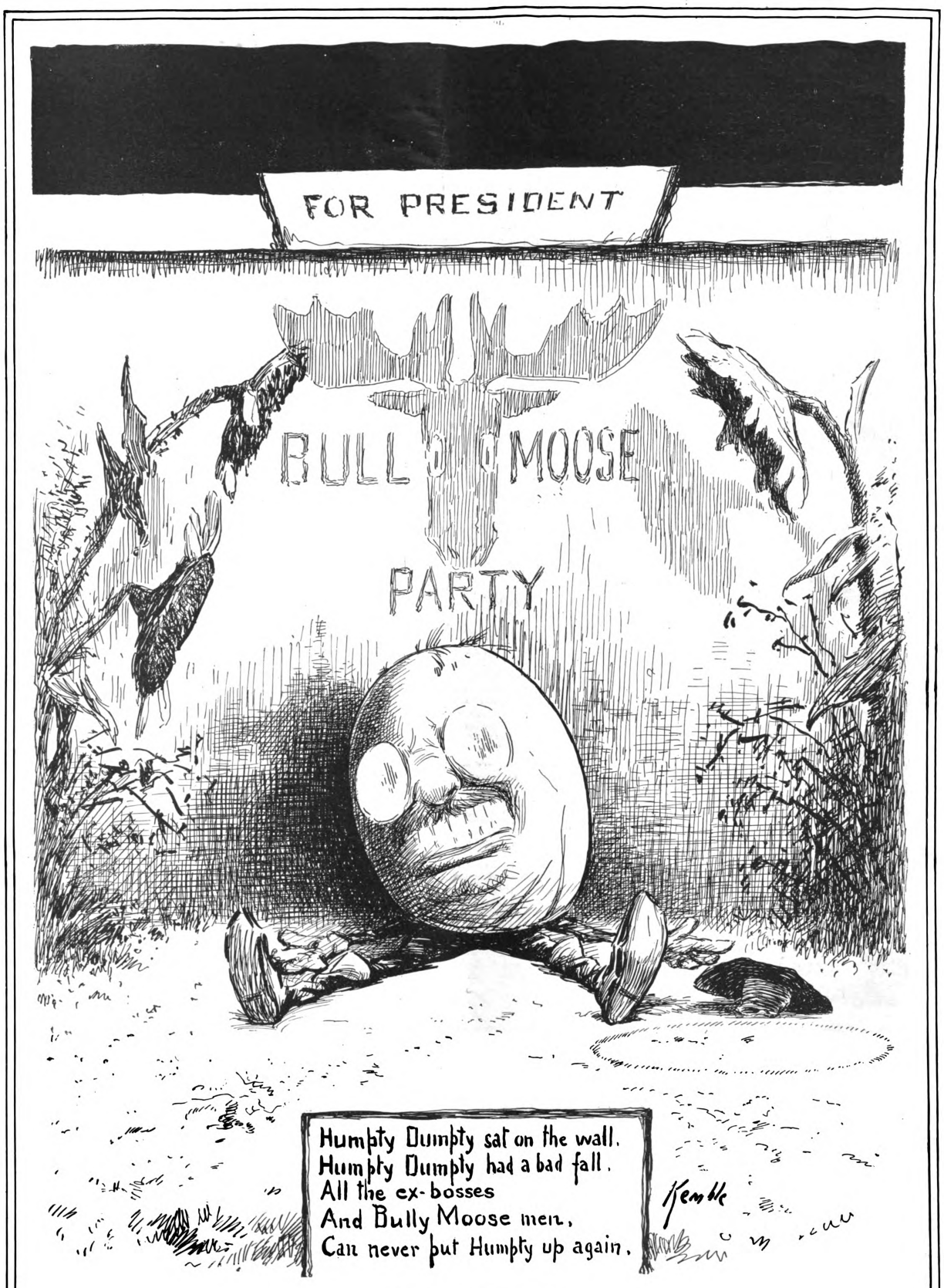

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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CENTRAL AMERICAN LOANS

The United States Must Finance the Southern Republics to Prevent Foreign Complications

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

WHEN Congress reassembles next month one of the important matters to demand the attention of the Senate will be the disposition of the loan conventions between the United States and Honduras and the United States and Nicaragua, which have been pending for almost two years. Both treaties were debated last session and allowed to go over without final action because of the opposition they aroused. At the coming session, it is expected, an attempt will be made either to secure their ratification or to defeat them, as both Central-American republics are compelled to reorganize their finances, and unless they can be financed through American bankers, whose action depends upon the support given them by their government, the republics will turn to Europe for financial assistance.

Properly to understand the history of these treaties it is necessary to go back a few years when the affairs of Santo Domingo were in such a chaotic condition that the United States had to step in and straighten them out. For years the Dominican republic had been suffering from revolutions, inefficient and corrupt administration of the revenues, wasteful and illegal expenditures. As soon as a new president came into office (and the recognized way to office was through revolution) he proceeded to the payment of the expenses incurred by him and his leading supporters in securing the Presidency. No sooner was a President installed than he feared a revolution, and to prevent an uprising heavy payments were made to actual or potential enemies.

In 1905 the republic was on the verge of bankruptcy. It was overloaded with debt, the principal of which it could not pay, and the interest was in default. Some of the debt was legitimately contracted, the rest consisted of claims of doubtful validity. British, French, and German creditors were pressing for payment. The situation generally was threatening.

In this emergency Secretary Hay proposed that the United States should virtually take over the fiscal affairs of Santo Domingo and administer its finances, and a treaty to that effect was duly signed by the representatives of the two governments and sent to the Senate for ratification. The treaty, ratified in July, 1907, recited that debts amounting to $30,000,000 had been created, "many of doubtful validity in whole or in part," and the Dominican government had effected a conditional adjustment and settlement with its foreign and domestic creditors by which the total debt was to be satisfied for an amount not to exceed $17,000,000. To pay this a New York banking-house agreed to sell an issue of $20,000,000 Dominican bonds, bearing five per cent. interest, payable in fifty years and redeemable after ten years at 102½, a sinking-fund for the redemption of the bonds to be created. The proceeds of the bond issue were to be applied to the payment of debts and claims, to the extinction of concessions and harbor monopolies which were a burden on and hindrance to the commerce of the country, and the balance remaining to the construction of railroads and other public improvements. The agreement on the part of the New York bankers was made conditional upon "the assistance of the United States in the collection of the customs revenues of the Dominican republic," and this assistance was to be rendered by the President of the United States appointing a general receiver of Dominican customs who was to have sole control of the collection of customs until the bonds had been paid off. Stipulations were made for the proper distributions of the revenues, the proportion to be paid to the bankers and to the Dominican government for its support, and it was also agreed that neither should the Dominican debt be increased nor the tariff duties modified without the consent of the United States. Virtually, and in effect, the Dominican republic made an assignment to the United States for the benefit of its creditors, and the United States was not only constituted the trustee of San Domingo, but was also appointed its receiver to carry on the business for the benefit of all concerned. That treaty is now in force, and under its provisions the revenues of the republic are being collected and disbursed by American officials.

"A certain area of Central America has been notoriously racked by revolution, and, by a sad history of turbulence and instability, has been robbed of the flourishing prosperity which should be its natural heritage." Secretary of State Knox said in a speech delivered in Philadelphia two years ago. Secretary Knox had in his mind at that time Honduras. Like Santo Domingo, Honduras was paying for its recklessness, dishonesty, and stupid political methods. It had borrowed heavily in Europe, and European bankers had charged a stiff price for the accommodation. The interest fell in arrears, creditors were pressing for payment and threatening unpleasant consequences, internal disturbances were a constant invitation to revolution. At this juncture a group of American bankers came forward and offered to refund the debt and place the finances of the republic on a healthy basis on very favorable terms. The Dominican agreement showed them that if a similar arrangement was made with Honduras it would be for the benefit of all concerned. Believing that a strong Honduras would tend enormously toward a stable and prosperous Central America, Mr. Knox explained, the Washington government sanctioned the plan, and negotiations were entered into for the conclusion of a treaty on the general lines of the treaty with Santo Domingo.

The Honduran treaty, unlike the Dominican convention, does not specify the debt owed by the republic, but states that the government of Honduras undertakes to make a contract providing for the refunding of its internal and external debt and to place its finances upon a sound and stable basis, and for the future development of the country. The governments of the United States and Honduras "will take due note of all the provisions of the said contract, with a view to the faithful execution of the provisions of said contract, in order that all the benefits to Honduras and the security of the loan may at the same time be assured." The loan, it is provided, shall be secured upon the customs of Honduras, and the government of Honduras pledges itself not to alter the import or export duties during the existence of the loan without consultation and agreement with the United States. During the life of the loan the customs will be administered by a collector-general to be appointed by the Honduran government from a list of names proposed by the American fiscal agents and approved by the President of the United States, and the Honduran government "will give this official full protection in the exercise of his functions. The government of the United States will in turn afford such protection as it may find requisite."

This convention was signed in Washington on January the tenth of last year. In transmitting it to the Senate for ratification President Taft referred to the efforts made by the United States for nearly a century to lend its moral support to the Latin-American republics. "Now that the linking of oceans by the Isthmian Canal," he said, "is nearing assured realization, the conservation of stable conditions in the adjacent countries becomes a still more pressing need, and all that the United States has hitherto done in that direction is amply justified, if there were no other consideration, by the one fact that this country has acquired such vast interest in that quarter as to demand every effort on its part to make solid and durable the tranquillity of the neighboring countries." In no way, he said, "can our moral accountability be so potently met as by a practically helpful policy tending to insure peace among all the Central-American States." All the Central-American republics, Mr. Taft pointed out, had at one time or another sought the assistance of the United States; "but it is Honduras, perhaps more than any other, that we have again and again assisted in the honorable composition of its differences." He referred to the hopeless financial condition of that country, "tottering under a heavy obligation which it is not within its power to satisfy," and the danger of permitting Honduras to be at the mercy of its creditors. "The republic is freed from apprehension of intervention on the part of creditor nations," he pointed out to the Senate as an additional argument why the treaty should be ratified. "Such intervention is an inherent right of sovereignty and, if unattended by territorial acquisition of American soil by a foreign power, this government would not necessarily oppose it, especially if our own offers for help were put aside. It is no part of the broad national policy of the United States to champion repudiation by its neighbors or to encourage them with the prospect of immunity for the irresponsible contraction of debts which they are not in a condition to discharge; but sound policy counsels our aiding them to get out of debt and to keep out of debt. It can in no wise better our good repute to turn a deaf ear to their appeals for a helping hand to lift them from the slough of default into which misfortune may have plunged them; nor could it improve the good-will in which we wish to live with our American congeners were we to leave them to make probably harsh terms with their alien creditors, with the alternative of remaining responsible to such international rights of redress as the injured parties might invoke." In conclusion Mr. Taft informed the Senate that Guatemala had sought the friendly counsel of the United States regarding a projected foreign loan, and Nicaragua would also ask the aid of the United States in effecting a readjustment of its finances. Subsequently, in June last year, a treaty on all-fours with that made by Honduras was entered into between the United States and Nicaragua, and these two treaties, the Honduran and the Nicaraguan, can be considered together, as they both have the same purpose in view; if one is ratified, the other will be, and the arguments advanced against ratification apply with equal force to both.

The argument advanced against American government action in the financial affairs of Honduras and Nicaragua was that it was a Central-American "adventure" which did not properly come within the scope of Federal action. It was a deviation from the traditional policy of the United States to hold aloof from interfering in the internal affairs of foreign countries; it was the first step to the establishment of a financial protectorate over Central America, and once the United States became involved in the financial affairs of its neighbors there was no knowing to what lengths this country might be carried. The recognition of the loan contract by the United States —the agreement to "take due note of all the provisions of the said contract"—gave the loan a standing which otherwise it would not possess, and virtually, it was asserted by the opponents of the treaty, made the United States responsible for the proper execution of the contract by the government of Honduras. They were further confirmed in this view of the treaty by the clause providing that the two governments "will consult, in case of any difficulties" with a view in order "that all the benefits to Honduras and the security of the loan may at the same time be assured." This, it was asserted, made the United States responsible for the security of the loan, and should Honduras attempt to repudiate it or default, in the payment of interest or principal the owners of the bonds would be warranted in assuming that the United States would make the default good, either by compelling Honduras, by force if necessary, to observe its obligations or else by the assumption of the debt by the United States. Another objection raised was to article four, which provides for the appointment of a collector-general of customs, who is to have the full protection of the Honduran government, and "the Government of the United States will in turn afford such protection as it may find requisite."

What, it was asked, does this mean except that in case of difficulty the collector-general can appeal to the United States for protection, and the United States will then be compelled to afford that protection, even if it necessitated sending an armed force to Honduras. The custom-house is always the prize of a Latin-American revolution, and if there were no custom-houses there would be fewer revolutions. "The removal of the collecting function from local control," Mr. Taft told the Senate, "takes away one of the main incentives to revolutionary disturbance, when the cupidity of turbulent malcontents is often excited by the material profit to be gained by an even brief control of the custom-houses." If, then, there should be a revolution and the revolutionary party should gain control of the custom-houses and drive the American collector-general out, he would invoke the help of his government, and the United States, instead of being merely a disinterested spectator of revolution in Central America, would become an active participant and liable at any time to intervene for the protection of creditors the security of whose loan it had assured. These arguments were sufficient to prevent the ratification of the treaties at the last session.

In support of ratification it was urged that unless the United States rehabilitates the finances of the Central-American republics it will either be done by foreign bankers with the consent of their governments, which might easily lead to international complications, or else there will be no readjustment of the finances of Latin America, which will be an incentive to revolution and turbulence, compel the United States for its own protection to restore order, and in the end bring about much more serious complications.

The justification for the United States supervising the collection of the Dominican customs, he said, was that it is incompatible with international equity for the United States to refuse to allow other powers to take the only means at their disposal of satisfying the claims of their creditors and yet to refuse, itself, to take any such steps. He maintained that an aggrieved nation can, without violating the Monroe Doctrine, take any action it sees fit, provided that action does not change the existing form of government or the seizure of territory. The only way to collect a claim was by blockade or bombardment or the seizure of the custom-houses, and that is in effect possession, even if only temporary possession, of territory, and brought in the United States as a party in interest, as under the Monroe Doctrine it could not permit the seizure of territory by a European power.

The action of the Senate on these treaties will be awaited with considerable interest. Their ratification will, it is frankly recognized, write a new chapter in American diplomacy.

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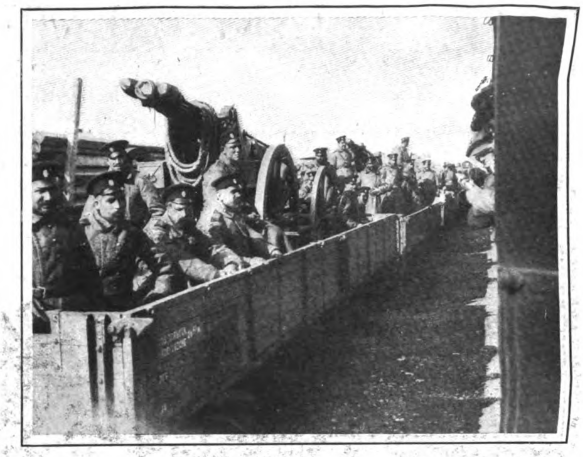
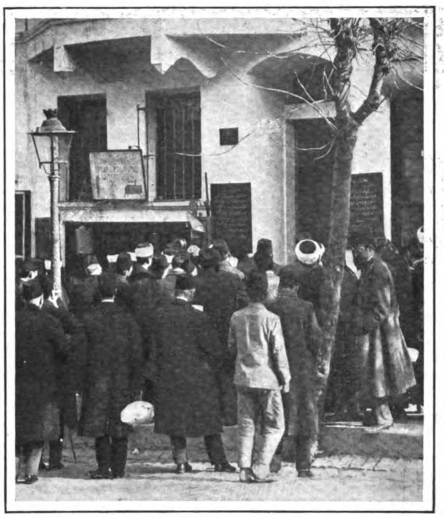
Belgian troops marching through Mustapha Pasha

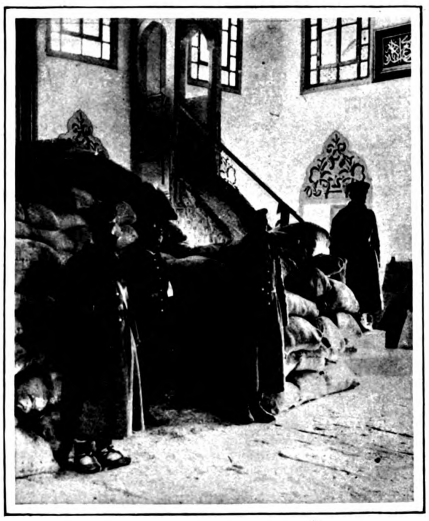


Transporting siege-guns for the bombardment of Adrianople

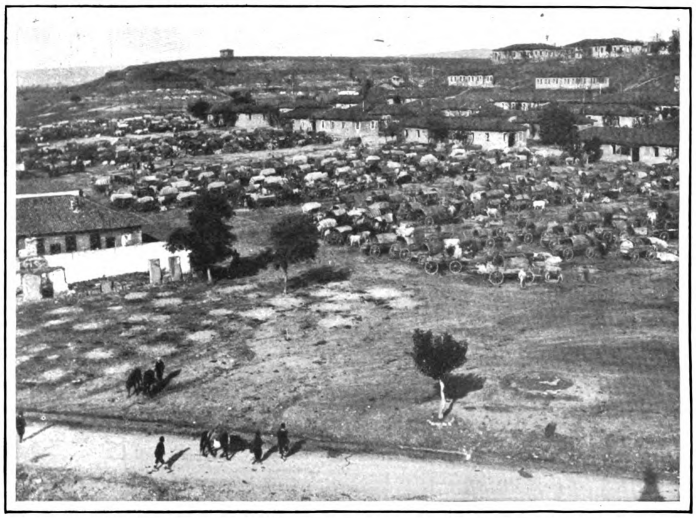
Turkish artillery in retreat after the disastrous fighting at Kirk Kilisseh



Turks reading the war bulletins at Constantinople



Bulgarian army supplies stored in a mosque



"An army marches on its stomach." The commissariat of the invading forces

THE WAR IN THE NEAR EAST

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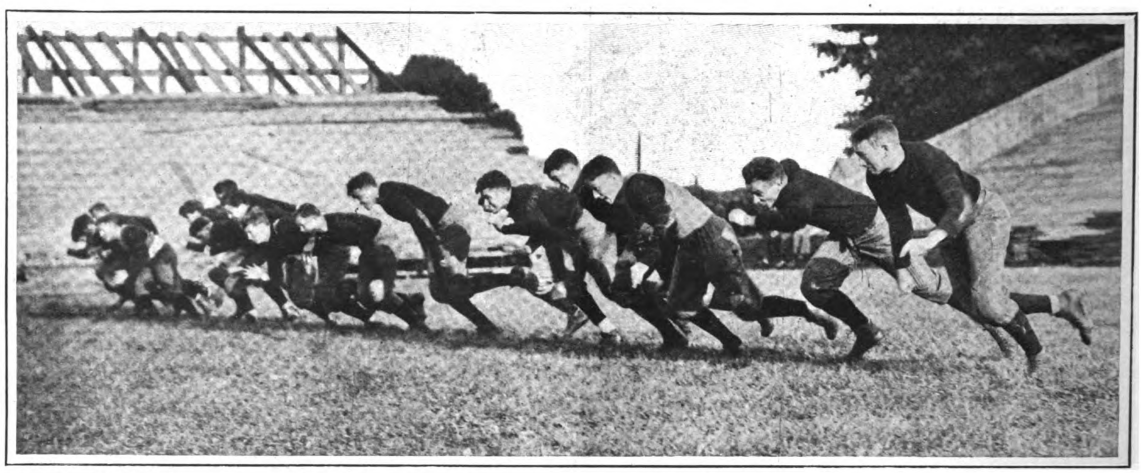
THE FINANCIAL SIDE OF FOOTBALL

BY EDWARD BAYARD MOSS



Preliminary line-plunging practice at Princeton. One of the early-season training factors which adds to the expense of the great intercollegiate autumn sport

FROM the side lines it was a most impressive sight, this gathering of thousands of spectators from all parts of the country for the greatest football game of the year. Up, up reared the towering slopes of the stadium, every seat, aisle, and cranny quartering its quota of humanity.

It was as if a gaily woven curtain had been drawn over the innumerable tiers of cement steps to hide, for a day, the bare gray lines of the vast amphitheater. When the two opposing elevens ran through the grilled gates and upon the lime-scored field for practice preliminary to the game, the 40,000 persons who clung far above in serried rows sprang, too, into action.

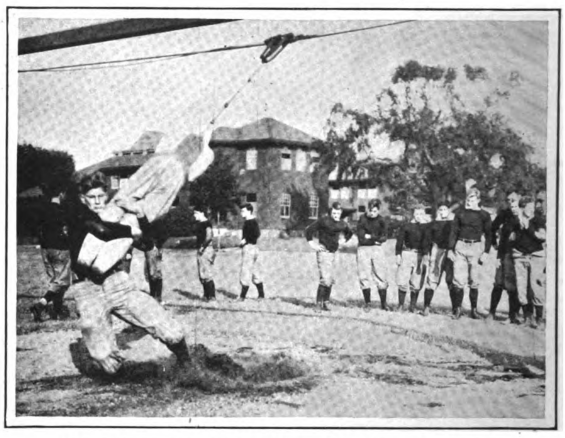
One side of the crescent-shaped structure bloomed forth in a crimson glow which swept in ripple after ripple from top to bottom of the stadium. Across the gridiron blue took the place of crimson, and the entire interior flamed with the colors of the rival universities. Lithe athletes clad in jerseys and moleskin crouched along the white-lined gridiron. A momentary lull, a shrill blast of the referee's whistle, and the teams whirled together, grappling in the dust like angry dervishes battling for desert supremacy.

Deep down in the pockets of the foundation walls, far removed from the noise of cheers and conflict, men were counting money. Even the eleventh-hour receipts at the gate aggregated thousands of dollars, while in the college communities proper other men were totaling sums which eventually amounted to more than $80,000. On the field of play the gridiron glory of two universities hung in the balance. On the receipts of the game depended the future of a score of minor sports, for football is the fortune-maker of undergraduate athletics.

Upon the revenue derived from this, the most important and financially productive of all the games and pastimes played and indulged in by the collegians, depends the success of other 'varsity teams and combinations, each of which claims its share of public recognition in its season. In the eastern and western universities there are but two sports that show a net profit at the end of each fiscal year. When the reports of the athletic associations are compiled it will be found that, aside from baseball and football, all organized sports appear on the debit sheets of the association.

Football, then, is the Atlas of university athletics, bearing on its shoulders the cost of all other sports except baseball. Some years ago, when Columbia University encouraged football, there was always a surplus in the athletic treasury. To-day conditions are far different. When the ban was placed on the game at the New York City institution the remaining sports suffered from severe financial stringency. The latest reports show that twelve of Columbia's fifteen athletic teams failed to earn expenses. Basketball was the one real money-maker. More than $8,000 was needed to clear away this deficit. Were it not for the annual dues from students, faculty, and alumni, as well as a yearly sum from the university proper, there could be no organized sport at Columbia.

Fielding H. (Hurry-Up) Yost, the University of Michigan football coach, one of the most highly paid instructors of gridiron tactics in the country



Tackling-dummy practice on Soldiers' Field, Cambridge. This is one of the expensive features of the Harvard football campaign

The athletic machine which produces this revenue also requires much financial oiling in order to work at high efficiency. A concrete example of what it costs for a gridiron campaign of about three months can be found in the report of the Princeton University Athletic Association. A late statement shows that the revenue derived from the season's schedule amounted to $43,150 plus $1,145 for incidental receipts. As an offset to these figures the expense accounts contain some items which give an insight into the average expense of a big college football team. The Princeton squad during the season under review expended for traveling $2,790, and gave $6,281 as guarantees to visiting teams. Football suits, shoes, and similar supplies cost $3,425. The expenses of the coaching committee were $611, and the cost of coaching proper was $4,985. Physicians' services and medicines ate up another $2,000. The rubbers and rubbing material accounted for $682, showing that even massage comes high.

This is by no means the end of the ledger. Officials are required at all games, and these former players must be paid for their time and services. The charges vary from $50 to $150 per game. Princeton spent $1,044 in this manner, and $265 more for special police to check any disorder or panic that might arise during the contests. There is also a long string of minor items, small in themselves, but totaling a large sum when added. It required some $500 to repair the stands about the football field prior to the big games, since a weak plank or bolt might give way under the weight of spectators and cause the collapse of a stand, maiming or killing several spectators, as has been the case several times in recent years. No team is expected to go into battle entirely unfamiliar with the offensive and defensive tactics of its opponents. In order to secure this advance information it is necessary that some of the coaches witness other games. Their traveling expenses are charged against the football account. Princeton spent $136 for this purpose.

There are innumerable small details also. Omnibuses and livery service for the squad cost $109. The laundering of uniforms and underwear entailed the expenditure of $138. Telegrams and postage accounted for another $100, and incidentals for almost twice that sum. A trifle over $400 was expended in sending the entire team to witness the Yale-Harvard game as a reward for valiant services on the gridiron for Princeton. The expenses of the captain and manager together amounted to $290, and printing and advertising cost $79 additional. The training-table was also a heavy drain on the treasury. Provisions for the football players were billed at $2,096, for the gridiron game cultivates a ravenous appetite. To this must be added $774 for wages of cooks, waiters, and dish-washers. There is, however, an offset here, since $1,120 was received as board from the athletes dining at the training quarters, leaving a net expense of $1,950.

This list of disbursements appears formidable at first glance, but it will bear close scrutiny without showing a flaw of careless or wilful extravagance. The writer has acted as manager of a big football team in his playing days and knows the cost of catering to the demands and appetite of the football player. Supplies for the game and the participants run into heavy totals when it is considered that armor and uniform have to be purchased for squads comprising from twenty to forty players and substitutes. Shoulder, hip, and knee pads, head-harness, nose-guards, and special football shoes are expensive, and when one adds the cost of jerseys and sweaters, one can readily understand why expense accounts mount rapidly.

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BAILEY'S MONUMENT

BY WILLIAM COOPER HOWELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

WE were returning home from fishing. It was in the spring, and the wind was raw and damp. Our driver—he was old, and paralyzed on one side—told stories that were unbelievable; in fact, most of them were untrue. Cold and stiffened, we half dozed, but when our driver had finished one of his remarkable stories, and we were driving along with no sound but the rattle of one of the tires that was loose, we came in sight of a double row of dead trees that stood naked in the cold moonlight, against the sky. We knew vaguely the story about them, but we wanted to hear about them again, and one of the company roused himself and said:

"Isn't that the row of trees that they call Bailey's Monument? How did they come to call them that?"

We knew the driver could tell this story, and we thought he would tell it truly, so we listened carefully as he started:

A few years ago there lived in this village a farmer named George Bailey. He was thirty-five or forty, hardy and industrious, and earned a fair living. His farm was a large one; there were many acres of grain, meadow, and pasture land, and a produce garden that his wife did most of the work in. The land was intelligently tilled by him, and had been laboriously tilled by those who went before him; the buildings were in the best of repair, and the farming implements were of the latest type.

Bailey had come to the New England community when a youth of nineteen or twenty. He worked as hired man for farmers about the village, and attracted notice because of his industrious and conscientious habits. It was not thought strange that Mary Mathews should have accepted his offer of marriage; her father was described as "well-to-do," and Bailey's reputation for steadiness was established; neighbors called it a good match. When the two married, her father was old; as he said, "about ready to sit by and watch the young folks work the place." Consequently, he gave them the farm that he himself had cleared and developed into its present prosperous condition, and he went back to live in the old house at one end of it, the house that he had occupied when he first started. It was unpainted, with the shingles falling from it, and the clapboards coming loose, but it was comfortable. The old man lived there alone and every day drove to town. He was, he said, contented, and never appeared to regret that he had stepped aside and given way to his daughter and her husband.

For a quarter of a mile over the road that ran through the farm, maple trees touched their tops, forming a perfect and symmetrical canopy. The trees were old; their trunks were black where they were not spotted with grayish and greenish moss. No sunlight ever reached the ground under them, so low did the branches droop, and so thick were the leaves overhead. The road was never dusty, but was damp even through the longest "spell" of dry weather, when the dust lay deep everywhere else and coated the dried, crackling glass along the roadside with a thick white layer that rose in clouds when one walked through it.

The farmhouse was on one side of the road, with fields and meadows, and here and there a lane. On the other side, a few feet from the row of trees, was an embankment lined with young trees and shrubs, and twenty or thirty feet below ran a creek that, save in spring, was not so deep but that it could be waded. Thick moss and thin, silky grass covered the ground. Everything along the road and about the clean, trim house was so cool and quiet that it was difficult to imagine that beyond were fields where the hot summer sun beat down, and long, tedious rows of corn where the dirt was baked into hard lumps.

Bailey and his wife had lived here for years. She was as industrious as her husband, and her milk pans were always back of the house shining in the sun where she had leaned them to dry against the platform that ran around the pump. Two or three times a week she drove to town with a one-horse wagon-load of garden truck to sell to grocers or to the few housewives who were her regular customers. Every Sunday the Baileys drove to church, and both sang in the choir as well as people usually sing in village choirs. Bailey was also head of the Sunday-school. Now and then they would come in to a church supper, but neither appeared to care for such social life as the village offered besides these things.

Bailey did not care, or thought that he did not care, for the Saturday evenings at the grocery store. Those who gathered there paid little attention to him; they had their favorites who, for one reason or another, were popular, and Bailey was not a favorite. He would laugh as loudly as the rest at the jokes of others, and at their shrewd and witty talk, and he would laugh loudly at his own hopelessly flat attempts at jest. But he felt the lack of congeniality unsatisfactory, and always left the group at the store with a feeling of uncomfortable unfitness.

Probably because he bought a great deal of farm machinery, he became agent for a manufacturer of such articles, but he never did much with them. One summer, however, before any one had suspected his intention, he had taken a vacant store-room in town, some three miles from his farm, and had moved some mowing machines, reapers, and binders into it. He explained that he was going to give all his time to selling implements, and he employed a young girl as clerk and book-keeper.

Every morning during that summer he would drive to town; his horses were checked high in a silver-mounted harness; it was remarked that he was "trying to put on style." His store clothes, though, a suit of rusty black that had grown shiny, failed to give him the appearance of a prosperous merchant. He tried smoking, too, usually a cheap stogie, made in the shape of a cigar.

"Oh, things were getting too dull for me on the farm, that was all," he explained. "I just sort of got tired of it. I think I'll have a good thing here when I get started. Of course it's slow getting started at first, you know. You fellows have an easier time here in town, anyway. By the way, if you know any one who wants some farming machinery, send him around," he would add.

But Bailey never seemed to sell anything. He passed the day standing in the window of his store-room, his hands clasped behind him, or sitting in a wooden arm-chair, tilted back against the wall. To those who sauntered in to pass the time of day, which often hung heavy on their hands, he would talk of putting in a line of hardware, if his business went well. When fall came, every one thought he would give up his business, for it was obviously a failure, and the farm-work, left to the hired man, must have been going very badly. Instead of giving it up, however, he moved some of his household goods into town that winter and bought more machinery. He said that he would live in town through the winter, maybe giving up the farm entirely if his business paid.

If their lives—Bailey's and his wife's—had been lonely on the farm, in town they were much more lonely. Throughout long winter evenings Bailey found

Bailey never seemed to sell anything

himself sitting alone at the store, staring vacantly into the big iron stove, or listlessly reading the paper, scarcely knowing what he read, often catching himself reading for the second and third time the same things. Time passed slowly for his wife, too; when there were no prayer meetings she sat at home alone, and grew sad, and complained of homesickness. To her he seemed surly and irritable, and in her loneliness she did not think of her husband's business worries.

Bailey continued to try to find the society of the merchants about town congenial, but they continued to scorn him, or to ridicule him. It was in an effort to be congenial that he found himself, late one night, returning home with a party of them from a "show," as the theatrical entertainments given occasionally in a near-by city were called. They were drowsing in the smoking-car, exhausted with the rowdy laughter which is common to men from small towns when they visit cities. Some had drank too much, and the crowd was sleepy, grimy, bedraggled. Bailey had, as usual, tried to join in the forced merriment, but his efforts to be clownish or "smart" had fallen flat, and his companions had long ago wearied of them. One of them—his name was Hayes—pulled a flask of whiskey from his pocket and passed it to Bailey. Hayes did this to make game of Bailey; neither he, nor any of the rest, thought that Bailey would drink, and Bailey knew what was in their minds. So he tried, in the usual way, to take a drink from the bottle. It strangled him and tears came into his eyes. The impression was satisfactory to him, though, and seemed to please his companions; anyway, it passed without much comment, and from time to time, on the way home, he asked for the flask, to show that he was entering into the spirit of the crowd. Besides, he felt the liquor, and, to his distorted sensibilities, it seemed sportish to drink. He reached home early in the morning, staggering and sick, and his wife smelled the liquor on him.

From that time on, he thought it was the part of a good fellow to have a flask of whiskey at his store. He kept it behind the iron safe or in his pocket. Business men would drop in, and, with an air of deviltry and mystery, he would wink at them and pull out the bottle. Often they cared nothing for the drink, but would take it, and he would drink with them, caring as little for it as they. Bailey came to think that he was regarded as a sort of reckless sport among the young business men; it seemed to him that this sort of thing gave him standing; as a matter of fact, they said that he drank more than he should. They said to their wives, and among themselves, that it was too bad that Bailey had got to drinking—that his business was going to the dogs and he didn't seem to care.

What every one expected came that spring. He failed. They found the doors closed one morning. Bailey, who had sat up late at the livery stable the night before, drinking, did not appear, nor the clerk. Instead, a stranger, an accountant for the company, was at the desk. At noon he went to Bailey's home. Bailey was sitting in his stockinged feet, trying to read the paper. The stranger told him that they would have to close him out; that the last consignment of machinery, delivered months ago, had not

"All this would never have happened if we had stayed on the farm as I wanted"

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been paid for, and that they had received no pay for some that he had sold. Bailey walked out into the front yard with him, chewing a blade of long grass.

"Of course I will report what I find," said the stranger. "You must owe our house several hundred dollars, most of it for machinery sent you as our agent, which you have sold and have not remitted for. We will have to have a settlement—to-morrow or the next day, I'll let you know; of course you know they'll have to take the agency away from you; they are dissatisfied. You'd better get the money ready, or—"

He did not need to finish. For the first time it had occurred to Bailey that if he did not make good what for the first time he realized were defalcations, there would be a criminal prosecution, and likely the penitentiary. His savings were gone, everything but the farm. He would have to mortgage that; it would be easy, and then everything would be smooth sailing. All this flashed through his mind as the accountant stood waiting.

"Yes. . . . To-morrow, or the next day. Oh, yes, there will be no difficulty about that, I guess. I'm coming down town pretty soon. Where will I find you? At the hotel?" The accountant nodded and went away.

Bailey went into the house. His wife was ironing. He tried to explain to her the state of his business affairs. She had been crying all the morning, and would say nothing except to upbraid him for his failure, and for his drinking, and habits which both of them thought were "fast." He was ugly—of late he had been morose and sullen—and sick, too, from the liquor that he had drunk. For the first time that she could remember he became abusive, and when she refused point-blank to sign a mortgage with him on the spot without consulting her father, he flew into a rage. Then he softened and begged; he told her that if he could not raise the money it meant the penitentiary for him, and that the only way he could raise the money was by mortgaging the farm.

"Why, oh, why did you do it, then?" she moaned. "Oh dear, oh dear—all this never would have happened if we had stayed on the farm as I wanted to. I knew. . . ."

"Yes, you knew! You knew! You knew! Why don't you say something besides 'I knew'? he shouted. "Why don't you help me out, now that you can, and then we'll go back to the farm, and we'll soon have the mortgage paid for. Don't you see—"

"Oh, no, we can't ever pay off a mortgage. That's what Griswold said, when he mortgaged his farm to buy a threshing-machine, and it went through the bridge, and he has never—"

"Yes, yes, but can't you see that I'm desperate?" But it was no use to argue; and Bailey, in despair, saw his wife go upstairs, declaring that she was going to her father.

Bailey wondered how he had lived with a woman who was so simple-minded all these years, and he realized that he hated her.

That evening Bailey drove to his farm. He had been drinking heavily—it was the first time that he had ever drank heavily, and he was drunk. Stopping in front of his father-in-law's house, he tied the horse, and, gazing about in a bewildered way, he staggered into the house. He had some idea of again urging his wife to sign the mortgage. She was getting the old man's supper, and when she saw him she began crying and ran into the kitchen where her father was sitting. The old man was very deaf. He leaned forward on his cane and got to his feet with difficulty.

"What do you want? Get out! Go away from here!" he shouted, shaking his stick. "Leave my house. I don't want you around here, trying to get my daughter to sign a mortgage with you to cover up the money you stole to spend on drink and on them other women in the city. Why didn't you stay on the farm, as I told you to, and this would never have happened!"

Old Mathews was excited, and Bailey feared for him. His own plight, too, struck fear into his heart, and he shook all over. His wife clung, weeping, to her father, and he forgot what he intended to say to them. She had evidently, in her half understanding of the facts, misinformed her father as to the gravity of his offense, and in her terror and excitement had exaggerated her husband's abusive conduct.

"Now go," Mathews shouted. "Don't ever come back here again. Get out!" His voice rose to a screech, and a passing farmer turned and smiled.

"Old man Mathews havin' one of his tantrums, I guess. He'll drop dead in one of them. He's getting childish, just like a baby," he remarked to the woman at his side.

Bailey, fired by the whiskey, thought that his last chance was gone. It occurred to him that, after the fit of anger was gone, Mathews would listen to him and give him the money, but, in his excitement, he thought of but two things, revenge and flight. It seemed to him that he ought to do something violent to the old man, and to his wife, but he feared the consequences. He clambered into the buggy, and drove to his barn. He half fell out, and, running into the shed, grasped an axe and started toward the road. The first tree that he reached he fell upon.

"Father! Father!" he heard his wife calling. He thought that the sound of the chopping must have reached her ears. He saw her standing in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand, for she was looking directly into the sun as it sank. "George is chopping down the trees," he heard her scream, but he kept swinging the axe, and the chips flew, as he made a circle around the base of the tree and passed to the next.

He was chopping on the second when he saw the two—the daughter and father—hurrying toward him. She had a shawl over her head, and the old man was hobbling along as fast as he could. His wife ran a few paces ahead.

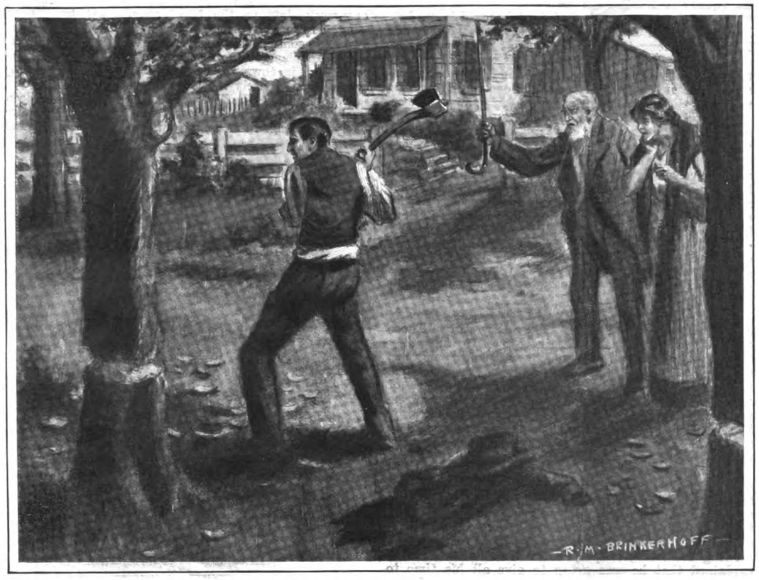
"For goodness' sake, George, George!" she wailed. "What are you thinking of? Oh, father, he's girdling all the trees! Stop him, stop him, can't you?" And she continued to scream until the old man came up.

He dared not, however, approach the flying axe, and helplessly shook his stick, crying hoarsely. By and by they ceased screaming, as Bailey had passed to the third and fourth and fifth trees; they had ceased to hope that some farmer would pass, and it was a mile to the nearest neighbor. Together, they stood paralyzed in the middle of the road watching Bailey as he swung the axe. It was dark when he finished the long row, and they returned to the house, sobbing, with the monotonous regular sound of the chopping ringing in their ears.

Next morning Bailey's wife looked out of her window. The leaves on the trees, half out, had already begun to droop. She saw the long double row, with the white circle around the trunks, and knew that the trees were dead.

Two days later there was a long line of naked, cold trees—the raw spring winds had rattled the last of the dead leaves to the ground. And Bailey was never heard of again.

The driver stopped speaking, and we were quiet for a long time. We had long passed "Bailey's Monument," and the lights of the houses in the town burned cheerily. One by one, as he pulled up before our homes, we clambered out, still seeing that double row of dead maple trees standing naked in the cold moonlight.



The chips flew as he made a circle around the base of the tree

THE MOUNTAIN ROADS OF EUROPE

BY FRANCIS MILTOUN

THE mountain roads of central Europe held the first outposts of civilization. Man has ever been a migratory animal and the further afield he went the greater the necessity for a frequent means of intercommunication between the new worlds he had conquered and those he had left behind.

The Cæsars, the Hannibals, and the Napoleons were the great builders of the mountain highways of Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine Gaul, and to-day the auto-tourist bound from Paris to Rome will find no other available paths than those made by these soldiers.

The French system of road engineering is avowedly designed to make the road easy. Accentuated grades are rare. Seldom does one go straight up at ten per cent. or twelve per cent.; more often a four-per-cent. grade (the long way around) is offered, and one arrives even more quickly. This the automobilist, indeed every road user, will admit is road-building skill of a high order.

In general the construction of mountain roads in Europe, particularly in France, where they are of the most magnificent proportions, follows the classic traditions of that nation of road-builders, save where topographical or climatic conditions impose special features. Often these roads swing along on a mere shelf of rock overhanging a precipice, as the Grand Goulets road in Savoy, often tunnel through a mountain spur as on the Col de Lauteret near the entrance to the Galibier—second only to the Stelvio in Austria as to elevation; or again lace back and forth in a dozen or twenty hairpin turns in as many miles, while rising from three to five thousand feet. The ends of the hairpins are invariably flattened, and of as wide a radius as possible, so that the automobile (if it has not too long a wheel-base, let it be noted) may round them easily and "pick-up" readily after the driver declutches upon approaching the bend. It was Napoleon's tradition, too; he figured it all out for the rapid moving of army trains, field-pieces, and cavalry at a gallop.

Throughout the French Alps are innumerable works of this kind, though for the chief part they are comparatively unknown to the general traveler from overseas. The celebrated Route des Grands Goulets, between Grenoble and Pont-en-Royans; that of Combes-Laval, between Saint Jean-en-Royans and the Forêt de Lente; that of Currière to the Col de la Charmette in the Massif of the Grande Chartreuse, are among the most remarkable. One must also place in the premier rank the famous Corniche of the Esterel (perhaps the finest road in the world), planned by the Touring Club de France, with the aid of the national government and a generous contribution by the competing P. L. M. Railway, the first case of a French railway helping to build a highway as a "feeder."

Primarily a tourist route, it swings along under the red porphyry cliffs of the Mountains of the Esterel in southern France, between Saint Raphael and Cannes, for forty-odd kilometers, in a fairyland of scenic splendor, with a billiard-table-like smoothness of surface here and there on the flat and frequent abrupt climbs up over spurs of the Alpine foothills as they plunge down into the Mediterranean. It is the finest monument in Europe to the skill of the modern road-builder, following as it does what was a dozen years ago but a half-buried coast guard's trail and is to-day the path over which roll the luxurious limousins of all the nations of the globe. It is the automobilists' paradise, and in every way a much better road than that rock-cut shelf between Nice and Monte Carlo which, with its narrowness and its two lines of tram tracks, must be known as the most dangerous road on earth in spite of the daring of its engineering at the wave-lapped base of the mountains of the Maritime Alps.

That of Mont Cenis is the best known of international mountain roads. The highway as it now is is a remade road from the foundations of another which has existed almost since civilization began, though actually the *Gran' Scala* and its zigzags has existed only since 1812. The stiffest grades are on the French "hairpins," averaging over nine per cent. for a considerable proportion, though not by any means continuously, so that the grade is hardly realized as being so great. In Italy there are portions at ten per cent. just above Susa, where the road joins with that coming from the Briançonnais over Mont Genèvre and through Oulx, where one gets the first glimpse of the railway as it worms out through the tunnel.

The Saint Gothard is the most spectacular of all the Italian Alpine gateways. At Hospenthal, on Swiss territory, it unites with the Furka and Oberalp roads, which are forbidden to automobiles, the Saint Gothard itself being restricted at certain hours and to certain speeds. The crossing of the Pass is at an elevation of 2,111 meters. The Saint Gothard Railway crosses at an elevation of 1,154 meters, scarcely half that of the highroad, a fact which strikes the American because he knows that the Denver & Rio Grande crosses the Rockies at nearly three times the elevation and that the Saint Gothard is one of the great mountain railways of Europe, though not the highest.

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Interludes

LETTERS THAT NOBODY WRITES

(From a Wealthy Stranger to a Struggling Married Man.)

CRAGSMERE, UPPER FIFTH AVENUE,
November 1, 1912.

MY DEAR SIR,—In view of the approach of Thanksgiving Day it has occurred to me that there may be a few persons in the world who have nothing to be thankful for, and intimations having reached me that you are having all you can do to keep your head above water because of bad conditions of business, and the drain upon your resources from a continuous siege of mumps and whooping-cough in your family, I have decided that it is my patriotic duty to do something wherefor you may be thankful. I beg, therefore, that that you will oblige me by accepting the enclosed certificate of deposit for $1,000 for such use as you may choose to put it to, the sole stipulation on my part being that when Thanksgiving Day comes around you celebrate the day in such fashion as is befitting a truly patriotic and grateful American citizen.

With kind regards, believe me always,

Very faithfully yours,
SILAS REDDYMUN.

(From a College President to an Anxious Parent.)

THAMESBRIDGE UNIVERSITY,
November 8, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. FLUSTERHED,—I do not wish unnecessarily to worry you over your son Thomas Flusterhed's general conduct since he entered Thamesbridge as a Freshman last month, but I nevertheless deem it my duty to say to you that your son is not only studying too hard, but has shown the effects of his arduous labors by receiving a maximum mark in all his studies since the beginning of his term. This is so unusual an occurrence that I think it should receive your attention, and I would suggest that you either come here yourself to investigate the situation, or else authorize me to have our University medical examiner take the matter in hand and report what, if anything, is wrong. I very much fear that unless this tendency to study is taken in hand at once your son's mind at the end of his college career will be stuffed so full of learning of various sorts that it will be many years before he will be of value in the business world for which I presume he is destined.

Trusting that you will take this intrusion upon your time in the spirit in which it is designed, I beg to remain always, my dear Mr. Flusterhed,

Your obedient servant,
ARTHUR LOWELL BUTLER.
President, Thamesbridge University.

(From a Grocer to an Injured Consumer.)

9867 STEENTH AVENUE.

DEAR MR. BLENKINSOP,—In conversation with Mrs. Blenkinsop over the telephone yesterday I learned to my very great regret that through the carelessness of a new clerk in my store a dozen eggs were sent to you from the wrong consignment. You received a grade of egg that we keep especially for political meetings and dramatic performances, instead of the moderately fresh class, a variety ordered for custard pies and decorative purposes. I regret the error very much, and take pleasure in sending you by this morning's delivery two cans of dried herring, which I trust you will accept with my compliments as a sort of atonement for my clerk's error.

Awaiting your further favors, I am

Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM BILKER.

(From an Author to an Editor, with Enclosure.)

THE REDVILLE, N. Y., *November 23, 1912.*

MY DEAR MR. GRILLMAN,—I enclose herewith my check for three cents, which amount you overpaid me for my story, "The Ghost Pup of Kennel Hill." You may remember that our agreement was that you were to pay me a cent and a half per word, and your cashier's check received last night was for seventy-five dollars, although the story came to only 4,998 words, for which $74.97 was the stipulated payment. I don't know how your office came to make the mistake unless your auditor counted my signature in, and that of course cannot be purchased. My wife and I have counted the words over half a dozen times, and it is only in this way that we can account for the overpayment. Anyhow, the enclosure will square matters between us.

Most sincerely,
WILTON BURRINGHAM.

(From a Lady who has just Secured a Divorce, to her Successor.)

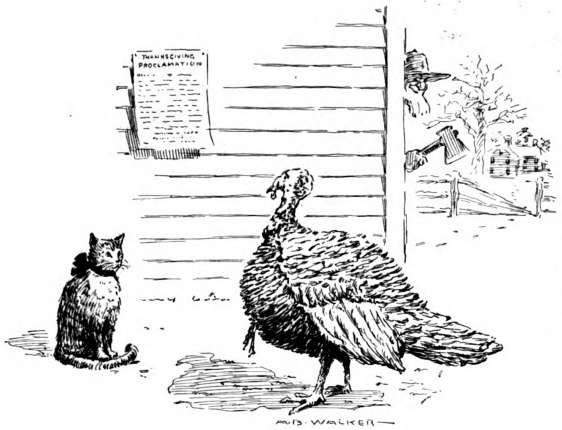
EN ROUTE TO CHICAGO, *November —, 1912.*

MY DEAR MILLIE,—On my way back from Reno, where I was yesterday divorced from Peter, I read in this morning's issue of the Omaha *Times-Clarion* of your marriage to that interesting gentleman last night. Please accept my heartiest congratulations, and tell dear Peter for me that I heartily commend his choice. My only regret is that you did not wait for my return to New York so that I might have been present at the ceremony, and given Peter away. It would have been such a pleasure to do so. You have not asked for a recommendation for Peter, but I am delighted to give him one, and to say that during his prolonged and unexplained absences from home I always found him a delightful husband. It was only when he was at home that he was unbearable, and if you can so arrange matters as to spend half the year in Europe, leaving Peter at home, and the other half at home while Peter is traveling abroad, you will have the happiest kind of a married life.

And by the way—I left a pair of pink satin slippers in the bureau drawer, embroidered with Roman pearls, when I left so hurriedly for Reno. Will you accept them from me as a token of my everlasting regard and affection?

Kind regards to Peter.

Ever yours,
JANETTE.



ONLY ONE LIFE TO GIVE

ALTRUISTIC TURKEY: JUST THINK, THOMAS, IF I ONLY HAD YOUR NINE LIVES I COULD MAKE NINE FAMILIES HAPPY ON THANKSGIVING DAY

A CHANCE TO PROVE HER EQUALITY

HOW VERY STRANGE! IT SAYS HERE THAT ALL THE GREAT LEADERS AMONG AMERICAN TURKEYS HAVE MET WITH VIOLENT DEATHS IN THE SAME MONTH OF THE YEAR

THE EXPERT'S OPINION

MISS MERCY'S doctor had called in the renowned specialist Van Tromp to diagnose her illness, and her sister Parthenia was very much worried about her.

"I tell you what I'll do, Mercy," she said. "I'll just stand behind the portières, and then when the doctors go into the parlor I'll hear everything they say."

"Well, doctor," said the family physician, as the two entered the parlor after the examination, "what do you really think about the patient?"

"I think," said the specialist, as he sat down in the most comfortable chair, "that she is the homeliest old maid I've ever seen."

"Ah!" said the family physician, "just wait till you've seen her sister!"

MERELY AN ESTIMATE

DUBBLEIGH was entirely mixed on his road map, and at last in desperation he stopped a farmer and inquired:

"Can I get to Portland this way?"

"Ya-as," said the farmer.

"How far is it?" asked Dubbleigh.

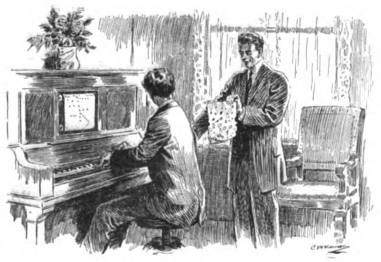
"Wa-al," said the farmer, "I cal'late, if ye keep straight ahead the way you're goin', it's abaout thutty miles under twenty-four thousand."

A TREASURE

"MY wife is the most economical woman in the world," said Dubkins, proudly. "Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor-car."

"Great heavens—you don't mean it!" said Harkaway.

"Yes," said Dubkins. "She hangs cheese-cloth over the gasolene exhaust, and packs away her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."



AN EXPERIMENT

"WONDER WHAT KIND OF A TUNE IT WOULD MAKE IF WE RAN THIS SLICE OF SWISS CHEESE THROUGH THE PIANO-PLAYER?"

TWO GUESSES

"WELL," said the proud father as the doctor entered the room, "what is it—a boy or a girl?"

"I'll give you two guesses, and even then you won't guess right," said the doctor.

"Tush! nonsense!" said the proud father. "Boy?"

"Nope," said the doctor.

"Ah—girl, then?" said the proud father.

"Nope," said the doctor.

"Ah—I know," said the proud father, sadly.

HIS CAR

"AND what is that little building over there?" asked the visitor to Tompy's place.

"That? Oh, my wife calls that the garage," said Tompy.

"Oh—what is your car?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, that's a mirage," said Tompy.

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A RISE IN THE F

DRAWN BY

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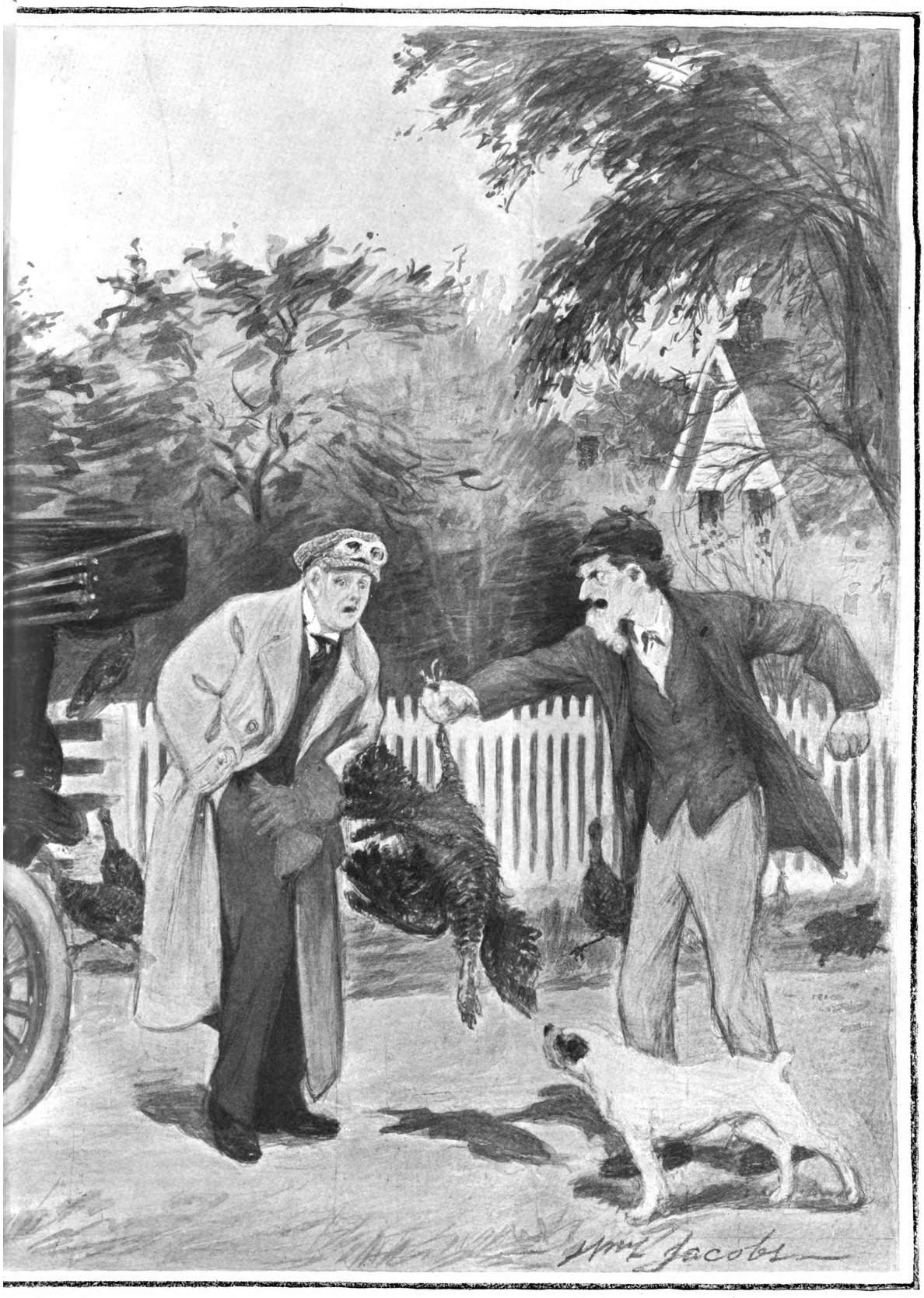

PRICE OF TURKEY

W. L. JACOBS

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THE KING'S PROCTOR

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

"You say you knew Mrs. Murchison?" asked the stranger, as the two smoked their cigars upon the deserted porch of the Hôtel des Anglais at Oberlaken. "That interests me extremely. It fell to my task once to study her life in all its most intimate relationships, and from what I learned I am not surprised that she should have come to occupy the public interest in this latest nine days' sensation. But how did you—"

He checked his question quickly, realizing that his interest had carried him beyond the limit of good manners. The other man did not seem to resent the question at all. He flicked the ashes from his cigar and settled himself more comfortably in his armchair. Outside, the waves of the lake were murmuring against the stone breakwater; the town lights twinkled like planets of white and gold, and the white snow-cap of the Frökkenberg glimmered mistily through the darkness.

"Do you think there is any Providence that guides us in our actions, or do you think that chance leads and controls and frustrates our little purposes?" he answered. The other, understanding that his companion was answering the question in his own way, remained silent.

"Sometimes I think that the latter supposition is correct," the speaker continued. "And then again, when I reflect how the element of the unexpected, the thousandth chance that one might say could never have happened, did happen, and thrust its ugly head into the middle of our mirage of happiness and shifted it into a kaleidoscopic picture that would have been beyond our imaginings—I don't know. The incident that changed the course of my life was—" He stopped and did not resume until the fire of his cigar had begun to glow under its fringe of ashes.

"I knew her when she was Mrs. Afgaard," he said, and the stranger nodded.

"Murchison I did not know. I never met him. I had not heard of him until I read the account of the wedding in the newspapers. Afgaard I saw once or twice—in the court-room. I was a barrister with just enough of a practice to be worried with the problem whether I should attempt to make it larger or utilize the empty hours which I spent in my tiny office in the Middle Temple to write a novel. I had happened to enter the court-room while the suit was in progress, and in some manner I attracted the attention of Peters, K.C., who was conducting affairs for Mrs. Afgaard. The next day the junior counsel for the plaintiff withdrew from the case suddenly—why, I never learned. Peters, whom I knew slightly, retained me in his place, and in that way I made Mrs. Afgaard's acquaintance.

"Afgaard was a coarse, handsome animal. He had beaten his wife, humiliated her, abandoned her, given her, in fact, every statutory reason for the divorce suit which she was bringing against him. She was just the type of woman whom one would expect to marry such a man—frail, of the type seen in so many of Romney's portraits, with eyes of soft gray in which experience of evil seemed to be at strife with innocence, small and slight—but I am forgetting. You know her well?"

"Yes," said the other man. "She is much the same to-day. A little stouter, but not unpleasantly so. Then—"

"My chief surprise was that no attempt at reconciliation was made. From my own experience I should have imagined that in such an aggravated case the parties would have been prone to rush into each other's arms and leave the court-room together, to the gratification of the spectators' sentiments, true love triumphantly vindicated after desperate misunderstandings. But Mrs. Afgaard, who had been induced to bring the suit, they told me, only after much friendly urging, was now completely proof against any reconciliation, and Afgaard did not seem to care. In due course the jury brought in their verdict and the learned judge checked the flow of his wit long enough to pronounce a decree *nisi*. Mrs. Afgaard swooned in my arms, and when she had been brought to with sal volatile in the witnesses' waiting-room her first question was:

"'Mr. Kane, what is a decree *nisi*?'

"I told her, in my most professional manner, that this was the legal term for a conditional divorce in England. It meant that after six months the decree would become absolute, unless the King's Proctor intervened.

"'Who is the King's Proctor?' she asked me.

"I explained that this was an official charged with the duty of examining the records and using any means that seemed proper to him in cases where a decree of divorce had been pronounced, in order to determine whether collusion or any other illegality had been resorted to or whether unknown circumstances existed—in which case, of course, he would intervene and the decree would be nullified.

"'Have you ever seen him—the King's Proctor?' she asked, opening her eyes wide, as though in terror.

"I told her I had not, my tiny practice being mainly in the Court of Chancery. 'But I should so like to,' she answered. 'Do you think I could get an introduction to him? For I am certain that if I could tell him right to his face how much I have endured at that man's hands he would not think of intervening.'

"We all smiled at this naïveté and somebody made some witty reply which set us laughing. So the case terminated, and just as I was leaving the law courts I came face to face with Afgaard, whom I had been denouncing roundly a couple of hours before as a blackguard and a villain. I felt a trifle uncomfortable, but Afgaard, who recognized me, of course, immediately, leered all over his face with an expression so mocking and suggestive of so much amusement that my discomfort was made greater than would have been possible if any fear of violence had existed. It was then that I first became aware of my love for Mrs. Afgaard.

"We became great friends during the next few weeks. Our professional acquaintance ripened into intimacy. She was a type that makes a universal appeal—it has a certain passivity, betokens what I can only describe as a helplessness, a dependence upon fate, coupled with some secret assurance of fortune's protection. In fact, during the entire period of my acquaintance with her I never heard her use the negative. To any suggestion of mine having relation to a dinner, a picnic, a theater party, she assented immediately. I also noticed that she would unhesitatingly break a previously accepted engagement in order to accept one of mine, but that I ascribed to my unusual agreeableness. Gradually I came to order even the minutest details of her life. I commanded and she obeyed. And all the while I was falling more and more deeply in love with her.

"In fact, I had decided to ask her to be my wife as soon as the six months were over. It was on the morning after I had arisen filled with this resolution that I came face to face unexpectedly with Peters, K.C., at the door of the Middle Temple library. I nodded rather distantly to him, for we were of the slightest acquaintance; but, to my surprise, he turned back, caught me by the arm, and led me toward a secluded corner.

"'Come here, Kane; I want to talk to you,' he said.

Peters was a man of fifty-five or so, and I was what the bar would consider a mere stripling of thirty, so Peters did not hesitate or mince matters.

"'I saw you at the St. James's Theater with Mrs. Afgaard last night,' he said. 'I've seen you with her before—lunching, dining, motoring. Don't you think that you are behaving imprudently, Kane?'

"'Why?' I asked, a little resentfully, although I recognized the meaning of his remarks.

"'Because,' answered Peters, dryly, 'the man who occupied the seat next to me last night happened to be Sanborn, the King's Proctor, and I saw him looking up at you two once or twice as though he were watching you.'

"I understood at once the seriousness of the situation. I had allowed my infatuation to carry me away outside all the bounds of prudence. Instead of listing upon Livia's withdrawing to the country until the short probationary period was over, I had encouraged her to exhibit herself with me in public. Undoubtedly the King's Proctor or his agents had taken cognizance of the matter and a temporary separation had become imperative. Otherwise the case would be reopened, Livia's character or at least her discretion assailed, and my hopes blasted.

"That afternoon I told Livia the substance of Peters's conversation with me, and then for the first time I became aware of the existence of passionate depths in her nature which I had never suspected. Very sweet I had always thought her, very timid and gentle and innocent, but not capable of anger. Even of Afgaard she had never spoken except to condone.

"'Do you know him, this Mr. Sanborn?' she asked me. 'No? You have never seen him or spoken with him? Then why do you let Mr. Peters insult me to your face, and why do you concern yourself with what either thinks about me?'

"I beg your pardon," interposed the stranger, "but there is a lack of sequence in those sentences of hers. Did it not strike you as curious? Does it not now?"

"No," answered the other, staring at his companion. After a brief pause he continued:

"I had but one answer to her question. What concern was it of mine, indeed, unless . . . She was standing beside the mantel with her arm on it, her face averted. At that moment she seemed the most beauti-

"Why do you concern yourself with what either thinks about me?"

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ful and desirable woman in the world to me. I was trembling all over. I took her arm, uncovering her face. Livia was weeping. I caught her in my arms, pressed her to me, cried out that I loved her, that it was my business, that all her affairs were my business. I kissed her and felt her lips respond to mine. I asked her to be my wife when the six months were over. She said yes.

"It was not till we had parted that I thought how impossible it was for Livia to say no. She accepted me with the same helplessness, the same confidence that she had always shown in any of my suggestions. And I remember swearing that I would protect her in that helplessness throughout the remainder of her life.

"The thought of even a temporary separation was now impossible to both of us. We compromised; it was agreed that I should continue to visit her, but that we should not appear together in public again until the law had set her free.

"A barrister's days are pretty much the same: so many hours in his chambers, varied by an occasional journey across the Strand in wig and gown to the law courts; perhaps an hour in the law library; lunch; home. Livia knew that she might expect me almost every evening at her pretty little flat in Kensington. I had never met her anywhere else, for her life was a quiet one and she shrank from meeting people. Two days after our engagement, however, I was compelled to pay a visit to a sick client at his house in one of those small, old-fashioned streets that open off Cromwell Road, and, hurrying from the interview, I suddenly came face to face with Livia at the entrance to a certain famous general store in that thoroughfare. She was standing beside a man of the most striking aspect: very tall, very broad, with aquiline features half hidden by a square black beard —altogether one whose face would never be forgotten. Our recognition was simultaneous. At first the idea came into my head that the two had been in conversation, but her look of extreme agitation and her first words at once dispelled that illusion.

"'Arthur,' she whispered, clutching at me as though for protection, yet shrinking back out of observation behind the opening door, 'do you see that man with the black beard? He saw me! He was watching me.'

"'Has he been annoying you?' I asked, resolved to rush out upon the fellow, who, I saw, was moving slowly away through the crowds. 'I'll soon settle with him if he has.'

"'No, no!' she exclaimed, holding me more tightly. 'Don't you know him? That's Mr. Sanborn, the King's Proctor.'

"I was astonished and dismayed—astonished because it had never occurred to me that a King's Proctor would actually descend to playing the spy; dismayed because I knew that he had both seen and recognized me, and that his suspicions must now be thoroughly aroused.

"'How do you know?' I asked.

"'I—I—you won't be angry with me?' she faltered. 'I was so curious to know what he looked like, Arthur, and—I found out where his office was and waited outside till he came out for his lunch.'

"'And he must have recognized you,' I groaned. 'Well, we'll have to be as discreet as we possibly can in future. Besides, this meeting really is accidental and he may be gentleman enough to think so too.'

"'Why should we be hounded by that man when we aren't doing anything wrong?' sobbed Livia. She was thoroughly unnerved, and I was compelled to take her home in a cab. And as we stepped into the vehicle, glancing back for a moment, I could have sworn that I saw the King's Proctor standing upon the street corner and watching us. I could picture the quiet cynicism of the man, his mind tainted by suspicion derived through working among the sordid details of his office, every spark of honor gone, with all generosity, all kindliness. After that the fear of him became an obsession with me.

"If I may coin a medical term for the mental disease that now began to afflict me I will call it proctorphobia. I saw him everywhere: when I drove up to Livia's apartments in a taxicab; when I left her; when I went out to lunch; when I entered the law courts; in every black-bearded man whom I encountered upon the streets, in the tube, who passed my window. My only consolation was that nothing more had been heard concerning Livia's decree and only six weeks remained before it would automatically become absolute.

"Five weeks remained; then four. Our wedding day was fixed. From fear I had passed into a condition of ecstasy. When we spoke of the King's Proctor now it was with pity for the poor man, deprived of the infinite joy of knowing Livia. One night, after we had remained discreetly concealed from public notice for several weeks, Livia suggested that I should take her to the theater.

"'For really it can do no harm, Arthur,' she pleaded. 'And if that horrid old King's Proctor, who spends his time spying on us, could have done me any harm he'd have done so long ago. He can't stop my divorce at this late date. Why, it's almost become absolute by now—it's within four weeks of it.'

"I smiled at her childish belief that the divorce acquired an actuality proportionate to the length of time which had expired since her suit; and, raising her fingers reverently to my lips, I mentally swore to guard and cherish her for the rest of our days together.

"We set off in a taxicab in high spirits and arrived at the theater a minute or two before the curtain rose. It was 'Man and Superman' that had been billed, and I shall always remember every incident in that play because of the horror with which it affected me at the time. As I sat there with Livia, gentle and sweet and good, beside me, I listened with indignation to the unnatural sentiments of Bernard Shaw's heroine and thanked God that no influence of a mind so perverted could injure the innocent purity of my future bride.

"The second act had ended and the lights went up. The play had made Livia feel faint. Uninfluenced by the author's views, her soul revolted against the coarse-grained cynicism of the characters; she begged me to procure for her a glass of water. The waterboy had passed us, and I could not attract his attention; so, saying that I would bring her a glass myself, I rose from my seat and took one from an attendant. I was on my way back, perhaps six rows from the seat which we occupied, when I caught sight of a very tall, black-bearded man seated almost immediately opposite Livia and bending toward her, transfixing her with a scowl which for positive ferocity exceeded anything that I had ever seen. Many a time I had been startled by the aspect of some stranger resembling Mr. Sanborn, but on each occasion my heart had told me that he was not the man. This was the man. This was the man whom I had encountered in the Cromwell Road beyond the slightest doubt; and it was equally beyond doubt that he was attempting to attract Livia's attention, and that the scowl upon his face was meant for her.

"He seemed beside himself not merely with rage, but with jealousy. For a moment the thought flashed through my mind that he was insane, that he had fallen a victim to Livia's beauty while endeavoring to entrap her, and that he had dogged us here resolved to denounce her. The extravagance of the thought may seem unreasonable to you, but I could conceive of no other reason why a high legal official should inject so much of the personal element into what must have been to him merely part of the routine of his duties. I was in terror lest Livia would see him, but she kept her head averted and was seemingly occupied in admiring the fine drop-curtain which they had then at the Piccadilly.

"He had not seen me yet; and from the fact that I had not noticed Mr. Sanborn before I concluded that he was a late arrival. In a moment my mind was made up. Under no circumstances must Livia be compromised. I would remain at the back of the theater and send her a note by one of the ushers, explaining the circumstances and asking her to join me outside after the act. I handed the glass of water to an attendant, instructing him to observe the lady for whom it was meant, since I intended to send her a message by him. Then, turning, I made my way leisurely out of the auditorium and into the smoking-room, where I sat down to smoke a cigarette and to indite a few words to my fiancée.

"Five minutes later I rang the bell for an attendant. No answer came, and, after repeating the summons vainly, I went to the door. From outside I could hear a rising murmur of voices, a trampling of feet; then suddenly there rang out above all the fearful shout of 'fire.'

"I ran into the corridor. It was filled with men and women hurrying toward the exit. Somehow I forced my way past them and into the aisle which led through the pit toward the last row of the stalls. A pungent stench of smoke assailed my nostrils, and as I entered the body of the theater I was knocked down by the impact of the fugitives.

"That sight will haunt me to the last day of my life. From either side of the drop-curtain, whereon a three-fourths-nude Venus disported among a group of Cupids, the fire shot forth in lances of red flame tipped with gray, curling smoke like misty ostrich plumes, now spear-like, now dentated, like the teeth of a pair of giant horse-clippers, and afterward simply red tongues that writhed and twined like living things, licking at the charred side-scenes greedily, running in hungry lines toward the footlights over the blackened boards, leaping across space toward the boxes from one of which the entire front had already fallen, revealing the red plush chairs and velvet canopies, sending forth a suffocating stench of burning wool. A pungent, stifling pall of smoke, which had penetrated into the remotest corners, overhung the auditorium, shifting in cloud-like eddies into thicker and thinner mediums, yet reinforced steadily from the central focus of the fire behind the bulging asbestos curtain. It hung like a huge, formless curtain from the roof, and curtain-like it ended five feet from the ground, drifting above the writhing bodies of struggling human creatures mad with the passion for life.

"I too was seized by the power of that universal instinct. But stronger than that, I can remember happily, was my love for Livia. It gave me strength; I rose from beneath the masses that pinned me down, and choking, stifling, gasping, fighting, my clothes stripped from me and in rags, I fought my way toward the stalls. Then I saw a hugely tall man with a black beard come staggering toward me. He was gasping for breath and his chest heaved like that of some Titan uprooting mountains. In his arms he bore the limp body of a woman—Livia.

"I rushed at him; he saw me at the same instant, and without releasing his burden he struck at me with one fist and felled me to the ground. After that I remember nothing until I felt the splash of water upon my face. I staggered to my feet, refused to enter an ambulance, and made my way home. Even then I knew that I had lost Livia.

"She was not at her home. She had been taken to a hospital, I surmised, but nobody at the apartment-house knew which one it was. I went home, changed my clothes, and lay on my bed till morning. At ten o'clock no news had been received of her. The papers were full of reports of the catastrophe, but Livia's name was not among the list of the dead.

"I went into my club. When I entered the smoking-room, where I was tolerably well known, every man left his chair except my friend Cadman, who had proposed me for membership. He looked up from his newspaper, hesitated an instant, and then came up to me and sat down at my side.

"'When do you take your vacation, Kane?' he asked.

"'I don't know,' I answered, mechanically. 'In the Long Vacation, I suppose. When else do you think I would take it?"

He struck at me with one fist and felled me to the ground

"'I think it would be better for you to take it now,' said Cadman, soothingly. 'At least so far as this club is concerned, I mean.'

"'I don't quite understand what you do mean, Cadman,' I retorted, getting out of my chair.

"'Well, then, I suppose I'll have to enlighten you,' he answered. 'Peters, K.C., was behind you at the theater last night, and when the fire began he saw you deliberately leave your lady companion and dash for safety. Is that enough, Kane? Send in your resignation like a good fellow, because it's pretty hard on me, you know.'

"That's all," the speaker concluded. "Of course I wrote and called when I found out the name of her hospital. But she never answered or gave me an audience. The other man was at the helm, you see, and Livia had resigned herself to fate with her natural passivity. I told you that she waited on fate and never used a negative. By the time I had regained my senses she was convalescing on the Continent. I knew then why Afgaard had laughed at me that day in the law courts. But I often wonder what Sanborn, the King's Proctor, thought about the business after she married Murchison."

"I knew something of this," remarked the stranger as he dipped his thumb and finger into his card-case. "There is only one error in your account, but, unfortunately, it blinded you. The man with the black beard was not Sanborn, the King's Proctor. He was Murchison. No doubt he thought you Sanborn, too."

The other man got up out of his chair. "How do you happen to know anything at all about the matter?" he asked.

The stranger handed him his card. In the gloom Kane could just make out the name:

MR. CHARLES WILLOUGHBY SANBORN,
King's Proctor.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

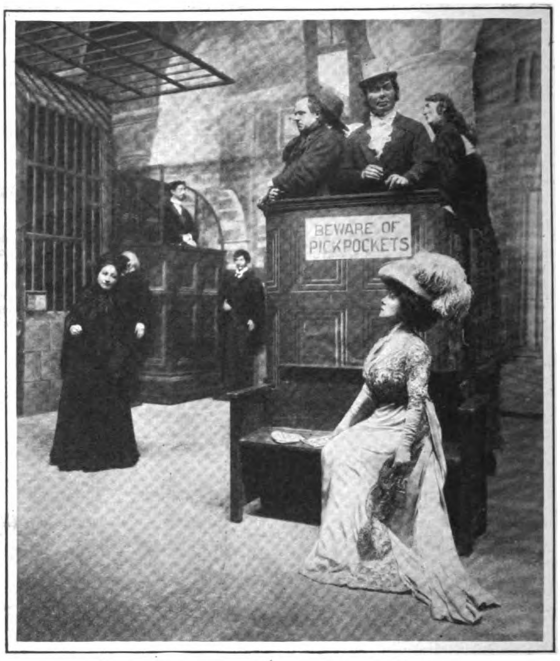
What the Theaters are Offering

Madame Simone in "The Paper Chase"

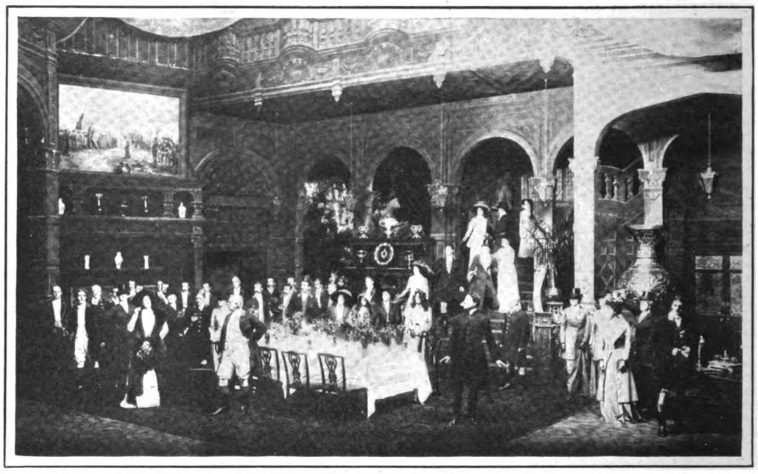
Miss Edna Goodrich; appearing in vaudeville

Copyright by Charles Frohman

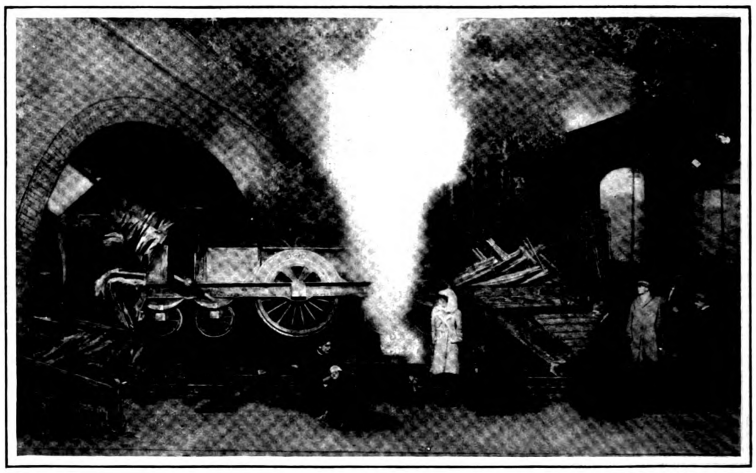
Alla Nazimova and Robert Whitworth, at the Empire, in "Bella Donna,"—a dramatization of Robert Hichens's like-named novel



The Wax-Works scene (Act II. of "The Whip")



The scene of the interrupted betrothal breakfast (Act II. of "The Whip")



The wreck of the Newmarket Express (Act III. of "The Whip")

THREE SCENES FROM THE SPECTACULAR ENGLISH MELODRAMA, "THE WHIP," AT THE MANHATTAN

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MIKE HESTER'S MIRACLE

He Saved Eight Lives by His Daring and the Greatest Luck

BY RICHARD L. STOKES

MICHAEL HESTER was the driver of Engine No. 10 in the St. Louis Fire Department when he saved the lives of eight girls as by a miracle. It is doubtful whether any other fireman in the world ever accomplished quite so perilous a feat as his; certainly nothing in the local records is its equal either for inventiveness or daring or marvelous good luck. Hester, of course, belittles the performance. That is just like a fireman. It seems to be a law of nature that the man who does miraculous things at the peril of his life cannot or will not thrill over it. A wise law. Probably a man with thrilling nerves and throbbing heart and wild, staring eye would botch that kind of job. The hero does it featly and with no more emotion, though with much more speed, than if he were buttering bread.

It was in the Southern Hotel fire, at two o'clock in the morning of April 11, 1877, that Hester got his chance. Fifteen lives were lost in that conflagration, and the hotel was completely destroyed. The north wing of the structure already lay in embers, and the south wing was honeycombed with fast-spreading flame, when suddenly a girl appeared at a window on the top floor—the sixth. Her face was white as her night-dress; she waved her arms in wild appeal, and her lips moved as if she were screaming for help. But no shred of her voice could be heard above the roaring of the flames and the crash and thunderous booming of crumbling floors and timbers. Soon two other girls joined the first, ghastly pale, crouching at the window-sill and gesturing in pitiful pleading. Three more girls came to the adjoining window of the same room. Soon there were eleven in all—maids employed in the hotel, all newly aroused from deep sleep by the odor of smoke and the crackling of flame.

No ladder in sight would reach half-way to the entrapped victims. A thousand men and women in the street stared at the girls, helpless, wrung with horror at their fate. Many of them had seen a man at another window shoot his wife and then himself before the flames engulfed them, but even that tragedy was inconsiderable beside this imminent slaughter. There was a commotion among the girls. One was seen struggling in the grasp of her companions. Soon she threw them off and plunged out of the window. The fall killed her instantly. The spectators cried out in horror, then relapsed into silence. Another girl and then a third similarly leaped to death. William Felix Munster, a British Member of Parliament, who a little while before had been rescued from the fire with his bride, was driven mad by the sight of this tragedy. He wandered through the streets for hours, then shot himself dead.

Michael Hester had been rubbing down his team, hot from their gallop to the fire. Under the regulations of the department no driver was permitted to touch ladder or hose at a fire. Hester was a short, slight, pale fellow of thirty, noted for a sort of hypnotic power over his horses, a gift he was soon to employ over his fellows.

"Captain," he said, as he suddenly appeared before his commanding officer, diffidently brushing back his upstanding red hair—"Captain, I can't see them girls burnt to death. I think I can get them down."

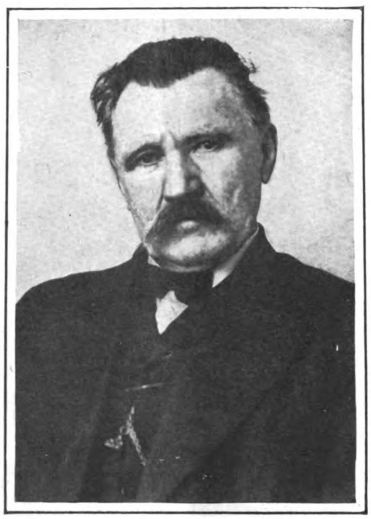
"Get them? How?" asked the captain. "How do you come into this, anyway—a driver? What do you mean, Mike? We haven't a ladder that 'd go half-way."

"No," Hester admitted, "but we could splice two together."

The captain and men of Engine No. 10 flew to a truck that stood near by, dragged the two longest ladders out of its equipment, and lashed them together. Hester ran up another ladder to the roof of a one-story restaurant that stood below the windows at which the girls were gathered, but was separated from the hotel by a stone-paved alley twelve feet wide.

"This way!" cried the driver, who now seemed to have taken command as if by instinct, and the captain and company quite as instinctively obeyed him. As they were raising the spliced ladders Hester saw that they would reach no further than the fifth floor, fifteen feet below the girls.

"Get me a scaling-ladder and a coil of rope!" Mike commanded. Men flew to bring them. Alone he crept like a spider up the spliced ladders, which sagged and drooped threateningly under his weight in their long reach across the alley. The men hurriedly got long poles and braced the ladders under the splices as Mike ordered them to do. Hester glided upward with the utmost stealth, so as not to strain the splice too hard. Now and then a swirl of sparks shot around him. At last he reached the top, which alternately sank and rose along the wall as his weight shifted in climbing. Below, the white stone pavement gleamed through the smoke wreaths, but Hester kept his gaze



Michael Hester

upon the girls who had gathered at the window fifteen feet above and three feet to the left of him.

He climbed to the second rung from the ladder's top and cautiously rose erect, pressing the open palm of his left hand and his knees against the flat wall for support. His feet, turned outward, were braced against the sides of the ladder. With his right hand he raised the scaling-ladder, which weighed thirty pounds. Holding it outstretched with his arm, he at last succeeded in securing its beak upon the ledge of the window where stood the girls. The scaling-ladder was a single piece of wood with cross pieces instead of rungs.

"I tried to push up that ladder with one hand the next day while standing on solid ground," Hester said afterward. "I couldn't do it. That night my hand was a piece of steel."

Mike shouted to the young women to kneel and hold the scaling-ladder's top rung with their hands. Hovering between life and death, they were too terrified to obey.

"Damn you, take a holt o' that ladder!" he yelled at them. "Take a holt of it or I'll—"

He never finished his threat, for the girls were hypnotized into holding on now and Mike Hester felt justified for swearing—the first time in his life that he had ever uttered an oath.

With the girls steadying the top of the ladder at the ledge—its hooks were poor little things, only an inch long—Hester swung out on it over the chasm. His body hung like the weight on a pendulum. From his perch the scaling-ladder swung away eight or nine feet, then back half-way, then settled to the perpendicular five feet away from his starting-point. When at last it hung still over the chasm he climbed hand over hand to the window-sill and swung himself into the room. Some of the frenzied girls threw their arms around him, some kissed his hands, some knelt and prayed.

"Here, now," he commanded; "if you want to get out o' this you must stop hollering and take it easy. I can get you down, but you've got to help me or it's no use."

Mike heard the flames roaring in the hall. A section of the building only thirty feet away crashed to the ground, and the remaining wall quivered in convulsion. He knew he had seconds to work in now, not minutes; so he anchored his scaling-ladder to the window by fastening ropes from it to the bed. Again he sat astride the window-sill.

"After me now!" he ordered the girls. "Come on, one at a time, and I'll put you over. Hang on hard!"

Hester slid down the scaling-ladder and swung it over so that he caught the top of the spliced ladder that leaned against the wall. Quickly as she could the first girl followed him down. He lifted her across the gap and handed her to a fireman who had climbed to the top. One by one the girls crawled down, and there was always a fireman waiting for each one. Eight times Mike Hester swung a living burden across the gap. One of the girls weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and ordinarily Hester could not have swung her across, using both arms; but "she seemed as light as a feather that night," says Mike. "I guess I had some poor body's prayers helping me."

She was the last one, and as Hester slid down the ladder with her on his shoulder a great gush of smoke from a window almost strangled them both. Ready hands took her from him on the restaurant roof, and Hester had walked but six steps from the base of the big ladder when the wall collapsed, sweeping all the ladders with it. Men from the crowd swarmed to the roof cheering and raised Hester on their shoulders. He broke away from them.

"You leave me be!" he shouted, indignantly. "Go find some clothes for them girls!"

Presently some of the girls tried to thank Mike. He said, "Oh, that's all right," then slipped away from them and went back to his horses.

The fire commissioners recognized Mike Hester's ready wit and fearlessness by making him assistant chief of the department. He served in that position until 1894, when he retired. And did he marry one of the girls or some charming heiress who was fascinated by his bravery? Not at all. He never married anybody. For the fireman there is no such thing as romance or heroism in "the business." That's what he calls it—"the business."

Hester, still slim and active, though he is sixty-five years old, lives at 3149 Bell Avenue, St. Louis. Any day one may see him driving his old-fashioned buggy; or, if he is walking, his horse will follow his footsteps like a pet dog. When recently I asked him some questions to complete this record of the rescue, which I had obtained from other sources, he frankly declared he remembered very little about it.

"But you must remember," I insisted. "That was the greatest act of your life."

"No, it wasn't," Mike Hester corrected me. "When I was a little lad eleven years old I went to the circus out here in Carr Street. They offered ten dollars to any one who could ride the trick mule. I tried it, and he flung me over his head. I wanted that ten. That night at home I worked it out. I drove the points of two awls into the toes of my shoes. Next evening they offered the ten dollars again. I jumped on the mule's back, drove the awls into each side of him, and whistled like a locomotive. He forgot all his tricks, stuck his head out as far as he could, and ran round the ring till his trainer caught him. That was the greatest stunt of my life. I got the ten, too."

LIFE'S LANDSCAPE

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

THE moody air receives
  And gilds with them the woods—
The death-doomed autumn leaves
  In their red multitudes.
The wind, the autumn wind,
  Quenches the flaming tree,
And blows a mort behind
  The stricken company.
The last leaves the last birds
  Harry from off the bough—
They tremble down like words
  Lost in a lover's vow.

They are like golden years
  Of love that fall away,
Wasted by storms and fears,
  Or the heart's slow decay.
Withered by winds of hate
  Or passion's fever-breath,
Drifting, or soon or late,
  Down, down to dusty death.
We wander where they fall
  O'er landscapes bleak and cold . . .
Spring wakes . . . but who shall call
  New love to heal the old?

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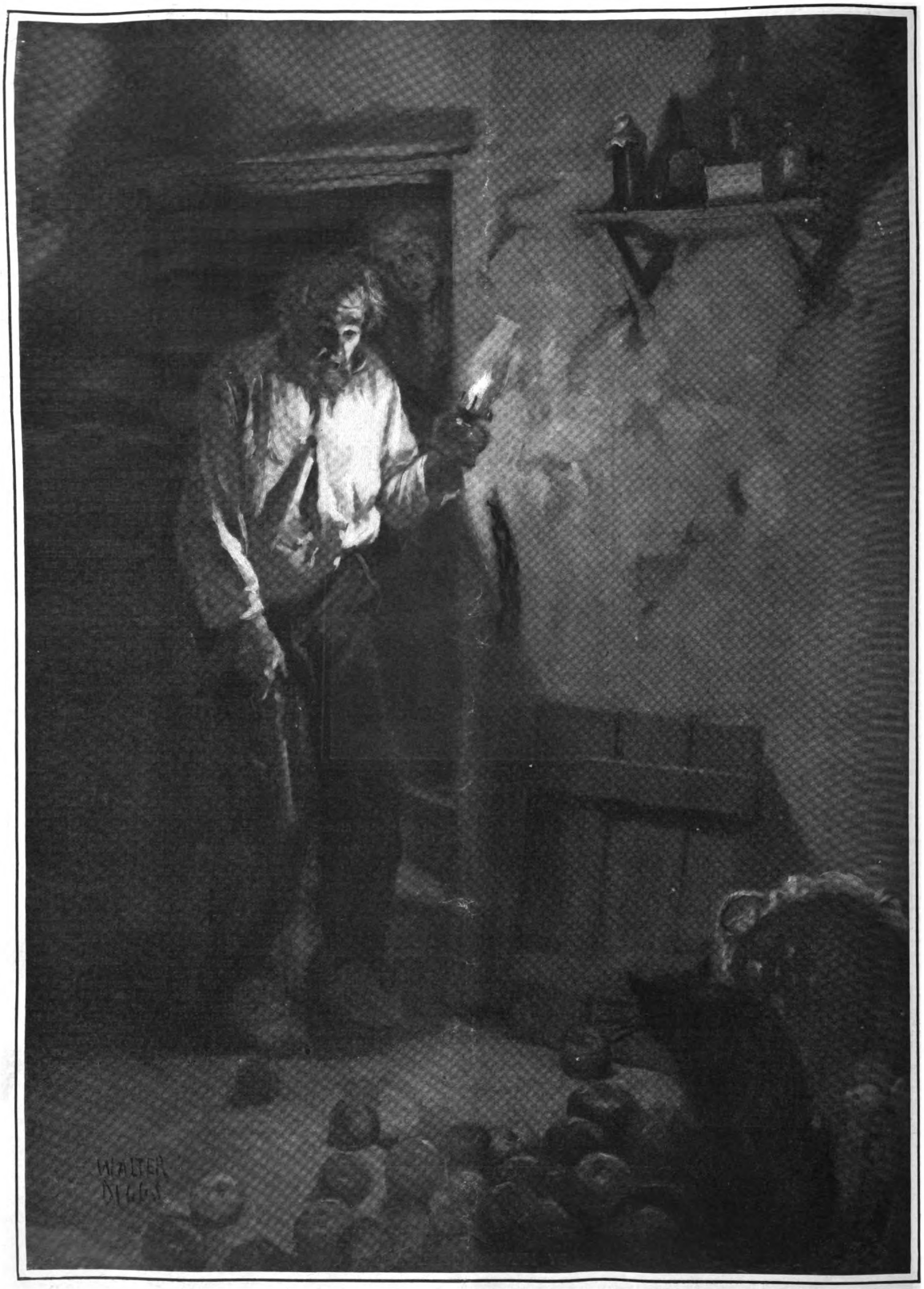

THE MIDNIGHT ALARM

DRAWN BY WALTER BIGGS

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Shotguns

A MAN ought to have considerable confidence in the quality of the material when he is willing to explode a charge of gunpowder, with a bursting force of from 50,000 to 65,000 pounds to the square inch, within a few inches of his head with nothing between but the thickness of his gun-barrel—some three-sixteenths of an inch of steel. Yet that gun-barrel might be a section of nicely finished gas pipe, so far as the average sportsman who blithely blazes away is informed. There seems to be but little general knowledge of the interesting process which results in the finished gun-barrel or of the great skill, care, and scientific knowledge required in the work of manufacture.

Shotgun barrels may be divided into two general classes—those made from twisted rods or ribbons of steel and those made from untwisted solid steel bars. Twisting gives the Damascus barrel and the "solid weldless twist" barrel. Boring a solid untwisted steel bar is the general practice in making the comparatively low-priced American guns, but this process, if carefully carried out, using only the best materials, will produce a barrel that will answer almost all requirements. Barrels may also be made by rolling out pierced blanks; they may be rolled hollow by the Mannesmann process, or they may be forged and then drilled. The quality of the barrel depends less upon the method of forming it than upon the material used, when any but the twist method is followed. With the twist barrel the manipulation is all-important. In the nature of things, the twisted barrel will stand a greater strain, and it is possible to give it a finish far more attractive than can be done with the plain steel barrel. Also the process of manufacture is much more interesting.

All Damascus barrels must be made of twisted rods. Without this twisting of the rods the finished barrel would have the appearance of a wire twist barrel, but by twisting the metal the grain is so arranged that it appears on the outside of the finished barrel in the form of irregular links or circles. The material used in making Damascus barrels is figured iron—that is, a mixture of iron and steel.

Pig iron from the best ores is placed in a furnace and cleansed from all dross by puddling, when the dross, being lighter than the iron, rises to the surface and is skimmed off. The liquid iron is then allowed to cool slightly and is worked into "blooms" of one hundred pounds each. A "bloom" under the hammer soon becomes a square block, which, in turn, in the rolling-mill becomes a ten-foot bar. Much hammering with a tilt-hammer condenses the metal, while the rolling process increases the ductility and tenacity by elongating the fiber. In some gun shops the heating and hammering of the metal is repeated three times, the loss of metal being forty per cent. Further processes cause additional loss, until not more than ten to fifteen per cent. of the original weight of iron ever gets into a gun-barrel.

The proportion of iron and steel entering into a barrel is largely a matter of individual opinion among gunsmiths, but the best English Damascus and modern laminated steel contains over sixty per cent. pure steel, and the fine silver-steel Damascus barrels contain seventy-five per cent. best worked steel.

In piling the iron and steel it is possible so to arrange the metals that many different figures will result. In piling the iron for ordinary Damascus, strips of iron and steel are laid upon each other alternately; in another figure the iron instead of being in strips is in rods, so arranged that in cross section they resemble a checker-board. Chain twist, diamond twist, etc., are produced by appropriate arrangement of these strips of iron and steel, and there is practically no limit to the number of different designs that may be made.

The next process is to heat and weld the faggot of piled iron and steel and roll it into rods of the sizes required by the welder. The welder may for a common barrel have the metal in the shape of a strip about three-quarters of an inch wide and of rhomboidal section. Eighteen pounds of prepared gun iron are required to weld a pair of twelve-gauge barrels which, when finished, will not weigh over three and one-half pounds.

Barrels for high-class guns are almost all hand-welded. The square rods of iron are first twisted to give the Damascus figure. These rods are about four feet long, and are placed in a furnace and heated until about eighteen inches of the length is a bright red. One end is then thrust into a square hole and the rod twisted, a winch handle and cog wheels giving the rotary motion, the process being repeated until the entire rod is twisted with about eight turns to the inch. The rod is now, of course, round, with the exception of the ends, and has been reduced to about three feet three inches in length.

The cheapest Damascus barrels, single-iron stub Damascus, are made from a single twisted bar; two-iron stub Damascus barrels are made from two twisted rods, each three-eighths of an inch square, welded together and rolled into a ribbon with the twisted spirals in opposite directions; the three-iron barrels have three rods similarly twisted and welded. The Belgians sometimes use four and even six rods in producing fancy figures, but three irons are sufficient to give a very fine effect. The real English Damascus is made with three rods; silver-steel Damascus is similarly made, but of different metal piled in different order.

The rods having been twisted and welded together, they are sent to the iron-mill and rolled at a red heat into ribbons, which have both edges beveled the same way. Two of these ribbons are required to form a single barrel, the one for the breech being somewhat thicker than the one for the muzzle. These ribbons are twisted into a spiral, this twisting being done cold, unless very heavy barrels are desired. The metal coils are next heated, a steel mandrel is inserted, and the coil is welded by hammering. The two coils are next welded together, the breech section being about six inches long. Then comes more hammering until the metal is cold, and the barrel is complete except for the finishing.

There are shops in Belgium where the method just described is followed, but in which machines are utilized for twisting and hammering and where no steel whatever is used, the Damascus effect being attained by using two grades of iron. Such barrels are, naturally, more apt to contain flaws than a hand-worked product, and an all-iron barrel is not sufficiently strong to withstand safely the explosion of the powders now generally used. At the same time, some of the finest barrels in the world are made in that country by hand, and the idea that all Belgian guns are of low grade is a decided mistake. The six-iron Damascus is a product of Belgium. For these remarkable barrels thirty-two alternating bars of iron and steel are rolled into a sheet three-sixteenths of an inch thick, this sheet is split into square rods, and the rods are twisted as heretofore described, but are given eighteen complete turns to the inch. The result is a figure on the finished barrel no larger than the eye of a small needle. The usual Belgian Damascus barrel of commerce is a two-iron barrel, but made from larger rods than those used by the English, and having, consequently, a coarser figure and not showing so many light-colored streaks as the English two-iron barrel.

The reason for combining steel and iron in gun-barrels is that pure steel would be too brittle to withstand the shock of the explosion and pure iron too soft; a proper combination of the metals renders the barrel sufficiently elastic to return to its original size after the expansion caused by the discharge. The three-iron Damascus barrel is, according to a majority of the experts, the most satisfactory. The six-iron barrels are, for practical purposes, over-twisted.

"Solid weldless twist" barrels, which have of late years gained much popularity, are made by the simple process of twisting a bar of metal of proper composition and boring out the center. The principal advantages of this form of barrel are its cheapness when compared with the welded barrel and the fact that there are never any of the gray specks liable to occur in the best of Damascus barrels. These gray specks are particles of burnt metal or scale imbedded in the metal during one of the many welding operations, and while they do not affect the strength of the barrels to any appreciable extent they detract from their appearance.

A fairly good Damascus barrel will average about thirty years' service, or the firing of one hundred thousand shots, if properly cared for, and be perfectly safe to use. Of course the best of barrels can be ruined in a short time by rough usage, for a Damascus barrel will not stand a blow given sideways, and the gun should never be discharged when there is a dent in the barrel.

International Boundary Marks

MANY of the international boundary marks display a sentimental as well as a practical character. The famous "Pillar of Farewell," which marks the line between Russia and Siberia, has been celebrated in song and story. This boundary mark stands between Ekaterinburg, in Russia, and Tiumen, in Siberia. It stands on the main road, along which thousands of exiles have passed. It is an obelisk of brick, about sixteen feet in height. On the west side it bears in Russian characters the word "Europe," and on the east side the word "Asia."

The boundary marks along our northern frontier, separating us from Canada, are of a most practical sort. For many hundreds of miles the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes form the natural boundaries; but there is a vast stretch of prairie land beyond with no natural demarcation. The boundary marks here are pillars of iron and wood placed at intervals of one mile. They have been alternately supplied by the two governments, and may be seen from the Lake of the Woods to the Red River valley. Beyond that the marks are mounds of earth and cairns of stone.

The strangest of European frontier lines is that marking the boundary between Hanover and Holland where it crosses the Rhine. A row of pontoons lies across the river, chained bow and stern. Inasmuch as the dividing line runs through from stem to stern, the eastern halves of the boats are painted in German colors, the western in Dutch. The effect is most striking.

Austria has a frontier line of about 3,800 miles, of which 2,096 is land. Every mile of this must be guarded against the encroachments of Austria's neighbors. Germany is in a similar situation, since her land frontiers, bordering upon Russia, Austria, Switzerland, France, Holland, and Belgium, are 2,255 miles in extent, and by far the larger portion is not protected by mountains, rivers, or any other natural boundaries. The German seacoast, however, is only 744 miles in extent.

Modern Ships of the Desert

THE camel is no longer the chief means of communication in the desert. His place has been taken by the motor-car, the aeroplane, and, finally, by the wireless telegraph. Methods old and new can show no greater contrast than a caravan route and a wireless installation on the sand.

Wireless messages to-day can be despatched across the desert without the now familiar masts fitted with aerial antennæ. The non-conductivity of the sand and its exceptional dryness have made possible the use of a system of wireless with equal, if not greater, success than before by means of wires merely resting on the surface of the sand. This doing away with the customary masts will greatly lessen the cost of the establishment of wireless stations in those places where this idea is practicable. Also the transport of the necessary appliances will be a simpler matter than of old, when messages could not be sent until the masts had been erected.

One difficulty with aeroplanes in big deserts, such as the Sahara, has been the impossibility of guidance. Now, however, the wireless telegraph will be enabled to direct easily and accurately an aeroplane employed between one station and another.

The French, whose African possessions consist chiefly of these sandy plains, hope soon to solve the problem of communication in them. To this end they have established a close working connection between the three "arms"—the automobile, the aeroplane, and the wireless telegraph.

The Shapes of the Satellites

PHOTOMETRIC studies of six of the principal satellites of Saturn, made by Guthnick, of the Royal Observatory of Berlin, indicate a confirmation of the previous conclusions of other observers that several, and perhaps all, of these satellites behave like our own moon in keeping always the same side toward the planet around which they revolve. In regard to the satellite named Tethys, an interesting hypothesis is offered to account for its very marked changes of luminosity. The theory is that Tethys possesses the form of a long ellipsoid, the two principal axes of which are to one another in the ratio of five to two. A similar suggestion has been made concerning the shape of the asteroid Eros, which likewise exhibits great variations of light, according to its position in its orbit around the sun.

Indian Rice Rolls

THE cultivation of rice in India includes divers varieties, differing in size, shape, and color of grain, as well as in suitability for culinary purposes.

More than 70,000,000 acres are annually put under rice in India, and samples of all the varieties produced have recently been analyzed in England. One of these is peculiar in that it is too glutinous to be boiled in the ordinary way. This difficulty is avoided by boiling it in bamboo tubes, and after being thus prepared it is left in the tubes to be eaten cold, especially by travelers. When the rice is eaten the bamboo is peeled off and a long roll of rice appears, which forms an excellent substitute for bread.

Heard In the Diner

(A story from whole cloth, but laden with facts)

"The physical director of our Club says most of us overeat—

"That heavy, rich food is not only hard to digest, but dulls the brain and makes the mind logy.

"I hadn't been just right for a while back and it put me thinking, with the result that now my breakfast is generally a bowl of

Post Toasties

served with some rich cream and a sprinkling of sugar—adding a soft-boiled egg and a cup of Instant Postum.

"The flavour of these crisp bits of toasted corn is a real treat, and the clear head and comfortable day which follow such a breakfast are something worth telling about."

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Opportunity in the Bond-Market

FOUR MAIN REASONS WHY THE PRESENT IS A MOST OPPORTUNE TIME FOR THE PURCHASE OF HIGH-GRADE INVESTMENT BONDS

THE head of one of the big bond-houses recently became convinced that the time to buy high-class bonds had come, and directed the correspondence man to get up a circular letter to the firm's clients pointing out the possibilities of the situation. The letter, when it came through for the firm's approval, began like this, "The time to buy is when the other man wants to sell." "A very excellent beginning," commented the veteran banker, calling in the man who had written the letter, "but I should qualify it somewhat as follows: 'The time to buy is when the other man wants to sell, provided that your reason for buying is better than his reason for selling.' Then go ahead and make it clear that the man who buys high-grade bonds at the present time knows what he is about better than the man who chooses this time in which to sell."

From the way in which high-class bonds have declined and the low level on which quotations remain, it is evident that the weight of opinion is in favor of sales rather than of purchases. There are, however, a number of things about the present situation which make it very much of a question whether the man who buys bonds now isn't doing a more sensible thing than the man who sells. For the decline in bond prices there has been good and sufficient reason, and it is no wonder that investors have thrown overboard their holdings as they have. But the question now is as to whether the thing may not have been overdone and as to whether, with conditions bearing on bond prices as they are, a decided upward swing may not reasonably be expected.

Aside from the fact that the price level of good bonds is lower than in years—as low, indeed, as in September of 1907—there are several things which suggest strongly that the present is a favorable time for investment in this form of security. First, of course, comes the fact that as a result of the decline in prices, any number of high-grade bonds are selling on an income basis which compares not at all unfavorably with the income afforded by the new securities whose issue has had so much to do with depressing the price of the old. Then, in the second place, there is the fact that the present period of stiff money rates (with all that that means as an influence hurtful to bond prices) is practically sure to be followed within a couple of months by a period of much easier money. Next, it must be remembered that for some time past very few high-grade bonds have been issued, while, on the other hand, there has been a good deal of absorption by banks, business-houses, and trust funds. And then, finally, there is the fact that with business on its present basis the country is, so to speak, again making money and piling up a surplus available for bond investment.

To show the importance of the first of these four influences, it is necessary to do little more than state the figures showing the present price level of good bonds in comparison to what it has been at various times during the past few years. Take, for instance, the twenty-five representative bonds used by the *Wall Street Journal*. Back in October of 1906 the average price of these issues was 95¼. Then came the panic, and the quotation fell sharply. By December of 1908 the price level was back again to 95¼, the old "high." But from then on prices have been steadily sinking. A year later (December, 1909) the average of the twenty-five bonds stood at 93. By the following December it had fallen to 91. For a year after that prices remained fairly steady, but then early in 1912 started down again, touching a low price of 89 at the end of September. Since then there has taken place a recovery of a little over a quarter of one point.

It is true, of course, that during the time that the average price of these representative bonds has been going down six points the income yield on other kinds of securities has also been increasing. But with the tendency toward a higher yield the price of the best bonds, by reason of the six-point decline noted, has more than kept pace. If it is true that the investor can, with the same degree of safety, get a considerably higher yield from the ordinary run of bonds and shares than he could get a few years ago, it is also true that he can get an increase, proportionately larger if anything, by buying bonds of the very best class. Bonds of the very best class, in other words, have been fully subject to current investment tendencies and have, indeed, fallen to a point where the yield obtainable from them compares very well with the yield offered by the new securities.

That means, of course, that the force of the competition of the new issues is very much lessened. As long as the old-line bonds were on a basis where they yielded much less income, there was, naturally, a great deal of selling of them in order to transfer the money to better-paying securities. But with the decline in the price of good bonds to a point where they themselves offer an attractive income-yield, the incentive to sell out and change to something else has largely disappeared.

The second thing which suggests that the present is a good time to buy high-grade investment bonds is the fact that we are nearing the end of a period of tight money. There has, it is true, been no actual stringency in the money-market, but that is solely because of the way in which the banks have kept speculation under control and have themselves been liquidating their holdings of prime investment securities. We have not this year seen the high money rates of some past seasons, but the depressing effect on the price of good bonds has been just about the same. To the fact that the beginning of October saw the level of bond prices lower than at any time in years, selling by banks, trust companies, and other institutions contributed in no small degree.

With the general bank position as it is, it is by no means said that as soon as the crops are moved money will be in great supply and obtainable at low rates. But it can be taken for granted that there will be a very great change from conditions as they are at present. With the crops out of the way and the banks all over the country no longer under the necessity of granting such extensive accommodation to their customers, money conditions can be counted upon to become materially easier. That is the regular order of things each year after the moving of the crops is accomplished, and there is no reason to believe that this year will be any exception to the rule. Incidental to the January dividend and interest disbursements there will not improbably be a flurry in the money-market, but within a week or ten days after the first of the year we are practically certain to run into a period of comparatively low money rates.

A period of stiff money now with the practical certainty that within a couple of months money will be available in large supply—what does that suggest as to the course of the market for high-grade bonds? Very plainly that securities of this class will before long be in far better demand than they are at present. Nobody wants high-grade bonds when the demand for money is so great that six per cent. is being paid for accommodation. The banks, under those circumstances, need all the money they can get, in order to satisfy the demands of their clients—and, consequently, convert their holdings of investment bonds into cash to the greatest possible extent. The bond-dealers, knowing that they will be charged so high a rate for whatever money they borrow in order to "carry" bonds, keep their supplies on hand down to the lowest possible point. Business-houses whose surplus is invested in bonds, finding that they have to pay a stiff rate for money at bank, sell out part or all of their holdings in order to raise additional capital. In every direction it is the same thing—a period of high money rates finds every one more in need of ready money than of investments, and trying to sell out the bonds they have.

That, naturally, is the investor's opportunity—particularly when, as at present, there is every probability that within a very few months these conditions will be exactly reversed. With money rates once more on a low level and the banks and other institutions again looking around for a chance profitably to employ surplus funds, repurchase on a considerable scale of the securities sold during the high-money period is sure to take place. Enviable, then, is the position of the investor who, when money rates were high and every one was selling, had the foresight to go in and buy.

The market for high-grade bonds, in the next place, is worthy of the careful investor's attention by reason of the fact that so few new securities of this sort have been added to the supply during the past couple of years. A number of small issues, have, it is true, been brought out, and one or two of fairly good size, but the total has been far below normal. In nearly every case even the strongest corporations wanting to borrow money have been warned by their bankers that the market for high-grade bonds was exceedingly limited and have been advised to do their financing in some other way. The result has been that while the total of security issues has run large, most of them have been issues of shares and notes and only comparatively few high-grade bonds have been added to the supply already existing.

Now the floating supply of any given kind of bond is like a pool of water—unless it is being constantly added to it steadily decreases in volume. In the case of the pool the water evaporates. In the case of the bonds various issues come due, are paid off, and cease to exist. But that is only one way in which there is a lessening of the visible supply. Take the case of high-grade bonds. The past couple of years have seen a good deal of selling by individual investors, but they have also seen the absorption of securities of this class by banks and business-houses on a scale which only a few years ago would have been considered impossible. Compare the security holdings of the banks (most of which are high-grade bonds) with their holdings before the panic, and it will quickly be seen where a good many hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of bonds have disappeared to. And as to the absorption by business-houses, that has been even more striking. Ten years ago while there may have been individual cases of commercial firms' accumulated surplus being invested in bonds, that, as a general practice, was unknown. To-day a very large proportion of commercial houses make that disposition of their surplus funds and the number is constantly growing. With the realization of the many advantages attending the investment of the business firm's surplus in high-grade bonds, the practice has become very general, some of the leading bond-houses, indeed, devoting their energies largely to the development of that kind of business. For this purpose, of course, only bonds of the very best grade are suitable, and it is thus upon the supply of that kind of security that the entire demand is focused.

With so few new issues being put out and all this absorption from banking and commercial sources going on, it has come about that there has really been a very great reduction in the available supply. Individuals' selling and the scattering liquidation from banks and business-houses induced by the stiff money-market may, at times, have given just the opposite appearance to the market, but that is a mere surface indication. There has, it is true, been no inclination to follow prices up; but quietly and steadily this absorption has been going on and has resulted now in reducing the supply of good bonds available to a lower point than at any time for a good while past.

This is a condition which, while it may not be at present apparent, will make itself felt just as soon as there springs up any substantial demand for bonds of this class. And from any one of several different directions that is likely to come. With so many people fearful as to the effect on the stock-market of the coming tariff revision, a substantial movement of money into bonds may at any time originate in that quarter. Again, any turn for the worse in the foreign situation would probably cause the transfer of large amounts of money into the very best and safest securities available. But from whatever quarter it comes, development of any real demand for high-grade bonds will quickly disclose the scarcity that exists and cause prices to rise.

Then finally there must be taken into account the fact that for the first time in some years general business is back on a basis where the country's business interests can accumulate a fund available for bond investment. From a business standpoint 1911 was not a bad year; but while things were active enough, the margin of profit was small and not a great deal of money was made. That, in connection with the rise in the cost of living, resulted in but a comparatively small amount of money becoming available for investment in high-grade bonds. In only too many cases, where something *was* left over after the year's expense had been provided for, it was felt that the investment must be made to yield the highest possible rate.

Business is on a different basis at present. Without doubt there is a good deal of exaggeration as to general activity prevailing, but even making full allowance for that, there is every reason for believing that business is good and that people are making money—enough money so that, in spite of the continued high cost of living, there is something being accumulated on the right side of the account. Nor, with the margin of profit opening up and prospects for making money as they are, does the man who has money to invest feel that he is bound to get the last cent out of it in the way of income. For the sake of getting a little more in the way of interest he is no longer willing to take a chance—he feels that he doesn't have to. The appeal of the new high-interest-bearing security loses much of its force. The investment bond of demonstrated worth looks better.

It will take some little time, however, for the full force of this influence to make itself felt. General business is good and the country is making money again, but even so its accumulation in any such quantity as to exert a really stimulating effect on the bond-market will require a considerable period of time. The actual purchase of bonds in quantity by individual investors, on the other hand, will not be necessary in order to start the market up. It is the business of the bond-houses to sense the coming demand far in advance, and as soon as dealers become satisfied that it is only a matter of a comparatively short time before the public will really turn buyer, they themselves may be relied upon to stock up heavily with the kind of bonds they figure will be most in demand. If, when that happens, supplies are found to be short, prices are likely to make a quick response.

OUR GRATEFUL OFFERING

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

For the wide richness of this world of ours,
The mystery of the stubble and the flowers,
For even the frosted marvel of the weed,
Lord, make us glad indeed.

For silver hours lost in their shining flight,
And for the heavy passing of the night;
For evil things transmuted into fair,
This frankincense we bear.

For hearts about us warm against our own;
For light where lovely presences have shone—
As whiteness dropping from an ashen wing—
Receive our thanksgiving.

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Echoes

NECROMANCY

(From the New York "Herald")

WE have frequently called attention to the fact that Colonel George Harvey, the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, was the seventh political son of a seventh political son. He was actually born with a political caul. Colonel Harvey proves it in this week's issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. He shows that HARPER'S WEEKLY in its forecasts, not by the aid of test ballots, but by pure political insight, by reading the political stars and weighing the political atmosphere, was a little nearer right in estimating how the country would go than the *Herald* was. He predicted Governor Wilson's election more than six years ago and showed why.

The only danger he runs is in being arrested for violation of the law against fortune-telling, necromancy, and astrology.

A HIGH BATTING AVERAGE

(From the Montgomery "Advertiser")

Nobody beat George Harvey, of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the accuracy of pre-election forecasts except those who predicted that Wilson would carry every State in the Union. Colonel Harvey some weeks before the election surveyed the field and declared that Wilson would get 387 electoral votes and "probably" 389. Wilson carried every State Harvey gave him, and more.

What is more to the point, Harvey correctly estimated the strength of the Colonel and the President. The Harvey batting average was high in this campaign.

APOLOGIES ACCEPTED

(From the Hartford "Courant")

Our compliments (and contrite apologies) to Editor Harvey of *The North American Review* and HARPER'S WEEKLY. He sees what he foresaw—and foretold, too. His campaign guessing was just about the best ever. He's sure a political wizard.

UNCONSCIOUS EMULATION

(From the Jacksonville "Times-Union")

Mr. Murphy had a majority of delegates in the Syracuse convention—all admit this. Now it is said that the outcome was perfect freedom of action and the nomination of a candidate acceptable to everybody. Is not Murphy and Tammany entitled to credit? But the *World* flings him no bouquet and HARPER'S WEEKLY follows the *Times-Union* in doing him simple justice.

ACCOMPLISHED

(From the Los Angeles "Tribune")

HARPER'S WEEKLY has ceased to admonish people to "save the Republic," either regarding the task as accomplished or hopeless.

WHAT CELIA SAID

(From the Buffalo "Commercial")

If there were in the President's Cabinet such a position as Secretary of Astrology, then Mr. Wilson should forthwith designate Colonel George Harvey for that portfolio. As a long-distance "predicter" the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY takes the cake. With respect to Mr. Wilson he made seven predictions in the course of almost as many years, and each event has come about as he foretold. It was in March, 1906, that the spare gentleman with the heavy-rimmed spectacles said in his paper: "We venture to suggest the nomination of President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States."

Shortly after Mr. Taft's election, nearly two years later, the Wilson prophet observed: "We have a shrewd suspicion that the Democrats of New Jersey will nominate Woodrow Wilson as their candidate for Governor in 1910, with a view to presenting his name to the Democratic national convention in 1912."

A year and a half later the prophesying colonel said: "We now expect to see Woodrow Wilson elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910."

Another prediction came in September, 1910, to the effect that: "Mr. Wilson's majority will be forty thousand." (His plurality was about fifty thousand and his majority about thirty-four thousand.)

In November of the same year this expectation was announced: "We now fully anticipate the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President of the United States by the Democratic convention of 1912, as against William H. Taft, Republican candidate."

In July last Colonel Harvey proposed to "end this series of prophecies with a prediction that Woodrow Wilson will be duly elected President of the United States in November next."

But, to cap the climax, these final words were said on November 2d: "We now predict that Woodrow Wilson's majority over all in the Electoral College will exceed 300."

As Celia once remarked to Rosalind, "Oh, wonderful!"

OUR COMPLIMENTS TO JOE

(From the Kewanee "Star")

Colonel Harvey, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, must be the seventh son of a seventh son. He was the first to predict that Woodrow Wilson would be Governor of New Jersey and likewise first to predict that he would become President. But, shucks, he hasn't anything on Joe Mulligan, who picked not only Wilson, but also Marshall, away back last spring before the primaries, when everybody else thought he was day dreaming.

SPIRITUALISTIC

(From the Saginaw "Courier")

Colonel Harvey may have been born with a caul; he may be the seventh son of a seventh son of a gun. At any rate, he is about the most amazing political prognosticator that ever held a seance.

BEATING THE STRAW VOTE

(From the Minneapolis "Journal")

Colonel Harvey's prediction that Wilson would have 300 electoral votes more than Taft and Roosevelt combined looked rash a week ago, but the returns show that Colonel Harvey did not come far from calling the turn. As an election guesser Colonel Harvey has the straw vote beaten to a frazzle.

A HAPPY THOUGHT

(From the Altoona "Times")

If George Harvey applied his powers of political foresight to the stock-market he wouldn't have to edit for a living.

AS ADVERTISED

(From the Harrisburg "Independent")

In all the world there is no other political prophet like Colonel Harvey of HARPER'S WEEKLY. In last week's number of the WEEKLY he printed a series of seven predictions about Wilson. Six of them had already been fulfilled. The last prediction was made on November 2d last and seemed the most reckless of the series. It seemed absurd to reckon on a clear majority of more than 300 in the Electoral College. As we said in discussing the prophecy, it meant that Wilson must get 416 electoral votes, a thing unprecedented and hardly to be thought of when politically wise men were discussing the probability of an election by the Congress because of a deadlock in the Electoral College. No candidate ever before got more than 336 electoral votes. How, then, could any candidate get 416 votes this year? Impossible!

One should have been prepared, for the wise man has said that the impossible always happens. Wilson got not only the 416, but according to a Republican source he has 439 in the Electoral College, and a Democratic source gives him 442. The most remarkable of political prophecies is fulfilled.

NO MORE AT PRESENT

(From the Joplin "Globe")

Unanimous permission is asked of the country that the distinguished editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY be permitted to say "I told you so." If he will quit the predicting business right now he will class several points higher than the soothsayer that warned J. Cæsar.

A Thanksgiving Plaint

LAS' year it was—w'en I was at
My Grampa's for Thanksgiving Day,
An' watched th' browned-up lady come
An' take my piled-up plate away,
An' Grampa tried to 'xplain to me
(A Grampa's very wise, you know)
How *sometimes* Little Boys' brown eyes
Will bigger than their stomach grow.

'N'en I decided in my head
I will begin wite straight away
An' save a little bit of place
For nex' Thanksgiving—ef'ry day!
But pretty soon it got to be
Our "sausages an' pancake" time,
An' Little Boys can't save *no* room
Until—well, mebbe, by-an'-bime.

'N'en Christmas came wif stockings all
Chock full of candy you mus' eat,
An' Sunday-schools wants Little Boys
To 'preciate their ice-cream treat;
'N'en I went wisitin' up where
Green hemlock trees an' white snow stay
An' rosy cheeks an' appeltites
Go walkin' 'round wif you all day.

An' Folks wif gingham aprons b'lieve
It's bes' to "fill up growin' boys"
'Cause they mus' whoop an' "kick it out,"
W'en they gets mos' too big for toys.
'N'en summer was—w'en *all outdoors*
Turns right into good things to eat—
Ain't half thro' eatin' strawberries
'Fore Robin Redbreast says, "Tweet, tweet!"

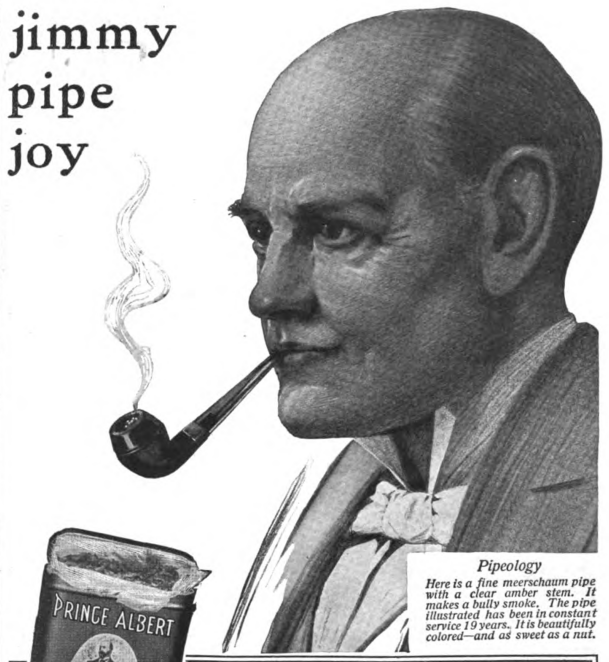
In Grampa's cherry tree—an' nen
Th' prickly red-raspberry vine
Will reach out big handfuls to you.
An' Little Boys they feel "jus' fine,"
An' picnics are—an' all your teeth
They like th' rows of buttered corn.
An' big pink watermelons make
You glad it is that you are born.

Till—w'y it's mos' Thanksgiving-time,
An' 'cause it is th' *only* way,
'S w'y I p'tend that I won't eat
A single thing—th' whole long day!
'N'en all th' Folks they shake their heads—
"'Tain't natural—th' child ain't right!"
An' go an' make a del'cacy
To try an' tempt his appeltite.

An' Pa's Aunt Araminta Ann
That acts all languid-like, she say
She s'pose as how he's *mos'* too young
To be "in love" an' pinin' 'way.
But Grampa he will comfort me—
He says th' Millionairest man
W'y *he* can't eat a single bit
Of anything more than he can!

Not even if th' Mans can pile
Round dollars clear up in th' sky—
He feels jus' same as Little Boys
That wants *more* mince an' punkin pie.

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.



Pipeology

Here is a fine meerschaum pipe with a clear amber stem. It makes a bully smoke. The pipe illustrated has been in constant service 19 years. It is beautifully colored—and as sweet as a nut.

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Ant Enemies of Texas Crops

THE farmers of south central Texas are plagued by an ant which, under the fostering influences of cultivation, is steadily increasing and bids fair to become a serious obstacle to agriculture over a wide district. This is the leaf-cutting ant, and already in the valleys of Colorado, Gaudaloupe, Comal, and San Antonio its nests are practically continuous for miles together. The general habits of this ant are well known, for similar species are numerous in the American tropics. The insects cut the leaves from trees or other vegetation and carry them to the nests. Sometimes a column of them is seen moving along, each ant holding over its back a piece of a leaf, giving the "army" a very odd appearance; hence a common name is parasol or umbrella ant. On arrival at the nest each leaf is cut into small pieces, and the shreds are rolled into pellets and placed upon a heap or "bed" previously accumulated, where there is growing a fungus on which the ants feed. As the supply of fungus is consumed it is continually renewed by the addition of pellets upon which new fungus may grow, so that eventually the nests contain a large spongy mass, the surface of which is covered with the slender threads of mold which form the steadily cultivated food-supply of the colony.

Evidently the ants exercise great care that no other fungus than the one approved species shall grow there. In midwinter and during the greatest heat of midsummer these pigmy gardeners are inactive; but during most of the year they are extremely busy enlarging their subterranean galleries, the position of which is shown in each case by a circular mound around the entrance formed of the earth brought out. The work is done chiefly at night in hot weather, but continues all day when it is cool.

Under natural conditions trees only were attacked—every sort except oaks and one at a time, so that sometimes a small tree would be defoliated in a single night. Now, however, crop plants are found much more convenient and everything seems available for their purpose. With the increasing numbers of the insects this is becoming a source of serious damage to fields and orchards, and the farmers are spending considerable time and money in combating the pest. They find that the most effective means of control is to pour cyanide of potassium into the holes leading to the nests, the fumes of which, circulating through the galleries, kill the inhabitants. Some men are devoting themselves to this work as a business.

New colonies are started by these ants in a most businesslike way. From time to time a flight of females will leave a large nest and go some distance in search of a new site. Having chosen a spot where the soil is dry and loose, the queen alights, digs beneath the surface, deposits a small quantity of the living mycelium of the fungus which she has brought with her from "home," and lays upon it a few eggs. When these hatch a new colony has begun its career.

The Bird's-Egg Industry

JUST as philatelists and numismatists consult their standard catalogues to ascertain the value set upon postage-stamps and coins, so do collectors of birds' eggs turn to their catalogue to determine the value of choice specimens. This catalogue is based upon the standard list of the birds of North America as published by the American Ornithologists' Union.

The most valuable egg one may possess is that of the great auk, whose value is set down at $1,600. About the cheapest egg listed is that of the dove, which brings two cents. One of the most valuable eggs of all is that of the California vulture or condor, which is generally listed at $225 per egg, although sometimes it may be obtained for less.

The business of gathering and selling birds' eggs is a far more extensive one than the layman would imagine. We hear little of the collectors, but they are forever busy in all parts of the world, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Labrador to South America. Most of their specimens find their way into the collections of wealthy connoisseurs, such as, for instance, the Rothschild collection.

The prices are fixed by dealers in eggs and naturalists' supplies, to be found in almost every large city in the country. Many collections represent large sums of money. Not long ago there was sold in an Eastern city a collection embracing ninety sets of the eggs of the golden eagle, several specimens of the California vulture's eggs, considered very rare, and many sets in series of humming-birds' eggs, wild ducks', and other aquatic birds'.

Many of the most coveted specimens are to be found in the far north, the result being that the egg-hunters must travel well within the arctic circle. For instance, during the past few years much time and money has been spent in an endeavor to discover latter-lay traces of the Labrador duck, thought to be extinct.

The principal tool of the egg-hunter is a drill, somewhat resembling that of the dentist. It shows a pointed burr on the end, quite as sharp as a needle. These drills are of different sizes for different eggs. To prepare an egg for preservation, which it sometimes becomes necesary for the hunter to do on the spot, there are first drilled two holes on opposite sides, and then the blow-pipe is inserted, and soon the contents of the egg are removed. The shell is thereupon carefully rinsed with water containing corrosive sublimate or other preparation. Then it is placed on a tray of sand to dry, when it is ready for labeling.

The Natural Gas Supply

WITH the single exception of a perfect lubricating oil found in one spot in West Virginia, natural gas is, of all mineral products, the most readily adapted to commercial use in the form in which it is derived from the earth, and its importance as an asset to industry over a large area of the United States is enormous. At the beginning of the present year there were in operation no fewer than 28,428 wells, from which during the last calendar year there were derived 508,353,341,000 cubic feet of gas, which was, however, a decrease of nearly a billion feet from the product of the preceding year. Despite this decrease in production, the value of the gas increased nearly four million dollars as a result of the increased demand from consumers of all kinds.

Countless millions of cubic feet of natural gas have been allowed to go to waste in past years, almost incredible extravagance being common in the gas-producing regions, the apparent idea being that the supply was inexhaustible. There are now millions of dollars invested in gas-pumping plants and pipe lines.

Kansas City, Missouri, is noteworthy as an enormous consumer of natural gas, so important to the industries of that city being a continued supply that in 1911 the Board of Public Utilities appointed a commission to investigate the probable duration of the supply. The report of this commission, headed by the State Geologist of Kansas, is to the effect that in its opinion the supply of natural gas will not prove adequate to meet the demands of Kansas City more than three or four years.

The great gas-producing and consuming States are Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, in the order named. Probably ninety per cent. of all the natural gas produced is used for manufacturing purposes, affording the cheapest and most convenient medium for power production yet found. The remainder of the gas is utilized for other industrial purposes, for lighting, heating, etc.

During the last three years the separation of the more volatile grades of gasolene from natural gas issuing from oil wells has become a profitable industry of increasing importance. This will, eventually, become a settled and flourishing business, as millions of cubic feet of gas which are now wasted might be converted into gasolene.

Rome's Postal Service

THE Romans had, of course, what to our minds would be a crude postal system, yet their mail was forwarded with considerable speed.

The system of couriers on horseback was borrowed from the Persians, who, according to Xenophon, had established it under Cyrus. The Roman adaptation of this was the best system of transmitting letters among the ancients.

All along the great Roman roads stations were erected at distances of five or six miles from one another. At each of these stations forty horses were constantly maintained, and by the help of relays it was easy to travel one hundred miles in a day.

These services were intended for the state only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications. In the time of Julius Cæsar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome the one reached its destination in twenty-six and the other in twenty-eight days.

Private citizens were obliged to resort to the services of slaves, and it is not until the end of the third century that we hear of the establishment of a postal system for private persons by the Emperor Diocletian; but how long this system endured, history does not inform us.

The supply of horses and their maintenance was compulsory, and only the Emperor could grant exemption from it.

Some Facts About Light

THE light of the stars has been measured and the following results have been obtained: The light that we receive from stars of the first magnitude, like Vega, is equal approximately to a forty-thousand-millionth part of that of the sun. It is calculated that the total light received from the lesser stars is equal to that of three thousand stars of the first magnitude, or a sixth part of that which is sent to us from the moon.

Light exercises a mechanical pressure which can be measured in the laboratory. It has been shown by experiments with artificial light that in its production enormous quantities of energy are dissipated. In an ordinary wax candle the total energy which is transformed into light is really but two per cent. Gas and kerosene lamps are not more economical. On the other hand, the glow-worm transforms into light (by means yet unkflown) ninety per cent. of the total energy expended.

It is known that light influences very largely the aroma of flowers. A garden is more fragrant when it is shaded than when the sun is allowed to shine in full blaze upon it. This, at any rate, is the conclusion of a Frenchman who has made a vast number of experiments. That which affects the fragrance of flowers is not the oxygen of the atmosphere, as has been commonly believed, but the light. According to the same authority the intensity of the perfume exhaled by a flower depends upon the pressure of water in the cells of the plant, which tends to throw out the essential oils that produce the odor, and the action of the solar light diminishes the pressure of the water in these cells. The irrigation of the plant augments the pressure, and likewise, of course, the production of perfume. During the night the air is charged with aroma merely because the solar light does not exercise an inhibiting influence on the emanations.

American Peaches in England

ENGLISH folk are shy of buying peaches, which they have learned to look upon as a luxury. That this is so is not to be wondered at, in view of the high prices that the home-grown fruit commands. Hothouse peaches, for example, fetch at retail as much as $3.60 to $6 a dozen, and even the outdoor fruit costs from $1.50 to $2.50 per dozen. On the other hand, consignments from the State of Washington sold at retail in the London market lately for sixty cents a dozen, while Colorado peaches could be bought retail for as little as three cents apiece.

American apples have found a market in England, where people ask for them as a matter of course. There seems no reason, therefore, why the imported peach should not become equally popular, as the enjoyment of the fruit will thus be made possible to those who find the home-grown product beyond their means. Its advent also would be welcomed in hotels and restaurants for the preparation of dishes in which the fruit forms part. Another effect would be to prolong the peach season. At present the fall market depends largely on the outdoor fruit, the supply of which is made doubtful by the uncertainty of the climate. American growers, accordingly, see prospects of a good market in England now that people there begin to realize the comparative cheapness of the imported peach.

Wanted—Women

FOR a good many years now all civilized nations have had the census, in order to determine scientifically the approximate conditions of population at home and throughout the world. Some of the statistics relating to the proportions of the sexes in different parts are interesting.

The total population of the world is estimated to be 1,700 millions, and the proportion is said to be 1,000 men to 990 women.

The proportion varies considerably according to the region. In Europe there are, for each 1,000 men, 1,027 women; in Africa, 1,045; in America, 964; in Asia, 961; in Australia, 937.

The maximum feminine population is in Uganda, where there are 1,467 women to each 1,000 men, and the minimum in the gold countries of Alaska and in Malaysia, where there are found only 391 and 389 women, respectively, to each 1,000 men.

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The Thermometer at Sea

AMONG the records of the Hydrographic Office in Washington are some five and a half millions of memoranda of the temperature of sea-water in all parts of the world and at all seasons. They have been noted and sent in by mariners during the last sixty years. Twice as many such notes are stored in Hamburg, besides millions elsewhere. The tabulation of them, supplemented by observations of a more scientific sort upon temperatures at various depths, have been of decided value to navigation as well as of theoretic interest.

The comparative warmth, as well as the onward flow of the Gulf Stream, was noted by some of the earliest voyagers to this side of the Atlantic; and the restless curiosity of Benjamin Franklin led him to make as careful observations upon it during his trips to and from Europe as his means permitted. His common sense saw how helpful this current might be to ships, and he urged captains to use the thermometer to ascertain when they reached it and to enable them to keep within its influence when going east or to steer clear of it in coming west. Lieutenant Maury, who was the founder of hydrographic science, used such temperature memoranda as were available in his examination of ocean currents. By following his directions shipmasters of half a century ago shortened the voyage between North America and England by ten days, that from New York to California by about forty-five days, and that from England to Australia and back by two months. Helland Hansen, the Norwegian geographer, declares that the profit from the use of Maury's charts by British owners on the East India route alone amounted to ten million dollars yearly. Latterly the usefulness of the thermometer in indicating the neighborhood of ice has been emphasized among mariners.

Ascertaining surface temperatures is very simple work; it is only necessary to draw up a bucket of sea-water and immerse in it an ordinary thermometer. In this simple way the millions of notes on record have been made and sent in upon formal blanks as now required by most governments. To learn the temperature at various depths is more difficult. Experiments began over one hundred and fifty years ago, and there has been steady progress in apparatus designed to secure greater and greater certainty. Insulated thermometers were succeeded by Six's maximum and minimum thermometers, which, with improvements, are still very serviceable, although they have the defect of not showing any intermediate values. Still more accurate are certain forms of reversible thermometers, which can be made to turn upside down at any desired depth, whereby the temperature at that stratum is registered and can be read off when the instrument is hauled up. In order to stand the tremendous pressure of great depths this thermometer is placed inside a strong glass tube; and the most modern forms will register, on the average, within a hundredth of a degree. Sometimes an insulated bottle is sent down with a registering thermometer inside it, and thus a sample of the water from a certain depth and its temperature are obtained simultaneously. This method is of value in checking the error that arises from the fact that when a sample of water is raised from several hundreds or thousands of feet down it cools slightly when brought to the surface, due to release of pressure. When a body of water sinks, as the cold polar water is constantly doing, its temperature rises a little by reason of the pressure to which it is subjected. When it rises, or is brought up, the case is reversed and it loses some heat by expansion. This may amount to several tenths of a degree when the depth is great and helps to explain the curious fact that the bottom water in the "deeps" is warmer than that a few hundred fathoms above it.

The temperature in the deepest strata of the North Atlantic is about 36.5 degrees Fahrenheit and remains fairly uniform at this figure everywhere below 2,000 fathoms. The surface temperature in summer in the mid-Atlantic between Newfoundland and Ireland is about 72.5 degrees. The rate of decrease toward the bottom is by no means uniform, however. There are layers of colder and warmer water within the first thousand fathoms or so, indicating submarine currents. These seem to keep their relative positions fairly well in any one locality, but vary in different regions. For example, the water 500 fathoms below the surface off the Irish coast is much warmer than that at an equal depth north of Scotland. This is owing to the presence of the submarine ridge stretching from the Shetland Islands to the Faroës and thence to Iceland and Greenland called the Wyville Thomson Ridge, which rises to within 500 fathoms of the surface and dams back all the deeper flood of arctic water.

Such variations have a great effect, of course, upon the distribution of oceanic plants and animals, especially the multitude of minute organisms which form the basis of the subsistence of those higher forms which are of interest and value to sea fishermen. These are most abundant in both variety and numbers in the tropics and diminish toward the poles. Warm currents permit them to live much farther north in some seas than elsewhere, while cold currents produce the opposite effect. Thus the study of ocean temperatures becomes important in discovering new regions where food for fishes exists and where, consequently, the fishes themselves may be expected.

One can easily see what important relations must exist between the oceanic life and the temperature of its habitat, but one rather curious fact recently brought out by Professor Gran may be worth mention in particular. It appears that large numbers of organisms are limited in range vertically rather than horizontally, being very widely distributed in space, but confined to a definite layer, so to speak, of water having a certain warmth to which they are accustomed. In the northern seas this habitat may lie close to the surface, kept cool by the climate; but toward the south the surface becomes much warmer, and the animals must sink more and more to feel the right degree of coolness, until, under the equator, they may be able to reside only at a depth of a hundred fathoms or more. Thus in the tropics only a deeply sunk net can catch creatures which in subpolar latitudes are taken by surface tow nets. This is interesting, but it becomes doubly so when one reflects that in this broad range the same kinds of organisms must adapt themselves to extreme variations other than temperature, since those in the north are in full daylight, feel no pressure, and get comparatively fresh water, while those living in the depths at the equator are in total darkness, in salter water, and under great pressure. Such examples of adaptability as this have a very considerable bearing on the problems of variation and the evolution of species.

Who Invented Paper?

ALL the world knows that the Arabs transmitted from India to Europe, through Arabia, the figures with which we do our sums, but it is not generally known that we also have them to thank for paper.

At various times the scholars of different countries have tried definitely to determine the real discoverer of paper in the eleventh century. It is to paper that we owe the renaissance of letters. From time immemorial something answering modern paper was used in China, where it was manufactured from silk. About the middle of the seventh century of our era there seems to have been established in Arabia a manufactory of paper, and fifty years later the way was discovered to make it from cotton instead of from silk, silk being a rare commodity outside of China at that time and cotton relatively plentiful. In the reign of Henry II. of France a Greek scholar was sent to Paris to arrange systematically a catalogue of antique manuscripts in the Royal Library, and a notation in his hand speaks of what was then known as "paper" as originating in Damascus. The later invention of making paper from flax, linen, or hemp has been attributed equally to Italy and Germany, but there is evidence that it existed prior to the fourteenth century.

The Viking's Bread

A FELLOW of the University of Stockholm (Schitzten) has discovered a loaf of bread dating from the time of the Vikings. Microscopic examination shows that the bread was made of the bark of the pine tree and the flour of peas.

This discovery shows that peas were cultivated in Sweden nine hundred years after Christ.

Few archæological discoveries of bread have been made and very little bread dating from antiquity has been found.

In 1908 a cooked loaf of wheaten flour (a find dating from the fourth century after Christ) was dug out of the ruins of an ancient castle in Boberg.

A Fatal Hour

THE French railroad stations have adopted the system of numbering the hours from one to twenty-four, instead of from one to twelve, for convenience in calculations and to avoid the often misquoted A.M. and P.M. As a consequence they have had an amusing recurrence of difficulties with passengers, who refuse to board or to leave trains at one—that is to say, thirteen—o'clock. So widespread is this objection, indeed, that it has been found advisable to alter time-tables.

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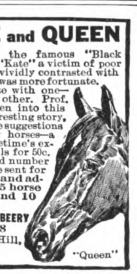

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Uncle Joshua's Thanksgiving

By John Kendrick Bangs

Now ez fer me, Thanksgivin' Day
  Is allers welcome, matters not
How skeerce the blessin's on my way,
  Or what I hev or hevn't got.
I never seed the time when things
  Was bad enough fer me to cuss,
But thinkin' on 'em out, by Jings!
  They might hev been a derned sight
    wuss.

Take my old hoss—old Peter thar!
  Pete's got a leg so fearful swolt
It gives the poor old nag a jar
  When anybody ketches holt.
But when I reckon up the score
  My thanks goes echoin' o'er the ridge—
A hoss with three good legs in four
  Hain't such a rotten averidge!

Then thar's my boy, Dan Webster—he's
  Been down to college fer a spell
A-studyin' the Ollergies
  An' 'dressin' ruther loud an' swell.
He comes back hum an' looks at me
  With disapprovin' eye an' grim,
But I'm as thankful ez kin be
  Thet I don' hev ter look like him!

An' then my darter—Mandy Jane.
  She's been to boarding-skule this year,
An' say—she uster be right plain,
  But now, gosh! she's a queen round
    here!
But she's so discontented—my!
  "The dullest spot she's ever found!"
But ez fer me I'm thankful I
  Kin find my fun jest settin' round!

The fodder's fine; the punkin's gold
  Ez any moon ye ever see;
The cramberries like them of old
  Is jest ez sweet ez they kin be;
The turkey's fat, breast, j'ints, and
    shanks,
  And Sal Amandy cooks 'em grand—
So when it comes to givin' thanks
  Ye'll find your Uncle Josh on hand!

The Elusive Football Ticket

At this time of the year the question of obtaining football tickets for the closing big games of the season is one that is of serious importance to thousands of football enthusiasts all over the country. The outsider who writes to his acquaintance at college a few days before the final game of the season for tickets little realizes how hard it is for his friend to comply with his request. The ticket applications for the big games close two or three weeks before the day set for the game, and in the interval the ticket department of a large university has a force of men going over the applications and deciding which ones will have to be rejected. Every year the ticket departments of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton are obliged to throw out thousands of applications that cannot be filled.

The tickets for the Yale-Harvard, Yale-Princeton, Harvard-Princeton, and other big games are never placed on public sale, but can only be applied for by members of the university and graduates. This year the demand for tickets is so great for the Yale-Harvard game, at New Haven, that the ticket department of Yale has announced that only those graduates who apply for one ticket will be sure of having their applications filled. They may, if they wish, apply for more, but the probability is that they will not secure any, as the first orders filled are those for single tickets. The undergraduates of all departments will, however, receive their usual allotments of three tickets each.

As may be readily imagined,, with such a demand, tickets in the hands of speculators bring fancy prices. Many a man having come hundreds of miles to see his old "Alma Mater" play has had to pay from twenty-five to a hundred dollars for a seat. Tickets in the hands of speculators are very few, however, as the large colleges have a strict rule that if tickets are found in the possession of a speculator, the man on whose name they were issued can never have the privilege of applying for tickets again.

An Animal that Imitates Fruit

An animal which the Spaniards in the Philippines call *caguan* is one of the most curious mammals that exist, offering at the same time the characteristics of monkey and bat. It hangs from a branch downward, its four feet together and its head between its paws. In this position it is never disturbed by birds or beasts of prey, for it resembles some unpalatable fruit of great size, of which there are many examples in the tropical woods. The *caguan* harmonizes so well with the bark of the tree on which it seeks its "roost" that it feels practically certain of not being molested.

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The Spider's Aid to Science

When surveyors prepare to plot off sections of land into squares, circles, parallelograms, and irregular areas, they find it necessary to place something in their instruments whereby a point may be fixed definitely, precisely, and within a fraction of an inch, even though the point at which the instrument is directed be a mile distant. If one observe the theodolites employed by surveyors, he will see across the round field of vision two or more lines running from one side to the other of the field of view.

Now these lines do not "look large" even in the theodolite. A careful examination of the diaphragm will show that these "cross wires" are nothing more nor less than spiders' threads.

It has been said that but for the presence of these fine filaments of the insect the surveyor's instrument would be worth little more than scrap metal, so far as its utility in surveying is concerned. Thus does the spider aid the work of man.

The quantity of thread of the finest sort which a spider can produce at one spinning is most extraordinary. It is of record that more than four hundred feet has been spun by one spider in its patient endeavors to reach the ground from the frame on which it has been placed by the dealer.

When the web has been taken from the spider it is wound on a frame and kept for the use of the instrument maker. It is said that the filaments of the brown spider are the finest and most uniform of all. This thread shows no kinks, such as may be readily discovered in the thread of the larger spiders and the silkworm.

Spiders' webs have been used for instruments of precision for a great many generations; and no one has ever discovered another filament so well adapted to this purpose. Platinum wire may be drawn out to the requisite finenes, but it is too easily affected by heat or cold.

In the past makers of instruments of the sort mentioned have endeavored to rule fine lines on the surface of the lens with a diamond point. It is said that about once in one hundred trials they would be able to procure a sharp point of diamond sufficiently fine for the purpose, but that when the lines were cut across the face of the lens it was found that they were ragged and uneven. Even the best grade of glass will flake a little in front of the point, and these irregularities become greatly magnified by the powerful lens. Sharpness of location with such an instrument, therefore, becomes impossible.

The spider filaments are about one one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter. The best threads are those from which the spider builds its nest. Less than an inch of the fine opaque thread is needed to fit up a considerable number of instruments. The fitting of an instrument is a delicate task, since it is not sufficient that the lines be got approximately in the right positions—they must be true to the smallest fraction of an inch. Machines capable of marking space to the fifty-thousandth part of an inch are employed to place the filaments so that the surveyor may not go wrong. The instruments used by the geodetic survey and in the observatories are crossed and recrossed by a multitude of fine lines. By these are measured the distances of headlands, capes, and mountains. Railway tracks are surveyed and laid, tunnels are planned and bored, and the distances of the stars are ascertained by means of the bit of thread supplied by the humble spider. In short, without the aid of the spider the great engineering feats of the world, to say nothing of many discoveries of astronomers, would be impossible.

Plus and Minus

Formerly, in order to express the sign of addition, the Latin vord plus (more) was abbreviated to P, which in the haste of writing often degenerated into a simple cross and was ultimately adopted as such. With regard to the sign of subtraction, we see in many books published before the eighteenth century that it was written as a small horizontal stroke beneath the letters ms. Gradually it came to be written without the letters as we use it today.

The Powder in the Sea

It is calculated that in the depths of the sea, under 6,000 meters of water, there is a stratum of powder so infinitely fine that, were it broken in the fingers, it would penetrate the pores of the skin, this powder being made up of the remains of shells and the skeletons of little animals and plants. Each cubic centimeter of slime (or mud) that covers the bottom of the ocean contains the remains of ten thousand millions of organisms, each one of which is structurally as individual as the human body.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED by
GEORGE HARVEY

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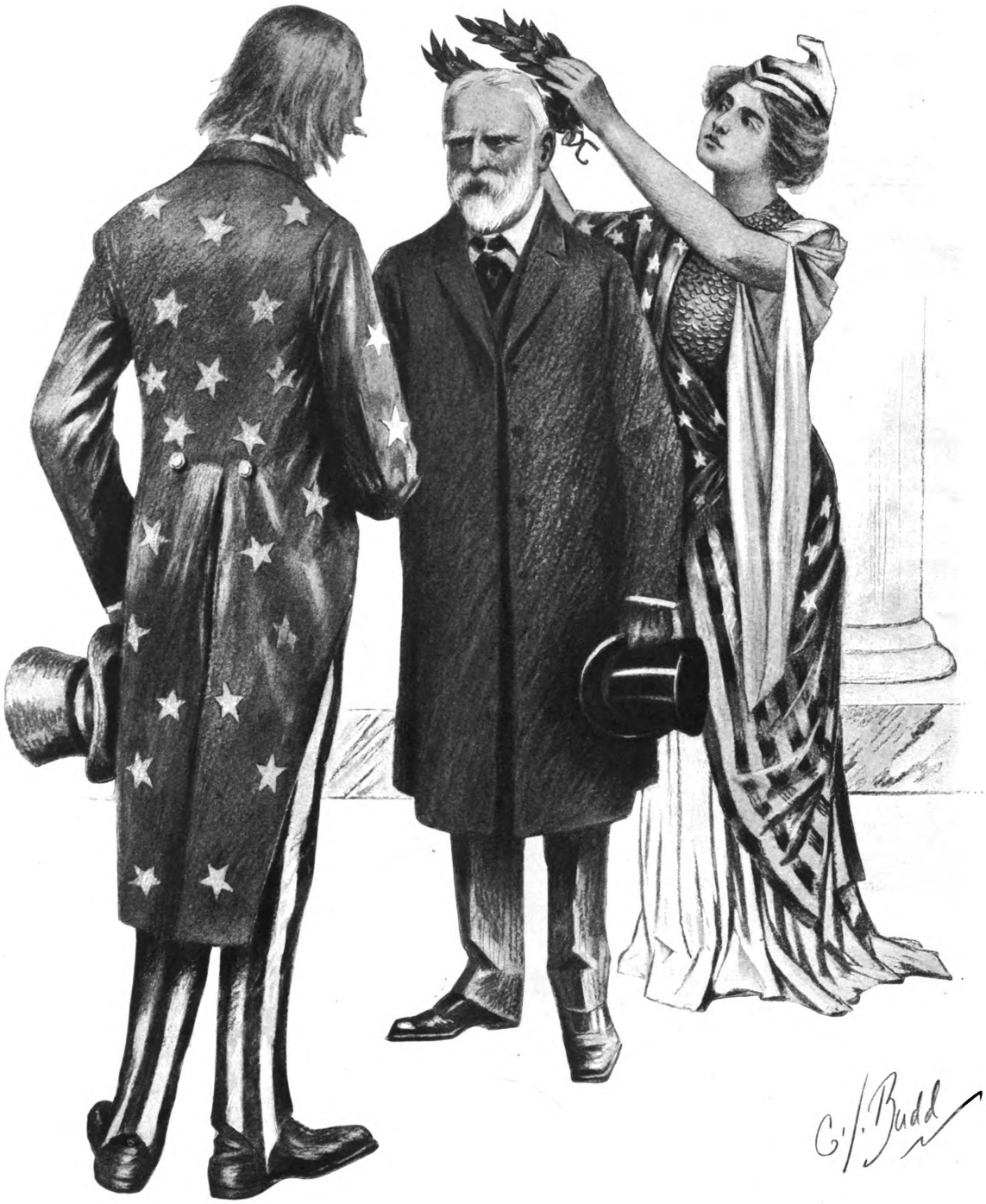

"GOOD-BY, AMBASSADOR, WE ARE SORRY TO HAVE YOU LEAVE US"

DRAWN BY C. J BUDD

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COMMENT

What Might or Might Not Have Been

THE Burlington *Hawkeye* says:

If President TAFT had been renominated by acclamation and if Colonel ROOSEVELT had advocated his re-election with might and main, what would have been the result?—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The editor of the WEEKLY knows the answer very well. The division in the Republican ranks created by ROOSEVELT was the only thing that defeated TAFT. Upon ROOSEVELT is all the burden. Had the Colonel come home from Africa a consistent friend to TAFT and to the party which had made him all he was, and which honored him rarely, he would have said to the progressives and insurgents who had begun their fight on TAFT: "Hands off, gentlemen. I have faith in President TAFT and in the party and in the people, and I propose to back them all up." Then had he given the same unswerving friendship and support to TAFT that TAFT had given him, and had he gone before the country in the behalf of his long-time friend, who was still the same as he had always been, this country would have listened to him and would have accepted Mr. TAFT at his true value. There would have been no question of TAFT'S renomination and re-election.

We wonder. No doubt it would have been a strong combination and hard to beat toward the end, when business began to perk up so that folks were disposed to let better enough alone. But the campaign would have been quite different. As it was, citizens voted for, or rather against, a certain candidate. If Mr TAFT had been running against Mr. WILSON and nobody else, the country would have divided on a single issue—the tariff. Our brother, the *Times*, says WILSON would have won handily; our Western cousin, the *Hawkeye*, says he wouldn't; and there you are. As for ourselves, we don't pretend to know, although frankly we doubt if we should have guessed at the result quite as confidently as we did under the circumstances that did exist. In fact, all things considered, we are disposed to think that all good Democrats who heeded our suggestion to add a few thanks to THEODORE on Thursday of the present week erred, if at all, on the safe side. Predestination shaped the result, as noted hitherto, but it would be manifestly niggardly to deny that the Bull Moose helped along.

Information for Republicans

It was an odd election in many ways. Brother BRYAN got an awful beating four years ago. And yet it is a simple fact that if he had been running this year and had polled the same number of votes in the various States that he obtained in 1908, his majority in the electoral college would have been 26 larger than WILSON'S. This is the way it works out:

STATES THAT WILSON CARRIED IN 1912 AND THAT BRYAN WOULD HAVE CARRIED ON HIS POPULAR VOTE IN 1908:

Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Idaho, adding Arizona and New Mexico, not voting in 1908, and California, where women voted for the first time.

Electoral votes for each.....417

STATES THAT WILSON CARRIED AND THAT BRYAN WOULD HAVE LOST:

Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine.

Additional electoral votes for WILSON..... 29

STATES THAT BRYAN WOULD HAVE CARRIED AND THAT WILSON LOST:

Pennsylvania, Utah.

Additional electoral votes for BRYAN..... 42

TAFT carried against WILSON:

Utah, Vermont 8

TAFT would have carried against BRYAN:

Massachusetts, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wyoming 38

ROOSEVELT carried against WILSON:

Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Washington, South Dakota 77

ROOSEVELT would have carried against BRYAN:

Michigan, Minnesota, Washington..... 34

SUMMARY

Wilson 446	Bryan 459
Roosevelt 77	Roosevelt 34
Taft 8	Taft 38
Wilson's majority...361	Bryan's majority....387

All of which, though of no particular importance at this late day, may nevertheless possess an interest for Republicans who are now being informed that, if they truly repent, they may yet enjoy the distinguished honor of being "absorbed" by the exultant ROOSEVELT party.

Some Reflections of Mr. Root

The Republican whale may be badly diseased, but some lumps of ambergris that came ashore from it are mighty well worth picking up. Here is one that was part of the flotsam of the Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York on November 21st:

I have been thinking, passing beyond and behind all the issues that we have been discussing, whether underlying them all we can answer in the affirmative or the negative a crucial question, and that is this: Are we advancing in our capacity for self-government? Are we maintaining our capacity for self-government?

All the rest is unimportant compared with that. If we have the spirit of true self-governing people, whichever way we may decide these questions of the moment we come through right. Whatever we do about the tariff or about the trusts or about the railroads or about wages or about corporations or whatever we do about any of the issues of the American for the American people, if we have at heart the true spirit of a free self-governing democracy they come through right.

That little chunk of dispassionate disquisition proceeded from one of the gentlemen whom our Bull Moose brethren have pictured to us so vehemently during the last four months as belonging to the penitentiary, and as political porch-climbers whom it was a scandal to have go at large. It was Senator ROOT who spoke these words, and timely they are when so many more or less clamorous citizens seem possessed with the notion that laws are to shape the people rather than the people the laws. To get the people right and keep them so is the great necessity. "It is the blood that makes the laws, not the laws the blood."

Mr. ROOT pleaded for self-governing people, for that which "makes men self-controlled, which makes every man competent and willing to govern his impulses by the rule of declared principle."

He went on:

Our life has become so complicated, the activities of our country so numerous and so vast, that it is very difficult for us to understand each other. The wheat farmers understand each other, the importers understand each other, the bankers understand each other, but there are vast masses of the people of our country who totally misunderstand other great masses of our people.

There are hundreds of thousands of people outside the great industrial communities who think you are a den of thieves, there are hundreds of thousands of people who think that the manufacturers of the country are a set of confidence men.

Why, we have before us now great and serious questions regarding the financial problems of the country, and this is what stands in the way of their solution. It is that the men that understand the finances of the country, the bankers and the merchants, are under suspicion.

Great bodies of people will not accept what they say regarding the subject of finance, a subject complicated by all the currents and movements of finance throughout the world. They will not accept what the experts say, what the men who understand the subject say, because they do not believe their motives are honest. So that the only man that can be heard is the man who does not understand the subject.

It is a bad case when the only man who can be heard is the man who does not understand the subject. There has been much of that. It is to offer Mr. ROOT such consolation as there is in the fact that we have elected a President who is believed to understand several very important subjects, and to have capacity for understanding others, and who is less distrusted than any President-elect of recent times, and who can be heard.

Canal Tolls and Honor

Another matter Mr. ROOT took up; a matter in which he is an expert; the matter of the treaties and the canal tolls.

Congress has passed a law freeing coastwise ships from tolls in the Panama Canal. Great Britain thinks that that is a violation of treaties. Congress thinks not. We have a treaty with Great Britain which binds us to arbitrate questions arising from the interpretation of treaties, but there is a pretty strong indisposition to submit the terms of this particular treaty to arbitration. As to that Mr. ROOT feels strongly. He said to the New York merchants:

I say to you that if we refuse to arbitrate we shall be in the position of the merchant who is known to all the world to be false to his promises. With our nearly four thousand millions of foreign trade we shall stand in the world of commerce as a merchant false to his word. Among all the people on this earth who hope for better days of righteousness and peace in the future we shall stand, in the light of our multitude of declarations for arbitration and peace, discredited, dishonored hypocrites, with the fair name of America blackened, with the self-respect of Americans gone, with the influence of America for advance along the pathway of progress and civilization annulled, dishonored, and disgraced. No true American can fail to use his voice and his influence upon that question for his country's honor.

Here is a serious matter that has got to be settled and should be settled right. It has been the judgment of the WEEKLY that the law passed by Congress regulating the canal tolls does not violate the treaties. But we cannot be the judges in our own cause. If the objections of Great Britain and other nations are formally submitted, we should either arbitrate the question or else withdraw the tolls clause in the present law, and try to substitute for it one that will not need to be arbitrated. Such a clause Mr. ROOT could doubtless draw if any one can, and it is a service in which his abilities might very properly be enlisted. The matter is so inherently political, and political bias is so apt to insinuate itself even into arbitrations, that it would be well if it could be settled out of court.

But settled somehow it must be. We cannot afford in such a matter to settle back on the axiom that might makes right. That would not be consistent with self-government, which must include the disposition to put justice before self-interest.

Public Opinion and Financial Reform

While it is quite possible that the Democratic leaders may agree, after taking counsel, that the special session should confine itself to tariff revision, there is no reason why we should not all be looking ahead and preparing to help intelligently in other good works which we hope to see the party do for the country. For in these enterprises we all *can* help, even though we are not all leaders. We can help by contributing to the right sort of public opinion, for without the support of public opinion no administration can be sure of accomplishing anything that requires legislative action.

On this point our neighbor, the *Times*, makes a sound observation. Speaking of the extreme desirability of altering our financial system along certain lines, the *Times* says:

There is little reason to expect from Congress at present any practical action in this direction. There is not an effective public sentiment that demands it. That sentiment must be created by intelligent discussion.

Now, that remark is true enough of reforms in general, but it is especially and peculiarly true of this particular reform. The reason why there is not a strong general demand for it is simply that so few people have ever studied the subject at all. Among those who have, the sentiment is overwhelming; it is practically unanimous. But public finance is commonly regarded as a hard subject. The mass of us avoid it until a panic or something similarly catastrophic forces it upon our attention. All the more reason, therefore, for a sustained effort to get people to think about it while the times are favorable to wise and deliberate and dispassionate action. That, if we may be pardoned the allusion, is why we have so often recurred to it even when there was nothing in the newspaper head-lines about it.

However, there are some quite hopeful signs. The number of people who see plainly that something must soon be done about currency and banking seems to be increasing. We think, too, that there is improvement in the tone of such discussion as we are having; that it is growing fairer and less ignorant, less demagogic. To this gain we think Governor WILSON made a marked contribution in certain of his later speeches during the campaign. He repeatedly referred to the question as of the very first importance, and one that must be faced firmly and candidly, in an enlightened and scientific spirit. Evidently he deeply desires and

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hopes that it may be so faced, and rightly disposed of, during his Presidency. Surely that is an aspiration which all thoughtful Americans of all parties should be glad to help him realize.

Mr. Hepburn Contributes

What suggested the *Times's* observation and some of our own also was a brief but illuminating contribution to the subject made in a letter to the *Times* by Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, a former president of the New York Clearing House Association. Speaking, of course, out of personal knowledge and experience, Mr. Hepburn makes an exceptionally clear and succinct statement of the chief faults of our present system and the changes needed to correct them. Other authorities may perhaps differ from him as to the relative importance of these several evils and remedies, but there is no denying the reality of the evils.

Having in mind particularly our sufferings in panics, he puts first of them all the thoroughly dangerous way in which the present law forces the banks to keep their reserves. Each of them must keep its own cash reserve, and the result is that in time of stress and common danger there is no common fund for relief. Instead of provision for co-operation, there is the temptation, almost the necessity, to act at cross purposes on the disastrous principle of *sauve qui peut*. Such a common reserve, "under altruistic control," must clearly be a feature of any safe and scientific system.

The other two main evils which Mr. Hepburn discusses are, naturally, the inelastic character of our currency and the lack of any proper handling, such as the best modern systems all provide, for commercial paper. In dealing with the latter he makes the telling point that, while everybody recognizes the part played by clearing-house certificates in relieving recent panics, necessitated as it was by the law's failure to provide any other relief, it was absolutely illegal to use the certificates as many of them actually were used.

Excellent as we think Mr. Hepburn's letter is, no part of it will convey anything new or startling to serious and trained students of our finance. The difficulty is, as we began by saying, to get the matter clearly before the public in general. We cannot think, as some perhaps will, that in even quoting Mr. Hepburn's letter to that end we are making a mistake because, forsooth, Mr. Hepburn happens to be a banker. We cannot think the country will refuse to learn about this great question from any one of a large class of citizens whose duties have required them to know about it. If we are to handle it right, we must learn all we can about it from all sources. We must dismiss not class prejudice alone, but all prejudice. A sound system will be good for all classes. An unsound system, such as we now have, is not in the long run good for anybody.

The Short Session

Now for the final and perfunctory session of the already superseded Sixty-second Congress. We think of ourselves as a common-sense and up-to-date people, but the way we cling to this anomaly of our system would indicate that in the matter of stupid adherence to time-honored absurdities the older countries have nothing on us. In the discussion concerning a special session of the next Congress due emphasis was laid on the fact that ordinarily it is a year and a month after we elect a Congress before it enters on its duties, and there was general agreement that the practice is ridiculous. But it is not a bit more ridiculous than the practice of leaving both a Congress and a President in full control of our affairs for months after we have voted them out of power.

However, we may as well make the best of our usage as it stands, at any rate until we get up the energy to change it. It must be admitted that of late years neither Presidents nor Congresses have been disposed to make improper use of such illogical extensions of their tenure. It has not always been so. At the beginning of the last century, after the election which drove the Federalists out of power, the Federalist Congress spent most of its days of grace creating new offices, and John Adams, the Federalist President, is said to have sat up till midnight of March 3d filling them with stanch Federalists. But that sort of partisan smartness did not pay. Nobody expects anything like it from President Taft and the Congress which will reassemble for its last session next week.

We may reasonably hope, instead, that little will be attempted beyond the legislation necessary to keep the country going and perhaps a few measures preparatory to the work of the Democratic Sixty-third Congress. The House is Democratic, anyhow, and that is enough to prevent any malicious action, even if any were intended—and we are quite sure President Taft, for one, does not intend or desire any.

In one respect, indeed, the short session may this time prove worth while. It will bring together in Washington the present Democratic leaders in Congress, nearly all of whom will continue to be leaders after March 4th. They will have abundant opportunity to take counsel together and to prepare a working programme for the next two years. The spirit of amity and conciliation they have so far displayed is admirable and encouraging, and the present session, if it promises little of actual achievement, has for that very reason the negative merit of not threatening to bring on occasions for a row.

The Southwest and Consumption

Some weeks ago we referred to a partial report in the newspapers of a letter from Governor Colquitt of Texas to various other Governors asking them to warn indigent consumptives not to come to Texas. The secretary of the Texas Anti-Tuberculosis Society kindly sends us the full text of the letter with extracts from some of the replies.

It does not appear that we did Governor Colquitt any injustice. As we conjectured, he bases his warning on the lack of provision in Texas for consumptives who haven't enough money. It is further supported by some resolutions of a "Southwestern Conference on Tuberculosis," held at Waco, Texas, last April, and by statistics showing the deaths from tuberculosis during a period of five and one-half years in "one Southwestern city" (name not given), of people born in other States, and also the number of bodies shipped back home for burial. As there are a number of very large resorts for tuberculosis in the Southwest the total of deaths, 848, is not very impressive, and we fail to see how the shipments of bodies illuminate the matter at all.

But to anybody who has studied the tuberculosis problem neither the letter, the resolutions, nor the statistics tell anything new. They simply give a painful explicitness to what is known already, viz., that there are more consumptives than there are proper quarters for them, that the indigent consumptive is not welcomed anywhere save only in the very few refuges provided by charity and administered by saints; that the merely self-supporting consumptive is also dreaded and repulsed by the vast majority of communities, and that only the rich consumptive is welcome practically everywhere. Texas and the Southwest do not need to defend themselves; they are exceptional only in so far as their climate makes them a mark for the immigration which they do not want. They are not exceptional in disliking to find the poor and sick on their door-steps. That repugnance is quite common in the East. It is almost universal—but not, thank God, quite universal.

The practical reflections are two. The first is, that the problem of consumption is national. It cannot be "localized," like the Balkan war. So long as we have the disease anywhere we shall have it everywhere; its victims will seek health wherever they please. We doubt if Governor Colquitt's letter deters a dozen of them from going to Texas this winter.

The second reflection is that in the present state of knowledge of the disease it is mainly a financial problem. The only approved method of cure is slow, and it is therefore costly. So are the methods of prevention. If the nation means to conquer this scourge, which is far more devastating than war, it must spend money at least as generously as it would to repel invasion.

Crowded

Bermuda is a smallish island, and seems a tight fit for President-elect Wilson, whose size has been considerably aggravated by recent events. The papers say he is the object of so much interest that he has to forego bicycling and walking, and confine himself to carriage exercise. That is too bad, but probably there is no help for it. The light that shines on the President-elect is a limelight, and hard to dodge. The choir will please sing:

> Those peaceful hours I once enjoyed—
> How calm their memory still!
> In sports and tranquil work employed
> While folks still stared at Bill!

"Life" and the Doctors

What's the matter with *Life*? Has it been sick and had to pay too big a bill for the indulgence? A professionally healthy and cheerful journal ought not to know much about doctors, but here is our neighbor devoting a whole number to them.

We are not worried about the doctors. We have occasionally been sick ourselves, and agree with *Life* that, as a rule, the profession is quite able to take care of itself. We are worried about *Life*. We don't like to think of its ever having had any such experiences as one would suppose to have inspired these particular gibes.

Good Seats for Subscribers

The Yale Athletic Association purposes to build a coliseum for the better observation of sports, and to that end has devised a financial plan the leading feature of which is thus set forth:

> The committee have recommended and the corporation have approved a financial plan based on the ticket-privilege contract, under which those subscribing have the right to apply for tickets to all games in the coliseum, paying therefor the regular price for the tickets and being assured seats in a reserved section, which is to be the best in the stand.
>
> A subscription of $1,000 or more secures the right to purchase not exceeding 10 tickets, which shall be located together.
>
> $900 secures the same right for 9 tickets;
> $700 secures the same right for 8 tickets;
> $600 secures the same right for 7 tickets;
> $500 secures the same right for 6 tickets;
> $400 secures the same right for 5 tickets;
> $300 secures the same right for 4 tickets;
> $200 secures the same right for 3 tickets;
> $100 secures the same right for 2 tickets.

This device of mortgaging the activities of Yale players still unborn to the providers of present cash is considerably ingenious, but let us keep ears to the ground until the news of it reaches the Yale proletariat.

Will not the proletariat rumble?

We guess it will.

The ticket privilege is assignable with consent of a committee. Whether it is inheritable, and so automatically perpetual, the circular does not say.

Hot Air

> Now for the other side. I am a surgeon, and have no sliding scale. Every operation of a certain kind justifies a fee of $50,000. If a man cannot pay it, I make him a present of the difference between that amount and what he may comfortably pay.—*Eminent Surgeon in the New York Times.*

Nonsense! Also impudence. Come off your high horse, leave off one cipher, and bring your statement down to the plane of discussion.

And here are some thoughts for you to consider.

If you are really an eminent surgeon, how did you become so?

Did you invent surgery, or did you come along and learn what your predecessors had discovered and apply your own skill to the practice of what they gave you?

And your education—how did you get it?

Mostly from charity. The schools in which you learned were maintained by funds provided by the benevolent or supplied by taxpayers; the hospitals in which you got your skill were built and maintained by the same means. The doctors who taught you what you know taught you not so much for fees as out of a sense of duty; because they felt they owed it to humanity to hand down surgical skill into fit hands for the public service. You are a charity scholar; most of us are, but you especially, and you especially are dedicated to the promotion of health and the relief of suffering. You are not an independent individual speculating in surgery for dollars. You are part of the apparatus of the twentieth century, in debt to your time, as all men are, and bound by its obligations.

Your suggestion that every patient for whom you do a difficult capital operation owes you fifty thousand dollars is enough to drive every self-respecting person from your doors. Who would wish to become the debtor of the author of an assumption so arrogant and so absurd!

Pensions for Presidents!

Mr. Carnegie, through his eleemosynary one-hundred-and-twenty-two-million-dollar Carnegie Corporation of New York, has provided pensions of $25,000 a year for ex-Presidents or their widows.

It needed doing; needed it badly; but it is to regret that Congress has always felt too pinched to attend to it.

There are still the needs of the ambassadors, and of widows and orphans of the United States Supreme Court, to be provided for.

It seems the Laird's present benevolence does not include provision for the future comfort of Mr. Roosevelt. That should be attended to. Possibly Congress may be induced to undertake it.

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The Untamed

SOME ten years or so ago a well-known American editor brought down reproaches on his head by stating that the day of great personalities was past, that hereafter we were to have only great parties, great causes, great groups of thinkers. Indeed, as the world grows fuller and communication becomes freer and easier, it is more difficult for a single character to stand out separate and heroic against the patient drab background of general humanity.

When one is lonely for great and untrammeled personalities, one turns back to the history of the Renaissance, to that period of the sudden emergence of the individual from the gloom of the Middle Ages. A day of gay living followed then the time of daily dying, and popes, princes, dukes, captains, warriors looked upon life as so much booty to be captured by cruelty or cunning, according to taste.

How one still yearns in the gardens of Salo, for example, over the tomb in the old Capuchin church, where the beautiful VITTORIA ACCOROMBONI laid the body of her beloved captor, the Duke PAOLO GIORDANE ORSINI, of Bracciano. Having strangled his first wife, ISABELLA DE' MEDICI, he had persuaded VITTORIA to escape from the dangers of the palace of Cardinal MONTALTO; and arranging likewise for the swift murder of her young husband, he made her the center of a brilliant court on the most beautiful of the Italian lakes. Here for five months the luckless young woman was happy, and after the Duke's death she luckily escaped the usual amenities of the age, such as being thrown into a dungeon to starve to death or being walled up in a tower like MARTIN II.'s mistress, whose remains are now supposed to be in the Scaliger Castle near Sermione. On the contrary, VITTORIA took refuge in Padua, where she dwelt in what she describes as "a sweet old palace" and comforted her soul by writing verses quite after the manner of the modern broken-hearted. So will the customs of one age encroach upon another!

Life in those days belonged to him who could claim and fight for his claim. It all seems quite different nowadays when one runs across the annals of a Renaissance figure in the midst of the nineteenth or twentieth century. A year or so ago the Macmillan Company brought out a translation of the biography of HELENE VON RACKOWITZA, in which one finds recorded again the tragedy of the great Social Democrat LASSALLE. These two were undoubtedly figures belonging to Renaissance days strayed into the wrong century. But it is a thrilling love-story, as is testified by the numerous books it evoked, BRANDES's *Life of Lassalle* and GEORGE MEREDITH'S *Tragic Comedians* among the more important.

If it is possible that the Princess's earlier book ever fell under MEREDITH'S eyes, one can fancy how her opening words appealed to the great English exposer of shams and sentimentalities. "My aim," writes the Princess, "is not to shock my readers, but to warn them of certain things in life which are better avoided, or maybe prove to them that after all the best thing life contains is courage and to uphold the truth." Her reminiscences, she says, "are written for independent souls"—as if any one in all the world were independent of any other soul!—"those who look forward to a time when each shall be able to form his own life according to his own individuality." The vivacious Princess, who in her old age took to shelter and theosophy, just as her prototype VITTORIA took to Padua and poetry, ended, it must be confessed, rather shabbily; wearing her soul out with small causes, giving her goods to tramps who betrayed her charity, and drawing a picture of New York life in the early eighties none could corroborate. Yet the opening of this life has all the Renaissance glamour and magnificence.

She had, this HELENE VON RACKOWITZA, what is called the fatal gift of beauty: masses of copper-colored hair, a fine, straight nose, ivory tints to her skin, subtle eyes, and a figure that made the Abbé LISZT stand still when he first saw her and exclaim: "Who is that woman? Who? Why don't I know her?" Then he offered to come the next day to the same studio and play—"there on that piano for that woman!"

SCHLESSINGER wrote an article about her entitled "It is I," for this was what she had written on the photograph she had given him. Indeed, it was a characteristic remark, for to the end the Princess was able always to recapture that pride of life which feels it adequate to say, "I am that I am." SCHLESSINGER tells a good deal about the golden gleam of her hair, the nervous, clever, energetic mouth, the delicate nose and eye that combined melancholy and tenderness. He quotes a Berlin friend who said: "She makes a great noise in the world, but she might have made three times as much and not be so calumniated if she had had, instead of that provoking color, ordinary dark hair."

The Princess was born in a narrow aristocratic circle. Her father had in him the blood of Vikings and to the end retained the tyrannous Viking temper. The mother boasted pure Semitic blood. They lived at the Court of MAX II. and LOUIS II. of Bavaria, or as their representatives at foreign courts. HELENE was the first child of this union, and had much of the exuberance and vitality so often the gift of a first child. She grew up in an atmosphere intellectual, artistic, brilliant; but, according to her own account, average goodness was not particularly considered in that circle. The mother was a beauty and very brilliant, but she seems to have lacked the especial endowment of motherliness. When her oldest daughter was about thirteen she contracted an engagement for her with an admirer of her own, a middle-aged Sardinian general whom the child feared and loathed. From the age of twelve she was taken to private balls and allowed to play the "grown-up." From this time, too, she was officially made love to. "A vivid temperament was mine," she writes. "Let me say at once that I was an excitable and unusual creature, wild and easily aroused—readily thrilled in all the senses—soaring heavenward, smitten with deadly depression."

This is hardly a safe temperament with which to meet the world unprotected, and the Princess HELENE seems to have received as little protection as possible from parents, lovers, or husbands. Dangerous and disastrous as was her endowment, she seems from childhood on to have made the impression of one who could take care of herself. She escaped the first unhappy marriage by the intervention of an affectionate grandmother, only after her grandmother's death to have the Prince RACKOWITZA thrust upon her by her parents. The prince was young, devoted, and gentle, and so beautiful as to go by the nickname of the "Indian Bacchus." The unhappy woman's life might have drifted into ordinary peace and shelter had not the magic name of LASSALLE struck upon her ears and imagination just at this time. He was introduced to her hearing as one who resembled her personally, who thought the same daring thoughts, who invented the same aphorisms, and was a great and imposing leader of men. "Barriers," she said to her dancing partner, "are for those who cannot fly," and he replied, "You must know LASSALLE; he says the same words." But she had invented the saying herself. Who was this man who thought her thoughts and forestalled her witticisms? He was a demagogue, so her world hastened to assure her, the thing most hated in society—a man concerned for the fate of society's slaves and lackeys. "He is a terrible man," said the kind grandmother. "He wants the rich to divide their property with the poor." "But so did Jesus Christ," responded the puzzled girl. Well, as the old woman said to the missionary, "All that is so long ago and so far away we may still hope it is not true."

At any rate, when HELENE had the opportunity to see LASSALLE she chose to watch him first from a place of hiding. He was talking to a group of men. She guessed which one he was. "He came into my life like a storm-wind that rushes over forests and plains and destroys all that is crumbling and effete." She listened to him talk, and finally, forgetting that she was in hiding, she burst out with a contradiction, a "No" to his assertion. "For one moment he stopped; the eagle glance of his commanding eye was directed upon me, then a smile crept over his classic features; and stepping up to me he said, softly: 'Ho, ho! So this is what she looks like. I thought so! It's all right! And "No" is the very first word I hear spoken by this mortal!'"

They were betrothed after the manner of the gods within the hour. LASSALLE'S idea was to be married the next day without the trouble or convention of delay, but she still wanted the little proprieties—society's consent, a wedding, and publicity. It was postponed till he could reach her parents. They met again at a ball. "LASSALLE is here to-night," said her partner. "Oh no, not yet," she answered. "I feel it when he comes." "And not yet," she murmured later on; and then, "Now he must be in the room; let us look for him." And a moment later he appeared in the doorway. Delays were renewed and more conventions considered. They met next at a "cure" in Switzerland. Once more LASSALLE begged that they should not wait on Fate; once more she begged for time. She left him, to be followed by three letters and six telegrams the same day. At last she returned to her home and he approached her parents. Every form of violent abuse was heaped upon him by her mother. "Now," said HELENE, taking his hand, "I am ready to go with you." "Thief," shrieked the mother, "you have stolen my child!" And LASSALLE, with the grand manner, handed her back to her parents, vowing he would only take her from their hands. HELENE was locked up and tortured quite in the medieval way, though this happened only about sixty years ago. LASSALLE challenged the father to a duel. The Indian Bacchus offered to fight in the father's stead. He came to HELENE all softness and submission, professing his willingness to die in her behalf, and promising to shoot at the ground. He did. His ignorance of firearms alone was their undoing, for the recoil sent the bullet straight to LASSALLE'S heart. So ended one of the first great martyrs of the people's cause.

HELENE was dumb and broken. Her one wish was to escape her cruel parents and never to see them again. The Indian Bacchus alone pitied, apologized, and consoled. She knew him slowly dying, and he promised to take her out of her prison-house. She married him, nursed him faithfully five months, and then buried him. Surely this is the point at which one should say: "Now cracks a noble heart, Good night." Life, alas! has no dramatic instinct. It never knows when to ring down the curtain. HELENE VON RACKOWITZA lived on through a rather tawdry life and finally found solace for this incomprehensible world in the doctrines of Madame BLAVATZKY. She still lives in some obscure part of Russia, that home of the untamed. But it makes such delightful reading—her revolt, her trials, and her attempts—that one wonders if all the picturesque quality of life will be blotted out when we have conventionalized and civilized every one. What will one read about then?

ANATOLE FRANCE wrote one time a letter to Hamlet, whom he had seen on the Parisian stage the night before:

"I felt as I watched you a sad joy. That is a finer thing than a glad joy. I may tell you under my breath that your audience seemed to me somewhat distracted and light-minded. Pray, do not be sad or astonished at this. It was an audience composed of French men and women. You, on your side, failed to wear evening-dress; you carried on no amorous intrigue in high financial circles, and you did not wear a gardenia in your buttonhole. That was reason enough why the women in the boxes should cough and eat *marrons glacés*. How should your adventures touch them? For your adventures, dear Prince, were not *worldly* adventures; they were *human* adventures. You would force people to think sincerely, and that is a great mistake if you wish to interest them. . . . For understand, in Paris in winter our interests turn naturally to pretty little things, worldly coquetries, and complicated, subtle matters. Feeling is exalted and purified only, I think, in the fecund leisure of wide country scenes and by the sweeping horizon of the spread-out meadows and great seas."

If only in great forests and by the unpeopled seas we may hope for great, untrammeled thoughts and feelings, should we not send in a petition to our next President to reinstate GIFFORD PINCHOT, that we may have a little space preserved for the great untamed?

Correspondence

THE THIRD TERM

WASHINGTON, D. C., *November 11, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just finished your editorial pages in the latest WEEKLY, and needless to say have enjoyed them thoroughly, as I have most of the others throughout the campaign. I was particularly gratified to note what you said about the anti-third-term sentiment in the country. But, alas, much as I would like to agree with you I cannot bring myself to believe that the sentiment is as strong as you have intimated.

I have watched carefully, almost jealously, in the two campaigns of the year for signs of this sentiment among the people at large; have kept an eye on the editorial utterances of the papers and magazines, speeches of candidates, and arguments in other forms; have strained my ears here in my own neighborhood for sounds of a protest against a third term, sometimes venturing timidly to broach the subject myself, though shrinking from the almost certain answer. And withal I must candidly admit that so far as I can see the American people care very little about the third-term tradition, or care so much about a multitude of other matters that the anti-third-term feeling is buried; but the result is the same. In the Republican preconvention campaign there was no evidence that the third term played any part in influencing the vote, except only in Massachusetts—dear old Massachusetts!—and perhaps in Maryland. The argument was not made particularly prominent by Mr. Roosevelt's opponents and was seldom or never elaborated on. If he had been nominated at Chicago I think there is hardly a doubt but that he would have been elected to his third term. And even as it was, some 4,000,000 of our citizens stood ready to cast the cherished tradition to the winds and presumably give their idol as many terms as he might ask for.

No, I cannot sense any particular feeling in regard to the tradition among the masses of the people. Personally I regard the third-term issue as by far the most vital and important of the campaign. When Mr. Taft was nominated I felt a sense of relief almost as great as if a foreign enemy had been driven away from our shores. And much as I rebel against the things which Barnes, Penrose, and Crane stand for, I felt like holding out both hands to them and thanking them for a genuine patriotic service to the country. That service, whatever its animus, covered a goodly number of sins. But I am in a small—I am afraid, a very small—minority. A few of us here and there feel the tradition as one of the foundation-stones of the Republic underneath our feet, and are filled with alarm at every blow that loosens it—believe, in fact, that we understand something of how the patriots of the old republics felt when the fighting popular Roosevelts of their day threatened the existence of their governments. Yet it is perhaps this very solicitude that leads me to understand how little most American people care. Their attitude generally is expressed in the answer I nearly always received when with fear and trembling I broached the third-term subject.

"Oh, that doesn't bother me at all!"

Depressing as it may be, is this not the case?

I am, sir,

OTTO WILSON.

THE NEW CRY

SPOKANE, WASH., *November 6, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We have had many excellent cartoons on the Bull Moose. Now let us have one on the Va-Moose.

I am, sir,

J. M. CORBET.

VICKSBURG, MISS., *November 8, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Prior to the late Presidential election Roosevelt styled himself the Bull Moose. His overthrow suggests the transposition, thus Roosevelt. Va-Moose.

I am, sir,

JNO. BROWN.

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OUR NEW INDUSTRIAL CONSERVATION

BY ROBERT SLOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND L. THAYER

I.—The "Get Together" Idea

THERE exists in this land a Committee on Industrial Relations, composed of fifty-three men and women eminent in different sorts of work for social betterment. Last February they got a bill before both Houses of Congress providing for the establishment of a Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, to investigate and report annually for three years. Its nine members will be representative of capital, labor, and the public, and their work will cost half a million dollars. The President has urged the measure in a special message. The ex-President has indorsed it editorially. A number of thoughtful people are besieging Congress about it. It is fairly certain to go through during the incoming administration.

What is there to investigate? The bill provides that the commission shall inquire into "the effect of industrial conditions on public welfare, and into the rights and powers of the community to deal therewith." We have had previous investigations into various acute conditions for the purpose of ascertaining their effect upon labor or capital. This is our first for the benefit of the public. Its aspect is new.

"No use," says the pessimist; "conditions have become so utterly bad they can't be cured by law." "Conditions were never better," differs the optimist, "and legislative tinkering will only retard the onward sweep of improvement." With most of us pessimism and optimism are little more than inert sentiments. If there are industrial conditions that are wasteful of the public welfare, and if we as a nation can understand and eliminate them, the effort will spell national conservation of industry—and conservation is not a sentiment; it is a business proposition.

What needs to be conserved, then? "Industrial peace" will be the immediate answer of even the most casual observer of the events of 1912. England has been the theater of the most stupendous strike in history. It threw 1,040,000 miners out of work during an aggregate of nearly 25,000,000 working-days, which lost to them at least that many millions of dollars in wages. Before the strike was a month old nearly all the pig-iron furnaces, sheet-steel and tin-plate mills were at a standstill, and upward of 300,000 more men were idle. Four-fifths of the men in the potteries had ceased to earn wages; a fourth of the brick-workers had nothing to do, and many more were on part time. So we might go down the list of seamen, fishermen, coal-trimmers, porters, dock-laborers, and the like. Even in the textile industry $350,000 was lost to labor before the end of the strike. At its close there was fully five times as much unemployment in England as at its beginning—and that exclusive of the striking miners. It would be difficult to estimate the total loss to the country in unmined coal and curtailed production of wealth in other industries. The strike cost England quite as much as if she had been at war with a foreign power. Our own strike of 173,000 anthracite-coal miners has cost about $16,000,000 in wages, $18,000,000 in unmined coal, and a like amount in lost transportation—a neat total of $52,000,000 that must be paid by the people, and there is no way of getting out of it.

The same thing happens in every strike or lockout. Both sides dispute more or less violently, while the public looks on and loses money. Then, after the money is lost, a settlement is reached—till next time. Certainly self-interest dictates that the people should raise an intelligent voice in industrial disputes. But how?

Not many of us would care to have Congress settle each strike or lockout as it occurs. England's minimum-wage act was not received with satisfaction by either miners or operators; it is doubtful if she will again attempt such legislation. Yet if England could have investigated last February, instead of last March, and found that some act of Parliament was the only thing that would prevent her coal strike, how greatly she would have conserved her public welfare! If the United States can investigate and find just the right legislation to prevent or even minimize industrial warfare, how greatly it will increase the national prosperity!

Theoretically we should have the "rights and powers" to do this. The community consists of Capital and Labor and the Rest of Us. If some of us begin to quarrel we should be able to say, "You must settle your differences without throwing the rest of us out of work and generally costing us money." But that cannot be prevented if differences are to continue being settled by strikes and lockouts. Can they be prevented, lawfully, practicably, and permanently—and how? That is one of the big questions the Commission on Industrial Relations will have to answer.

We cannot forbid strikes and lockouts. Compulsory arbitration has been tried and found futile. If either side refuses to abide by the final award, the battle has been merely delayed, since we all have the right to quit work. Fortunately the commission will not have to confine its investigations to this blind circle. There is another approach to the problem along which much quite recent valuable, and above all voluntary human experience has been acquired. It is based upon the old common-sense principle that when people begin to dispute they should, if possible, be induced to get together, talk over their differences sensibly, and try to reach a settlement without coming to blows. Upon this principle civilization is supposed to be based. How have we applied it to industry?

Massachusetts was first to apply it by law, founding in 1886 a State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation. Its three members, representative of capital, labor, and the people, are maintained permanently at an annual public expense of about $10,000. Upon request of both parties to an industrial dispute the board may arbitrate, though its findings are made valid only by acceptance on both sides. In the absence of a request for arbitration it is the duty of the municipal authorities throughout the State to notify the board of any disputes. The board then investigates and makes public a report recommending terms of settlement. New York was quick to follow Massachusetts with a permanent board whose functions were limited to the investigation of disputes and an effort to induce both parties to appoint arbitrators of their own. Either permanent or potential boards on similar but by no means uniform lines have now been created by law in twenty-two of our States, and their common problems are discussed annually by the International Association of State Boards of Arbitration and Mediation.

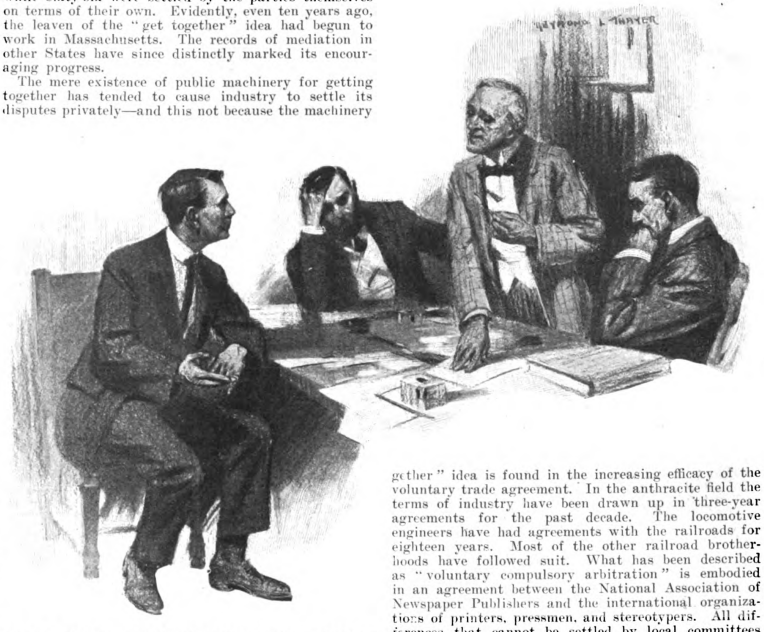
The Massachusetts Board, during the first six years of its existence, had one hundred and eighty-eight cases before it. In sixty-five of these the board either took no action or its action was without effect. In forty-seven cases the board was requested to arbitrate, and in every case the award was accepted. In the remaining cases, as a result of the board's investigations, ten were settled on terms suggested by the board, while sixty-six were settled by the parties themselves on terms of their own. Evidently, even ten years ago, the leaven of the "get together" idea had begun to work in Massachusetts. The records of mediation in other States have since distinctly marked its encouraging progress.

The mere existence of public machinery for getting together has tended to cause industry to settle its disputes privately—and this not because the machinery stepped outside the law, offering its services unasked. They were accepted by both sides. In addition to this, during the same period the board's informal aid has been asked in forty-eight controversies which were settled without either arbitration or strikes. The total railroad mileage on which the board has kept peace in the last five years amounts to more than half a million—enough to tie up the entire country twice over.

Equally significant is the record of the Conciliation Board in the anthracite-coal region. This was voluntarily created by the operators and the miners upon recommendation of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission of 1902. Each side bears half the expense of this permanent board of six, on which each is equally represented. In case of a deadlock a Federal judge of the circuit court is asked to name an umpire. Two of these conciliators hear local grievances and complaints in each of the three districts of the region. If a difference is not thus settled it is referred to the full board, whose decisions are retroactive. For a decade the board has averted all strikes in the anthracite field till this year. It has decided 200 cases, while between two and three times that many grievances have been settled by the district members. During the first three years 150 cases came before the full board; during the second three years, only 23; and in the last three years, 29. Evidently the existence of this machinery has brought about a better understanding.

Further evidence of the spread of the "get together" idea is found in the increasing efficacy of the voluntary trade agreement. In the anthracite field the terms of industry have been drawn up in three-year agreements for the past decade. The locomotive engineers have had agreements with the railroads for eighteen years. Most of the other railroad brotherhoods have followed suit. What has been described as "voluntary compulsory arbitration" is embodied in an agreement between the National Association of Newspaper Publishers and the international organizations of printers, pressmen, and stereotypers. All differences that cannot be settled by local committees must be submitted to the national board of the industry. It is further agreed that if the men strike anywhere locally without arbitrating their grievance their places must be filled by the union itself. Thus relations are not strained by the introduction of strike-breakers into a situation. This agreement has preserved harmony in the newspaper field for five years.

Five years ago the locomotive engineers of an Eastern road made demands through the national brotherhood. The board of directors were willing to treat with their own men, but refused to recognize the organization. A strike seemed certain till one of the directors, on his own account, conferred with the representatives of the brotherhood. He found them inclined to be fair, and he induced his fellow-directors to settle the matter with them, because he saw that a bargain thus made was more likely to be kept than if made directly with the men. That director was J. Pierpont Morgan, and his opinion has been borne out by the record of the brotherhood in general. In 1903 the guards on New York's subway trains struck for higher pay. The other employees struck in sympathy, among them the motormen—in flagrant violation of



Under a standardized "get-together" system conspirators for private ends would be quickly discredited

is discredited, but because it has taught industry wisdom. Of this fact our only national mediation law gives evidence. As early as 1888 the Federal law provided for the appointment of boards to arbitrate industrial troubles on our interstate railways. Ten years later came the Erdman Act establishing a National Mediation Board whose aid could be invoked by either side to induce formal arbitration, or merely to help clear the atmosphere of any railroad controversy. In the year of its enactment the law was invoked by labor, but the railroad could not be induced to arbitrate. The men struck and won. For eight years thereafter the Erdman Act lay idle on the statute-books. Then at the end of 1906 its aid was sought by the Southern Pacific, too late, however, to avert a strike, though the dispute was finally arbitrated. For the past five years the existence of the mediation board has prevented any wide-spread strike on our railroads. It has secured the formal arbitration of a dozen serious disputes, and this year has

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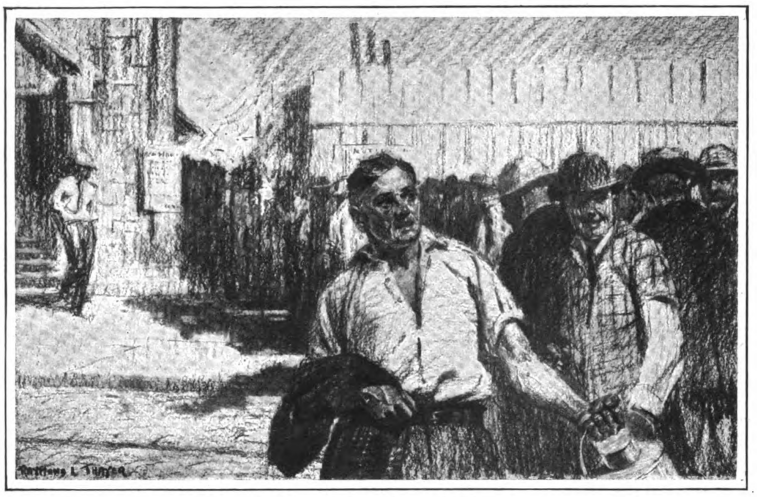
an agreement they had made through the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Chief Warren F. Stone came quickly and quietly upon the scene and, without saying a word to the motormen, revoked their charter as a brotherhood organization, leaving the 391 motormen to bargain by themselves about their return to work. The existence and wise use of its power has made the brotherhood exemplary as a labor organization that keeps its word.

The pressmen of a prominent publisher struck last spring in Chicago and San Francisco. This was in violation of their national agreement. The president of their international union, however, ordered a general sympathetic strike in all the cities where this publisher had newspapers. Chicago was curtailed of news for a few days. In New York the pressmen's local union met and refused to strike in violation of their agreement. In Los Angeles the same thing occurred. Seeing this, the men in Atlanta who had gone out returned to work.



We cannot forbid strikes and lockouts

Under a standardized "get together" system conspirators for private ends would be quickly discredited. That the converse is true we have had abundant evidence in the past. The late strike in the anthracite region is settled; the chief condition that brought it about is not. The four-year agreement that ended it was made between the association of operators and the United Mine Workers of America. Only about 40,000 of the 170,000 miners in the region belong to this union, yet they derive the benefits of its bargaining and of the Conciliation Board, half of whose expenses the union pays. The union wants the operators to make membership compulsory by collecting dues from the wages of all miners and turning them over to the union. Naturally the operators do not want to make a "closed shop" of the region. They know that the last strike would not have been settled so soon if the treasury of the union had not been so low. Why should they help to unionize all the unskilled foreigners in the region, divided by race hatreds as they are. Yet the union is the one thing in the region that makes it possible for the operators to hold these foreigners to a business bargain. Without the union there would have been no award of 1902 as a basis for bargaining, and no Conciliation Board to keep peace for ten years.

It is to the public interest that neither employer nor employee shall have the upper hand in bargaining if bargains are to be kept. Likewise the public has a right to demand that powerful combinations of capital and labor shall not be able to get together and quietly "put anything over" on the public itself. The railroads are powerful; so is the national brotherhood that controls absolutely ninety per cent. of the skilled locomotive engineers of the country. With this power it was able last year, by peaceful discussion, to add $50,000,000 to the pay-rolls of the roads in one large section. Its reason was that the cost of living had increased, while wages had not. But the rest of us have to pay that fifty million. What about our cost of living?

The Erdman Act does not protect the public from costly bargaining in the peaceful railroad industry. The Interstate Commerce Commission protects the public from unfair and unreasonable railroad rates. In the dispute of this year the railroads wanted the reasonableness of the brotherhood's demand for an eighteen per cent. raise in wages submitted to the commission for arbitration. The men refused. "Either they did not think the commission would give them a square deal or they did not want a square deal," says the *Railway Age*. What they wanted least of all was to have their "raise" thus publicly and formally passed along to the people by the commission. The new Federal Liability Act now before Congress provides that compensations paid by the railroads for injury to employees shall be reckoned as operating expenses by the commission in deciding rate questions. The railroads would like to have wage settlements made by a permanent board of arbitration whose findings should be similarly binding on the commission.

The motive of the railroads in this is merely to promote enlightened public opinion, and it is a just motive. A raise of eighteen per cent. to locomotive engineers is already binding on the consideration of the commission, since its decisions upon requests of the railroads to raise rates are invariably based on the question whether operating expenses warrant the change—and wages are sixty-three per cent. of the operating expense of railroads. Formal publicity in such matters is just what is needed and what is lacking, and it must produce an enlightened public opinion that will prevent industrial conditions from having a bad effect on public welfare. Our opinion has too long been that we don't blame any one for getting all he can. The investigations of an industrial commission are likely to make us blame only those that are getting more than they are entitled to.

Even from this brief review, who can escape the conclusion that industrial conservation is a big subject, and that we have a great deal to find out about it? Half a million dollars would be a cheap price for knowing how to improve our machinery in the one sphere of prevention of open battle. The commission will find that the work of the State boards of conciliation so far has been rather remedial than preventive. In the Lawrence strike the Massachusetts Board was helpless because neither side asked its services. Congress was about to investigate, and not till the State legislature sent a special committee did mediation begin. "Why didn't you come before the strike?" asked the foreign operatives.

There is great need for a model mediation law to be uniformly adopted throughout the States. "Striking" illustration of this was given as long ago as 1909, when the seamen on our Great Lakes went out in a body. The arbitration and conciliation boards of six Lake States met in joint conference at Chicago, Detroit, and Cleveland, and found that they could do nothing, since their legal powers were so vague and divergent. The Erdman Act applied only to the railroads. So the strike went on, with no State or national machinery to stay it.

The commission will find that we are considerably behind the times in this respect. Not behind Europe. But while we have been complacent about that fact there has been in existence at our very doors what President Eliot calls "the best piece of industrial legislation in the world." It is the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. It imposes a heavy fine on any one who participates in a strike or lockout in any industry or public utility until a committee of three, representing the disputing parties and the public, shall have investigated and published a report of the conditions out of which the dispute arose, an opinion as to its merits, and a recommendation as to how it may best be settled. After this full publicity the disputants may strike or lock out to their heart's content.

A request from either side causes the Minister of Labor to appoint a committee of three chosen by the disputants, if they can agree on one, otherwise by the Minister. Thus the machinery gets immediately to work. Each dispute is investigated by men familiar with the industry involved; they have no power to arbitrate; they may never be appointed again; no committee can assume or acquire the authority and traditions of a permanent tribunal. All that they can officially achieve is publicity of the facts. Publicity discredits unjust employers and unscrupulous labor-leaders. Canada is remarkably free from strikes and lockouts. The United States would do well to ponder over the Dominion's policy of publicity and non-interference in industrial quarrels.

THE WANING OF THE CRESCENT

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

With sword and standard shriven
War from the mountains broke;
The mitrailleuses spoke,
The hills by flame stood riven,
The villages were smoke.

The old, half-blinded eagles
That swam athwart the sun
Marked down red valleys run
Black Slaughter's unleashed beagles,—
Hind, shepherd, myrmidon.

Along the white roads ranging,
They saw strange serpents writhe;—
Like grain beneath the scythe,
Steel-ridged battalions changing
To musket-laughter blithe.

They saw the fires incessant
Like scarlet banners toss—
Pawns of imperial loss!—
Fanged star and livid crescent
Ride out against the cross.

Like monks the peaks stood leaning
Over the roar and hum.
Time spake: "The hour is come!"
His thin voice, intervening,
Struck all the nations dumb.

In Thrace the paths of pillage
Ran like a sentence red;
The wolf was strangely fed
Within the shattered village
And howled above the dead.

Afar with turrets gleaming
By the swart Bosphorus,
Lean, old, yet valorous,
Stamboul, in evil dreaming,
Lay still and ominous.

O'er the black town and water,
O'er dome and minaret,
Banned by the planets' threat,
And dark with ancient slaughter,
The horned moon waned and set.

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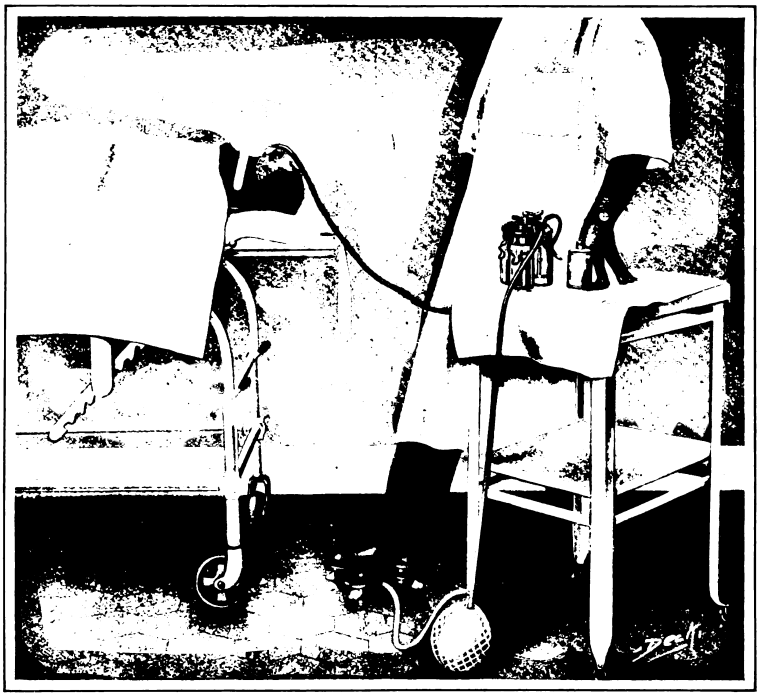
MAKING OPERATIONS SAFER

Some new Methods in the Administration of Anesthetics which have Removed the Risks and Dangers of Ether Poisoning

BY WILLIAM CAVAN WOOLSEY, M.D.

MOST individuals whose misfortune requires them to undergo a surgical operation entertain only the most vague idea as to what that part of the operation called anesthesia really is. Certainly few, if any, realize that next to the actual operation itself the state of surgical sleep into which a patient is placed before operation holds the greatest possibilities for good or evil in the whole procedure. To such an extent is this true that the writer has not once but many times heard surgeons say that were they to be operated upon their first thought would be, "Any one of many surgeons may do the operation, but who will anesthetize me?"

The demand for special skill in administering anesthetics has given rise to what are known as professional anesthetists, men whose whole time is devoted to the study and perfection of anesthesia in general. Every reputable hospital in England has for some years had its attending anesthetist just as it has attending surgeons, physicians, etc., and gradually the hospitals of this country, recognizing the value of such a department in surgery, have added to their staff one or more professional anesthetists. This is the first important step in modern surgical anesthesia.



The up-to-date anesthetist and his patient. Air is pumped into the bottles and thence into the patient's nostrils, the quantity of ether admixed being regulated by a valve

Ether, chloroform, and nitrous oxide, or "laughing-gas," are the agents in common use to-day for the purpose of inducing surgical sleep, or anesthesia. Ether is the most commonly used agent, nitrous oxide mixed with oxygen the lightest or most evanescent one, and chloroform the most dangerous, this latter being altogether more poisonous than the others, except perhaps in torrid climates where rapid vaporization makes ether less effective and chloroform less poisonous.

The idea that anesthetics are administered before a surgical operation only to relieve the patient of pain is not altogether correct, for many operations could not be performed without the absolute relaxation of muscles and absence of reflex action which is part of the general anesthetic state.

In order to understand the effect of anesthetics one may consider them as drugs taken by means of the lungs instead of the stomach and requiring a given dose to be administered constantly, as long as the state of anesthesia is required by the surgeon, this given dose being just sufficient to deaden or render insensible that part of the nervous system which controls the body sensations and muscular power.

Since ether was discovered to be suitable for general anesthetic purposes in 1842, until within a very few years, it has suffered from an evil reputation with patients despite its indescribable beneficence. This reputation has been due in no small degree to the manner of its administration. The liquid ether has been poured or dropped on a sponge or other absorbent material and the sponge placed in a glass, metal, or rubber container called a cone. This in turn was placed more or less insistently and abruptly over the mouth and nose and inhalation of the suffocating fumes forced until unconsciousness ensued. Such a proceeding had everything to make it intolerable to the sufferer, and was endured only to afford escape from a greater horror, the pain of operation. To-day, as in all branches of medical science, study and experiment have developed the art of administering an anesthetic to a much higher plane of efficiency, safety, and comfort.

Modern surgical anesthesia implies first the selection of the proper anesthetic agent and manner of administration particularly demanded by the nature of the operation to be performed and physical type of patient to be dealt with. This necessity for selection in anesthesia implies a well-recognized truth—namely, that no one anesthetic agent nor one manner of administering it is best suited to all types of individual and kinds of operation.

The most frequent call upon the anesthetist is for what is known as a straight ether narcosis or anesthesia—that is, an anesthesia in which ether alone is used from the beginning to the end of the operation. Modern anesthetic knowledge dictates that, instead of dropping the ether on a sponge or gauze directly over the patient's mouth and nose, it be vaporized at a distance from the patient and conveyed in the form of a gas through rubber tubing to a mask placed on the face or to small rubber tubes inserted in the nose of the patient. This vapor anesthesia, as it is called, is a distinct step in advance for the following easily comprehended reasons: First, and foremost, it eliminates the element of intense cold that is always present when ether is evaporated directly in the patient's breathing-space, which cold has been so often responsible for bronchitis and pneumonia after operation; secondly, this vapor procedure administers the ether in a much less concentrated and therefore less irritant form. When operations are conducted about the face and neck it allows the anesthetist to carry on his work without being in danger of infecting the surgically clean operating field, or being otherwise in the way of the surgeon. It has greatly enhanced the possibility of starting an ether anesthesia with a reasonable degree of comfort and without the stage of intoxication which has characterized ether heretofore.

What has become known as the essence of orange-ether sequence is a special application of this vapor principle in which the essence of sweet orange is utilized so to saturate the sensitive nerves of smell that, when the weakest of ether vapor is turned on from the vaporizer, the patient has difficulty in telling where the orange leaves off and the ether begins. To any one with personal experience this apparently simple feature can hardly help but appeal, for the sense of suffocation and strangling coincident with many ether anesthesias can hardly be described.

The apparatus for thus conducting an ether anesthesia will be seen on the table next to the anesthetist. It consists of some form of bottles properly graduated and arranged with valves for regulating the percentage of ether generated, from a nearly imperceptible strength to that necessary for the most resistant subject. One bottle is usually for hot water, in which is placed the essence of orange, and in passing through which the ether is washed free of certain undesirable impurities; a second bottle is for the ether, and a third for chloroform or some special use. Air is pumped into the bottles from a foot or electric-motor pump or compressed-air tank, and is directed through the water laden with the essence of orange or through the ether, as occasion demands, by turning a valve on top of the bottles; from the bottles the vapor is conveyed to the patient's mouth or nose. The orange-scented air is administered first, and then the ether, so that when a compressed-air tank or electric motor is used the anesthetist has nothing to do but watch his patient's condition and occasionally change the ether-valve for more or less of the drug.

Every ill effect of ether anesthesia is materially lessened by such procedure; vomiting, which was the rule, has now become the exception; cases that have heretofore been the stumbling-block of every anesthetist present little further difficulty. For example, those individuals characterized by increased avoirdupois, full-bloodedness, short, fat neck, and poor breathing capacity, or those who use alcohol or tobacco to excess, early in ordinary anesthesia develop obstructive difficulties of respiration that prevent the anesthetist from giving enough anesthetic to produce the desired depth of sleep. In the alcoholic and tobacco habitués the adaptation of the body to these habits renders the subject less susceptible to the narcotic effects of ether. Larger dosage is required, and larger dosage means greater poisoning. The vapor technique eliminates most of the difficulty of such cases.

The second form of anesthesia which the anesthetist may choose to meet certain requirements of the case in hand is nitrous oxide and oxygen. Laughing-gas has been used for years by dentists for the very temporary sleep necessary for dental work. Recent progress has seen the field of laughing-gas extend from use for short anesthesias to that for long operations of two hours or more. Nitrous oxide used alone cannot thus be prolonged with safety, but, when mixed with a proper quantity of oxygen by an expert, on patients whom the professional anesthetist knows by experience to be suitable subjects for nitrous oxide, the belief at present is that it is the safest anesthetic known.

It is the most difficult procedure that the anesthetist has to perform, requiring every moment of his concentrated best skill, and, in addition, more or less complicated and expensive apparatus for the proper control of the gases employed. Nitrous oxide and oxygen is especially used for short operations, where the body resistance is lowered by disease or special objection to the use of ether is present.

The third form of anesthesia is distinctly modern and based on the discoveries of Doctor Meltzer, of the Rockefeller Institute. It is especially utilized for operations within the chest cavity or where extensive surgery must be performed about the throat and mouth, and is known by the term tracheal insufflation anesthesia. In this procedure the ether vapor is generated by means of air pumped through or over the liquid ether in a glass container, and, after being washed, warmed, and moistened by its passage through water in another glass container, it is conducted through a tube which has been previously inserted into the patient's trachea, or windpipe. This tracheal tube is introduced down to the point where the trachea divides into the bronchial tubes, and thus conducts the ether-laden air to the cells of the lungs, where it is absorbed by the blood. The excessive air, after filling the lungs, returns alongside the tracheal tube out through the mouth, and in so doing not only makes way for fresh air and ether, but by its constant return flow also keeps blood and foreign material of other kinds from dropping into the windpipe, where their presence would cause serious damage. The risk of overdistending the lungs is obviated by means of a mercury manometer, or safety-valve, which blows off the minute the internal pressure of the machine goes above twenty millimeters of mercury. Thus we have on the one hand a mechanism that partially carries on artificial breathing, conveys oxygen to the lungs, and conducts carbon dioxide away, and on the other a means of delivering the anesthetic vapor of ether directly to the absorbing surface of the lungs. The internal pressure of twenty millimeters of mercury which is constantly maintained within the lung allows the chest cavity to be opened without causing collapse of the lung, thus making possible and practical operations within the chest which heretofore have been done under enormous difficulty and danger.

The operating-room has no joy for any of us, but if it must come let it come shorn of as many dangers and discomforts as science can eliminate.

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A DESIGN OF FATE

BY GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CYRUS FOSMIRE

MISS TESSIE TURNER was ostensibly arranging the goods on her shelves (but in reality she was powdering one of the most delicately turned-up noses that ever turned up over a ribbon-counter) when the manager of the store came hurrying down the aisle, more or less impelled by an agitated Frenchman who was embellished with a black velvet waistcoat and a fancy tie. Arrived at Tessie's counter, the procession suddenly stopped, and Tessie found the Frenchman staring at her with a glance which can only be described as triumph.

"Ze ver-ee tint! Ze ver-ee measurements! Ze ver-ee everyt'ing!" he cried, and then exploded "Ah!"

"I'm glad you've found one," said the manager, dryly, and, turning to Tessie, he said: "This is Monsieur Viollet, the French designer, who has come

They tried every ink eradicator known

over to superintend the fashion exhibition in the auditorium up-stairs. One of his mannikins has disappointed him, and I wish you would go up-stairs and take her place as well as you can."

"It is," explained M'sieur Viollet, hurrying to the elevator with Tessie (while the manager dodged and went back to his private office and gave strict orders covering excited French gentlemen in black velvet waistcoats). "It is, Ma'm'selle, ah, ze most b'u'ful costume—exquis! A—what you call it?—an afternoon costume wiz hat and coat and everyt'ng—and all in a most charming blue and gold! It sounds t'eatrical—yes? But, oh, such delicacy—such refinement—such ravishing beauty! You will be a grand princess! You will make ze great sensation! You will see!"

Nor was M. Viollet greatly in error, for half an hour later when Tessie walked to the center of the auditorium stage (from under the admiring eyes and reverential hands of a corps of dressmakers and fitters) and was greeted by a respectfully attentive spotlight, such a gasp of admiration arose from the audience that M. Viollet found it hard to suppress tears of emotion.

"Rodin and Charpentier and Hugo would look down on me as a dressmaker," he muttered, in the wings, "and curl zere famous noses at ze mention of my name—and so would ze grand old masters, every one. But am not I, Gaspard Viollet, also a grand old master? For is zere any art which appeals to ze world as deeply as ze immemorial art of dress? Behold!"

And it must be confessed that Tessie was a sight worth going far to see when she swept to and fro across the stage, the spotlight following her, her nose lifted to the angle of exaltation, and looking altogether like a haughty young princess who was trying to break some young prince's heart. And when the lights went up she walked down the flight of steps and strutted up and down the auditorium aisle as though it were a palace lawn. Ah, but that was an hour of triumph for Princess Tessie! Grave matrons watched and admired her. Prospective brides followed her every move. Grandmothers of seventy looked, and grew reminiscent, and smiled a little and sighed a little and tenderly smiled again. Shop-girls of fifteen peeped down from the gallery until they were shooed away, round-eyed and breathless, by pursuing floor-walkers. But in the very climax of Tessie's triumph she began to feel a sense of disappointment which grew and flourished like the celebrated bay-tree.

"If only Eddie Stickney could see me now!" she thought. And the more she thought the more she wished, and the more she wished the more she thought, for Eddie Stickney was the young and progressive proprietor of Stickney's Stationery Store, less than three blocks away, and Tessie had other ambitions than to preside all her life over an unresponsive ribbon-counter. And so it happened that while she promenaded up and down the aisle, the focus of every eye, our haughty young princess was holding the following regal dialogue with herself:

"You will never get a chance at a fellow like Eddie Stickney again. You could afford to keep a girl, or a woman to do the wash, anyhow. And him with his handsome dark eyes and a business all his own!"

"Well, don't I know it?" she peevishly asked, and she turned and sauntered down the aisle with infinite grace.

"But that Connery girl stands in with Eddie better than you do," she told herself. "And why? Because she's a swell dresser. That's why."

"Well, don't I know that, too?" she irritably repeated, and again with superb grace she made another turn and wended in and out among the other mannikins.

"And that Connery girl isn't one-two-three with you for looks, Tess," she told herself, "but she certainly can afford the fancy clothes and that makes a lot of difference. You can't buy many silk dresses when you can only allow yourself fifty cents a week for clothes."

"No," she answered. "But if Eddie could only see me in these! If there was only some way of getting over there! It wouldn't take more than ten minutes to run there and back, and Mr. Viollet said to walk up and down the aisle for half an hour—and I doubt if they'd ever miss me."

Just at that moment of temptation the auditorium was darkened and again the spotlight was centered upon the stage. Tessie was at the top of the stage, and to make it worse two of the spectators were tearing themselves away to catch the 3.20 for Walnutville. "It 'll only take ten minutes," thought Tess, and almost before she knew what she was doing she was following the two ladies from Walnutville and had reached the stairs that led to the ground floor.

And down the steps and out of the door swept Tessie Turner, mannikin, the bravest sight that those busy streets had seen in many a day; and with a haughty glance at the carriage-starter who ran forward with his hand to his cap she turned the corner of the street and hurried along to Stickney's Stationery Store.

Ah, but that was a fleeting symphony in blue and gold and no mistake about it! Heads turned, necks turned, eyes opened, eyes stared, tongues clacked, and tongues suddenly ceased to swing, according to the nature and disposition of the observer. Oh, a dress! The errand girls looked at it and their mouths opened wide. The women in the motor-cars were all eyes to see and all memory to remember. A red-faced woman, who was sitting out on a window-sill washing the windows, seemed to feel a monition of what was passing below, for she suddenly turned and looked down at Tessie with such concentration of mind and energy that she nearly fell off her perch. Motormen slowed down their cars to see it, policemen forgot the traffic to watch it, chauffeurs ran their cars blindly to gaze after it, and conductors leaned out of their cars at perilous angles to get a long, last look. Even two Little Sisters of the Poor, trudging sedately along on some errand of charity, nudged each other, looked at it, and then silently and thoughtfully walked on. And now perhaps one can begin to appreciate the sort of a picture that Tessie made when she swept through the door of Stickney's Stationery Store and grandly descended upon the post-cards. And one may also appreciate, perhaps, the celerity with which Eddie Stickney hied himself to the other side of the post-card counter.

"Is there any particular kind of a card—" he began, and then he saw who it was. "Tessie!" he exclaimed, "Is it you?"

"Sure," she said, with that simple dignity which is most suitable to princesses. "Who else would it be?" And turning again to the revolving stand, "Have you any post-cards of—of Niagara Falls, Mr. Stickney?" she asked.

He looked in the rack, he looked in the drawer, and he looked at Tessie, and with each tick of the clock his admiration grew. And the more he admired, the more he felt his own unworthiness: and the more he felt his own unworthiness the more clumsy and nervous he became, until at last, when he dipped a pen in the ink and gave it to Tessie to address the postal, he made such an impassioned attempt to seize her hand at the same time that he knocked the bottle of ink on its side, and with three short series of gurgles it spouted its contents all down the front of that wonderful dress. The first series of gurgles said, "Burgle, burgle, burgle!" The second said, "Cop 'll gobble model!" And the third series of gurgles summed up the situation in a masterly manner thus, "Double, triple trouble!"

They tried every ink eradicator known to the stationery trade, but they only succeeded in making the dress look worse with every attempt to make it look better. The poor princess was listening to a declamation by the prince on the subject of his wooden-headed clumsiness when her eyes fell upon the clock. "Say, Eddie," she said, in alarm, "I've got to get back to the store or they'll send out a police alarm sure!"

"Are you working to-day?" he asked.

"Sure," she said, "I was a mannikin, and I thought I would run over and show you how I looked when I was all dressed up. So I sneaked away and here I am, but I've got to get back now."

"And you standing there like that and never jumping on me once when I threw that ink all over you?" exclaimed the remorseful prince. "Say, Tessie, wait till I get my hat and I'll go back with you and tell them how it happened. And never mind about this post-card of Niagara Falls," he said, picking it off the floor. "When we get married we'll go up there on our honeymoon and see all the falls we want."

"Eddie!" exclaimed the princess, "you mean to say we're engaged?"

"If you'll only have a clumsy chump like me," said the humble prince, "you bet your bottom dollar we're engaged!"

They buttoned the coat (which hid a lot of the ink), and the princess pinned the skirt over (which hid nearly all the rest), and, hurrying to the store, they found M. Viollet in a state of excitement which can only be described as indescribable.

"But where have you been, Ma'm'selle?" he cried. "Everywhere I have looked for you. I have anuzzer dress—"

"She came over to see me," said Eddie, stepping forward. "She felt so good in that dress she wanted me to see it, too, and—"

M. Viollet's eyes opened. "You were her fiancé?" he asked.

"Not then—but I am now. She looked so good in it that I went to grab her hand—"

"You sought ze hand of Ma'm'selle? Ah, yes! You had seen ze young lady before, but never in my dress! Ah, yes! Ah, yes!"

"And I was so excited that I upset a bottle of ink and it spouted all over the skirt," said the prince. "Of course I'm ready to pay the damage."

"Oh, zat is not'ing," said M'sieur, looking at the ink. "A new front panel is only necessaire. But, ah, ze romance! Ma'm'selle wears ze dress and it carries her to ze man she loves best! He sees it and at once he propose! Ma'm'selle! Run to ze dressing-room, where zey are waiting to fit you in my latest triumph—a wedding dress which I have designed for a queen! And you, M'sieur, go and sit in one of ze boxes and you shall presently feel your heart stop beating!" And waving them away M. Viollet walked slowly across the wings as though he were leading a procession. "Bah!" he said over his shoulder. "Hugo, are you zere? And you, Watteau? And you, Rostand? Zen listen, Messieurs! Your art is zat of paint and puppets, but look, ah, look at mine! 'Tis love which makes ze world go round, and I who make ze love go round! And it is I—I—I who am ze greatest grand old master of you all!"

"Ma'm'selle wears ze dress and it carries her to ze man she loves"

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Interludes

LITTLE STORIES OF THE WAR

A TROUBLESOME STEED

THE colonel of the Balkan cavalry, while dashing madly toward the front, was amazed and pained to see Captain Panitzky, one of his favorite subordinates, tearing away from the field of battle as fast as his panting steed could carry him.

"Halt, Panitzky! You a coward?" he cried.

"No, no, Colonel," returned the fleeing officer, his face turning a deep scarlet; "I'm only on my way to the rear for another horse. This beast shies like a skidding motor-car every time he passes one of those confounded war correspondents."

ALWAYS ON HAND

There was a terrific explosion off to the southeast of the hill and General Spinachivitch turned pale as a ghost.

"By St. Ikon!" he cried, "they have dynamited the King's Own Fusileers!"

"No, General," replied his chief aide-de-camp, looking at the scene through his field-glasses. "It is only the moving-picture people taking a flashlight of the Royal Scullery Guards in a football scrimmage."

NO COMPARISON

"By George!" cried the British war correspondent, enthusiastically, as the Prince himself dashed across the battle-field. "What a gallant, graceful figure!"

"Oh yes," said the American war correspondent, languidly. "But you should have seen Donald Brian in 'The Merry Widow.'"

UNDER THE WHITE FLAG

THE SULTAN *(cordially to King Nicholas)*: Have a bier, your Highness?

KING NICHOLAS: Thanks, Sully, old man; but if you don't mind I'd prefer a whack at a little of your Sublime Porte.

IDENTIFIED

The two American war correspondents were gazing at the conflict when Winkletop caught sight of a gallant officer leading a charge.

"His face is strangely familiar," he said. "That Greek lieutenant, I mean—"

"Yes," said Blithers. "He used to run the boot-blacking stand in that barber-shop over on Steenth Avenue and Umty-iph Street."

And just then the noble warrior dashed madly past, and, forgetting himself under the excitement of the moment, turned and cried aloud to his advancing troops:

"Next! Shine!"

And the indomitable phalanx moved steadily up the hill, giving the enemy the worst polishing-off they had had since war was declared.

HELPFUL HINTS ON HOME DECORATION

HANG your pictures flat against the wall, not with a slant as has been the fashion for many years. It gives the flies a firmer foot-hold, and keeps them from falling off the glass to the floor and breaking their necks.

If you possess a hand-painted landscape so composed that it is impossible to tell when it is downside up or upside down, do not go to the expense of calling in an expert to settle the question, but regard it as two distinct paintings, and obtain variety by hanging it one way one week and the other way the next.

If, on the occasion of your wedding, you have received among your gifts a dozen copies of the same picture, an excellent use can be made of them by papering the walls of your spare bedroom with them, using each one as a panel. When your friends visit you it will be most gratifying to them to note, while occupying the room, that you have kept them all, even though they were duplicates.

In selecting pictures for your dining-room, remember to have them always appropriate to the uses of the room, and painted in consistent mediums. For instance, if you like fish pictures, codfish, shad, mackerel, and haddock should be done in water-colors, and sardines in oil. In our best families life-size paintings of rib-roasts, pork-chops, legs of lamb, and other *pièces de résistance* are no longer *de rigueur*, no matter how rare or well-done they may be.

Marines are always charming and set off any kind of a room to great advantage, but be careful of the life figures set upon the waves. The best-executed gravy-boat in the world, even if it were by a Whistler, a Burne-Jones, a Sorolla, or a Goya, could never be construed as a marine view, and should be rigorously excluded from your collection if you desire it to retain its distinction.

Family portraits are always a fine possession, provided they are portraits of your own family, and hang well anywhere from the walls of the drawing-room to the clothes-pantry in the attic. In visiting the home of a friend who suffers from a garrulous mother-in-law, bear in mind that it will not be tactful in you to refer to a portrait of the old lady as "a speaking likeness." It may savor of sarcasm rather than of pure art criticism, and the *double entendre* is no longer looked upon with favor in polite society.

THE SMOKING-CAR OF THE FUTURE

CLERK *(issuing dog license)*: WHAT IS YOUR DOG'S NAME, MADAM?

HAUGHTY DAME: HER NAME IS FI-FI—SPELLED WITH A HYPHEN, PLEASE.

DICKERING

"THIS car cost me thirty-five hundred dollars, Blathers, but I'll let you have it for two thousand, eh? It's a clean gift of fifteen hundred," said Bolivar. "Eh, what do you say?"

"No," said Blathers, "I can't do that; but suppose you give me five hundred dollars and keep the car, eh? Clean saving of a thousand, eh? What?"

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

"I PUT perfect trust in you, Amarantha," said Dubbleigh, "and now I find that you are engaged to a dozen men all at once."

"Now, Tommy, don't you be silly," said Amarantha. "Have confidence. Don't you know that a perfect trust always requires the services of a president and a board of directors?"

NON-SUITED

RASTUS had caught Sambo red-handed.

"Ah'm gwine hab yo' arrested foh stealin' mah chickens, yo' Sambo Washin'ton—dat's jess what ah'm gwine to do," said Rastus.

"Go ahead, nigguh," retorted Sambo. "Go ahead and hab me arrested. Ah'll mek yo' prove whar yo' got dem chickens yo'self!"

A CULINARY DEMAND

"SURE, mim," said the new cook, suddenly appearing in the doorway, "could I be afther borryin' th' boss's safety razor for a little whoile?"

"Safety razor?" echoed Mrs. Noo. "What for, Norah?"

"Sure, mim, I want to shave that rabbit before I sthew him."

A MODIFIED REQUEST

"COULD I see your husband, ma'am?" asked the tramp at the door.

"What do you want to see him for?" demanded Mrs. Henpeck. "I am the head of this house."

"Oh, excuse me, I didn't know," replied the tramp, courteously. "In that case, could you spare me a pair of your trousers, ma'am?"

A SERIOUS QUESTION

"HAS Jobkins any money?" asked Hickenlooper.

"Oh, he must have," said Garroway.

"Oh, we all must have—but have we?" said Hickenlooper.

"THAT BUNCH IS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE WALL."

"I TELL YE THAT TRANSFER AIN'T NO GOOD. YE GOTTA PAY YER FARE OR I'LL—I'LL CALL THE WRECKIN' WAGON AN' HAVE YE PUT OFF."

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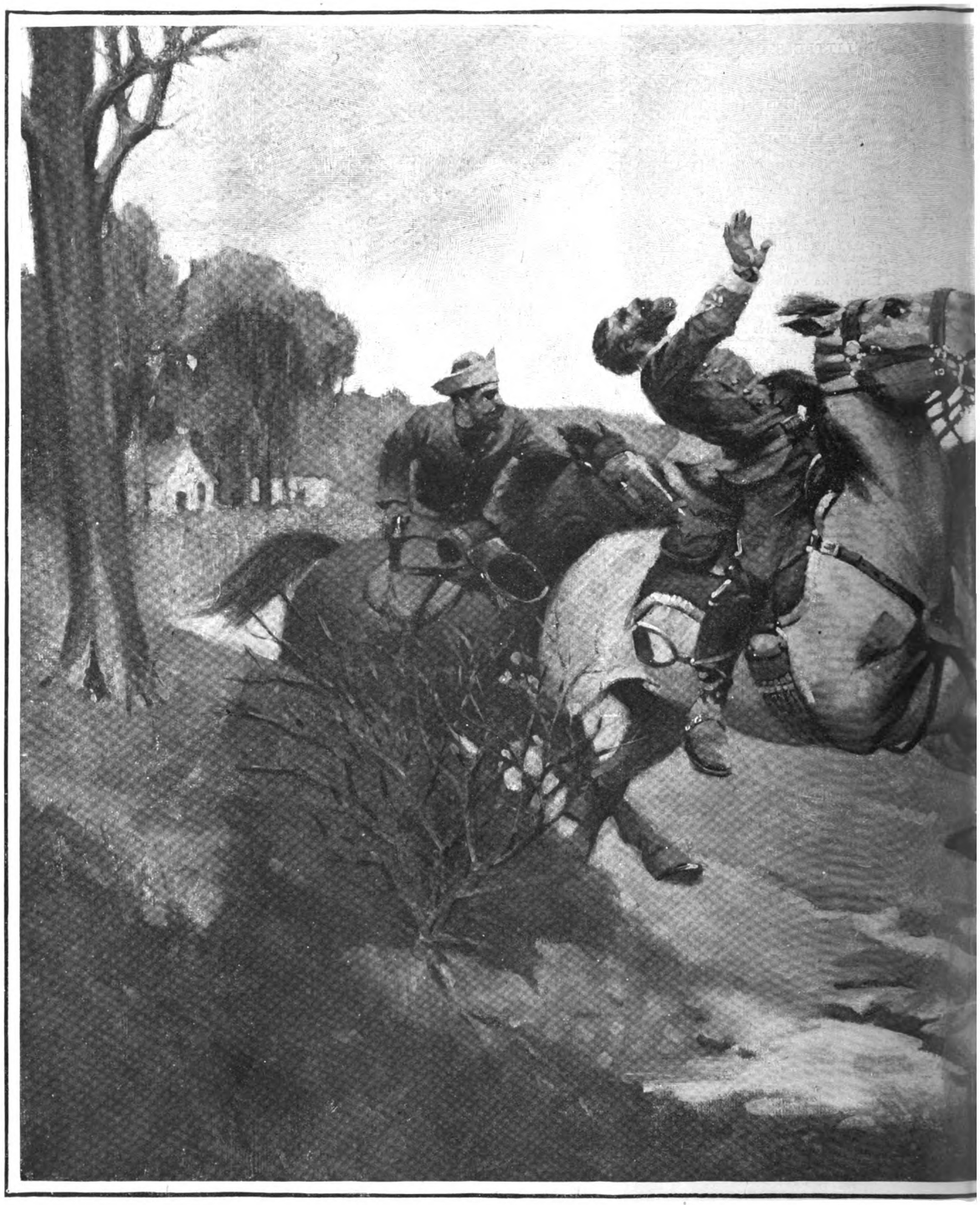

THE DEATH OF LIEUT.-GE

BEING APPRAISED OF THE FACT THAT HIS LINES HAD BEEN PIERCED BY THOSE OF GRANT, GENERAL HILL, ON THE MORNING O
REACHING A POINT SOME FOUR MILES FROM PETERSBURG ON THE PLANK ROAD, THEY SAW BEFORE THEM TWO FEDERAL INFANTR
ORDERLY TO RIDE THEM DOWN, AND, PUSHING FORWARD IN ADVANCE, RECEIVED THEIR FIRE WITH FATAL EFFECT. BOTH LEE AN

DRAWN BY SIDN

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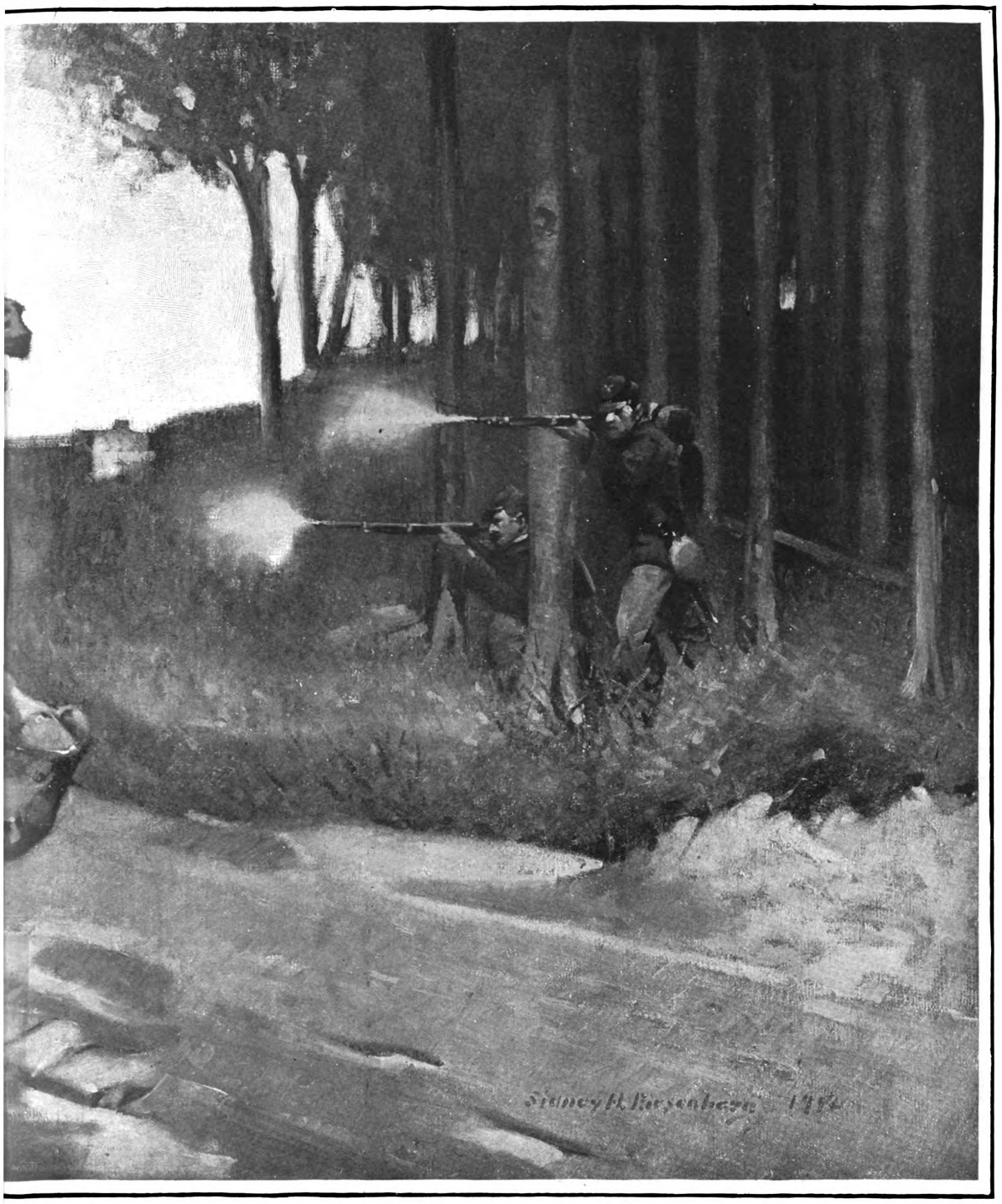

N. AMBROSE POWELL HILL

APRIL 2, 1865, ACCOMPANIED ONLY BY AN ORDERLY, RODE FROM HIS HEADQUARTERS NEAR PETERSBURG TO JOIN HIS CORPS. ON MEN. THESE MEN, SEEING THE MOUNTED CONFEDERATES, TOOK COVER BEHIND A TREE. HILL, WITHOUT HESITATION, CALLED ON HIS JACKSON WHEN DYING MENTIONED THE NAME OF HILL, WHO WAS ONE OF THE ABLEST CORPS COMMANDERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

BY H. RIESENBERG

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HER FAITH

BY MARIE MANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE Burnhams were of a class whose affiliations with art are charitably construed as covering a multitude of sins. If afternoon tea in their studio was discovered to be the cup that cheers and sometimes does other things, it was condoned on the grounds that the boiling of a kettle in such surroundings would be inconvenient—besides, a good many of the Burnhams' friends liked that kind of "tea." To people who sent out dinner invitations two weeks ahead, and whose social functions moved with the formality of royal obsequies, a sketchy meal at the studio with Mrs. Burnham turning out a brilliant impromptu from the chafing-dish was apt to be a welcome variant.

Dull people found themselves saying good things at the Burnhams', and if one met "queer people" there—poets that never published, painters waiting for the great inspiration, sociologists whose schemes never found a disciple—these folk talked so convincingly that it would have been narrow to demand actual achievement in the place of such brilliant hypothesis.

On such occasions Mrs. Burnham usually wore a couple of India shawls in which it was her pride to confess to admiring friends that no cutting had been done. How she would have appeared to merely normal ladies who dressed themselves from paper patterns and took their housekeeping "hard" is another matter. In the studio she was very decorative indeed. She had the finest shoulders in New York, and the way her neck held aloft its small pagan head with overlapping plaits of reddish-brown hair was worth climbing many flights of stairs to see. Yet it may be that after all no one was ever so belied by her appearance. She had become "artistic" wholly as a wifely concession. In her heart she would have loved a flat, and surreptitiously she read the women's pages of the daily papers.

The Burnhams had a patron, of course. Mrs. Ashwell it was that bought the pictures and, what was more to the point, made her friends buy them. As for the executors of her late husband's estate, their houses were a trifle monotonous with those subtly blue impressions of night and solitude with which the painter's name is now so illustriously associated. Those who did not know her called Mrs. Ashwell colorless and moneyed. She was a little brown woman, slender almost to leanness, whose one feature to escape the general neutrality was a pair of blue-gray eyes with the up-curving lashes of a child. And if she bought Burnhams with greater lavishness than discretion, she in turn borrowed from the studio some of its reflected light, as a faded woman may borrow a temporary complexion from a rose-shaded lamp. She had been a school friend of Agnes Burnham's, and the subsequent marriage of both had made no perceptible diminution in the current of their friendship. It was after the widowhood of Mrs. Ashwell that a veritable triumph of amity manifested itself in the triangular friendship of the artist, his wife, and his wife's friend. People discussed it frankly as a sort of millennial forecast, the situation was so unusual.

In the early days of the triple friendship there had been much talk of Burnham's painting Mrs. Ashwell's portrait, which accounted in a measure, perhaps, for the way she was continually popping in and out of the studio, it being a theory of Burnham's that while a portrait was in progress a painter could not see too much of the sitter. Isobel's case was no exception. In spite of the advantage, the portrait had not progressed, and when, five years later, he again tried her the portrait was a different matter indeed. It was a strange lady that began to dawn on the canvas —a lady that no one recognized, least of all Mrs. Burnham.

What an astonishing history he gave the demure woman of wealth in those broad, steady strokes of the brush—a few decisive lines of the profile and she flowered out of the canvas like an exotic—and looking from the picture to the little brown woman that inspired it, one caught a fleeting resemblance: Mrs. Ashwell was beginning to live up to her portrait.

When it was more than half done Burnham decided to put it aside. He agreed with his wife that it was not Isobel—their Isobel.

"It's too bad," Mrs. Ashwell had said when she found herself alone in the studio with the painter. Agnes had withdrawn to some fastness of antechamber where domestic rites were performed secretly and hastily as if they had been sacrilege. "It's too bad; you'll never do anything better."

Burnham walked about with his hands in his pockets. He shot a glance at Mrs. Ashwell; unconsciously she looked toward the door, through which the sounds of stirring could be heard. His expression was conspicuously ingenuous even with an ear on the stirring, so to speak. His blondness, which he still retained without any of the russeting of age, seemed to stand for his inmost convictions. His was a personality to intimidate all but the hardiest—a positive, dominating personality, forcing its own estimates, suborning opinion by a very triumph of will. The tang of the salt sea was about him; there was something of the viking in the glacial blue of his eye, the ripe yellow of hair and beard, his look sailed the high seas of criticism unmolested. He glanced from the portrait to the sitter, rammed his hands deeper in his pockets, and said, with the blandness of a child:

"It has the disadvantage of definition." And again, facing the picture: "The trouble with it is—you look on such good terms with yourself."

"In the picture?" She smiled a little bitterly.

"Well, think of your compensations—our compensations—think of Agnes."

"I'm very glad if you put up with each other on my account." Mrs. Burnham was smiling in the doorway, and if she was charming before she was lovely now. Her smile made evident a score of attractions; there was not a hint of grimace about it, only a deepening of harmonies.

"By Jove!" said Burnham, "I know what's the matter with the portrait—it ought to be a family group."

The assault on the door (by the brass knocker that was too large for the size of studio) had in it something crucial. Burnham's impulse was to turn the canvas to the wall, Mrs. Ashwell's to conceal herself; Agnes only wondered if there was enough of everything in the cellarette to give them all "tea"—there seemed to be so many, judging by the sound. They trooped through the door, some half-dozen of their friends who had been to a symphony concert in the big auditorium below. The shock of the portrait was perceptible. For an impalpable second they, the well-dressed, befurred, top-hatted group, suggested a pack of hounds on the scent; then they were themselves, talking in the glib phrases of studios. But tea would have been an anticlimax, and they trooped away as suddenly as they had come. On the way down in the elevator Fairfield took advantage of the stopping of the car on the floor below to whisper to his wife, "At least he's perjured himself like a gentleman—he's made her lovely."

"But what's become of his conscience as a painter?" said the lady.

The inopportune call of their friends after the concert confirmed Burnham in his sudden resolution to finish the portrait. He owed it to Mrs. Ashwell, he owed it to his wife, he owed it to himself to brazen the thing out. The account of the portrait would lose nothing in the telling, of that he was certain. Sittings would have to assume a more business-like character. Before separating that evening he made a positive appointment with Mrs. Ashwell for the next day.

It was a March day of many moods—quick flashes of sunlight that brought out the first green of early spring, sudden cloudings that made the world gray and old all in a moment. And now the rain was coming down soft and fine like a blurring curtain of fog that turned the foreground of the street, the bare trees, the buildings beyond, into a water-color with posterish suggestions. It was not a happy sort of day and Burnham felt a perceptible lack of inspiration in the portrait. Mrs. Ashwell had stepped from the model-stand for a rest; Agnes was near stitching at a bit of embroidery—sewing was the passion of her life. A spool slipped from her lap, and in regaining it she crouched for a second near the divan on which her friend was cozily resting.

"I never noticed before, Isobel—" Agnes said, with her customary sweet vagueness.

He agreed with his wife that it was not Isobel—their Isobel

"Noticed what?" Instantly Mrs. Ashwell was in armor.

"That the old Greek coin you wear is a locket. What a charming idea, isn't it, George, to make a locket of an old coin thousands of years old? How tiny the hinge must be to have escaped me so long."

For the length of a flash Mrs. Ashwell stared and

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grimaced, then the quick instinct of getting the situation in hand pulled her together like a cold shower. Agnes still fingered the locket; in a second more it might open.

She looked up at her husband, all foolish sweetness, as a child might share the wonder of a toy with some one dear. A second more and the look on his face was mirrored on her own. There was no longer a trace of the foolish inconsequent Eve about her—she looked as old and world-weary as Mrs. Ashwell. Then she dropped the locket. "I—I—think that my telephone is ringing," she said, and she was gone.

When she became conscious it was of a horrid sensation of falling through space. She was clutching the shelf in the telephone booth at the end of the hall, having gone there mechanically, though she knew the bell had not rung. From the "musical" studios all about came a Babel of practising. "Ah—ah—ah—" wailed a soprano aspirant. An ambitious student of the violin made three false starts on Wieniawski's "Polonaise." Through the glass door in the booth she could see the elevators go up and down like gigantic buckets in a well; their mechanism brought to her dazed consciousness some idea of weighing the situation. These two were all her world—her husband, her friend. She had loved them with all her heart and all her strength and all her mind. Till to-day she had never doubted—till to-day. Her mind ran up and down the intervening years like a shuttle. No, she could not recall an incident before to-day, not one.

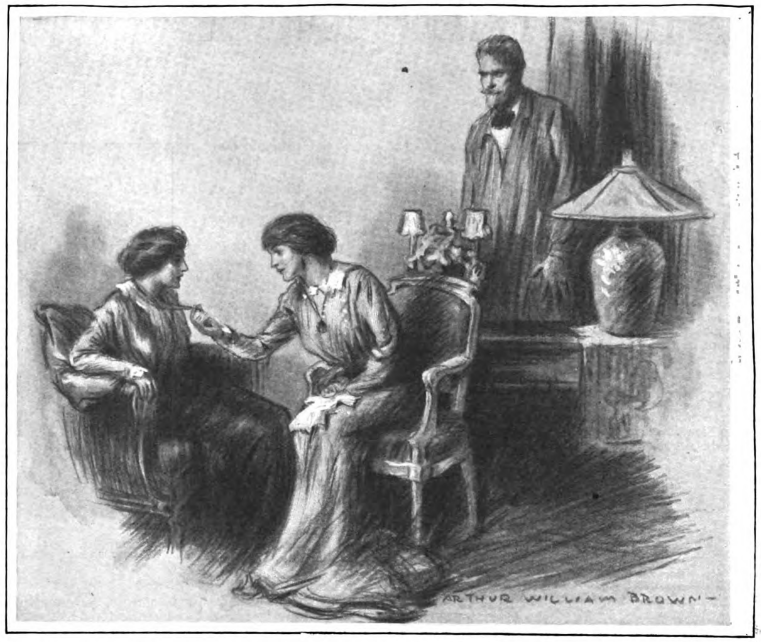
The student with the "Polonaise" was doing better now, or had the master taken the violin? The splendid composition rang out, a veritable triumph.

Never before to-day—oh, she had wronged them, surely she had. Why should not her friend have this little secret, a lonely woman like Isobel who had no one in all the world but these two? As for George! What was love worth, love without faith? That she must give them—not the blind love of a child, but love that looked with the eyes of faith.

She left the booth and ran lightly down the corridor. Within the studio sat her husband and her friend as she had left them. They were waiting for her verdict. But she forced this thought from her, as she went to the divan and kissed Mrs. Ashwell on the cheek.

Across the room her husband stood dumb at first, and awkward, shocked by Agnes's single, eloquent action into an understanding of things never before realized. His concern swerved tenderly from the other woman to this unfrightened selfless one, so long unconsidered. In a dim way he knew that he was seeing the real woman for the first time, the woman of radiant spirit that had lived as a bit of studio property—the lay figure wrapped in Oriental shawls with regal plaits of hair about the small pagan head—the sweet, dull creature who was model, cook, secretary, who daily fed his "art" from sacrifices he had till now been blind to.

"The trouble with this portrait"—he turned from Mrs. Ashwell's picture to the two women—"is that the values are wrong."



Agnes still fingered the locket; in a second more it might open

THE CITY OF INCREASING WONDERS

A NEW PICTURE OF LOWER NEW YORK, TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE TOWERS OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, AND SHOWING TWO OF THE CITY'S WONDERFUL NEW STRUCTURES: THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING (THE SOARING WHITE SPIRE ON THE LEFT)—THE LOFTIEST OF THE WORLD'S INHABITED STRUCTURES; AND THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING (JUST TO THE RIGHT OF THE BRIDGE TOWER), WHICH WILL HOUSE THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES OF THE CIVIC GOVERNMENT

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WHEN THE JUNGLE GOES TO SCHOOL

BY EDWARD LYELL FOX

IN the beginning are the jungles. From them, procured by white and native hunters, come the animals which we see perform in public exhibitions. Upon their capture they are taken to the nearest coast and transported to Europe or America, whichever the case may be. For them the trainer must pay a varying scale of prices. Lions bring $2,000, tigers about $500, leopards $200. Hyenas are cheap. They ought to be, for all the success a trainer can make of them. The rhinoceros is perhaps the most expensive. I know of one that was caught in a pit while charging at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. He brought $6,000.

After the ship has reached its destination the animals are sent to the different training-schools. And now let us see what happens to them there. Take the arena at Woodside, Long Island.

The lion is about to be given his first lesson. As we walk between the cages we hear a weird chorus,

Bears teach themselves

roars, growls, howls. Heavy bodies start up in commotion. Then comes a hush, broken only by soft footfalls, by heavy breathing. On either side of us gleam eyes bright and green; tawny paws make as if to reach through the bars and, hesitating, fall half poised.

And now we are at the arena, an open place picketed with tall bars. In the sides are many gates and to one of these a large cage is rolled. Coming closer, we see pressed against the door the calm face of a Nubian lion. His black mane hangs proudly. His expression is disinterested. Then a lock rattles; the door slides back. With a great bound the lion shoots across the ring, hurling himself against the bars on the other side. Buffeted back, he throws himself a second time, still more savagely. A chain about his neck clanks harshly. Again he crouches and bounds—again, again, until, panting, he sinks in a heap.

Now another door opens. A trainer enters, closing the door swiftly behind him. In one hand he holds a stout hickory pole about eight feet long; in the other we catch the flash of the polished metal of a long revolver. Seeing him, the lion snarls. He draws himself together; he springs. But the trainer, never faltering, drives the pole in his face. The lion slinks back.

Then with superb courage the trainer advances. Step by step at the point of his blunt stick, inch by inch he forces the lion back to the bars, and now the attendants standing without reach through. Seizing the dragging chain, they fasten the lion securely. Finding his freedom limited to a zone the length of the chain, the beast roars and tugs pitifully.

And now the trainer is again active. He darts to the other side of the arena and, snatching a chair, pushes it near the lion. Here is a new intruder. Snarling, the beast jumps upon it. With his heavy paws he batters it to pieces. Other chairs follow and are demolished. More and more, until, realizing the futility of his attacks, the lion sits down. Very calmly he lets a pedestal be placed near him. At once the trainer levels the long pole and, prodding relentlessly, forces the beast to mount the stand and sit there. It is just what you have seen in the amusement ring—a pitiful figure, lord of all the jungle, hunched up on a little stand like a dunce at school.

With the tiger, though, it is a somewhat harder task. Rarely do you see a group of trained tigers. They are very difficult to handle. They are tricky. They are so swift in their movements that a trainer has little chance to escape if they turn against him. Always he must be on his guard. The tiger is more alert, more crafty, more vindictive than the lion. Leopards, while very treacherous, are not so hard to teach as tigers. A tiger will forget his tricks, a leopard never. In fact, the leopard is about as easy as the bear. Bears teach themselves. The hyena is very cowardly and easy to handle, but is fearfully stupid. He remembers little. Great patience is required to teach him anything worth while. An elephant is hard to train, but, once trained, he is worth a great deal of money. Kangaroos can be taught to box and wrestle. Snakes are fairly easy to handle if the trainer understands them. Like crocodiles, they are generally exhibited by women.

Elephant-training is done at the New York Hippodrome. One of the trainers there, George Powers, is a master of his art. Elephants cost a large amount of money before they can be fitted for amusement purposes. Just consider that the daily meal of an elephant is about one hundred pounds of hay, a bushel of oats, baskets of fruit and vegetables, and as many loaves of bread as he feels like eating. Boarding-house keepers wouldn't like elephants. Besides, unbelievable as it may seem, the elephant is a delicate animal. That is to say, he is delicate in captivity. He is very susceptible to colds and chills and generally refuses to take medicine of any kind. Also the training is very hard. It requires great patience and tact. One should never offend an elephant, for his is not a forgiving nature.

One should never offend an elephant, for his is not a forgiving nature

The trick of teaching him to stand on his hind legs is accomplished with a strong crane. To each of his four legs is fastened a rope from the crane. Then the trainer gives the signal and the ropes are pulled up until the elephant is standing on his hind legs. Day after day this performance must be repeated. Finally there will come a time when the beast will have acquired the habit, and then, at the cue, he will rise of his own accord.

One of the first tricks that a trainer teaches an elephant is to make him walk round and round an arena. This is done by holding some delicacy, such as cake or fruit, before his trunk. But an elephant must always be watched. He has a disposition to want to run away. He is apt to do it in the middle of a performance. He would rather be in his stable eating than in the ring doing tricks.

In the Wormwood School one year they had a hard time with some bears. These bears were babies. Their mother had been killed in Maine, and when the cubs were brought down to the school the men there were at a loss how to feed them.

"Why not give them bread and milk?" proposed a man. "Babies like it—why not bear babies?"

So pans of rich milk and little pieces of bread were put before the cubs. But instead of being pleased they flew into a rage, spluttered, and kicked out in a way that was amusing. Later one of the trainers picked up a cub that was too tired to protest and drew a pan up to its nose. The poor little creature sniffed a moment and then turned away with a very human sigh. At this, as a joke, another trainer filled a baby's bottle with milk and handed it to the same cub. Instantly the bear closed its mouth on the rubber nipple and it never stopped pulling until the bottle was empty. Realizing that he had accidentally taught the bear a trick, or, rather, that the bear had taught himself, the trainer tried the same experiment with the others. To his delight, all drank milk out of the bottle. From that it was an easy step to teach the bears to stand on their hind legs and hold the bottles themselves.

A pitiful figure hunched up on a little stand

But it is not at all an easy task, this sending the jungle to school. There are many persons who, like Bostock, have been in fights for their lives. There is Miss Claire Heliot, who was nearly killed while teaching her favorite lion. There is one of Mundy's trainers who has twice been badly clawed while putting his arm around the neck of a lioness through not making the manœuver quickly enough. There is Harry Muny, one of the Barnum & Bailey trainers, who was almost crushed by an elephant while teaching him the hind-leg trick.

A tiger will forget his tricks, a leopard never

And there is the story of Jack Bonavita—a story which shows that a lion is never subdued. Nobody but Bonavita had ever succeeded in training twenty-seven lions to appear in the same arena at the same time. And with this mastery Bonavita became a little careless.

When Bonavita was working out his astonishing feat of making twenty-seven lions do his will an old lion named Menelek became rebellious. The other animals had gone through their entire performance. They had formed a pyramid eighteen feet high. They had walked the tight rope. They had jumped through blazing hoops. Only Menelek had been surly; only across his nose had fallen the sting of Bonavita's whip. Then toward the end of the act he became openly rebellious. Leaping from the pedestal, he was crouching for a spring when the lash of the black-snake whipped across his eyes. The fire of a blank cartridge spat against his nose. Snarling, he backed away. Bonavita followed, cutting him mercilessly with the whip. From that day forth Menelek hated Bonavita with all the hatred of the jungle.

Months passed. Menelek was going through his tricks. He was about to jump a three-foot hurdle. Instead he crouched on his pedestal, opened his mouth, flattened his ears, craned his neck, and beat his tail against his flanks. What happened in those next seconds only Bonavita knows. In the hospital they found thirty-five wounds on him. When he left it one sleeve was empty. He had paid his fee for sending the jungle to school.

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"Fanny's First Play"

AN APPRECIATION IN VERSE

By W. T. Larned

In the first place, permit me to make clear
  Who *wrote* the play. The programme does not tell.
Pinero, Shaw, Jones, Barker—all appear
  As wrights who *may* have wrought it. (When the bell
Rings down the curtain Barrie's barred.) I fear
  That "William Collier's Comedy's" a sell;
For Willie, though he has a pretty wit,
Wrote, I'm assured, no single word of it.

My own opinion is it's G. B. S.
  Not William S. I would not rouse the gorge
Of W. Shakespeare's slammer, or profess
  That any new-found Chatterton would forge
The stuff of his inferiors. I guess
  Avon's outclassed: for Lunnon's only George,
Mocking poor Hamlet's *mot*, "The play's the thing,"
Makes it *his* plaything. *(Exit S., right wing.)*

For Bernard S.—a man of many parts,
  Admiring Ibsen, snubs the early Greeks.
His is the most advanced of all the arts;
  And though perhaps the puppet sometimes squeaks
From "belly filled with bran," as thither darts
  "The showman's bony fist" and (R. L. S. speaks)—
Like Stevenson, we "thrillingly partake
Of his adventures," since it's Shaw's own make.

Story? God bless you! He has none to tell, sir.
  It's not the kind contrived by Mr. Caine—
No mouthing melodrama. (In Pall Mall, sir,
  His name is on the tongues of proud and plain.)
Place: where the middle classes most do dwell, sir—
  Inspired by beef and pudding (*vide* Taine):
Lunnon, whose Sun of Empire never sets,
But sometimes rises—*if* the fog forgets.

The characters? There's Darling Dora, whose
  Ambition is to be a perfect lydy.
It's sad—but she's acquineted with the stews
  (Other than kitchen); *and* 'er past is shydy.
There's Margaret Knox, with *very* modern views,
  And parents prim, whose morals—ultra tidy—
Subjected are to awful nervous shocks,
Such are the goings-on of Mistress Knox.

The Gilbeys, too, are hopeless middle class.
  Confronted with the deep disgrace of Bobby
(Pa Gilbey is especially an ass),
  They simply *cannot* understand his hobby,
Which happens to be Dora—plus "the glass."
  So Gilbey *père*, the sleek and solemn snob, he
In turn is crimson, purple—even pale—
Because his only son is "jugged," in jail.

Bobby, you see, aside from "doing time,"
  Is, meanwhile, militant Marg'ret's *fiancé*.
Marg-ret herself's "in quod"—her only crime
  Punching a "bobby's" head (he blocked her way).
Dora's *ditto*. (My word! *she* thinks it *prime*.)
  And then there is the Frenchman, Duvallet,
Who "picked up" (*sic*) the rare, pale Margaret—
Without the slightest breach of etiquette.

Oh, la, la, la! That Frenchman is good fun—
  More real than Shaw's inevitable Butler
(Borrowed from Barrie?). Though he *is* the son
  Of English Duke, he *might* be somewhat subtler.
He's not (forget our Yankee French)—bon ton.
  Though pedigreed, he calls to mind the cutler.
However, he's the *deus ex machina*,
As old as Aristophanes—and Shaw.

Such is the play. Regardless of its ruction
  It keeps an eager audience agog,
Since Shaw provides a pleasurable Induction,
  Which, with the aid of artful Epilogue,
Deftly demonstrates how cerebral suction
  Separates Superman from Pollywog—
Pumping up plays; although, of course, the blood
Seeks Celtic head unurged—I've understood.

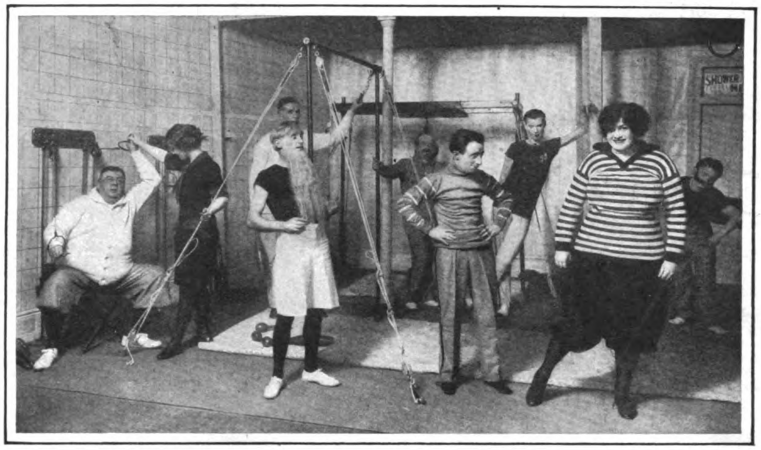
Fabian Fanny, daughter of Count O'Dowda,
  (For so the Preface presently discloses)—
As alien to England as a howdah
  (Excuse our Injun accent). Fan proposes
A play (is it her own?), and is allowed a
  (The Count, despite his name, is mild as Moses)
Parental license to invite Reviewers—
Critics whose pens are fashioned out of skewers.

Her Critics come. And some who came to chide
  (*Here* Shavian bottled thunderbolts uncork—
Dublin-distilled) do linger to deride.
  We understand; and yet no son of N' York
Makes glorious mummer since our William "died"—
  That Winter of our discontent, whose work,
Like to the little candle, threw its beams
Where Archer's archery, Walkley's wisdom gleams.

. . . . . .

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
  Has died into an echo. (No, *that's* Byron.)
Had *he* the job, he might have writ a ream;
  But I, obscure, must quit with just a quire on
Which to indite my musings. If it seem
  Prose and not rhyme my vision should environ,
See "Shaw on Shakespeare." *He* will not demur; he
Says Will chose verse because *he had to hurry.*

A scene from "The Red Petticoat," at Daly's. Left to right: Wallace Owen, Helen Lowell, and Henry Norman



The calisthenics scene in Rupert Hughes's new farce, "What Ails You?", at the Criterion

Mrs. Fiske and Charles Waldron in Act I. of Edward Sheldon's "The High Road," at the Hudson

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A SPANISH PRIMA DONNA

LUCREZIA BORI, THE NEW CASTILIAN SOPRANO WHO HAS JOINED THE METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

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The Laws of Luck

BY WARD MUIR

EVERYBODY knows that when a coin is spun into the air it is "pure chance" whether it falls head or tail upward; and every year, apart from gambling, thousands of important sporting decisions—at football matches and the like—are settled by this simple test. Yet mathematicians have pointed out that our ideas of "chance" in tossing are really quite wrong if we define chance as the unexpected. It is not because we believe in chance that we spin a coin, but because we believe in law. We know—or think we know—that if a penny were tossed a million times head would have appeared—when the total results were added up—five hundred thousand times and tail five hundred thousand times. A few odd figures over on one side or the other would not prove the prophecy wrong. The million tosses would be half one way and half the other, as nearly as may be, and we should be satisfied with the result of the experiment and say that it proved, what we already believed, that "the chances were equal."

This is what the man in the street calls chance. But suppose out of the million tosses we found, to our surprise, that an enormous majority had turned up, say, tail; what should we call the result then? Naturally, we should not call it law. Surely we should immediately cry, "What an extraordinary chance!" thus showing that what we had believed in before the test was something quite different, something not genuinely chance at all.

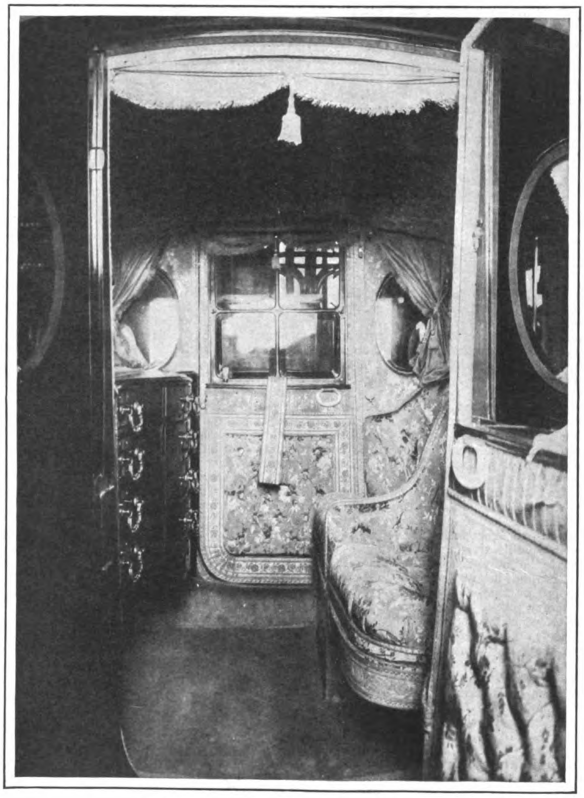
If a group of people are betting on the results of tossing a coin and the coin has come down, say, five times running head upward, you will find that nearly everybody at once begins to put his money on tail. No one believes that the run can continue much longer, thus testifying to his utter disbelief in chance as such. Yet chance caused that run of heads and chance may continue it. The real reason why the gamblers do not expect the run to continue is because experience has taught them that some law, as sure as the rising of the sun, has in the past prevented a tossed coin from eternally turning up on the same side, and that the oftener it turns up on the one side the larger becomes the probability that it will turn up on the other.

Astonishing though it may sound, this is not a logical belief at all, but a superstition. For what these gamblers are as good as saying is this: "The tosses which have gone before influence the tosses which are to come." Now, that is nonsense. When you have once tossed a coin that toss is finished and cannot possibly affect the next toss of the coin. Every toss is a fresh experiment, and in every toss the chances of head turning up are precisely and mathematically equal to the chances of tail. If, after tossing a head ten times running, you put your money on tail, you are practically admitting that you think those ten heads have somehow mysteriously influenced the coin and balanced it in favor of a tail this time.

It is true that common sense tells us that a run of, say, ten heads is unlikely. But to bet against such a run at the beginning of the run is quite a different thing from betting against the continuance of the run toward the end of the run. The odds against a run of ten heads followed by an eleventh head are enormous. It has been reckoned that the odds are about two thousand to one against a run of eleven heads or of eleven tails. The calculation is easy. The chance of a head turning up when you toss a coin equals one-half. The chance of two heads running equals $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ which is $\frac{1}{4}$. The chance of three heads running is $\frac{1}{8}$, and so on. Do this sum ten times running and you will find that, backing in dollars, in order to give fair odds you would have to bet two thousand dollars to one dollar if you wished to back your opinion that head or tail would turn up eleven times running against some one who was willing to bet that they would not.

But if you "chipped in" in the middle of a run of this sort and backed a tail because head was so continuously turning up, your bet would have to be evens to be fair, for in any single toss the chances are consistently even. Each toss is an event by itself. It is only when you begin to consider the several tosses as one event that the odds go up.

Chance, in the eyes of the scientist, is really knowledge—"the knowledge of the average results of many events used to replace ignorance of the result of each individual event." Professor Karl Pearson spent a long time actually trying the tossing of a coin and noting the results scientifically. One summer he passed the greater part of his holiday in making 25,000 careful tosses of a shilling—doubtless greatly to the amazement of his friends and neighbors. A pupil of his supplemented the shilling record by 8,200 tosses of a penny and the drawing of nine thousand tickets from a bag, while another gentleman sent to Professor Pearson the details of nearly 23,000 drawings of colored and numbered counters. The result of tabulating this mass of figures was, according to the professor, "in strikingly close agreement with theory"—that is, with the theory that chance is "the knowledge of the average results of many events." In other words, head and tail turned up an approximately equal number of times with an only reasonable number of fluctuations from what was expected. Or rather the fluctuations were expected scientifically, for some fluctuations from the average are the only reliable test of chance. If in such an infinite number of experiments heads and tails turned up a precisely equal number of times without the smallest fraction of variation, it would be a miracle and not an example of the workings of strict chance.



A SUMPTUOUS CAR FROM LONDON

THIS CAR, A SECTION OF WHOSE INTERIOR IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH, WAS ONE OF THE EXHIBITS AT THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW HELD AT OLYMPIA, LONDON, RECENTLY. IT IS BUILT TO HOLD SIX PERSONS, IS UPHOLSTERED IN SILK, AND CONTAINS CORRESPONDENCE DRAWERS

Teaching Birds to Sing

"PROFESSORS" among birds are those that are maintained for the purpose of teaching their companions to sing. These birds have, in turn, been taught by other birds, or by persons who are clever at whistling. Years of experience have taught the canary-raisers that, in order to obtain the best results from their songsters, they must use Saxon birds as trainers.

The industry of training the young birds flourishes in the Hartz Mountains. Nowhere else are the birds so conscientiously brought up. Thanks to the wonderful patience of the peasants of that region, the birds learn to modulate their voices, produce silvery sounds, and introduce a variety of notes into the long trill, embellishing them with many a grace note.

For a long while these results were never obtained elsewhere, for the exported birds cease to transmit their vocal qualities in perfection after one or two generations. Now, however, canary education in England has advanced to an astonishing degree. In that country there are several schools for birds, where the musical education of these warblers is intrusted to "bird organs" brought from the Hartz Mountains.

These curious instruments are as strange in sound as they are in appearance. They consist of large cylinders full of water. These slide one into the other and are moved by a chain on a pulley attached to a fixed bar. The musical box is placed at the top of this arrangement.

The bird organ produces a plaintive and monotonous sound resembling that of water rolling over a bed of rocks and of wind sighing through trees. It seems that these sounds have the effect of taming the birds and making them amenable to discipline.

The walls of the "class-rooms" are occupied by lines upon lines of cages. The pupils are grouped in classes, according to their degrees of education. Those that possess weak or defective voices or have false methods of warbling are the objects of special attention.

Birds that have made a successful beginning are put under the persuasive influence of the finer bird organs, which are worked by electricity and are remarkable for the richness and perfection of their tones. Whenever a pupil is considered worthy of it he receives individual tuition, the best artists thus produced afterward becoming teachers to new arrivals.

Sea Dust

WHEN the decks of ships are rubbed and cleaned each morning great quantities of dust are invariably found. In the modern steamship this could be accounted for by the tons of carbon which are poured forth daily, but the curious thing is that the deck of the sailing-ship shows a greater quantity of this material than that of the steamship.

In a trip from New York to San Francisco, occupying ninety-seven days by sailing-ship, twenty-four barrels of powder were swept from the deck. The captain took extended observations of the amounts collected daily, but found nothing which assisted him to clear the mystery.

A Try

Tells Why

the new food-drink

Instant Postum

makes a far more nourishing table beverage than either tea or coffee.

Old and young can drink it with fullest benefit because it contains no caffeine or any other harmful ingredient—only the full rich nutrition of Northern wheat and the juice of Southern sugar-cane.

Thousands of former coffee drinkers now use this delightful beverage instead of coffee. Its pleasant taste is remindful of Old Government Java.

Instant Postum requires

No Boiling

Made by stirring a level teaspoonful (more or less for strength desired) in a cup of hot water, and adding sugar and cream to taste.

Grocers sell 100-cup tins at 50c. 50-cup tins, 30c.

A sample tin—sufficient to make 5 cups—sent for 2-cent stamp for postage.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The New Securities

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE NEW KINDS OF BONDS AND SHARES NOW BEING ISSUED

THE rise in the cost of living is responsible for the demand for a higher yield from securities. The demand for a higher yield is responsible for the changing character of new security-issues. The corporation wants to borrow—that is to say, to sell securities. The investor wants to lend—that is to say, to buy securities. It is the investment banker's business to bring the two together—sensing the terms, on the one hand, on which the investor is willing to lend, and persuading the corporation, on the other, to issue the kind of securities which will satisfy those requirements. The kind of securities being offered by the investment bankers is, therefore, the best possible index of what the public wants. When, as was the case for a full year after the panic, high-grade bonds constitute the bulk of the offerings, it is a sure sign that in security-buyers' minds safety is the primary consideration. When, as at present, bankers' lists are made up almost exclusively of a variety of high-interest-bearing securities, it is just as certain that these are the securities for which the real demand exists.

The real demand at the present time is for securities combining a high income-yield with the chance of price-appreciation, and it is to securities meeting these requirements that new issues are practically being confined. Here and there moderate amounts of old-fashioned long-term mortgage bonds are being issued and sold, but the great bulk of the new offerings are "new" in every sense of the word. The new seven-per-cent. preferred industrial stocks come naturally first to mind in this connection, but hardly any quicker than the "debentures," "incomes," "convertibles," "notes," and the many specialties which make up the list. People in general realize that a number of new kinds of securities have been offered and marketed of late, but few investors, probably, appreciate the extent to which the movement has gone, and to which, on the banking-houses' lists of offerings, the old securities have been supplanted by the new.

Whatever the form the new issues have taken, it has almost invariably been a case of capitalizing earning-power rather than tangible assets. The new first-mortgage public-utility bonds are a striking exception, but in the great majority of other cases, borrowers of money, realizing that the securities must be given a high rate of interest anyway to make them "go," have been unwilling to saddle mortgages upon their properties. Here, they have said, our bankers tell us that the demand isn't for excellence of security so much as for high income and the chance to make something on the principal. Why then should we make these new high-interest-bearing securities we're going to put out a mortgage on the property, to the detriment of the securities we've already issued and the lessening of our future borrowing power? What the people who are going to buy these bonds want is a high income, not a mortgage feature. Let us, therefore, hand them a short-term promissory note or a long-term debenture bond or something like that, keeping the property clear so that it can at any time in the future be mortgaged if that becomes necessary.

Considerations such as these have undoubtedly been largely responsible for the very considerable amount of financing done by means of "debenture bonds." The fact, however, that a debenture bond isn't a mortgage on anything by no means proves that it may not be a security of very high class. The debenture issued by a strong company, indeed, is a better proposition than the mortgage-bond put out by a weak company. In the latter case, if the company goes to the wall, the bondholder has a good chance of getting back some or all of his principal. In the former case the company won't go to the wall.

Debenture bonds, or, as they call them on the other side, "stock," have long been a popular form of security in European countries. In the United States, however, it has only been very recently that they have come into general favor. That, to a great extent, is due to the higher rate of interest which the corporations issuing them are willing to pay. Failure to earn interest on these bonds does not, as in the case of mortgage issues, mean foreclosure and bankruptcy. The company can, therefore, afford to take more of a chance and give the bonds a higher rate of interest. From the investors' standpoint, if the issuing company is a strong one and has over a long series of years demonstrated its ability to earn and pay dividends, this higher rate of interest is a good deal of an offset to the lack of the mortgage feature. The debenture bond put out by a strong company and followed by large amounts of stock having a clean dividend-record is a very good form of security indeed.

The income bond, like the debenture, is really a foreign form of financing, used in this country to some little extent a number of years ago, but only lately enjoying any considerable degree of favor. In the case of the income bond the idea is to offer the lender of the money a high rate of interest in return for a provision that if the interest on the bonds isn't earned the company doesn't have to pay it. That puts it up to the buyer of bonds of this sort to figure out very carefully what the earning power of the company is, and whether he is likely at any time to have to forego interest on the money he has put in. From the company's standpoint, borrowing money on this basis is a good proposition, finance-managers being quite willing to pay a higher rate than they would be willing to pay if they knew that failure at any time to earn this interest was likely to threaten the road with insolvency.

In the case of some of the income bonds recently issued, notably those put out not long ago by the Denver & Rio Grande, the interest is made cumulative—that is to say, there is a provision that if at any time the road can't manage to pay the interest on the bonds, it doesn't have to, the amount being credited to the bondholders' account, to be paid later when the company is in better shape. Such a security is, of course, highly unsuitable for the investment of trust funds or the funds of those dependent on income, but as a business man's investment it has the strong points. There is, naturally, always a certain amount of risk that times will come when the interest may not be earned. But if the company is a strong one that means that payment is simply deferred. In the long run the bondholder can count upon getting the full amount. And for the risk that he may thus be compelled to wait, he is compensated by a rate of income very much higher than is usually to be had from an investment in bonds. In the case of the Denver & Rio Grande issue, for instance, the interest rate is no less than seven per cent.

A third form of financing, which, while it cannot by any means be called new, has been more in favor of late than for a long time past, is by means of bonds convertible into stock. In the case of most of these issues the income yield has been comparatively low—it has been rather in response to the public's demand for securities carrying with them a chance of price-appreciation that bonds of this sort have been sold. Between the alternative of issuing bonds bearing a high rate of interest and of issuing, at a much lower rate of interest, bonds convertible into stock, many big companies have chosen the latter course. Of these the St. Paul Railway is the latest conspicuous example. When the St. Paul management decided to make its last bond issue convertible into stock it was fully aware that it was practically giving every one who bought these bonds an option on an interest in the business. Furthermore, that the outstanding amount of its capital stock was almost certain, in the long run, to be increased by the full amount of the bond issue. Against that, however, the only choice the company had was to issue bonds bearing so high a rate of interest that the reactive effect on its securities already existing could not but have been very unpleasant. The former course, naturally, was chosen.

The advantages, from the investor's standpoint, of bonds convertible into stock are too well understood to require lengthy explanation. One thing, however, is to be carefully noted. That is, that it is only where a bond, good in itself *as a bond*, and which is convertible into stock having a reasonable chance of getting above the conversion point, can be bought at a price to yield a reasonable amount of income, that it is an attractive proposition. Which, of course, doesn't apply to "convertibles" which have already followed the stock up, and the maintenance of whose price is dependent upon the action of the stock in the market. Rather than buy the "convertibles" under those conditions, one might better go a bit further and buy the stock itself, securing the higher income it invariably affords.

Another form of security which has been issued before on a considerable scale, but never to anything like the extent recently seen, is the short-term note. Some of these notes are secured by the deposit of collateral, but most of them are exactly what their name implies—mere promises to pay a certain sum of money at a certain time. The short-term note and the "debenture" before referred to, it will thus be seen, are practically identical, the only difference being that the life of the note is limited to a period of five years. Obligations of this sort having a slightly more distant maturity than that are often loosely referred to as "notes," but are, indeed, more properly classified as "debentures."

For the man who believes that within the space of a few years there will come a time when it will be possible to invest money in securities on much more favorable terms than at present, the short-term note is a good thing to put money into while waiting. The great trouble, however, is that the only reason the corporations ever put out this high-interest-bearing short-term paper is that they find it impossible to put out regular bonds at a satisfactory price. What does that suggest? The opportunity, certainly, on the investor's part, to buy good bonds at a low price. For the fact that short-term notes are being offered at all the low price of the regular run of good bonds is directly responsible. The offer of short-term notes, in other words, presupposes that the bond-market, from the investor's standpoint, is on a bargain basis. He will thus do well to consider carefully the reasons for his opinion that by buying short-term notes and simply waiting he is putting himself in a position later really to invest his money on more favorable terms. He is running a first-rate chance, to put it colloquially, of getting left.

Discussion of the new securities would not be complete without mention of the many new issues of gas and electric, street-railway, and other public-utility bonds being sold. The creation of a market on which untold millions of securities of this kind are being distributed is one of the most important phases of the investment situation of to-day. Five years ago, while a good many utility bonds had been issued and distributed through special channels, the average investor was hardly aware of the existence of this form of security. To-day, bonds of this sort are being sold to a bigger clientèle than any other, many big investment-houses now devoting themselves exclusively to the business.

For the great vogue the public-utility issues are at present enjoying, the high rate of income they yield is not, as might be thought, the principal reason. The principal reason that the bonds of these companies have come into such favor during the past few years is the record of earnings most of them have been able to make at a time when railroads and industrials have been having a hard time of it. Very fully has this fact been developed by the banking-houses interested in the public-utility propaganda, comparisons of the earnings of these companies and those of the industrials and railroads, during the depression following the panic, being given wide-spread publicity. And impressive indeed, it must be admitted, are the figures. That people use gas and electric light, and travel in street-cars, whether times are good or bad, is made very plain in the charts showing that even in 1908 earnings of these companies fell off hardly at all. It was a great test for them, and in comparison with the companies with whose securities their own compete they certainly came out of it with flying colors. In no little measure is this practical demonstration of how securities of this sort are able to weather periods of stress and hard times responsible for the marvelous progress made in distributing them among the security-buying public.

Of all the new securities being issued, none, probably, fit the average investor's requirements better than these high-grade public-utility bonds. Many of them are a first mortgage on properties which are not only valuable in themselves, but which have extremely valuable franchises. Earnings, as a rule, are stable, there is immunity from competition, and, in short, all the qualities are there which go to make up a safe investment security. If anything at all can be said against bonds of this class it must be said on the ground of marketability, some even of the best issues not having any broad market on which they can be bought and sold. How much of a disadvantage that is depends, of course, upon the buyer's needs. If he is in a position where he must be able to realize upon the investments at short notice, it is a good deal of a disadvantage—so much so, indeed, that bonds of this sort are not at all suited to his needs. If, on the other hand, he is just the average man who puts his money into bonds with the idea of leaving it there and merely drawing the income, the fact that these bonds have not an active market is of little or no importance.

The new securities mentioned have all been bonds. There remains yet that most important class, the new seven-per-cent. preferred stocks. Seven-per-cent. preferred stocks? why, those were issued by the hundreds of millions ten or twelve years ago. Very true—but not the kind of seven-per-cent. preferred stocks which are being issued now. The old-time "preferreds" had the preference over the common in the matter of dividend payments—and that was about all. These new "preferreds" are really what their name implies. With them it is more than a mere matter of getting dividends ahead of the common. Their issue in nearly every case, indeed, is hedged about with such provisions and restrictions as to make them, shares though they are, safer than many mortgage bonds.

Most important of these provisions, probably, are, first, that no mortgage can be placed ahead of the preferred stock without the preferred stockholders' consent; and, secondly, that no dividend can be paid on the common which will reduce the company's net quick assets below a certain fixed point. Then, too, it is usually further stipulated that in case the dividend on the preferred is not paid, the preferred shareholders can elect the board of directors and run the company in their own interest. Most of these new issues, again, carry a provision for the establishment of a sinking fund, payments into this fund taking precedence over pretty much everything but absolutely necessary expenditures. And these, it must be borne in mind, are merely some of the more important provisions and restrictions attending the issue of the new industrial "preferreds." Where the stock is brought out through reputable bankers, the conditions imposed are invariably such as to make the risk taken by the purchaser a practically negligible quantity.

To complete the roster of the new securities there ought probably to be mentioned the timber bonds, power bonds, and irrigation bonds now being sold in such quantity. Detailed discussion of these various "specialties" is impossible—it is simply to be noted that in the purchase of securities of this kind the investor's great reliance is not in any investigation which he himself may make, but absolutely in the reliability of the banking-house issuing the bonds. Whether an issue is good or bad no individual investor can possibly tell, however painstaking an examination he may make. In the purchase of these "specialties" just one thing counts—the character and competency of the banker bringing them out.

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The New Army Enlistment Law

THE act of the last session of Congress providing for an enlistment period of seven instead of three years was designed not only for the benefit of the soldiers, but also for the good of the service, as it creates a reserve force similar to that of some European countries. This provision went into effect on November 1st. Hereafter the full enlistment term will be seven years, but only the first four years will be spent in active military service. After that the soldier, if he does not care to re-enlist for another seven-year period, will be furloughed and transferred to the army reserve without pay or allowances, but subject to recall to the colors at a moment's notice.

There are alternatives offered to soldiers who enlist under the new law. At the expiration of four years' continuous service with organizations, either under a first or any subsequent enlistment, they may be enlisted for another period of seven years, in which event they will receive their final discharge from prior enlistment; or, at the expiration of three years' continuous service with such organizations, either under a first or any subsequent enlistment, upon written application, they may be furloughed and transferred to the army reserve, in the discretion of the Secretary of War. In this event they will not be entitled to re-enlist in the service until the expiration of the seven-year term; or, subject to good conduct and physical fitness for duty, upon written application to that effect, they will have the right of remaining with the organization to which they belong until the completion of the whole enlistment without passing into the reserve force.

The army holds out to the man who cares to follow the easy life of a soldier some choice inducements to enlist under the provisions of the new act. All soldiers receive from the government during active service, without cost (in addition to their regular pay), rations, clothing, bedding, medicines and medical attention. Those who serve honestly and faithfully for twenty years, or who may be discharged on account of wounds received or disease contracted in the line of duty, are entitled to pension and admission to the Soldiers' Home in the city of Washington. After thirty years' service enlisted men are entitled to be retired, and upon retirement will receive three-fourths of the monthly pay allowed to them by law in the grade they held when retired, $9.50 a month additional as commutation for clothing and subsistence, and $6.25 a month additional in lieu of quarters, fuel, and light. Then, again, a certificate of merit for distinguished service entitles a soldier to $2 a month additional while in the army, whether on the active or retired list. In case an enlisted man on the active list dies from wounds or disease not the result of his own misconduct, his widow or any other person previously designated by him is entitled to an amount equal to six months' pay at the rate received by him at the date of his death.

Exceedingly favorable opportunity is afforded for active, intelligent young men of temperate habits, who may enlist as privates and develop the necessary qualifications, to secure promotion to the grade of a non-commissioned officer at good pay. Unmarried soldiers under thirty years of age, who are citizens of the United States, who are physically sound, who have served honorably not less than two years in the army, and who bear a good moral character, are permitted to compete, by examination, for promotion to the rank of second lieutenant, a grade in the army in which vacancies always exist.

The Thibetan and His Tea

FATHER HUC, the missionary and explorer of Thibet a century or more ago, depicts in his delightful book "avalanches" of laden yaks pouring down the mountainsides. The early critics of this book pronounced this very amusing, but to be taken merely as a picturesque relief to what the worthy priest feared would be a dull narrative. Nevertheless, it is now known to be quite true. Yaks still make the *glissade* on the icy passes when carrying tea over the mountains from China to the interior of Thibet. The Thibetan must have his tea. It is his mainstay—his life. The nomads of these lofty plains have absolutely no crops. They have no pigs nor fowls. Their herds of yaks and their flocks of goats and sheep furnish them with meat, which they eat fairly often, and with milk, cream, and especially butter, which they consume in astonishing quantities. The national dish, indeed, is a sort of gruel made by boiling parched barley meal and mixing into it as it cooks a goodly proportion of buttered tea.

All the tea and most of the barley used in Thibet come from China, and nearly all by a single road which leads across the rough mountains of Sze-Chuan. It is the best road in western China because most traveled and cared for; yet on the mountain passes—one ten thousand feet high—the tea-carriers in winter must wear climbing-irons, and pack-horses descend mostly by falling on the glairy trail and rolling and gliding, load and all, until they bring up gently in loose snow and bushes at the bottom. The Thibetan yaks know better. They sit down on their haunches, as Huc tells us, and skilfully slide.

This precarious road is traversed by an endless stream of porters carrying bales of tea west and bales of skins, etc., eastward—bales which frequently weigh three hundred pounds. They form a guild very jealous of their caste and will not allow any horses to be bred or used on the fertile plain of the Min River, near the border, for fear of encroachment on their monopoly—a trade-union centuries old. In addition to the usual traffic via Tatsien-lu a great caravan of tea goes twice a year from Songpan-ting to cross Thibet as far as the great lake Kokonoor. All the nomads know of its coming, and at each halting-place families assemble from far and near to buy a half-year's supply of tea in exchange for goatskins, yak hair, etc. These traveling merchants (Chinese) are in no danger from the tribes through which they regularly pass, to whose chiefs tribute is paid, but are as likely as any other caravan to be robbed by outsiders, so that military precautions must surround every movement, since nowhere on earth is society composed so wholly of Ishmaelites as that of eastern Thibet.

Mattresses for Plate Glass

THE mattresses whereon we sleep are by no means the only ones. There is, for instance, the mattress that is placed in wagons for the conveyance of plate glass in safety.

These wagon mattresses are made of curled hair. They are of a thickness scarcely greater than that of the coverlet that is known as a "comfortable." The exigencies of plate-glass transportation require that these mattresses be constructed with exceeding care, inasmuch as a slight lump anywhere in the mattress might prove sufficient to cause the breakage of the glass that rests upon it. In the event of two plates of glass resting upon that lump at the same time still greater danger to the glass is courted.

These plate-glass mattresses cost, according to size, from sixty to seventy-five dollars. The mere remaking of such a mattress may cost from twenty to twenty-five dollars.

The Blood Temperature of Athletes

THERE have been made at the London College Hospital some curious observations on the blood temperature of athletes. The normal blood temperature of man is about 98.11 degrees Fahrenheit. A young man, after a run of 200 yards, showed a temperature of 100.76 degrees; another a temperature of 100.94 degrees; a third a temperature of 102.2 degrees after a run of half a mile. A mile run produced an internal temperature of 102.8 degrees with one athlete and 103.6 degrees with another. After a three-mile run one young man had a temperature of 105 degrees, but this runner's normal blood temperature was 101 degrees, although he was in perfect health.

"Calabogus"

AN old-time drink in Newfoundland is "calabogus," which is a mixture of rum, molasses, and spruce beer. It achieved great popularity among the "fishing admirals" along the coast, who administered a kind of rough-and-tumble justice in the seventeenth century. These men invariably drank "calabogus" when celebrating the toast "The Pope and ten dollars," which meant ten dollars a quintal for fish.

The brewing of spruce beer, the favorite drink among the bank fishermen, dates from a very early period in the island's history. A colonist of 1617 has left on record his opinion that spruce beer and barley water make better drinks in cold climates than strong liquor. A French official at St. Pierre says, in his report for 1910, that local ship-owners provide for their crews, in addition to the provisions they are obliged by law to supply, unlimited quantities of spruce beer, "a beverage generally consumed in this region and much liked by seamen."

Figures showing how much beer is made and drunk are unobtainable, since brewing is a strictly home affair and subject to no regulations. In an old local history book is a recipe for the making of the beverage as follows: "A bough of black spruce, fresh from the tree, is chopped into small pieces and put into an iron pot holding six to eight gallons of water. This is hung over a fire and left to boil for several hours until the leaves come off easily; it is then taken off and molasses put into it in the proportion of one to eighteen gallons. The whole is stirred up, and when cooled is poured into a cask, where a pint of the grounds left over from the former brewing and some cold water to prevent scalding have already been put. The cask is shaken and left to ferment and settle for twenty-four hours." At St. Pierre this is still the way they brew except that yeast is used to start fermentation, and some people, to save trouble in boiling boughs, use a concentrated spruce essence imported from America. But this is not so good as the real thing.

The Microscope in the Kitchen

THE use of the microscope is recommended in the kitchen, if not of the ordinary house, at least of those having an army of servants and purchasing by wholesale. In hotels, boarding-houses, hospitals, jails its use in our complicated modern life is becoming essential, and the need is based upon the necessity of determining the degree of adulteration of food. The chef has no excuse for not knowing what he buys if he is provided with a microscope.

In starchy substances the adulterations will soon be revealed by the microscope if the grains of starch do not have the selfsame form in the potato and in rice. The same thing may be said of the spices. Pepper can be adulterated only with peas or ground beans and this fraud also may be readily detected. The rule may be almost universally applied to all foods that pass through the kitchen, and especially the kitchens of the wealthy. Coffee under the microscope does not look like chicory in structure and chocolate made with peanuts does not look like pure chocolate.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

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A young Nebr. man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story:

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"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by.

"I took many kinds of medicine, but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk.

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day I grew stronger steadily, and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts, as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE STRAIN OF THE GAME

The wonderful Football Season now Drawing to a Close Has Produced Prodigies of Endurance and Achievement

BY EDWARD BAYARD MOSS

THE season now drawing to a close has been one of the most sensational in the annals of football. It is doubtful if as many niches have ever been filled in one short season as will be the case in 1912. It was the contention at the close of the preceding football period that the rules did not permit of decisive results except where teams were unevenly matched. No-score games were common and tiresome, fruitless struggles frequent. Whatever may be said from a technical standpoint against the 1912 code, the fact stands out clearly that these objections have been eliminated. Other years have developed DeWitt, Poe, Moffatt, Glass, Coy, Hefflefinger, Hare, Bull, Eckersall, and their like, but what single season can show as a product of twelve weeks a galaxy equal to Brickley, Thorpe, Flynn, Marshall, Baker, Arcassa, Hardwich, and Waller? And the end is not yet, for at the time of writing other games remain which may introduce new heroes for college acclamation.

Captain Spalding of the Yale team getting away a long kick in the face of charging linemen

This struggle for victory which has resulted in so many sensational features has not been so easy—if anything can be termed easy in football—as in past years. The slow and almost irresistible advance of the days of mass play and five-yards-in-three-downs did not try the physical resources of the player in the same way as the combination of line-plunging and open-field dashes so frequent at present. It requires athletic stamina of the highest quality to sweep through an entire opposing eleven in a long zigzag run for half or three-quarters the length of a football field, after having played steadily for the best part of an hour. Such a feat is worthy of praise at any time, but when it changes defeat into victory, as was the case when quarter-back Marshall of Pennsylvania wrested the game from Michigan in the final moments of play, the reason for the snake dance with Marshall borne on the shoulders of his classmates is not hard to understand.

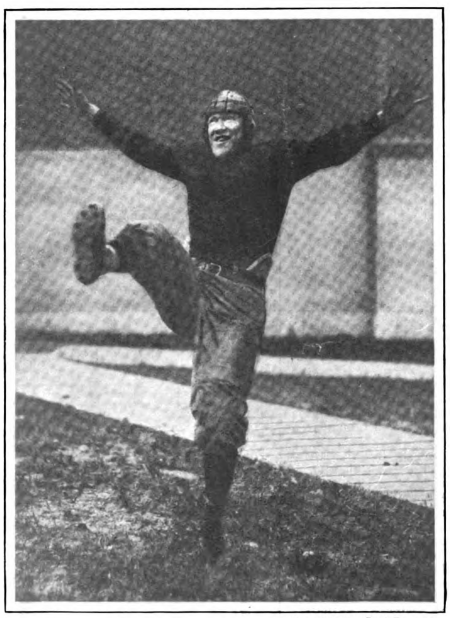
Only a man who has played football can realize the mental and muscular effort exerted in such runs. To pick up a fumbled ball and race down a clear field to a touchdown is a thrilling play, yet always a question of speed. Given a start and the sprinting ability to outrun the following tacklers, a score is easy. The camera has frequently caught a player in this feat, and invariably the lined and distorted face shows the tension under which he is laboring. What, then, of the man who, with little or no interference, dashes his winding way through an opposing eleven for a long run ending perhaps in a touchdown? His mind and body must respond to a hundred snap judgments in a period of a few seconds. Straight-arming a tackler on the forty-five-yard line, he must also be figuring how to pass between two converging opponents ten yards farther away. Beyond these men are others, all rushing frantically to intercept the runner and dash him to the ground. Problem after problem, requiring a perfect idea of speed and dodging, springs up, and each must be solved correctly and in a fleeting speck of time. The slightest hesitancy or false move and the possibility of a score is ended in a vicious tackle that racks every muscle and bone of the body, followed, perhaps, by the loss of the ball in the resultant fall. Is it, then, any wonder that the camera catches players in weird postures and shows facial expressions such as are never seen from the stands?

The spectator, even when he is one of the few favored with side-line privileges, seldom notices this feature of football. To him the players are but parts of a machine, and he watches the progress of the advance or retreat, considering the play as a whole. The work of one or more men may stand out prominently, but he never thinks to examine their faces as they flash past. His mind is centered on the length of the run, the ability to dodge or overthrow opponents, and other football technique, without regard to the mind working under the mask of mud and leather helmet.

Many will tell you that the open-field runner dodges, twists, and oversteps instinctively. Some few may, but the successful ground-gainer thinks out every move, and the camera proves it. Photographs of runners going through a broken field frequently show the man with the ball evading one tackler while gazing ahead at another opponent some yards away. If the spectator in the stands thinks that this is done nonchalantly, the lens will convince him to the contrary. There is a reason for the strange and startling distortions snapped at the height of a football game.

This is equally true of the field and drop goal kicker, who strives against wind and onrushing blockers to drive the ball over the cross-bar for the points that may mean victory for his team. Except in the case of a free kick, he has to work with a strength and rapidity that draw heavily on his nerve reserve. Even when the play is made under the most favorable conditions the chances are heavily against success. The ball must pass either indirectly or directly to a kicker, who, in turn, must shift it to a satisfactory position after the catch, then drop the sphere and kick it on the rebound from the ground. He must allow for the velocity and direction of the wind, and, above all, get the ball away before it is blocked by the charging linemen. Goal-kickers are seldom caught smiling as they disappear under a mass of opposing players. Many never know until after they are helped to their feet whether the attempt ended in failure or success.

The leading games on Eastern and Western gridirons have brought into action plays and players whose deeds have been chronicled from coast to coast. "Hobey" Baker's run in the Princeton-Dartmouth game, when he dashed more than three-quarters the length of the field for a touchdown, puts the new Princeton star in the class with Sam White of last year's eleven; Tilly Lamar, of 1885 fame; Arthur Poe, who fourteen years later defeated Yale with a length-of-the-field run; and Herman Suter, who dashed through the Harvard eleven in 1895 with a sprint famous in Princeton football history. When the Tigers journeyed to Cambridge to meet Harvard for the first time in sixteen years on a New England gridiron, another player stepped into the spot-light, and this time it was not a Princeton athlete.



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James Thorpe, captain of the Carlisle Indian School eleven, trying for a field goal

O'Hearne, right end on the Cornell eleven

When the contest had ended the crimson of Harvard floated above the orange and black of Princeton after an interval of twenty-five years. The score was 16 to 6, and Charles Brickley, Harvard's right halfback, was the new hero. If only the points scored by his kicks had counted, his team would still have been the winner, for three times he drove the ball over the cross-bar, thus scoring nine points for the Cambridge collegians. Two of these were comparatively easy, but the third will go down in football-kicking annals as one of the great aerial scoring feats of the gridiron. Following Gardner's fair catch on Princeton's 47-yard line, Brickley kicked a perfect field goal which, for length and precision of direction, equaled John DeWitt's place kick at New Haven in 1903, which won for Princeton. There have been other players, however, who surpassed Brickley in scoring, for Bernie Trafford, of the Harvard team of 1890, kicked five field goals in the game with Cornell. Alexander Moffat also kicked four in the Harvard-Princeton game of 1883. In the Yale-Princeton game of 1882 J. T. Haxall of Princeton scored with a place kick from the 63d-yard-line mark, and "Pat" O'Dea of Wisconsin kicked a perfect 62-yard drop-kick goal in the Wisconsin-Northwestern game of 1898.

Another remarkable football product of the season of 1912 is Thorpe of the Carlisle Indian School. It is doubtful if any team of any time ever produced a greater player. Thorpe, the world's champion all-round athlete, winner of the pentathlon and decathlon events at the Olympic games held in Stockholm last summer, plays football with the strength of an angry bull and the speed and agility of a panther. Not since the early days of the game has his equal been seen in action. Ten-yard runs are as common as two-yard line plunges in an ordinary contest. His exhibition against the United States Military Academy team at West Point was simply astonishing. Against an eleven which had previously held Yale to four first downs in one hour of play, he raced through the line and around the ends for stretches of from ten to forty yards at a time. Aided by Arcassa, Guyon, and other all-American material, this Indian helped roll up a 26 to 6 victory that West Point will not forget for years.

It is impossible to estimate accurately the number of spectators that have witnessed football games this season, but the number must aggregate several millions at least. The demand for seat coupons for the Yale-Harvard and Yale-Princeton games was so great that thousands of applications, together with the accompanying checks and money orders, had to be returned. Twice during the autumn the Harvard stadium contained fully thirty thousand persons gathered to watch the Harvard-Princeton and Dartmouth-Harvard games. Attendance figures that exceeded ten thousand were frequent.

In the Middle West similar conditions prevailed. It was impossible to secure a ticket for the Minnesota-Wisconsin game played at Minneapolis except from speculators, who sold the few obtained at exorbitant advances. The Michigan-Cornell game at Ann Arbor drew almost as many spectators as the Pennsylvania-Cornell game at Philadelphia. On the Pacific coast, where Rugby is the football fashion at present, the Stanford-California contest in the green-clad stadium at Berkeley attracted 20,000, and other thousands were barred by the inability to accommodate them.

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The Honor System in American Universities

BY BONDURANT O'SHAUGHNESSY

THE American college undergraduate is acknowledged to be versatile, and his ingenuity has been known to take peculiar forms, at times commendable and at others decidedly reprehensible. Where his efforts are merely directed to the performance of some practical joke whereby no one is seriously injured it is easy to forgive him, as the humor of his pranks usually outweighs the mischief done. An example of this kind of humor is the story told of two college boys who, having a grudge against some of the police force of their college town, hit upon a novel means of gratifying it. They bought a big red-and-white barber pole from a local barber who had no further use for it. About eleven o'clock that night, wearing a guilty air, they stole furtively down the street with their trophy. They succeeded at last in enticing an unwary bluecoat to pursue them and place them under arrest. After waiting until the desk lieutenant had entered the charge on the blotter and was about to assign them to cells for the night, they produced a formal bill of sale for the pole and were allowed to depart in peace with their prize. The same performance was repeated two or three times on different streets, until the lieutenant at last in desperation called up the various men on patrol and ordered them, "If they saw two fool students carrying around a barber pole to let them alone." Unfortunately, the enterprising youths were in the station-house at the time the order was given, and, sad to relate, the next morning there was not a single barber pole left in that town.

But where the student uses his wits in order to devise ingenious methods of cheating at examinations the matter becomes more serious, as it injures not only the university, but the man himself, and is bound to undermine his ideas of right and wrong.

Many students, of course, are repelled at the thought of "cribbing" under any circumstances. Others believe that cribbing is justifiable only in oral recitations and not in written examinations. Others only where they consider the questions unfair. Others where they have a personal dislike of an unpopular instructor. Still others where the alternative is cheating or being dropped from college for failure to pass the examination. And so on for many varied reasons. Some of the distinctions drawn are so fine that only a college boy could conceive them.

Only a small percentage believe it right to crib under all circumstances, and these are usually restricted to that class of students who are firmly convinced that their only reason for being in college is that they may have four years of amusement. This class usually regards the faculty as its sworn enemies.

Oddly enough, even the most inveterate "cribber" generally has the highest standards of honor in all other matters, and he is firmly convinced that there is no moral wrong in what he is doing. Environment has a lot to do with whether a boy cribs or not. A youth who has never thought of such a thing while he was in "prep" school, if he enters an institution where it is prevalent and sees some of the most popular and prominent men of the campus world indulging in it, will soon succumb to their example if he is not of exceptionally strong moral fiber. It is largely a question of local sentiment. If it is a generally admitted practice among the students, then a Freshman has no compunction in doing what his upper classmen are doing every day; but if the sentiment of the institution is opposed to cribbing, most new men will yield to public opinion.

As a rule, the law and medical schools of our country are remarkably free from this evil. This may be attributed to a variety of causes, the chief ones being that the men entering these departments of a university are older; and as they are preparing for a definite life-work they see the futility of the practice.

The wits of the learned gentlemen of the faculty are sharpened by years of contact with the college boy, but they cannot keep pace with the hundreds of new schemes devised every year by the youths in their charge. They are, of course, aware of the older methods, such as the use of cribs written on thin slips of paper and wound tightly around pencils, cribs written on the same kind of paper and deftly concealed in watch cases, or written on cuffs or even on finger nails. They long ago discovered the cruder methods resorted to in order to help a candidate who, wanting certain answers, signals to a friend who, being better informed, writes the information required on a piece of paper, crumples it into a ball, and flips it between the thumb and forefinger to his inquiring friend. Or the more involved system which was invented by two youths, who, while apparently idly tapping their pencils against their desks while thinking of the answer to a question, were in reality exchanging a system of code signals previously agreed upon. However, the examiners cannot be aware of all the schemes employed and sometimes they remain ignorant of the most palpable.

The only remedy that has been found to be effective against cribbing is what is known as the "honor system." This system was first introduced at the University of Virginia, where it has met with remarkable success. Once it has become officially a matter of honor not to take any unfair advantage during an examination, even the most unscrupulous student will hesitate before he will commit any act that will cause him to lose caste in his college world.

The "honor system" is by no means perfect, for while it cuts down the number of men who cheat in examinations to an extremely small percentage of those who would if the system were not in operation, it cannot change human nature; and, of course, there are some men who are bound by no standards of honor whatsoever, and under this system have a greater chance to cheat undetected than they would have under faculty supervision.

Where the system is in vogue the collegian is apt to be very sensitive as to his dignity and strongly resents any appearance of espionage. In many places the instructors, realizing this, absent themselves from the room while the examination is in progress in order not to appear to doubt the honesty of the class in their charge.

Where the "honor system" is in operation the students themselves elect a board of undergraduates to try all violations and to punish those whom they find guilty. The accused is allowed counsel and as many witnesses as he may desire to summon, but the counsel must be a student and not a practising attorney. The trial is conducted with more or less formality, and the proceedings are kept secret. If the offense is a serious one and the charge is proved the culprit is requested to withdraw from the institution, which he invariably does. There is no notoriety and the faculty does not act in the matter.

A serious drawback to the system is the difficulty of obtaining evidence. Theoretically any man who observes an infraction of the rules is supposed to report it to the Honor Board; but many men, while they themselves are entirely honest in their own actions, are reluctant to report a comrade who has violated the rules. This is particularly the case where the system is of recent adoption. Where the system has been installed for some time it becomes more a part of the undergraduate traditions, and the men are less reluctant to report an offender, as they believe an offense under these conditions is a blow to the fair name of the university.

While many schools and universities have adopted the "honor system," the University of Virginia and Princeton are its chief exponents. Last year Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, which is a department as large as the academic, adopted the system upon a petition of the students. The class of 1912 voted to adopt it by a two-thirds majority, and the under classes then held meetings and followed the lead of their upper classmen by an equally large vote. The faculty, seeing how strong the feeling was, gladly acquiesced in the adoption. A set of rules was drawn up by a committee of students and an Honor Board was elected, made up of members from each class and a chairman and secretary from the senior council. The rules went into effect last June, and no papers were examined and marked that did not bear this pledge: "I, ——, hereby pledge my word of honor that I have neither given nor received any aid during this examination."

Under the Yale system an instructor was present in the room while the examinations were in progress, not for the purpose of supervision, but to give information relative to the time allowed, the constructions of questions, etc.

Wherever the "honor system" has been adopted it has usually been the students themselves who have taken the initial steps to bring it about. While the faculties by no means oppose the system, they realize that unless there is a general undergraduate demand for it the chances are against its success. Whatever the faults of the "honor system" may be, one thing is certain: once placed upon his honor, the American student very rarely betrays the trust bestowed on him.

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The Popularity of Moving Pictures

MOVING pictures continue in demand. Fifteen thousand miles of films were exported from the United States in the year ending June 30, 1912, while the length of imported films during the same period amounted to three thousand miles. A large proportion, in fact, of films in use the world over come from this country. Films and machines for the new moving-picture shows opened last August in Panama City were all of American make. On the other hand, there is no demand at present in Zanzibar for the moving-picture show or any other amusement device except, perhaps, the merry-go-round.

The possibilities for educational use of the cinematograph have lately received much attention in Germany, and manufacturers have submitted films adapted to this purpose. A well-known philanthropist has presented the Berlin schools with two fully equipped moving-picture machines. Many country schools possess stereoscopes and also lanterns with slides. Pictures for these machines are used in the following studies: geography, mineralogy, zoology, art, and certain lectures where pictures of poets and authors are wanted.

Not a bad idea is that of an American typewriter company that owns a moving-picture machine film which attracted great interest in Calcutta and other parts of India. The film is one of a series representing commerce and the industries.

A cinematograph exhibition, which it is intended to make international in its scope, is to be held at Olympia, London, next March. Manufacturers everywhere will be invited to exhibit their products.

The Organization of the Church of England

THE highest office in the Church of England is held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, officially known as Primate of all England, in distinction from the Archbishop of York, who is simply Primate of England. The jurisdiction of the latter extends over the province or county of York, which includes ten dioceses in that part of England from the Humber to the Dee and embraces the Isle of Man as well.

The rest of England is under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. That dignitary, however, as Primate of all England, is supposed to possess a certain authority over the church in the whole country. He takes precedence on all public occasions not only of the Archbishop of York, but of all the nobility save the immediate members of the royal family. He crowns the king, but the queen is crowned by the Archbishop of York.

The Church has two legislative bodies, called convocations, which attend to ecclesiastical matters. Each convocation, that of York and that of Canterbury, contains two houses. The upper house is composed of bishops and other dignitaries, and the lower house is made up of deans, archdeacons, and delegates who are elected whenever a new Parliament is chosen.

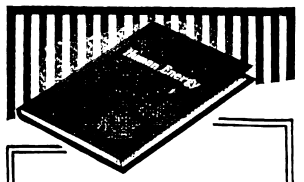
Bird Tribunals

RAVENS, starlings, and crows are believed to hold courts of justice to mete out punishment to offenders. Sometimes they assemble in great numbers, as if they would give great dignity to the occasion. The trial sometimes apparently endures for many days. Some birds sit at the conclave with lowered heads, some merely cock their heads on the branches and look grave, while others are most garrulous and fill the air with their complaints.

Naturalists studying these strange proceedings have seen an apparently selected number of birds fall upon one or more of their number—at the close of the "trial"—and put them to death, after which they dispersed in orderly fashion and went back quietly to their nests.

The Moon and Volcanoes

IT is evident that if the earth's internal mass is liquid it must obey the law that governs fluids. Scientists have tried, therefore, to find some relationship between volcanic eruptions and lunar attraction.



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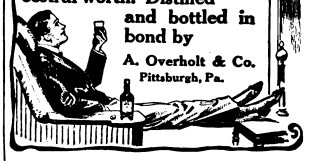

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The Noisy Polar Regions

MOST of us cherish the idea that in the far reaches of the Arctic Circle there prevails an everlasting, death-like stillness; but those who have spent much time in the Far North assure us that that region is far from being silent, although so little life is manifest for the greater part of the year.

On polar seas the ice, though thick and solid as granite, is hardly ever still. There are tides in the Arctic and these lift and lower the huge ice-fields, causing them to give out all manner of noises. Even as late as November the pack will wake up without warning and pile itself in huge heaps with indescribable crashings, groanings, and roarings. Peary speaks of the "rabid roar" of the "tumbling chaos of ice blocks." His Eskimos were terribly frightened and set up weird howlings. The dogs whined and barked, and altogether the noise was terrific. Every Arctic explorer has given similar accounts.

The movements of the ice—the gradual crowding and pressing, bending and pushing, the breaking of the masses of snow lying at the "ice foot"—have given rise to the expression of explorers, "The voices of the ice." It may be that one will hear a low singing, splashing, or grumbling, alternating with various other sounds, cracking and snapping. These sound irregularly from a great distance, like a confusion of human voices, the racket of a railway train, or the skurrying of a sledging party. Then, again, the noises are such as to cause the explorer to fancy he hears the steps and voices of various species of animals.

Spring is the noisiest time in the polar seas. McClure, of the *Investigator*, compared the breaking up of the ice at that season to heavy thunder or the sound of great guns. Another writer likened the sound of the breaking ice floe to that produced by a volcanic eruption.

Moreover, the air in the Arctic regions is seldom absolutely still. Gales are frequent. The winter winds, according to Peary, blow with almost unimaginable fury. On one occasion in the cabins of the *Roosevelt* the sound resembled that of some gigantic power plant, everything vibrating to the pulsation of the machinery. The whole atmosphere was filled with the deep, sullen roar of the wind, and so thick was the cloud of snow picked up and swept forward on the wings of the gale that powerful lamps were invisible ten feet away.

On high ground, such as that of inner Greenland, the wind is never still. Nansen tells of the constant hiss of the breeze laden with tiny bits of ice, which flowed along knee high like a shining white river glittering in the pale Arctic sunlight.

Nor is there lack of sounds caused by animal life. In the Arctic may often be heard the baying of wolves and the barking of seal, while in the summer the harsh cry of sea birds echoes along the faces of the cliffs.

Four Great Sauces

A FRENCHMAN has declared that "man has created the culinary art; he does not eat like an animal—he breakfasts, dines, and sups."

The French are particularly eloquent on the subject of sauces. Among their famous chefs are recognized four great sauces: Spanish, Velouté, Béchamel, and German. The Spanish and Velouté were known as far back as the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth they were modified by the masters of cookery, particularly by Carême, who was called "the Raphael of the kitchen."

The Spanish sauce is composed of juices extracted from a mixture of ham, veal, chicken, and pheasant. Velouté is similar, but is not colored. Béchamel is Velouté to which cream has been added, and the German sauce is Velouté plus the yolks of eggs.

Neroli

ESSENCE of neroli is obtained from a species of orange-tree grown in Provence. The trees are grown for their flowers, but are cultivated as are fruit trees. The flowers are picked by hand every two days, in April and May, for high-priced perfume essence. Full-blown flowers are gathered either in linen sheets or in pails. The twenty pounds' weight of flowers gathered by a good workman in one day's work is sent to the distillery in bags. About one thousand pounds of flowers produce two pounds of essence.

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"Books and the Man"

IN a recent address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on "Books and the Man: Some Thoughts on Modern Reading in its Relation to Modern Life," Sir Gilbert Parker deplored the production of frothy and useless books in the swirl and rush and motor movement of modern life. Conceive of the peerless Chaucer, he said, in front of a bookstall at a railway station, with its careless profusion of literary wares. He would shut his eyes and say, "Take me back to my comfortable tomb."

To a lover of books, Sir Gilbert said, the leather-tainted atmosphere of the bookseller's shop had the fragrance of a Persian rose-garden. The books of a time reproduced in varying degree the spirit of the time, and that was why one looked round wide-eyed when there came a new phase of taste in books. When the so-called problem play and novel were the vogue, the novel and play of sex, not in the fundamental wholesome sense, but twisted out of proportion by a spectacular art, one found the phase reproduced in the attitude of mind of the public. A year of scandalous literature and plays was enough to sweep a large population on a wave of easy-going morals; a year of flippant treatment of sacred things—he meant such things, not necessarily religious, as men and women at their best held dear—was enough to destroy reverence in hundreds of thousands, so plastic was character, which, to a degree, was always changing, because a new population was ever being born. Indeed, a mere phrase was enough to give a turn to the minds of thousands—as waves that rippled out to an almost shoreless distance. If a phrase will cling for a lifetime in a man's mind, influencing his conduct, what must be the influence of a book which presents a hundred or a thousand manifestations of life in epitome. The massed influence was one which was not to be gauged by any words of it remembered, but by the incorporation of its spirit into the spirit and character of the reader. If the massed influence be deleterious, then an ill thing had been done to the nation. [Hear, hear.] One could not be prudish, on the one hand, or throw the reins wholly loose, on the other; he would let a boy or a girl loose in a library, but he would see that the library was a good one. [Applause.] Anything—anything could be treated in fiction, but it must be treated without that suggestion which was more evil than evil itself. [Applause.] So many books were read, not for love of books, but for information only, and that was why *belles lettres* and poetry and finer literature were neglected, while the popularly political, popularly scientific, and popularly philosophical volumes had a good sale. It would seem as though we were getting down to an economic formula of life.

More men wrote well to-day than wrote seventy-five years ago, but the best did not writer better. And there was far more straining after effect. We had agitated and frantic experiments in the bizarre, quite as unreal as the work of the Futurists or the post-impressionists in painting, but the public needed it all less than it did. In truth, something had gone from us for the moment—for the moment. It was moral enthusiasm. We were too determined to be amused, too busy in keeping pace with the opportunities which fast became duties forced upon us, or offered to us by the motor-car and the telephone and the flying-machine. We were so common sense—or maybe so commonplace—that we wanted everything not to have too great an elevation, and we certainly would not have too low a depression. Hence the present-day style which belonged to the time, and was not devised. It was not manufactured; it was in keeping with the time and the spirit of the moment.

It was apparent from books of the hour that imagination had taken new expression in this age, and that moral sense and obligation determinedly found new manifestations. And herein lay the hopefulness of the situation. [Applause.] For himself, he believed that biography and autobiography had more influence proportionately to its popularity on men and national life than almost any other sort of literature, fiction excepted. Of all literature, biography was the most responsible, the most exacting. To have the blood of reputation on your hands was a dismal thing; yet we had seen it in our day. Heaven help us if we were not to have our heroes at their essential best, and, if need be, with the contrast of their larger faults, as in the case of Nelson, whom none loved less because he loved unwisely. In an allusion to Napoleon Sir Gilbert Parker characterized *The Last Phase* as one of the most beautiful and moving and penetrating of books.

When one read the critics and publicists and social commentators of one hundred years ago one got courage, for each phase had its Jeremiahs who foresaw the fall of Jerusalem. The world had always been going to the dogs. [Laughter.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED by
GEORGE HARVEY

December 7 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

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A New Novel by Arnold Bennett

The most brilliant book of the most talked-of English novelist of the day. The very theme of it—but that must be kept secret for the present—it is so unusual, so entirely new.

Hitherto Unpublished Writings of Mark Twain

Mark Twain left in the hands of his literary executors a number of important unpublished writings which for one reason or another he had thought best not to give to the world during his lifetime. Among them are certain manuscripts admirably representative of his genius. The most notable of these will appear in HARPER'S MAGAZINE during the coming months.

The Wonders of Science

The scientific articles in HARPER'S MAGAZINE combine the essential qualities of highest authority and greatest interest. Among the important features will be some notable papers by Professor John B. Watson, of Johns Hopkins, on animal psychology; an important paper by Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, in which he assembles the most recent views on the problem of the chemical creation of life; articles by A. D. Hall, F.R.S., and Professor T. Russell Smith, of the University of Pennsylvania, on some new attitudes of science to agricultural problems, and other striking papers by Henry Smith Williams, LL.D.

Americanisms Real and Fancied

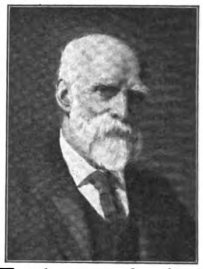
Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury's delightful and authoritative papers on questions of usage of the English language have attracted the widest attention. It is a pleasure to announce that Professor Lounsbury is now preparing a group of new articles dealing with a phase hitherto almost untouched—Americanisms, which will afford an opportunity for discussion of many hitherto unsettled points.

How I Found the Blond Eskimos

Stefansson's Own Narrative of His Four Years in the Arctic

This is the narrative for which people in every part of the world are now waiting. After spending more than four years in the frozen North, and covering in his travels over ten thousand miles of territory, Mr. Stefansson has just returned. His announcement of the finding of the Blond Eskimos has been hailed by the press and the world of science as the most important ethnological discovery of many years. His story of his expedition will appear by special arrangement exclusively in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Ambassador Bryce's Australian Impressions



The Rt. Honorable James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth" and now British Ambassador to the United States, has just returned to Washington after an extended visit to Australia and New Zealand. His impressions of certain interesting phases of Australian life, including economic and industrial conditions, will appear soon in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Another distinguished diplomat who will be a contributor during the coming months is the Hon. David Jayne Hill, formerly Ambassador of the United States at the court of Berlin.

Among the Strange Tribes of the Upper Amazon

Algot Lange, the ethnologist, is heading an expedition sent out under the auspices of the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, with a view to exploration and ethnological study among the native tribes of the upper Amazon. Mr. Lange will explore many of the tributaries in turn, and will venture into territory hitherto never reached by white men, among the many savage peoples of whom next to nothing is known. It is his intention to live with the natives he encounters, making a close study of them, and in this connection he is preparing to make moving pictures and phonograph records of their speech and music. Mr. Lange's articles, which will be sent out from the interior whenever opportunity offers, will appear exclusively in HARPER'S.

Something That Can't Be Revealed—Yet

As to one feature of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, perhaps the most important, the publishers feel that they must at present refrain from definite announcement—it involves certain matters of such importance and personages of such high position abroad, including a King and an Emperor. Later a full announcement will be made.

Some New Movements in American Life

This is the day of progress. Never has so much thought been given in this country to the solving of its social, educational, and economic problems. In different States remarkable new experiments are being tried in these fields. Robert Bruere is in close touch with all these movements. He will write of some of those which have proved to be of real significance and importance.

With the World's Great Travelers

To travel about the world through the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is to travel in distinguished company, and to see through the eyes of those who know. Among the contributors of travel articles of greatest interest and importance during the coming months will be Professor Henry E. Crampton, of Columbia, who will tell of his recent expedition into British Guiana; Roy Andrews, of the American Museum of Natural History, who will write of his explorations in little-known parts of Korea; and Professor Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale, who will give an interesting account of his recent work in Mexico and Yucatan. Professor Bingham's Peruvian articles will be continued, and there will be notable travel papers by such writers as Stewart Edward White, D. T. McDougal, of the Desert Laboratory, Louise Closser Hale, Henry S. Canby, Sidney Adamson, and many others. There will be more of the delightful articles by W. D. Howells, on his recent travels in Spain.

Short Stories A list of the short stories which have appeared in Harper's Magazine would be a list of the greatest short stories of the English language. To Harper's the great writers have always come with their best work, and in Harper's appear more short stories each month than in any other illustrated magazine. Notable among those whose stories will appear in 1913 are Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Henry van Dyke, Booth Tarkington, Mary E. Wilkins, Perceval Gibbon, Joseph Conrad, Margaret Cameron, Thomas A. Janvier, Irving Bacheller, James Oppenheim, Richard Washburn Child, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, etc., etc.

Pictures Here as in other fields Harper's stands supreme. It is the most elaborately illustrated magazine published.

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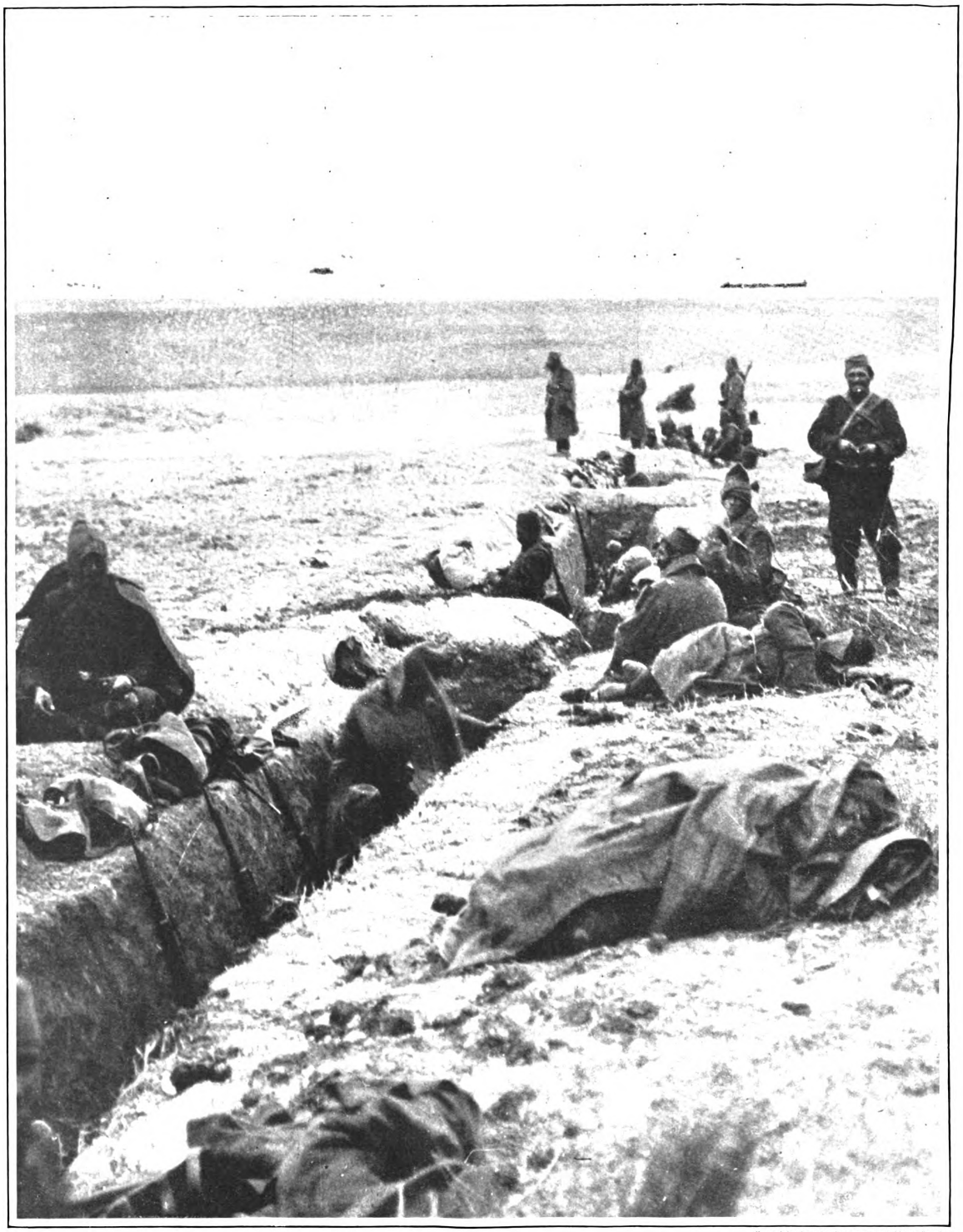
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVI. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1912 No. 2920



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A SNAP-SHOT FROM THE BALKANS

Bulgarian soldiers resting beside the trenches before the Turkish line of defense at Tchatalja. Although within thirty miles of Constantinople, the invaders have been unable to press home their attack, pending the fall of Adrianople, whose siege requires their biggest guns and a large part of their army

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COMMENT

Revise Every Schedule

IN our judgment, Speaker CLARK hits the nail on the head when he declares that revision should touch every schedule in the law.—HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Nonsense. Revision should touch every schedule that can be revised to advantage. Revision for the sake of revision is not what anybody wants. It is true that the platform adopted at Baltimore advocated tariff reform, meaning reduction, but it also is true that legislation such as "will not injure or destroy legitimate industry" was favored. It is quite conceivable that some of the existing rates are just what they ought to be, despite the grotesque inequalities of others, and the convention was wise enough to qualify its declaration accordingly. Change that does not take that qualification into account would do more harm than good.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The various schedules are classified as follows:

A. Chemicals, oils, and paints. B. Earths, earthenware, and glassware. C. Metals and manufactures of. D. Wood and manufactures of. E. Sugar, molasses, and manufactures of. F. Tobacco and manufactures of. G. Agricultural products and provisions. H. Spirits and wines. I. Cotton manufactures. J. Flax, hemp, and manufactures of. K. Wool, and manufactures of. L. Silk, and silk goods. M. Pulp, paper, and books. N. Sundries.

Which of these, we wonder, does Dr. MCKELWAY regard as unsusceptible of improvement from the standpoint of equity or of Democratic pledges? If he can name one we will admit that we have talked nonsense. Our suspicion, however, is that the doctor did not express his meaning with his customary accuracy. Apparently what he meant to say is that some of the rates within the various schedules are satisfactory. That may be, though we doubt if there are many aside from some of the duties on wines and liquors. So far as the schedules themselves are concerned, we again indorse the Speaker's judgment that every one should be overhauled and put in shipshape. That is what the Democratic party was elected to do, and it must do it without fear or favor or get off the map.

Monopoly and Wages

Human nature is a curious thing. It greets with noise and excitement many happenings that are negligible, and yet grows quiet and reasonable when something occurs which it instinctively recognizes as of really far-reaching importance.

The instance at hand is the way the newspapers have taken the decision of the Board of Arbitration on the demands of the engineers of the Eastern railways.

Although the board was not really a governmental body, and although its decision had no force but that which it drew from the agreement of both the contending parties to abide by it, there was general and instant perception of its epoch-making quality. Yet the comments on it have not been excited and violent. They have been grave, restrained, cautious. Neither from capitalistic nor from radical sources has there come any particularly heated animadversion on the board or its findings. It is plain that intelligent people, seeing how big are the questions the board has dealt with, hesitate to be positive concerning them.

Here are the points of the decision that may well make it epochal in our economic history:

The board practically commits itself to the principle of a minimum wage for the employees of railroads. There is no other explanation of its action. It not only fixed a minimum wage for engineers on the roads involved, but it declined to consider as a factor in determining that minimum the ability of the various roads to pay it.

On the other hand, by recommending the establishment of Federal and State wage commissions the board commits itself quite as clearly to the position that the public has a right to protect itself against any such calamity as a general strike of railway employees. Indeed, the report says so in so many words. Having first told the railroads that they must pay their employees reasonable wages, the board finds, as a logical corollary, that the employees must be content with arbitration, arbitration legalized and compulsory, as the means to determine what wages *are* reasonable.

By an unavoidable inference from these two conclusions the board also commits itself to the position that railroads are natural monopolies and must be dealt with accordingly. To our mind, it goes farther still and commits itself to the position that a labor union, if strong enough, is likewise a monopoly and must be treated accordingly.

As we have said, the board was not, strictly speaking, a governmental body. Neither Congress nor any Legislature is bound to act on its recommendations. But there is no denying the very great significance of its action. It is in line with the action of the French government a year or two ago when Premier BRIAND made an end of a devastating railroad strike, and with the more recent action of the British government in ending a strike of the coal-miners. It writes no law, but it establishes a precedent of a potency hard to overestimate. Whether right or wrong, it is the most direct answer yet made in this country to the imperative challenge which modern industrialism offers to modern governments.

The Fourth-class Postmasters

We do not wonder that there is some division of opinion over President TAFT'S action in extending the rules of the classified civil service over some thirty thousand fourth-class postmasters. It may be said that in this Mr. TAFT has merely followed a precedent. But the truth is that he has followed two precedents and only one of them is commendable. The commendable one is that which practically requires every President, sometime during his term of office, to do something substantial for civil-service reform. The other one is that which permits him to postpone such action until near the end of his term of office.

It is a good thing that this great group of minor offices, by nature non-political, should be taken out of politics. It is an unfortunate thing that the order taking them out of politics should come at such a time as to provoke the charge of unfairness and partisanship. Of course precisely the same charge could have been made, and we believe was made, against other Presidents—ROOSEVELT, for instance, and CLEVELAND. Probably the only reason why MCKINLEY did not incur it was that he died in office. It ought not to blind us to the permanent benefit of the changes thus accomplished, and it certainly ought not to cause any reaction toward the spoils system, but it may well heighten our impatience with Congress for not passing at once such general laws as are needed to establish the merit system in every Federal office where political convictions have no relation to efficiency.

The Worst Vote of All

Now that fairly full returns are available to show the popular strength of all the late candidates for President, we confess a reasonable concern over the size of the vote for DEBS. That, however, is not the vote that particularly worries us. Neither is it the vote for ROOSEVELT. The vote that troubles us most is the vote that was not cast at all.

Several millions of Americans who could have voted in 1908 did not care enough for the privilege to go to the polls and exercise it. This year the number of such Americans has been larger still. Take the figures for all the elections since and including 1896 and it is perfectly clear that the stay-at-home vote has been pretty steadily increasing. It has increased faster than the Socialist vote. It is less creditable than the Socialist vote. On the whole, it is more ominous than the Socialist vote. A Socialist may be merely a mistaken patriot. The stay-at-home gentry cannot lay claim to any patriotism at all. Socialism is at worst a disease of the body politic. Indifference is a chilling of the very soul of democracy.

The Decline of the Senate

Senator BURTON of Ohio, in announcing his candidacy for re-election, raises a question that is far from new but, nevertheless, extremely timely. He proposes to let Ohio decide not merely whom she wants for Senator, but *what* she wants: whether a statesman or a messenger-boy; whether a student and debater of national questions or an agent of local demands; whether a contributor to the nation's counsels or a purveyor of Federal patronage.

The American people, we are glad to observe, are just now getting seriously concerned over this and other questions about the Senate. Many expressions of that concern have been evoked by the much-regretted death of Senator RAYNER of Maryland. For together with the feeling that in Senator RAYNER the country has lost a man with a high conception of the Senatorial office, there has also appeared a very general feeling that the number of men of that character left in the Chamber is distressingly small. It is felt, too, that this has not always been the case. Most Americans, we think, are proud of the Senate, and not without reason, for at more than one period of its history it has been the greatest legislative chamber in the world.

Is it entitled to any such encomium at present? With all due allowance for the tendency to praise the past and depreciate the present, thoughtful Americans feel that it is not. They feel that statesmanship in the Senate is to-day at an unusually low ebb. They feel that the standard of Senatorial ability and character has in recent years been lowered instead of elevated and that the tendency is to lower it still further. Taking account more particularly of the actual political situation and the prospects of the immediate future, they feel that our hopes of wise and beneficent legislation are more likely to fail from the weakness of the Senate, as from the lack of leadership and high purpose in that body, than from any other cause whatsoever.

Some of the Causes

It is well enough that these things should be felt and seriously considered. Maybe after a while we can get at the causes of the trouble and at least bring the Senate back to the standard of earlier years.

It would take a book instead of a paragraph to give our ideas on the subject, but here are some of them given boldly for what they are worth:

In general, the decline of the Senate may be regarded as merely one phase of the unsatisfactory state of our politics which has brought about our present mood of discontent and restlessness. The only full remedy for it is, accordingly, the one true remedy for all our political ills—a general revival of civic virtue, of plain patriotism.

Among specific causes there are two that we would set side by side as of about equal potency. One is commercialism and the other demagogism. The former is responsible for the kind of Senator who, acting as the representative of great selfish interests, is indifferent and unresponsive to the needs and demands of the people. The latter has afflicted us with the kind of Senator who, in his too slavish responsiveness to every passing whim and mood of the electorate, is indifferent to the higher interests of the nation.

Still more specifically, we believe our high protective tariff system, taken with the entire legislative habit of mind which it has fostered, to be in great measure directly responsible for the evil. It has made much of our legislation an ignoble game of grab in which mere disastrous bargaining has supplanted oratory and argument. It has constantly strengthened the false notion that a Senator must stand for the selfish demands of his constituents alone—or, worse still, of certain clamorous interests alone—rather than the ideals and the welfare of the entire Republic.

Next among the causes we should place the undue ascendency of the Executive in recent years at Washington. For this THEODORE ROOSEVELT has been more responsible than any other one public man. While he was President he used every means to center in himself authority and leadership, and his extraordinary popularity gave only too much success to his efforts. When everything was decided at the White House, it is little wonder that even Senators themselves neglected the deliberations in the north wing of the Capitol. But impersonal forces have also been at work. There has been a rapid—an entirely too rapid—increase of functions in the executive departments and commissions. In consequence the whole legislative department has suffered.

But here is merely a beginning of the enumera-

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tion. To go on to the end would, of course, mean a discussion also of recent changes in our mode of choosing Senators. Concerning this there is still much to be said on both sides. Some of them, we concede, have come to seem almost absolutely necessary, so great had been the abuses developed and exposed. But one criticism, we fear, must be passed on all the more "direct" methods yet experimented with: whether or not they have made it harder to elect utterly unfit Senators, whether or not they have made it easier to secure fairly able and fairly honest Senators, they have not yet yielded us any obviously great Senators. And we want great Senators—a few of them, at any rate. There is a need for them and a place for them in our system. There is a most urgent need for them to-day.

By All Means Run Him

In advance of the gathering of the faithful of the Bull Moose party in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on December 10th comes the report that leaders of the movement are urging THEODORE ROOSEVELT to be candidate for Governor of New York two years hence. —*News item.*

The Bull-Moosers for political reasons want to run at least second in the next race for Governor in this State, and they think they could do it with ROOSEVELT as their candidate.

Perhaps they could. At any rate, we should love to see the experiment tried. The more offices the Colonel runs for, especially between Presidential elections, the sooner his availability will be defined.

Mr. Bryan and Presbyterian Honors

If we had been asked to name the best authority on the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church and its practices under its form of government we should have replied offhand, Dr. WILLIAM H. ROBERTS, stated clerk of the General Assembly. For an adequate local authority we should have named Dr. ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, who was grounded in the faith under the ministry of Dr. JOHN HALL at Trenton. It is for this reason that we note with regret the comments of Dr. MCKELWAY on the eligibility of Elder WILLIAM J. BRYAN to the Moderatorship of the next General Assembly which meets in Atlanta next May. Dr. MCKELWAY holds the opinion that Elder BRYAN as a layman is ineligible to the Moderatorship and that Mr. BRYAN is also ineligible to the Vice-Moderatorship under appointment from the Moderator, for the reason that the Vice-Moderator must give his whole time to his church duties, and Dr. MCKELWAY apprehends that Elder BRYAN will not be able to confine his activities along ecclesiastical lines.

Dr. MCKELWAY is mistaken. The Vice-Moderator's duties are not arduous. During the actual meeting of the General Assembly in May he acts in place of the Moderator when the latter seeks relief for the moment. Beyond the session he is not called upon for any service which interferes in the slightest degree with his own affairs. The Vice-Moderatorship, however, is a place of honor, usually in recent years given to a distinguished layman. The late Mr. JOHN H. CONVERSE served in that capacity. So did Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER, and Mr. JAMES YEREANCE is the present Vice-Moderator.

But the Moderatorship is a different matter. Last week's *Presbyterian* states the fact when it says that Mr. BRYAN is ineligible because "the vote of the Presbyteries has refused to allow any but ministers to be eligible to the office of Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of the United States." You can find a similar statement in Dr. ROBERTS's Manual. A "referendum" to the Presbyteries has made Mr. BRYAN ineligible to the Moderatorship.

Lessons in Violence

If the militant suffragettes in England are really bent on doing a thorough job of destructive protest, they should study the testimony in the trial of the union dynamiters now proceeding at Indianapolis. It makes the destruction of mail in letter-boxes seem like rather small potatoes, ingenious though that method of influencing public opinion may seem. The reflection may occur to them—If dynamite skilfully employed, as it was by our structural iron-workers, won't soften obstinacy, is there sound basis of expectation of doing it with acids and ink? The plagues of Egypt finally opened PHARAOH'S hand, but it took a good many of them and they were very ingeniously devised and perhaps involved greater resources in their execution than the militants can command. And they wound up, it may be recalled, with a great mortality of children. We do not anticipate such an experience as that in England. Before it came to that Scotland Yard would have sent for BURNS.

Query

Editor DANIELS, long a close friend of WILLIAM J. BRYAN, was indefatigable during the campaign as the head of the publicity bureau of the Democratic national committee in New York City. The fact that his newspaper copies the report that this editor is booked for the Cabinet helps to give it the color of authority. —*Springfield Republican.*

Was BARKIS's given name JOSEPHUS?

Women in the Public Service

Hoping for a place in President WILSON'S Cabinet for a certain active reformer, his admirer described him as "a man with a passion for justice" and said such men were scarce and should not be wasted.

They should not, especially when their passion is geared to ability to see things as they are and to some judicial capacity to weigh evidence and locate fault.

And the women with a passion for justice ought not to be wasted, either. They are exceedingly useful in some investigations and can do things and get sight of things that men can't. Notice, for example, the very useful services of Miss MARY CHAMBERLAIN, a Vassar graduate, only three years out of that college, who testified the other day at Albany about the employment of women and children in the canneries of New York State. She is an inspector of the State Factory Commission and was employed as a detective to go behind the scenes in the canneries. She went as a worker and had plenty to tell the commission at its hearing last week. Inaccurate and incredible telegraphic reports of her testimony that appeared in the papers were corrected in an interview that appeared later in the *World*.

It seems that the work done in the sheds of the canning factories, of preparing vegetables for canning, is rated as agricultural labor in which children over ten years old may be employed without legal limitation of their hours of work. Of these children Miss CHAMBERLAIN reports:

During the bean season they are often worked from four o'clock in the morning as late as eight or ten o'clock at night. Now, that work may not be continuous.

For instance, the children and the women may begin at four and work "snipping" beans until the dew is off the ground, and then they may go out and pick beans until a sufficient quantity is gathered for more snipping. Or, as sometimes happens, perhaps for an hour at a time the supply of beans may run out, and then the children have nothing to do.

Also most of them take half an hour off for lunch, but the fact remains that the actual hours of labor are often as long as I stated to the commissioner.

Those hours differ. Sometimes I have known them for two consecutive days to be as long as I stated to the committee. Then there would be a comparatively light day, followed by another long one.

Now, except that they do not keep children between ten and sixteen out of the sheds as they could, of course, if they wanted to, the canners are not themselves directly responsible for the hard work, though they may be morally.

The parents—and all of them are foreigners—compel the young ones to work. It is they who keep the children at it when they are tired and want to stop.

This is very useful testimony and there is more of the same sort offered in the same dispassionate spirit. Miss CHAMBERLAIN said:

I don't want to muckrake the canners. Many of them were shocked at the testimony given in Albany. Many of them keep even children between ten and sixteen out of the sheds. Only a few of them tolerate children under ten, but it is a matter of fact that although they were represented by counsel at Albany not a single bit of the testimony that ZENAS L. POTTER and I gave before the commission was discredited or attacked or controverted by them. That, it seems to me, is pretty good evidence that something is wrong.

Yes, something is wrong when young children are so hard worked even in a temporary employment. That the fault is more with the parents than the employers is only what is true in all such cases. Long hours of work during a short season should not be prohibited, we suppose, to grown-up people in such an industry as canning, where crops have to be handled when they are gathered. But these long hours for children are never tolerable, and Miss CHAMBERLAIN'S testimony will help to abate them.

A very little person, KATE BARNARD, of Oklahoma, talked to a large audience of New York women in a theater last Saturday. The *Sun* said of her address:

In her soft voice, which is quite in keeping with her diminutive figure, but which somehow went easily to every corner of the big theater, she told some of her experiences: how she had crawled through long passages in the Michigan mines where the convicts of the famous or infamous Lansing penitentiary worked; how she, for all her pluck, had screamed with terror when two hundred tons of molten iron was dumped in the steel mills; how she had seen girls packing arsenic, other girls working in feathers up to their waists, their lungs choked with the polluted air, children in glass factories breathing an atmosphere full of pulverized glass, so that they die in three or four years time. The reason she crawled through those Michigan mines was because Oklahoma had several hundred convicts there and was paying sixty cents a day for their keep. She found that they were being strung up by their thumbs, tortured in a bloody "crib," and otherwise mistreated, and she made a report which led to the now famous investigation of that jail.

Miss BARNARD finds no need of waiting for the world to be rearranged before women pitch in to improve it. "If the consciences of you New York women were really awake," she said, "you could get anything you wanted."

Thoughts for Collectors

All the collectors would like to know just what there is in the treasuries of Constantinople. Opinions differ as to whether there are many extra-good "pieces" left in the Turkish capital or not. Some very wonderful treasures of art and antiquity have been traced to Constantinople and then lost sight of, and search for them will be conducted with much zeal if opportunity ever offers. Dr. S. E. YOUNG, a clergyman, said in Brooklyn the other night:

Constantinople's fall would mean the opening up of unparalleled treasures of precious articles, archæological stores, and memorials of Christianity. By an irade of the Sultan we were admitted to the Khazna and saw jewelry enough to buy, I suppose, the world's largest navy—enormous pearls and rubies and other gems believed to be the biggest known to man. A divan there, taken by SELIM I. from the Shah of Persia, is of beaten gold, set with thousands upon thousands of pearls, emeralds, and rubies, while in the gallery of the same room is a divan incomparably more exquisite and priceless. When Christian nations were asking for reimbursement of property lost to our missionary stations at the time of massacres of Armenians, ABDUL HAMID could have taken the scabbard of the simitar of MURAD IV. and paid the whole bill with the diamonds on it, and the relic would not have been missed from the piles of like riches in the Khazna. And who can guess the value to students of the monuments and tombs and other antiquities in the Museum at Seraglio Point? Scholars have not yet been given free access to these, which appear to me the choicest finds of all the expeditions. There is nothing on earth fit to be mentioned alongside of the collection of sarcophagi you there gaze upon, the most gorgeous being spoken of as that of ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

No doubt the sarcophagi are good and no doubt there is great store of gold and jewels, but whether there are many objects of art or of great historical interest is not so certain. Mr. MEREDITH TOWNSEND discussed that subject in his book, *Asia and Europe*, and reached an adverse conclusion.

And it does not look as though we should get much light on this subject this time, unless the Turks raid their own treasury to pay an indemnity to their invaders. There is a report that the Imperial collection of porcelains in China is to be sold. And the great English landowners are selling their acres. What times! What times!

From Subscribers

This is the time of year when editors hear from subscribers, past and prospective. Judge WILLIAM F. COOPER, of the Superior Court of Prina County, Arizona, writes:

While I am not at all times in accord with the political views contained in the editorial department of the WEEKLY, yet I admire most sincerely your candor, fairness, and exceptional ability in this regard. Many single issues of the WEEKLY have been worth the entire subscription price to me.

That is a very good letter indeed. Folks ought to have opinions of their own and yet be open to reason.

Another from Mrs. JOHN BURNHAM, of Industry, Illinois:

We are too much of a "Bull Moose" to subscribe for your paper. Such ridiculous things that are in your paper about a man that has done as much for our country as ROOSEVELT.

That also is understandable.

A third from Mr. H. O. DILLEY:

I was unpleasantly surprised and disappointed that HARPER'S WEEKLY could so deliberately misstate facts in the last campaign.

If Mr. DILLEY will cite a single misstatement of fact made by this journal during the recent campaign we will send him the paper for a year for nothing and apologize to boot. As a rule, it is the assault of truth, not the canker of falsehood, that upsets obsession.

Obituary

DIED—In New York, on November 19th, FRANK H. SCOTT, president of the Century Company.

A high-minded publisher; a man of integrity and of honor; a courageous citizen; a gentleman.

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The Trials of a Writer's Husband

In a long series of letters, not free from whining and peevishness, Mrs. Carlyle set forth the difficulties of passing one's life with a great genius. Now Mrs. Andrew Lang has written a book to describe the embarrassments of being the wife of a man of letters. Not only must she face the arduous task of playing Providence to him, remembering his engagements and buying his pens and paper, but she must learn to respond gracefully when people disconcertingly tell tell her of his grandeur and his supreme importance to the world at large. The question always arises whether it were better to say "Oh no," as one would if accused to one's face of personal grace or charm, or to answer, as did Mrs. Carlyle when the maid asked her if master were the greatest man in England, "We fondly hope so."

The difficulties, then, of being married to greatness from the feminine point of view have not been neglected. But who has described the greater tortures of being married to a blue stocking? Men are naturally reticent of speech, and Mr. George Lewes, the Rev. Arthur Nicholls, Mr. Gaskell, and the rest of that mute tribe have passed into oblivion with their tale untold. Yet it need never be supposed that their course was without embarrassment.

The naïve impression that a woman preoccupied with books and ideas cannot keep a comfortable house is easily enough refuted. George Eliot steered the domestic bark with competency; Christina Rossetti was a punctilious and exact housekeeper; the Bronte girls stopped at nothing in the way of household economy, and record shows them chiefly in the act of peeling potatoes and blacking the kitchen stove. The next-door neighbor of a lady journalist voluminously active was asked by an awe-struck acquaintance if it were not inspiring to live next door to a writer, and responded, promptly, "No, I've never heard her talk about anything but kitchen stoves, Eastern rugs, and babies." Indeed, if one look into the matter at all, one may see that, as a rule, it is as easy to apply intelligence to running a house and mothering children as to syntax and self-expression, and the literary woman usually finds out what lies before her to do and does it.

No, the trials of the husband of the "lady writer," as Sara Orne Jewett used to call her, are quite other than these. If the said husband has a comfortable home, he has, at any rate, to bear the commiserating glances of his fellow-men who labor under the old delusion that, all appearances to the contrary, his home must somewhere, in some hidden corner, be uncomfortable; and it is vastly easier for the male animal to bear discomfort than commiseration. There is, too, the wide-spread opinion that the partner of one's life must be feeling the things she writes about, and beside this horror other discomforts fade into nothingness. If his gray-headed better half, the mother of his ten children, be moved to publish over her own signature a sonnet entitled "The Broken Heart," and to take therefor the fifteen dollars which will undoubtedly provide the oldest daughter with dancing-slippers for the winter, what can be done to dispel the illusion that at last in her fiftieth year she has seen the hero of her dreams? She cannot, though she gladly would, tag on to the sonnet the explanation that while life, indeed, suggests sonnets, it never dictates them; and that her own, for example, are usually the immediate result of reading Shakespeare's or Rossetti's; or are the outcome of a wager with a younger writer that she can still do as good a sonnet on thwarted love as the burgeoning genius. Short stories mean excellent pay, and shall the literary woman refuse the demand of the editors for a "sweet love story" because her wide acquaintance will attribute to her a wealth of experience which she could hardly have lived through without seriously impaired health? There is nothing for it but that the unhappy possessor of a wife with the power of written expression must march valiantly through the pitying countenances of his friends, gallantly oblivious to the fact that they think his sedate and steadfast lady has, like the darky cook, "jes nachully dun los' her taste fo' him." There is not only the daily clamor for stamps which he must supply, but the disturbing wealth of letters which flow in upon the literary woman whose name is signed in sundry places and whose personal address is accessible in *Who's Who*. Some of these are abusive and yet policy demands quietude. Though she be ever so regular an attendant at church, there will always be those to whom her strange vocabulary suggests atheism, and as she is a public character she will be called to account. Then, too, there are the proposals of marriage and the love-letters due to the fact that her biography makes no mention of the ten children. These can usually be effectively headed off by the following formula, now adopted by quite a number of writing ladies:

"My dear Sir,—I thank you very much for your appreciative note and for the great honor you do me. I am the mother of ten children, and my house and husband require all the time I can spare from the work you have seen; for which, moreover, I draw a very inadequate salary. I am, sir," etc.

Some hardy adventurers will still write sonnets to her soul unless she mentions (and she doesn't like to do that) that she has already passed her fifty-fifth birthday, when the soul apparently seems too near to heaven to be worth further correspondence. But in the main men are of a practical turn of mind and drop the subject. One eminently matter-of-fact gentleman with a talent for turning any tragedy to good account responded:

"Dear Madam,—I am sorry you are so old and have so many children. I hoped from your writing that you were young. Could you send me a pair of your husband's old trousers, as I am very poor?"

But for an amiable and kindly man even these inconveniences seem slight beside the embarrassments of having a wife with a gift for characterization. The dangers of describing one's friends are infinite and unforeseeable. Even those most loved and admired are somehow as difficult to please as the bitterest enemy. If one sees them as saints with an iridescent halo faintly visible like an ethereal tam-o'-shanter on the back of the head and with budding wings at the shoulder-blades, behold! their strange but persistent ambition is to be pictured as just reeling out of a barroom. There is no little wisdom in the saying of Mr. Dooley that "the more ye loike a mon, the less ought ye to tell 'im so to his face."

But a greater difficulty is that the literary temperament is usually critical. It views the world and surrounding humanity with an eye to repairs, restorations, and improvements, rather than to the storing of delight in character just as it is. Indeed, the very limitation which is the outline of personality has its own beautiful and picturesque quality to the devout eye; but the literary temper will invariably point out how it might happily be extended. Is it, then, the perpetrator of the deed who suffers for the picture drawn? Not in the least. She has all the satisfaction of feeling that one more portrait is painted in the world and the check therefor cashed and spent. But what consolation has an amiable and friendly husband who wants to keep his friends and who never in his life was moved to utter a criticism of any one not bound to him by ties of blood or law?

The disaster of having the portrait attributed to the wrong person is so threatening that men hazarding as dangerous a thing as an alliance with a literary lady should have it set down in the marriage settlement that whatever she may choose to write about she shall never, under any pressure, describe a husband. For if by any chance she mention a fallible husband the sympathetic world will gather up the utterance as personal confession, and one more burden of guilt will be laid on the shoulders of the writing lady's partner.

Perhaps when we become as civilized as bees, wives and mothers will feel no impulse toward self-expression and writing ladies will be of the third sex, harmful only to themselves. Then the writing lady's husband will be described in learned treatises on natural history as the long-extinct species.

Correspondence

THE TARIFF AND MEAT

Winchester, Mass., *November 18, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your publication of Mr. Charles F. Grindell's letter on the alleged connection between the tariff and the high price of meat comes opportunely when leading Democrats, in at least one New England manufacturing center, do not disguise their anxiety in regard to the impending "free list." Evidently, these enthusiasts of a fortnight ago are fully capable of realizing the difference between "free trade" as an election cry and as a concrete measure, even in anticipation of the latter.

Mr. Grindell's arguments, while akin to many which were cruelly overworked during the recent campaign, have some peculiarities of their own. In common with the former, his contentions take no account of the change made, in recent years, in the sources of Britain's meat importations. As a matter of fact, the word "American" in that connection no longer covers United States, but mainly Argentine products, inferior in quality to both United States and British domestic supplies. Mr. Grindell himself describes the "American" beef sold in London at twelve cents per pound as "poor," while using, with naïve inconsistency, that identical commodity as the basis of his argument against the so-called high charge of eighteen cents on this side. There must be something more than a sentimental difference in quality between the two meats when, as stated by Mr. Grindell, "the Englishman who can afford it will buy his native beef and pay twenty-two cents in preference to buying the cheap American meat." Beyond a doubt, "cheapness" is not the only distinguishing characteristic of the "American" supply.

Apart from this, his comparison would be of practical interest, as a tariff-reform argument, if the differences between the prices were very much smaller than those cited. The United States import duty on beef is only 1½ cents per pound, and the difficulty of saddling the alleged selling differences upon the tariff is increased by every cent of quoted excess above that figure. The present writer knows of no attempt to tackle that branch of the problem.

The proposal to place an export duty on all foodstuffs is opposed to section 9, article 1, of the United States Constitution, which provides that "no tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State." It is, moreover, unnecessary, as natural causes are already bringing about the retention of large food supplies in the country, as is shown by a decrease in the export of beef products from 230,000 short tons in 1901 to 47,000 tons in 1911. These figures include, respectively, 176,000 and 21,000 tons of fresh beef. The same tendency is observable in other products. Taking wheat, flour, and butter in the aggregate, the exports fell from 5,800,000 tons in 1901 to 1,707,000 tons in 1911.

One word on the general question of relative cost of living in the United States and in England. It cannot be too often repeated that this depends far less upon the cost of individual commodities than upon the prevailing standards of living in the respective countries. There is abundant evidence that workers and their families, coming here, could maintain their necessarily low English standard at a weekly cost little, if any, in excess of that arising in their native towns. That they neither choose nor are obliged to do so, but invariably participate in the more extended range of comforts universally available in America, is one of the best proofs that a protective tariff adds enormously to the "real wages" of the worker.

It should be added that these lines are penned by an Englishman, resident for more than twenty years in New England, with a family all born in England. With that extended experience, he has always regarded meat as the chief housekeeping item, procurable at a lower price, quality for quality, in America than in England.

I am, sir,

John S. Hodgson.

THE SOUTH IN THE SADDLE

Baltimore, Md., *November 17, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I read with interest, in your issue for November 16th, your seasonable advice to the Southern leaders, in view of their impending accession to control of the national government. I hope and believe that your friendly advice, which your long advocacy of the recognition of the South in national politics, entitles you to offer with good grace, will be heeded; for in our great leader Governor Wilson I believe we have found a man who is truly national in his spirit, one who realizes the longing of the Southern poet, Sidney Lanier, for "a great man that will be tall enough to see over *the whole country*." And I believe his influence will be potent to guide and control, in the main, the legislative activity of Congress.

But the Southern leaders are not the only ones who need to be cautioned. Taking human nature as it is, it would not be strange if the South, which has been so long excluded from a voice in national politics, and been set the example of sectionalism in legislation by the North, should be tempted to err in the same direction, and should urge her leaders to avail themselves of their lease of power to redress the balance of political influence; and the North must not be too hasty in condemning them for following her example. There is need for great wisdom and a broad, catholic spirit on the part of the South, and there is an equal need of restraint and leniency of judgment on the part of the North.

With forbearance and generosity of spirit on both sides of the Potomac, I believe the administration of Governor Wilson will be a landmark in our history and commemorate the true union of all sections in mutual respect and admiration.

I am, sir,

Lawrence Turnbull.

POINTS FROM CUMAEA

New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., *November 7, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Apropos of the Ides of March, and what happened to Cæsar, is it possible that some weakling enemy in ambush has been secretly practising the recall of the Bull Moose? I am familiar with the law of coincidence, yet what is one to think?

In my office hangs a calendar published in a predatory purlieu of Wall Street. Daily it discloses for my moral delectation and literary delight some uplifting morsel culled from the feasts of famous writers. Some weeks preceding the election, I was immensely edified by the appearance of the following inscription, attributed to the pen of Dr. Lyman Abbott—a sort of annotation, as it were, upon an *Outlook* editorial by another hand:

"Great things come out of silence, not out of noise."

I put my fingers in my ears, and reflected—I believe to some purpose.

Thereafter, I cherished that calendar. Amid the universal din, this mute monitor has shed a special mututinal message of sweetness and light. In time I expect to qualify as the editor of one of our uplift magazines. Do you doubt it? I tear from my *vade mecum* two leaves, for November 6th and November 7th, and beg that you will reproduce them, if only as a contribution to the statistics of coincidence:

WEDNESDAY November 6	THURSDAY November 7
Malice is of the boomerang character, and is apt to turn upon its projector. —*Wm. M. Thackeray.*	The possession of unlimited power will make a despot of almost any man. There is a possible Nero in the gentlest human creature that walks. —*Thos. B. Aldrich.*

Coincidence, did I say? Oh, Cassandra! (I think it was Cassandra.) Oh, you Cumaean Sibyl!—*roxe et practerea nihil:* pipe our penultimate prophets.

I am, sir,

W. T. Larned.

AS TO "FOREIGNERS"

Kennesaw, Ga., *October 29, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your writing generally is what a German of my kind calls *gemüthlich*, for it's a good deal of truth; but when you tell us that Teddy was shot by a foreigner you can't have thought that you yourself are a foreigner and the whole people of America are foreigners, and that a German shot a Dutchman in this Teddy Roosevelt case.

The only native Americans are the Indians, and the foreigners beat them out of this country—them's my sentiments!

I am, sir,

Geo. F. Hesselmeyer.

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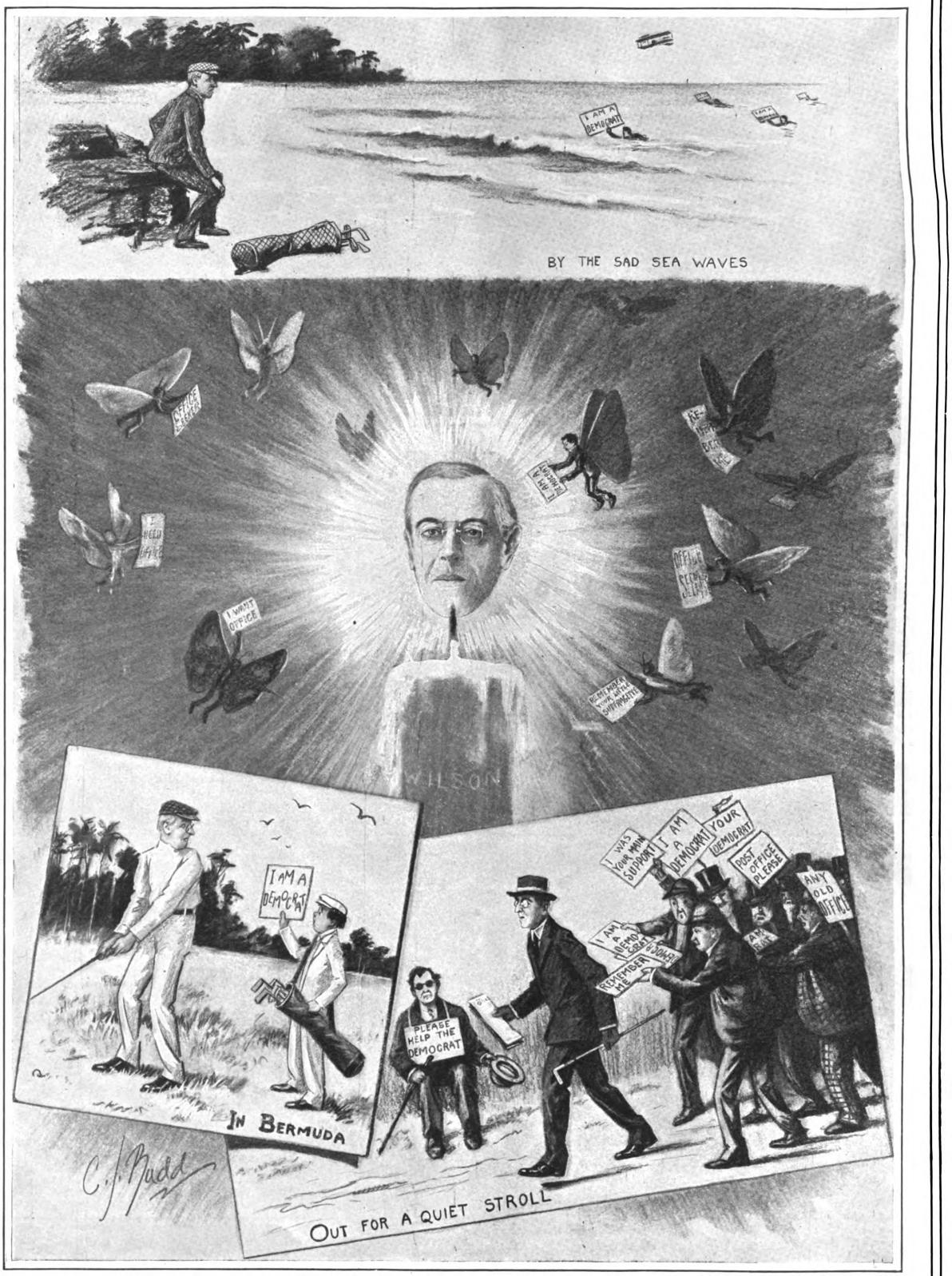

THE WOES OF A PRESIDENT-ELECT

DRAWN BY C. J. BUDD

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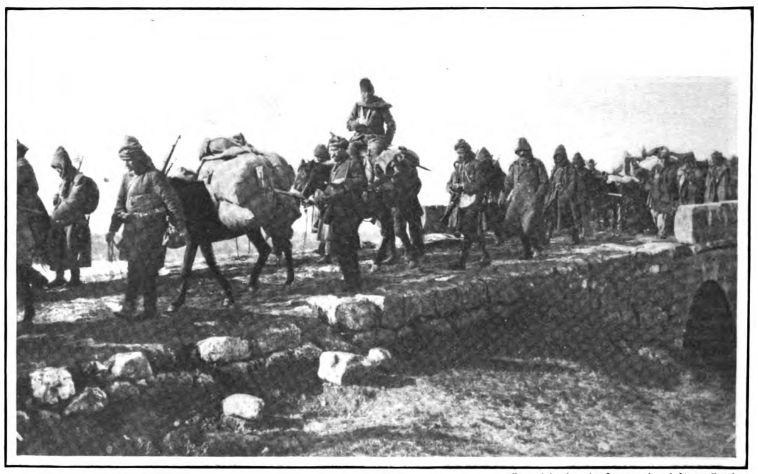
Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria at his headquarters



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The long retreating line of beaten Turks, wounded men, baggage, and beasts, intermingled in flight

How soldiers fight to-day—Bulgarian troops in action

Recruits from Asia disembarking at Constantinople

Ladies of the Sultan's harem, enrolled as Red Crescent nurses

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Turks carrying a wounded man from the battlefield

THE WAR IN THE NEAR EAST

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TSAR FERDINAND THE CRAFTY

The Sinister and Gifted Personality that has Transformed Bulgaria from a Small Vassal State into an Independent Power

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE inner history of the war in the Balkans, when it comes to be written, will make vivid reading. But will it, one wonders, reveal the particular mystery which, to us who are contemporaries of these amazing events, at once invites speculation and eludes it? Whose brain conceived the Balkan League? Who was it who saw that the hour had struck, that the general European idea of the fighting strength of Turkey was utterly fallacious, and that with a decisive and united push the Ottoman power could be toppled over? Who is the unknown Bismarck of the Balkans? What has been accomplished on the battle-field we know. But who planned the preliminaries? Whose diplomacy was it that composed the inveterate jealousies and feuds that hitherto had kept Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece apart and had made the very notion of a Balkan Federation for any purpose, warlike or peaceful, seem the idlest of dreams? And whose judgment was it that so nicely and accurately calculated the impotence of the Great Powers in the face of a determined front and the accomplished fact? Possibly the historian of the future may lift the veil and discover the true author and begetter of the Balkan League in some statesman or soldier whose very name is barely known to the Europe of to-day. If so, those of us who are alive then will smile with senile superiority and mutter the usual epigrams about the credulous fallibility of history. For the opinion is already spreading through Europe, and before very long it will have crystallized into a conviction, that Ferdinand Maximilian Karl Leopold Maria, King of Bulgaria, is the man who has spun the webs and set the ball rolling; and that so far as the four-cornered onslaught on the Turks was conceived, designed, completed, and launched by a single mind and a single will, that mind and will are to be looked for under King Ferdinand's crown.

If this be true, and substantially I believe, from information which has reached me from many sources, that it is, then Bulgaria almost monopolizes the honors of the conflict. No Balkan State has so amply confirmed the wisdom of the policy of liberation from Turkish rule. Her people in the last five-and-thirty years have become penetrated with a glowing pride and consciousness of nationality. The idea that they would ever permit themselves to sink into complaisant subjection to Russia has been dissipated by experience. In all the elements of national well-being their advance has been such as to more than justify the hopes and confidence of their sympathizers in Great Britain whose insistence and prescience freed them from the Turkish yoke. What they can achieve as fighters the last two months have abundantly disclosed to us. And fighting it is worth remembering, is not an exercise in which proficiency can rank as an isolated phenomenon. A nation, whether at war or at peace, is still the same nation; and all military efficiency is the projection of civic efficiency. You cannot have the first except on the basis of the second; and the incomparable dash and organizing power, the combination of French *élan* with Japanese thoroughness, which the Bulgarians have shown on the field, testifies to qualities of hardihood, discipline, self-sacrifice, and a burning zeal and resolution of patriotism that animate, and must animate, their whole national life. And if in addition their claim to have planned the Balkan League, to have chosen the moment and gathered together the means, can be substantiated in the person of their sovereign, then the world has ample justice on its side in denominating them as the true heroes of this dramatic and convulsive struggle.

To Ferdinand himself probably no reputation could be more pleasing than that of a successful arch-plotter. In his passion for intrigue he is a true Coburger, and his mother, the Princess Clementine, the daughter of Louis Philippe, dedicated him from boyhood to the study of statecraft. It is said that a gipsy prophesied to her that, having come into the world as the daughter of an uncrowned king, she would leave it as the mother of a crowned monarch, and that from the moment of his birth she fixed upon Ferdinand, her youngest son, as the one who would fulfil her hopes. Against all reason and probability she never wavered in her faith that her adored child, though an insignificant Coburg princeling, without the shadow of a claim on any throne whatever, would one day be admitted to the company of monarchs. For this future she trained him with inflexible resolution. An able but perhaps a rather prejudiced observer has declared that by the time he was twenty Machiavelli's own "Prince" was as nothing to Ferdinand. "He could justify with the most specious reasoning political coups of the most diverse sort; and he had solutions ready at hand for every imaginable political problem—this by the mere force of memory, for he was not at all interested in politics. He knew how to argue with aristocrats, also with democrats; and he could talk for the hour together concerning the comparative merits of a monarchy and a republic. He had a rare gift for talking even then; he could bandy *bons mots* and scatter *doubles entendres* around with a dexterity that dazzled those whom it did not shock. Then he could flatter and he could cajole; he could backbite, too, with curious skill, tearing reputations to rags." It is not a pleasant picture, but the subsequent history and the present character of Ferdinand prevent one from saying that it is wholly untruthful. Unquestionably a thorough training in diplomatic finesse, and in the regal art of using words to conceal not merely thoughts but a state of intellectual nudity, formed part of the young prince's education for the kingly rôle. For the rest his mother, who had inherited all her father's shrewdness, and love of a bargain, and power of scheming, and who added to these gifts a generosity and a charm of manner that Louis Philippe conspicuously lacked, sent her son on persistent tours round the countries and capitals of Europe, had him instructed in a variety of languages, made him cultivate a taste for soldiering for which he had no natural inclination, insisted on his mastering some trade or craft—he chose the curious hobby of bird-stuffing—and perpetually curried favor on his behalf with his vast array of exalted relatives. It was not easy work, even for the ablest princess of her day. Ferdinand developed early and has never lost a genius for unpopularity. His strongest passion then as now was a cold, malicious relish in the scandal and tittle-tattle of courts and council-chambers. Perhaps no ruler who ever lived has made a more careful study of the weak points of the statesmen and servants beneath him. His *dossier* of their frailties and vulnerable points, of their backslidings and personal relations—a *dossier* collected by an indefatigable army of private spies—has been one of the bulwarks of his rule in Sofia.

But for all the carefulness of his training nothing in the early eighties seemed more unlikely than that he would ever be called upon to show his capacity for rulership. There were no thrones going a-begging; Europe was disappointingly tranquil; and it looked as though the young prince had nothing before him but a life of unamiable discontent as an officer in the Austro-Hungarian army and as one of the hapless group of unemployed highnesses. Then suddenly Alexander, Prince of Bulgaria, was handicapped, the principality was left without a ruler, and Ferdinand's chance had come. The Bulgarian emissaries who promptly set forth to scour Europe for an occupant of their vacant throne had not thought of Ferdinand as a possible candidate. He had to suggest himself. Nobody else would take the job. Bulgaria at the time was like a red-hot iron, which was hurriedly dropped by every aspirant for a throne. The principality was in a state of chaos; the army was honeycombed with conspiracies; and any ruler who stepped into the absent Alexander's shoes except under the auspices of Russia could be fairly certain that he would have all the Great Powers arrayed against his government, and that in all human probability he would be quickly assassinated. Ferdinand stipulated that the consent of all the Powers should be forthcoming before he entered Bulgaria as its ruler. Not a Power, however, would move in the matter; and after waiting three weeks Ferdinand waived the condition he had imposed, took his courage in both hands, left Austria secretly, sailed down the Danube, and in his twenty-sixth year (August, 1887) reached Sofia.

His position seemed an impossible one. He had all Europe against him. Russia contested the legality of his election and declared that he was merely Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, *de facto* but not *de jure* ruling the Bulgarians. Turkey insisted that his accession was contrary to the provisions of the Berlin Treaty. France, Germany, and Austria all stood aside. One Power, and one only, Great Britain, looked favorably on the prince. Lord Salisbury upheld the right of the Bulgarians to choose their own ruler and warned both Russia and the Porte that any foreign occupation of Bulgaria would lead to the gravest complications. England's solitary voice saved the prince, and possibly also the peace of Europe. But even so Ferdinand found himself little more than a figurehead. The real ruler of Bulgaria was Stambouloff, the innkeeper's son, and he and Ferdinand, the rough, curt, remorseless Slav and the vain, cultured, half-French, half-Austrian aristocrat, represented the opposite poles of humanity. It looked for a while as though Ferdinand had only left his old life and incurred the displeasure of all Europe to serve as Stambouloff's puppet. All the arduous training in statecraft was brushed aside as of no account; he was not consulted, he had no influence of any kind; Stambouloff decided everything. And while the statesman thought only of Bulgaria and of how to protect her from Russia and the Porte, the prince thought only of how to secure the formal recognition of the Powers, and above all of Russia. While Stambouloff was reorganizing the army, conciliating Rumania, meeting and foiling an endless succession of plots and intrigues, and trampling out the embers of sedition, Ferdinand was building up a court with a ceremony even stiffer and more ceremonious than that of Vienna, was wheedling every Power in turn for recognition, and was forming that private information bureau that has since developed into the right arm of his government. A breach between the two men was sooner or later inevitable. His marriage with the Princess Marie Louise and the birth of a son strengthened Ferdinand's position, and in 1894 he felt able to dismiss his rugged and domineering minister. A few months later Stambouloff was murdered in the streets of Sofia, and, rightly or wrongly, Europe has never acquitted Ferdinand of complicity in the crime.

For the past eighteen years Ferdinand has been the absolute ruler of the State. At the moment of his accession no one would have given him six months' purchase of his throne. Yet to-day his throne is as secure as any in Europe. To have secured this is in itself a feat that it will take much to belittle and that cannot be explained away. In the face of incredible obstacles he has achieved everything on which his heart was set. He began as an unrecognized prince; he is to-day a fully-fledged king. He found a hostile Russia and he has forced its approbation. Yes, say his detractors, but at what a cost? At the cost of "removing" Stambouloff and of handing over his son Boris, whom he had solemnly sworn to educate as a Catholic, to the Orthodox Church. There are those who declare that the keynote of his whole character is an utter lack of honor and principle; that he belongs in spirit to the Middle Ages; that his political life has been simply a series of cunning and fortunate stratagems; that his power rests on a basis of systematic corruption and implicit blackmailing; and that his selfishness, coldness of heart, secretiveness, his diabolical pleasure in exploiting the worst parts of human nature, his bitter, scoffing temper, his distrust of all around him, his vanity, which is almost a form of neurasthenia, and his outbursts of brutal passion render him the most repulsive figure on the stage of European politics. Yet even they are forced to admit that there are other and more pleasing aspects to the character of the Bulgarian Tsar. "He is endowed with qualities," confesses one of the cleverest and most persistent of his assailants, "which, though superficial, are useful and ornamental. When interest prompts, or the whim takes him, he can throw aside his moroseness, talk with vivacity, argue with plausibility, and delight his hearers with lively sallies and poignant anecdotes. At such times his spirits are high, his manners charming, his sensibility quick, and his enthusiasm seemingly spontaneous. Then his conversation sparkles, prettily turned compliments and beautifully combed and curled phrases are showered as from a horn of plenty. Hence the very different impressions which Ferdinand makes upon his hearers according to the mood in which he chances to be when they see him."

One observer, at any rate, has declared that, while accident made Ferdinand a sovereign, nature intended him for a student, and that war, politics, and government never appeal to him so much as a ramble through the mountains searching for a botanical specimen or a rare bird to add to his collection. Unquestionably he has something of the artist in him as well as something of the grand seigneur. He loves the drama of pomp; splendid uniforms, gorgeous liveries, and all the spectacular side of kingship; and while the simple, democratic peasants over whom he rules are far from loving him, they feel his strength, they acknowledge his intellectual quickness, they submit themselves to his guidance. And, after all, he has one stupendous claim upon their gratitude—with all the odds against success he has succeeded. When he came to the throne Bulgaria was the shuttlecock of Near-Eastern politics; she now occupies the undisputed primacy of the Balkans. He found her a vassal and tributary principality; he has raised her to the dignity of a sovereign and independent State. He found her in a condition of partial subjection to the Turks; he not only liberated but has completely thrashed the Turks on the battle-field. Under his auspices, and very largely owing to his inspiration and prescience and his power of hard and intelligent work, railways and schools have covered the country, bringing with them a vast influx of prosperity, and the army has been brought to a state which, when one considers its numbers, its achievements, and the spirit that runs through all ranks, must be pronounced little short of perfection. And besides this there can now be no settlement of the problems of southeastern Europe which does not involve a great extension of Bulgarian territory. A sovereign who has accomplished all this is no comedy king. He has the real stuff of rulership in him. And Ferdinand, it is worth remembering, is still only fifty-one.

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THE DOMINANT FIGURE

It is to the President rather than to Congress that the Country will Look for the Fulfilment of Campaign Pledges

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

IN theory, so far as legislation is concerned, the President is the captain of the American ship of state who can suggest the speed that ought to be made, while down below the engineers have their own chief, and it is from him and not from the captain they take their orders. The passengers see the captain on the bridge several hours a day, they think he has to give his orders to have them obeyed, but of the engineers they know only in a vague sort of way, and if the speed is so dangerously great that the ship comes to harm or the voyage is unduly prolonged, it is the captain and not the engineers on whom the passengers vent their anger. And the passengers have a way of demanding from the owners the dismissal of an unsatisfactory captain. Incidentally, and to heap up good measure, they "fire" the engineers and the crew, from cabin-boy to first mate, but it is the captain who is the chief sufferer.

The theory that the American government is arranged in three watertight compartments—the executive, legislative, and judicial—still remains something more than a theory so far as the distribution of powers is concerned, but so far as the public is concerned the President has swamped the legislature; and for the purposes of this article we need not consider the judiciary. It is to the President that the public now looks rather than to Congress. It is the President who is held responsible for legislation of which the country disapproves. It is the President who must now answer if the promises made before election are not redeemed. Congress can shift some of its burdens upon the President, but the President cannot hide behind Congress. This, of course, assumes that the President is backed by a party majority in Congress. When the President is of one party and Congress, in one or both branches, is of another, then every one understands that nothing is to be expected except confusion, and the expectation is seldom unrealized; given a President and a majority in Congress of the same party, and it is the President who will receive credit for whatever is done which meets with the approbation of the country and will be charged with incompetence or treachery if legislation is enacted that does satisfy the public. The President is either the greatest asset a party can have or its greatest weakness.

It is not surprising that everything should now center upon the President. Americans talk of this man or that being "a figure of national prominence," but in the strict sense of the word the only national figure in American politics is the President. All others are local. A Senator represents not the nation, but the State; a Representative represents not even the State, but a district; a member of the Cabinet sits there in no representative capacity; he is simply the personal selection of the President. Here and there a member of the Senate or the House or the Cabinet achieves a national prominence because of his peculiar talents or the circumstances of his official position—not to be invidious in the use of names, one may cite Senator Root as typifying the former and Representative Payne as the latter—but the average member of either House of Congress has a local reputation only. The public at large does not vote for a New York Senator or a Michigan member of the House of Representatives, but the whole country votes for the President. It is correct, therefore, to say that the President is the one and only national figure in American politics (I exclude, of course, the Vice-President, because he is simply held in reserve to provide for emergencies); the only man who is known by name to all the people. I venture to say that the average man to whom politics is a burning subject only at election times would be hard pushed to name half a dozen Senators—with the exception of the few men of the greatest prominence—and the States they represent, or an equivalent number of members of the House, excluding the Representatives from their own States; and they would have to think carefully before they could write down the names of the members of the Cabinet. To the average American the President has come to mean "the government."

It is quite natural that this should be so. It is easier to remember one thing than many, to hold one man responsible than several. Whenever it is possible to divide responsibility, blame can be so shifted that no one person can be called to account. The public is never able to discriminate finely. It is always in a Donnybrook Fair mood when there are heads to be broken, and the first head to be hit is always the most prominent, and it is the President who can most easily be made the target. The five hundred members of Congress can dodge and sometimes escape; the President never can. If he measured up to the proper Presidential size, the public thinks, he would have been able to prevent this or to have done that. Holding the President to accountability is often unjust, for it frequently happens that the President is a victim of circumstances rather than a molder of events, but that the public seldom knows. Credited with more power than he really possesses, he must pay the penalty if he fails to accomplish what is demanded of him.

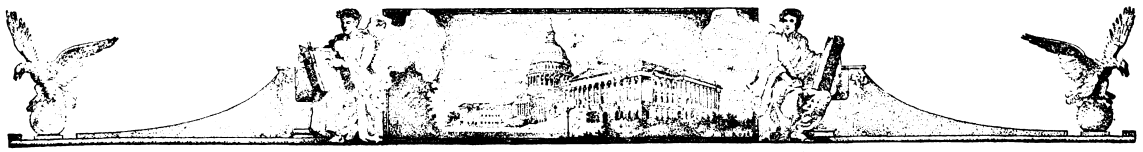
In a way the public is justified in reaching this conclusion. The power of the President has enormously increased of recent years. He is to-day not only the executive to administer the law, but he is also the leader of his party, and it devolves on him to initiate the legislative programme of the party. The message of the President at the opening of the session is no longer important as a review of the operations of the government, but requires significance as forecasting proposed legislation. Theoretically the President cannot originate a law of Congress, he can only recommend; actually the recommendations of the President have all the force of authority unless his party is deliberately determined on destruction. To treat the President's recommendations with contempt or to ignore them is to proclaim either that the President is not competent or that his party is not in sympathy with him, and the fact of his election is presumption that he represents—at the beginning of his term at least—the majority sentiment of the country; so that any failure on the part of Congress to follow the President's leadership is to invite defeat at the succeeding election. Under the terms of the Constitution the President is equal to two-thirds of the Senate and House combined, even although the Constitution vests all legislative powers in Congress. For although the President cannot directly introduce a bill and can have no share in its passage, he is able, by the exercise of the veto, to prevent the bill from becoming a law unless two-thirds of both houses agree to its passage over his veto. Only a bare majority is required to pass a bill in the first instance, so that fifty-one per cent. of the Democratic membership of each house can nullify a Republican opposition of forty-nine per cent., but against the opposition of the President a majority of sixty-six per cent. must be mustered.

It is said that the Presidents of recent years have used the veto power in a way that was never contemplated by the Constitution, and in proof of this critics cite the infrequent use made of the veto power by the earlier Presidents, who felt that they were only justified in vetoing a law that was clearly unconstitutional; but laws that were constitutional, although repugnant, they accepted as expressing the deliberate purpose of Congress, and Congress and not the President is charged with the duty of creating laws. It is idle now to discuss whether the Presidents have encroached on the powers of Congress or have done violence to the Constitution by the free exercise of the veto, but the fact that the veto has come to be regarded as a legitimate prerogative of the executive shows the increased power possessed by the President and the wider view taken of his duties. No President would now feel that only when Congress has passed a bill that is clearly unconstitutional may the veto be used; he would consider that he was derelict in his duty if he did not go much further than that and withhold his signature from a "bad" bill, even although it kept strictly within the narrow limits of the Constitution and met the fullest scrutiny of the Supreme Court. If the President considered himself merely an executive agent, he would sign all bills, excepting, of course, those whose unconstitutionality was apparent; as something more than an executive, as the leader of his party and the one person to whom the country looks for the passage of legislation deemed necessary and the prevention of legislation that may be injurious, Presidents use the veto.

The threat of the veto is almost as effectual as its use. In the last twenty-five years Presidents have been able to prevent legislation by letting it be known that the passage of a certain bill could only become a law if it were able to command a two-thirds majority in both Houses. How often this has been said it is impossible to tell, for in the nature of things no President indulges in unseemly bragging or publicly threatens or tries to coerce a co-ordinate body. In Washington news frequently travels with amazing rapidity and without any one being responsible for it. The views of a President on legislation are generally fairly well known, and it requires no occult gifts to read the President's mind. He may drop a hint—very often it is simply in the form of a question—but that is sufficient; it is enough to make Congress think. If the hint is not sufficient there is a more positive declaration, and then Congress has seriously to consider whether it is worth while to pass the bill to encounter a veto. Almost invariably the President is stronger than Congress; almost without exception the President can count upon the support of the country as against Congress. In a reckless or defiant mood Congress may pass a bill and trust to the indifference or ignorance or thoughtlessness of the country to escape censure, but its veto is the one thing to rivet attention and to put every Congressman upon the defensive. He must be able to give a thoroughly good reason to satisfy his constituents and to be able to show why he is right and the President is wrong. And that not many are able to do. That is the reason why few bills become laws over the President's veto. The fact that the great majority of the President's party do not like to reverse him is of course a powerful reason, but even more potent, perhaps, is the knowledge that, as between the President and the individual Congressman, the latter is always at a disadvantage.

A power equally as great as that of the veto in preventing legislation is that of accelerating legislation by the calling of an extra session. Whenever the two Houses agree on the date, Congress can adjourn, so that Congress has the power to rush through absolutely indispensable business and then ignore the recommendations of the President by bringing the session to an end. But while Congress can end, the President can begin. On his own motion and without assigning any reason the President can at any time call Congress together in extra session. Presidents have been told that it was not the intention of Congress to consider certain legislation, and its business would be so craftily arranged that there would be no time before adjournment; and Presidents have met this challenge by retorting that if Congress adjourned with the legislation unfinished an extraordinary session would immediately be called. Here again the President has the whip hand, for the country believes no President would want Congress to sit unless the emergency demanded it, and takes it for granted that Congress had been derelict. The expression "the country" means not the politicians but the people at large, who often think very differently from the politicians, but who have a rough-and-ready way of striking a fairly just balance. Mr. Taft called an extra session, and almost to a man the politicians of his own party thought he did a foolish thing. Some of the politicians are not overpleased because Mr. Wilson has announced that Congress will meet in extra session next April to revise the tariff, but the preponderating opinion of the country is that he has done the eminently proper thing.

While the President's power over Congress is very great, if a President is to make his administration a success he must endeavor to establish close and friendly relations with his party followers, and that is perhaps the greatest test of leadership to which the President is subjected. This requires tact, courage, firmness, and an instinctive knowledge of human nature. Individually members of Congress may not be punctilious about their dignity; collectively Congress is a stickler for dignity and does not like to be reminded too publicly that it stands rather in fear of the President. It is tenacious of what it calls its "rights," especially as its rights have been encroached upon by the Executive and it is unable to resist that encroachment. It resents being hectored or lectured. As a rule it is amenable to the subtlest and the easiest form of flattery—it likes to be asked for its advice. There have been some Presidents who thought it better befitted their dignity to hold as little intercourse with Congress as possible, but they have been less successful as party leaders than those Presidents who created the impression that even the most inconspicuous member of Congress could teach him something. Not that any member of Congress would acknowledge that the title of inconspicuous belonged to him. He might admit, if pressed, that there were perhaps more conspicuous members, but he could not be induced to agree that he was unknown. He would flatter himself that being in Congress was in itself a patent of greatness and therefore gave him sufficient consideration to be an adviser of Presidents. There is a great deal of human nature in Congress, and it shows itself in that commonest of all qualities—vanity.



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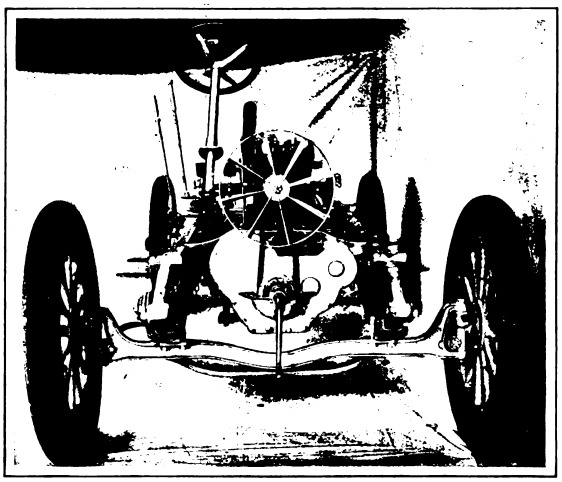
THE HIBERNATING CAR

BY LEWIS KINGSLEY

THE coming and going of the seasons, the changes from the heat of summer to the coolness of autumn, and from the coolness of autumn to the cold of winter with its frost and snow, are no longer the momentous factors they once were in limiting the period of usefulness of the motor-car. Only a few short years ago laying up the car for the winter was a ceremony that came around as unfailingly as if gear-driven from the solar system, and only a bold spirit here and there ventured to oppose the heat of his gasolene engine to the congealing breath of old Boreas. And there were reasons for this, other than considerations of bodily comfort. The motors of the days of old—counting the days according to their value at automobile rates of progress—were not the steady, dependable things they are now. They were more or less uncertain at the best. The possibility of sudden stoppage was hauntingly present at all times, and the temerity of the winter motorist consisted in his willingness to endure the possible miseries of tinkering with a dead motor in the biting cold, making a race against time and frost to see whether the motor could be got going before the radiator would freeze up. He had tire troubles on his mind, too, and there was a whole host of other things that might happen, and did happen in the winter, that either would not happen in the summer or, if they did, would not entail anything like the downright affliction that went hand in hand with winter repair work on the road.

But in these piping times of peace between motor and motorist there is time to think of the things that make for comfort. The chances of mechanical trouble are quite remote—in fact, hardly worth considering in a car properly cared for—and with a mind untroubled by fear and a body warm and comfortable, the enthusiast can enjoy the beauties of the winter landscape, and the man who simply wants to get somewhere can go at his will, be the weather never so cold. So it comes about that the proportion of cars laid up during the winter is much smaller than it used to be, and is growing still smaller as cars become more and more comfortable and their owners learn by experience to appreciate the pleasure and usefulness of the motor vehicle in winter.

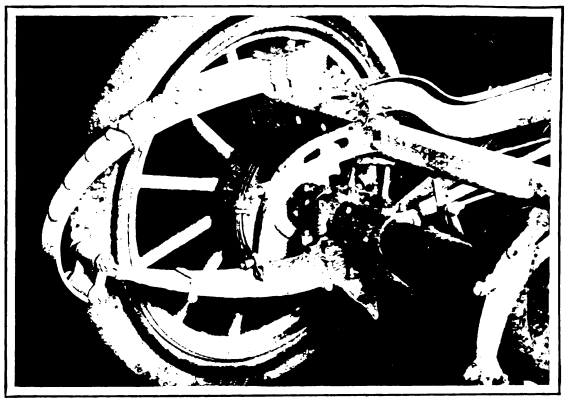
Nevertheless, there still are many who do not use their cars in winter, because they are not fitted with those things that make driving a pleasure in really frigid weather, or because they just don't care about winter driving, or for some other individual reason. Their machines are put into "dead storage," to rest quietly until the coming of the robins, and then to emerge, requiring only a little unpacking and grooming to make them as bright and smart as when put away—or else to gather rust and dust and to help the repair man to make a living, according to the way the car was put into hibernation. The deterioration of a car that is in constant use is one thing, and the deterioration of a car that is in dead storage is quite another. A corrosive-looking bit of green on the brasswork or a little patch of red rust on bright steel would be seen and removed at once in summer, but in the winter they will be free to spread unchecked, biting into the metal until, perhaps, real harm is done.



The removal of the radiator greatly facilitates motor inspection

Woodwork may absorb moisture and warp, or even crack, unseen; rubber may rot and weaken and develop sticky, pasty spots where oil has been left; and oil throughout the motor and transmission system may harden and gum until everything is fairly frozen up by the dead lubricant. Freezing of the real frosty kind may happen if all water is not drained out of the cooling system. Even the little carbureter jacket can make its share of trouble if given the opportunity to do so. In short, the condition of the car in the spring will depend upon the care that is taken to maintain favorable conditions during the winter, and to forestall the ravages of rust and corruption of various sorts.

As the work done in preparing the car for winter storage is wholly of a preventative character—unless the owner chooses to seize the opportunity to make mechanical repairs and changes—it is well that mention should be made of the things that must be looked out for and the preventative measures that may be taken, rather than give any cut-and-dried method of procedure to be blindly followed. At the head of the list will come the draining and washing out of the cooling system. Every drop of water should be removed, and it should be borne in mind that the mere opening of the drain-cocks until they cease to drip is not enough. Of course a drain-cock placed in the lowest part of the system ought to let out all the water, but very often it fails to do so because of pockets or low places in water-piping or jackets. Cylinder jackets frequently have their lower water connections made at such a height that a little water remains in the bottom of the jacket, and many a jacket has been cracked by neglecting this little point. A syringe often can be used to draw out the last of the water, or an oil gun will do the work. If there are low places in the pipe lines the piping should be disconnected and drained. If the carbureter has a water jacket it may be necessary to remove the carbureter to get all the water out, but it ought to be done, and the small tubing that supplies the jacket should be drained also. The pump requires special attention, for it is a common thing for it to retain water which will freeze with the usual result. It is quite common practice to fit a drain-cock to the bottom of the pump, but the vanes or other water impellers often hold water away from the cock or block it, the result being the freezing-up and possible cracking of the body. The pump should be turned over several times to give all the water access to the opening in the bottom. If there is no drain-cock the pump should be removed and emptied. After emptying the cooling system of all the water that can be removed, start the engine and run it slowly for a minute or two so as to warm it up thoroughly and dry out all the moisture. Care should be taken not to overheat the cylinders. If the draining process indicates that there is sediment in the water system, fresh water, preferably hot, should be put in and run out again as often as may be necessary to clean out all the settlings.



If the gasolene tank is in the rear, it should be removed, which enables it to be thoroughly washed out and the rear axle, springs, and brakes to be attended to

While it is not necessary to remove gasolene from the tanks, it is just as well to do so. Gasolene usually contains more or less water that will collect in some pocket in the system, which may be a part of the feed-pipe, and freeze. If there is a separator in the line, drain it through the cock in the bottom, as it is apt to contain water.

If the tires are to be removed—which is the right thing to do if a thorough job is to be made of the laying-up—they should be washed perfectly clean with water and particular attention paid to the removal of all signs of oil, which, as motorists know, is death to rubber. Perhaps the best way to put away the tires is in a condition of semi-inflation—just enough to maintain their shape. They should be laid down in that paradise of tires off duty—a cool, dry, dark place where the temperature is uniform. It is a good idea to wrap the tires in paper or burlap or both, but this is not essential so long as the other conditions are present. With the tires removed, the car ought to be jacked off the floor, though this, like the wrapping of the tires, is not of vital importance. The steel rims should be well cleaned and protected from rust by a coating of grease or paraffine wax. The wax is preferable because the grease, if not carefully removed in the spring, may get on the rubber. The wax is more troublesome to apply, as the rims should be warmed. Almost anything will do, however, that will keep off rust and either will not harm rubber or can easily be removed before the tires are replaced. It pays to take pretty good care of the tires, because they deteriorate rapidly if conditions are adverse to the preservation of rubber, and this kind of deterioration cannot be repaired—and tires are expensive. If there are cuts in the tires they should be vulcanized and the tires put in the best possible condition.

A little light oil—two or three tablespoonfuls—should be put into each cylinder while the motor is warm, and the motor turned over by hand until the oil has worked its way into the piston rings, valves, and stems. This is best done just after the motor has been run to dry out the water jackets. Kerosene is not good for this purpose, as it has a corrosive effect and should not be used unless it is removed almost at once. All oil should be drained from the lubricating system and oil-ducts, and all well flushed out with gasolene, after which fresh oil may be put in. Bearings should be inspected for wear and necessary adjustments made, if they are of the adjustable type, and cleaned with gasolene and relubricated; brakes should be cleaned, and the clutch, if of the cone type, should be cleaned and given a coat of castor oil or other good clutch dressing. Disk clutches running in oil should be given fresh oil.

The same cleaning and adjusting process should be carried out throughout the car. Where old oil is to be washed out, gasolene is the best thing to do it with, and there should be no hesitation in pulling down bearings or other parts that require more than the cleaning and oiling that can be given them while in place. If only ordinary mileage has been made, it should be sufficient to look everything over carefully and thin the lubricant, which has a tendency to thicken up with use.

One of the evils that must be guarded against is rust, and to prevent its attacks all exposed iron and steel parts should be lightly covered with grease or vaseline, care being taken, however, that this is kept off the paint-work of the body. Spark plugs, valve-chamber caps, and other threaded parts that are likely to become rusted in place should be removed, their threads coated with graphite grease, or even just plain grease, and screwed in place again without the use of a wrench. Springs that are badly rusted are unreliable, and so all springs should be well protected, and, if possible, should stand without strain on them.

Mud-spots on the paint-work of the body will make permanent dull patches if not removed, and splashes of oil will have the same effect, only in greater degree. Therefore the body ought to be thoroughly washed and polished, and left perfectly dry. It is better for the sake of the varnish to keep off the direct rays of the sun. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention such details as the cleaning out of the acetylene generator, if one is used, and the removal of oil from ignition-wiring; but it is easy to forget these little things and the results are often troublesome. All the "small stuff" should be overhauled and put in good shape, and the tool outfit, in particular, should be examined and necessary repairs or replacements made before applying a coat of rust preventative and storing away.

The great thing is to have everything about the car clean and dry, and to have everything lubricated that needs it, but to keep the oil strictly within bounds. As a matter of fact, common sense is the most necessary thing to have around when laying up or overhauling the car, and it should be used freely.

There are a hundred and one things that might be enumerated; but any man who owns a motor-car and takes care of it himself knows very well what they are. By using his eyes and common sense, with plenty of energy and elbow grease, the car can be laid up in such shape that the spring resurrection will be a simple and satisfactory proceeding.

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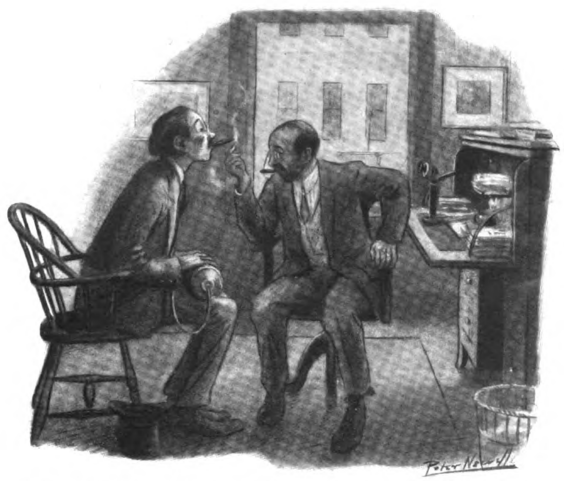
PETTIGREW'S GENIUS-EXTINGUISHER

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

"THERE is no walk in life that is not without its peculiar irritations," enunciated Pettigrew, impressively. Striker, the editor, with a bored and vacant expression upon his face, nodded absently. Sitting at his manuscript-laden desk, he had caught enough of Pettigrew's observation to reflect that this tiresome caller was an admirable instance of one of the torments in question.

"In the case of editors like yourself, I opine that the chief trial of your existence is the insistent incursions of rattle-brained, genius-crazed people that you can never get rid of."



Striker, with almost butlerlike alacrity, struck and held a match for him

"Precisely," Striker wearily agreed. He glanced impatiently at his desk and the mass of work he was anxious to resume.

Pettigrew, encouraged by the editor's curt response, carefully deposited his shabby silk hat on the floor and proceeded:

"I knew you would agree. You are sorely tried by the multitude of frenzied poets and mentally unbalanced writers that continually besiege you, and whom you get rid of once only to have them turn up again in the course of the next week." Pettigrew leaned forward and placed a lean forefinger impressively on the desk. "For some years I have been making a special study of this distressing situation incident to editors, and have cast about for some means of alleviating it."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Striker, hollowly.

Pettigrew paused a moment in order that his next words might fall with emphasis.

"And I have succeeded! This machine," he went on, turning to the tall upright package beside his chair and unwrapping the folds of paper—"this machine which I have constructed after years of most arduous labor and experiment, is the crowning triumph of the twentieth century thus far, and I doubt if it will be rivaled during the eight or nine decades yet to elapse. This invention is destined to prove a boon to every editor on the face of the globe."

"Humph!" Striker curiously regarded the shining, brass, tubelike affair, with hose attachment, which Pettigrew now displayed. "It looks like a fire-extinguisher."

"It is built on the lines of a fire-extinguisher," admitted the inventor; "it is in reality a genius-extinguisher."

Striker snorted. "If it comes to turning a hose on undesirable contributors, let me tell you the idea is by no means new, but, unfortunately, quite impracticable—"

"Not so fast," interrupted Pettigrew. "I fully understand that you can't resort to extreme measures, much as you would like to exterminate the wild-eyed scribblers and versifiers that may choose your office in which to unburden themselves of a poetic frenzy or a prose fit. You must resort to strategy. This genius-extinguisher is essentially a strategic machine. It is based on the broad, human principle of tactfulness. You must get rid of the undesirable creatures, but you must do it in such a way that they will not come back."

"But they always do come back," sighed the editor.

"But with this machine, they never come back," declared the inventor with kindling enthusiasm. "This machine strikes at the root of the evil. It quenches once for all the divine or diabolical spark that inspires them. It extinguishes their genius. One application of the wonderful fluid contained in the genius-extinguisher and their peculiar bent, whatever it may be, is gone forever!"

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed the editor. "Granted that you have discovered so wonderful an elixir as to reduce these crazy mortals to their sober senses, do you suppose they are willingly going to stand up and let me play a hose on them? They would fight tooth and nail!"

"Precisely," agreed Pettigrew, his thin, bony fingers fondling the brass tubing of the genius-extinguisher. "That is why I have constructed my invention on strategic lines. That is why I have adopted the outward form and semblance of a fire-extinguisher. It is of innocent appearance, and can be hung upon the wall behind your desk without occasioning suspicion or remark."

"Then I don't see how—"

"If you will only listen," interrupted the inventor. "Let us imagine that you have the genius-extinguisher properly filled and placed conveniently at hand. You are troubled by some pestiferous contributor whose ill-balanced brain has led him to compose an epic which he is in the habit of bringing to you in instalments. By a prearrangement with one of your assistants, some slight flame is started—say, a trash-basket—behind the back of your undesirable genius. Your assistant suddenly raises the startling cry of "Fire!" In the excitement of the moment you seize the genius-extinguisher, and in making an apparent effort to quench the flame you contrive to squirt some portion of the fluid upon your contributor. In a moment of excitement such a mishap is easily pardoned. You have only to apologize to your contributor for the badness of your aim, and the offense is overlooked. At worst, you may have ruined his suit of clothes, which you cheerfully offer to replace."

Mr. Pettigrew paused for a moment while Striker, now visibly impressed, waited for him to continue. He even reached into a drawer of his desk for a box of cigars which he tendered to Pettigrew, a courtesy he had never before accorded to the inventor.

"The fluid in the genius-extinguisher," continued Pettigrew, puffing his cigar to a glow, "is of extraordinary potency. Once in contact with the skin, it is immediately absorbed into the system, whence it acts powerfully upon the brain. Whatever the crotchet, streak, warp, crack, or fissure in your contributor's mental make-up which puts him into the abnormal class of persons known as geniuses, this is immediately eradicated. Your poet no longer poetizes, your scribbler no longer scribbles. He becomes a plain, ordinary person, disgusted with his past and quite out of sympathy with his former aspirations. In short, you may confidently assume that your office is rid of that undesirable forever."

Pettigrew's cigar had gone out, but Striker, with almost butler-like alacrity, struck and held a match for him.

"Thanks," resumed the inventor, complacently. "The composition of this remarkable fluid, I may say, remains a secret known only to myself. The mechanical part of the apparatus I have not troubled to patent, because I am not sure that it does not infringe upon some of the popular makes of fire-extinguishers now on the market."

"Of course, of course," replied Striker, enthusiastically. "But that need not deter us from having the genius-extinguisher installed here and trying it out at once."

"I had hoped for your hearty co-operation in this way," answered Pettigrew, "for your office here offers such admirable opportunities for a thorough test."

Striker's opportunity occurred on the following day, after twenty minutes' futile arguing with young Driveller, who had come in with a new poem in fifty-five cantos dealing with the unregeneracy of man.

Striker gave the signal to Thompson, his assistant, who had been hovering expectantly near by. A match was dexterously struck and applied to a trash-basket behind the poet's chair, and a moment later rang out the cry of "Fire!"

Driveller, dropping the fifty-five cantos, started up in alarm, knocking over his chair, which collided with the flaming trash-basket, and, turning, caught full in the face the fine, driving spray from the genius-extinguisher in the hands of Striker. The poet dodged and spluttered, there was a quick scurrying of the office force, and at length the charred remains of the trash-basket lay quenched upon the floor, while Driveller stood agape, dripping from head to foot with a pale amber-colored fluid which gave off an acrid aroma.

"My dear, Mr. Driveller," effusively exclaimed Striker, seemingly overcome at the plight of the poet, "I am exceedingly sorry—the excitement of the moment, you know—I have never used a fire-extinguisher before."

"It is no matter," said Driveller, wiping his face and long matted locks. "Fortunately, the fifty-five cantos have escaped injury—"

"You must leave them with me by all means," pursued Striker. "They seem to be a remarkable production that I shall want to consider carefully at my leisure," and thus mollified, Driveller departed.

Three days later came a note from Driveller:

"You may be surprised to hear that I have gone into the insurance business. Things are starting off so well that I am considering taking on an assistant.

"This is to inform you that you may chuck the manuscript I left with you. It is rot—so is all poetry, for that matter, if people would only get down to brass tacks and admit it."

Whereupon Striker, tingling with elation, telephoned Pettigrew, and the latter reached the office a few minutes later, quite out of breath. With his pipe in his mouth, smoking feverishly, Pettigrew drank in each detail of the first experiment and its success.

Pettigrew's hand upon his pipe trembled as he listened to Striker's roseate portrayal of the fame and future of the genius-extinguisher. In the excitement, the inventor absently slipped the pipe into his pocket that he might gesticulate with both hands.

"The secret is indeed mine and I shall dictate terms, but I shall not be unreasonable. With an initial capitalization of half a million dollars—"

"Not less than a million!" insisted Striker.

"Very well, then, a million. Two-thirds of the preferred stock I shall retain as my proper share as president of the corporation. And you, Striker—since you have been the means of significantly demonstrating the efficiency of the genius-extinguisher—shall be the secretary. In less than two years our manufacturing plants will cover every continent, while—"

The inventor stopped short with a sudden cry, and, turning, found the pocket of his coat in flame where he had carelessly thrust his pipe. "Fire!" he cried in consternation, beating wildly at the blazing cloth.

Thompson caught up a fire-extinguisher and rushed to the rescue of the frantic Pettigrew.

"Not that! not that!" screamed the inventor, frantically dancing about and trying to dodge the amber stream of spray that Thompson directed toward him. He ended with a shriek and flopped down upon the floor, the charred side of his coat still damp and smoking.

"I am a ruined man," groaned Pettigrew.

"Are you crazy?" demanded the editor.

Pettigrew pointed at the mechanism still in Thompson's hands. It was the genius-extinguisher.

"I am a ruined man," repeated Pettigrew, dolorously, from the floor. "There is no antidote for it. My inventive genius is gone!"

"But you will never have to invent anything else. Your fortune is already assured—with the secret of this extinguisher carefully guarded—"

"Alas! Too carefully guarded!" groaned Pettigrew. "I was afraid to write the formula down, and now—this fluid acts so quickly—I have forgotten it already."

Driveller caught the fine, driving spray from the genius-extinguisher

The editor's face went instantly grave, and he soberly confronted the plight of the whimpering Pettigrew on the floor. Then an idea occurred to him.

"That chap Driveller said he would soon need an assistant," he ventured, gingerly.

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THE MOTOR-TRUCK AND THE PARCELS POST

What the Instalment of the Parcels-Post System on January 1st will Mean to the Manufacturer of Motor-trucks

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

A NEW and important market is opening up—or rather is soon to be opened—for the motor-truck, and possibly for a new and very speedy and efficient type of motor-wagon. This new market is the biggest and richest that any industry could desire. The customer is Uncle Sam himself—the United States government. The new parcels post comes into operation on the first day of next January, and there will have to be some sort of provision for the quick delivery of the vast number of packages that is certain to pile up.

In every one of the thirty or so foreign countries that already have the parcels post as a part of their national life the system has been a pronounced success. There seems no reason to believe that the people of the United States will not follow their lead and patronize the new branch of the Post-Office Department extensively. For all short distances the government charge will be very much less than express rates. The Post-Office experts say that their usual deficits will be wiped out. Some $16,000,000 of receipts a year from the rural districts alone on 64,000,000 packages is the estimate of one of the chief authorities. The possibilities of this newly created business are startling to contemplate.

The postmen's bags, the little local delivery carts of the cities, drawn by a single horse, and the small wagons of the rural free-delivery routes do very well under the present plan of a few packages and a mail mostly composed of letters, with a sprinkling of newspapers and magazines. When the parcels post gets under way these small vehicles will be quite inadequate. That is the opinion of the Post-Office people and of far-seeing motor-truck men. For a full year now the truck manufacturers have been studying the problem carefully.

What type or kind of vehicle will be wanted? Shall it be a truck in various sizes to suit the demands of different localities, or shall it be more on the wagon order? Should speed be a leading essential, or fuel economy, or capacity? No one knows as yet. Both the trade and the government are "up in the air." The motor-truck manufacturers can get only a general idea of the requirements, which vary materially in different sections of the country. The Post-Office experts have been so busy in getting the vast and complicated new machine ready for operation—first deciding thousands of details themselves and then planning to get these details into the heads of thousands of subordinates, postmasters, clerks, and carriers everywhere from Maine to California—that they have had no time to enter into a discussion of the types of inanimate carriers that will have to supplement the human carriers and replace horse-power.

This new field is bigger than nine-tenths of the American people realize. On maps this country is being divided into some 25,000 rectangular districts—a huge checker-board. There will be eight great postal zones. On a domestic letter to-day one pays two cents regardless of whether its destination is the next block or 5,000 miles away. But the rates in the parcels-post system are to depend on weight and the number of miles the package has to be carried. There is to be every inducement for people to send parcels short distances, and the rates are being arranged proportionately.

This is how the zone rates are arranged: the "home" zone includes all territory within its rectangular district and within adjacent rectangles for fifty miles in any direction. The zones change with the point of mailing. For parcels-post purposes the zone in which a package is mailed is the first zone. Postal delivery within the zone of mailing costs five cents for the first pound and three cents for each additional pound. The second zone includes a radius of 150 miles in any direction from the point of starting, the third 300 miles, and so on up to the eighth zone, which includes all points more than 1,800 miles away. The rates increase proportionately for each zone until for the eighth it is twelve cents for the first pound and twelve cents for each additional pound. The limit of weight is to be eleven pounds, and the maximum size seventy-two inches in length and girth combined.

Within limits this means that pretty nearly anything of ordinary size and weight may be transported by the new parcels post of this country at such tempting "bargain" rates that they will be surely taken advantage of. In Germany the parcels post carries 7,000,000,000 packages a year, in England 5,000,000,000 are carried, and in France 3,000,000,000, while little Switzerland sends through its mails about 139 packages for each inhabitant annually. To show what the parcels-post system has developed into abroad it is very apropos to quote what J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., an Englishman who has devoted most of his public life to the advocacy of postal reforms, wrote recently:

"I shall never forget my inspection of the great parcels-post building at Berlin. Such grim bustle, such ordered haste, such sudden surges of uniformed employees, such mountains of baskets, boxes, parcels melting into yawning vans, such galloping of hoofs without, such ceaseless tramping within, the whole din dominated by sharp words of command—it suggested the eve of battle and the stern methods of warfare rather than the prosaic humdrum routine of postal work.

"Cocks crowed in their crates, huge mastiffs bayed, canaries from the Hartz shrilly piped; the huge yard of despatch could have furnished a fair or supplied a settlement; and everything was sent off at the right time without a hitch, while Herr Karl Kirchoff, the organizer and director of all, stood like an admiral on his bridge to see that all went well."

The American parcels post will scarcely be like this, at its outset at all events, and yet the 1st of January no doubt will usher in a tremendous flood of new business. To a large extent, it means a revolution in the postal service of this country, a great carrying service that will, it is believed, penetrate into the most remote rural sections. Such a situation is undoubtedly the opportunity of the American motor-truck manufacturer, and he does not intend to let it slip by.

There are 41,000 rural free-delivery routes. Horses are now the motive power and very light wagons make the trips. It costs the government something like $40,000,000 a year to deliver mail through these country districts, and yet the service has been a pronounced success. It has enhanced land values in the districts where it is enjoyed, and has added materially to the comfort of the farmers and their families. The 41,000 routes are part of the prize awaiting the men who make motor-wagons. Unless all forecasts are wrong, the present rural free-delivery wagons will be quite inadequate for the coming flood of packages, and swifter and more substantial vehicles will have to take their places.

These wagons in the country districts are but one portion of the new and attractive field that seems opening up. The big cities, with their outlying districts, and the smaller cities and towns seem likely to patronize Uncle Sam, parcel carrier, even more generously. In that event the bulk and weight of the packages will make it necessary to supplement the postman, and some inexpensive method of transportation will have to be worked out. Under the most ordinary conditions, one motor vehicle can do the work of three horse-drawn wagons, trucks, or carts.

Naturally, investigations and inquiries have been made in every direction possible, and some idea of what may be expected when our parcels post has been thoroughly established has been obtained. The number of packages small enough to come within the limits of the parcels post sent each year is incredible. Many of the big department stores in the larger cities deliver as many as 3,000,000 packages annually. Ninety to ninety-five per cent. of these packages weigh less than eleven pounds and could be sent by parcels post. As to this, one of the technical motor journals said a year ago, before the present legislation was passed, in analyzing the situation: "From this it may be inferred in general how large a business would await the government when it establishes a parcels post. The experience of department stores shows that a single delivery can be made for about five cents."

The department stores in every city have brought about large economies by the use of power wagons, operating these with great ingenuity. The delivery plants of the most progressive stores have their motor-truck bodies and running gear and base separate. By this method the loads can be put together without keeping the truck itself standing idle. A truck body, loaded, is swung on the first truck available and started out. Several years of experience, coupled with large investments, have developed many devices for decreasing the cost and raising the efficiency of the service. The ablest department-store men say that motor-trucks will undoubtedly solve the problems that will confront the inauguration of the new parcels post.

In England thirty years' experience with the parcels post has brought about what are called motor-vans. These are used in large numbers and are much cheaper than the railroad for carrying parcels distances up to 120 miles. The English parcels post is so well managed and effective—being excelled only by Germany—that many of its ideas are likely to be followed. The English postal charge for parcels is a little less than ours will be, but the figures are not very far apart.

Men high in authority in both the motor-truck field and the postal service estimate roughly that the new law will increase the post-office business more than 300 per cent. within the first year. Their figures have been summarized in this fashion:

The Post-Office Department handles at present, pieces of mail	13,000,000,000
Of this, under the old law, parcels numbered	185,000,000
(These parcels come under the fourth-class rate. The Bourne Parcels Post bill, which will become effective January 1, 1913, simply extends fourth-class matter and provides a new and elaborate scale of rates.)	
Express companies transport at present, packages	300,000,000
Of these packages now sent by express there weigh less than eleven pounds, and therefore are eligible for parcels post, packages	90,000,000
Parcels sent out by mail-order houses and department stores	2,000,000,000
(The experts say that this last figure is probably too low and that it is likely that there are many more.)	
Department-store and mail-order-house shipments falling within the parcels-post eleven-pound limit—a minimum figure which probably will be found to be much larger—parcels	1,800,000,000

With this enormous new business it is conceded that some much more economical and speedy system of transportation will have to be found. The latest suggestion is that there shall be four distinct types of trucks and wagons. Mammoth trucks, larger, stronger, more powerful, and speedier than any now in existence, are proposed for haulage from the railway stations to the post-offices of the great cities; trucks of somewhat the same type but smaller and quicker for service between general post-offices and sub-stations; small, light, easily handled collection cars for cities and in the suburban districts; and delivery wagons, roomy and of high speed, for service on the rural routes. If just the right type of these latter cars can be found it will result in the rearrangement and grouping of many of these rural routes. The system of horse service in the rural free delivery is acknowledged to be slow, costly, and much behind the times. Nothing else has been practicable, however, under existing conditions. The new parcels post and the vastly increased and more bulky mail that the farmer will receive after January 1st offers an opportunity that both post-office and power-wagon people are studying and taking advantage of.

The change in the postal service of this country will be greater than any it has experienced. It is more than likely that there will be one striking development that the public has not yet thought of but many groups of keen-sighted men are anticipating. The vast new package business will have to be taken care of and handled expeditiously. The government cannot let itself be swamped. So there will be established haulage contractors, concerns with large backing and the finest motor-truck equipment which will bid for territory. There are indications that there will be a number of competing firms, so that the government will be able to make good bargains. In any event, as is quite apparent, the government itself will buy only a fraction of the innumerable fleets of vehicles that will be needed. It is not too much to say that investments aggregating tens of millions of dollars will be made within the next two or three years to provide for this service. Some one must put up the money. In a general sense it will be Uncle Sam, but he himself will not do all the big financiering.

This building of motor-trucks for the parcels post is expected to have a far-reaching influence on the motor-truck trade in general. Not only will it bring in a vast grist of new orders and provide much ready money, but it will extend factories and greatly increase experiment and designing. The motor-truck as it is to-day is a decided practical success, and in proportion to its needs has kept pace with the development of the pleasure automobile. In fact, it has made even greater strides. But no one contends that motor-truck building is in anything but its infancy as yet. Trucks will show greater economy of operation and will be better built for specific purposes. The science of delivery by motor-truck will grow and be made better and better. The new business that will come from the parcels post is certain to put every manufacturer on his mettle. He will have to design the wagon that will make many stops and the massive truck that must meet conditions not unlike those of the express-train service.

One thing the new parcels post certainly will do. It will give the final impetus to the campaign for good roads all over the country, a campaign that is now very nearly won. With heavy government motor-truck traffic everywhere bad roads can no longer continue to be bad.

The motor-truck builder shows more and more indications of evolving into a specialist—that is, his tendency is strongly to become an expert in one or two types of cars that by study he has made his own and turns out so perfectly that no competition is possible. The parcels-post truck and wagon demand will tend to hasten this by calling for special vehicles and giving the successful manufacturers all they can do. It is growing to be the same in other lines. One great manufacturing concern is admittedly about the highest authority on brewery trucks, and prefers this business to any other because it has studied it to the last detail. Another company is perhaps better than any other on coal-dealers' trucks and finds abundant business in this line without seeking elsewhere. Here, as in everything else, concentration of purpose brings success. The parcels-post trucks and wagons will establish specialists in their train in the same way.

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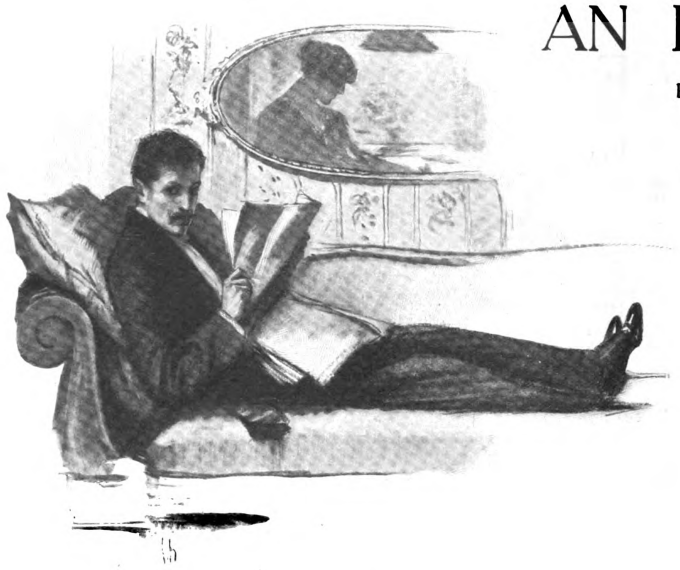
AN INTERVENTION

From the Italian of Matilde Serao

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS



I

GUIDO exhibited that day all the signs of a happy man: unruffled forehead, smiling eyes and lips, and a light and quick walk. He was returning from a political banquet (in this connection the word dinner is too ordinary), where during the fruit-course he had explained minutely his programme to his electors; he had been showered with applause; the cooking, the champagne, and the programme of the candidate had produced a great impression—the election was secured. Then, that evening Guido was to go to a ball where he was to meet Baroness Stefania, a cruel creature, who for a month had been looking for a dignified pretext to give way to her heart. Perhaps during a Metra waltz, or in a poetic stroll to the buffet, the pretext would come of itself—since the divine goodness is infinite. Having thus adjusted his public and private affairs, Guido had come home to sleep for a short hour.

But Giuseppe, an old and faithful servant—there are but few such left—remained standing in a respectful attitude in front of his master; on his countenance could be read his desire to say something.

"Well?" asked Guido, noticing it.

"I beg your pardon, sir, . . . I wanted to say . . ."

"All right, but quick about it."

"Do you remember what day this is, sir?"

"No, Giuseppe, no."

"To-day is your birthday."

"Ah!" was all Guido said, his brow darkening.

"Once, when some one else was here, on this day, there were flowers everywhere."

"Were. Aren't any longer!" observed Guido, with a hint of sadness in his tone.

"Yes, there are, there are," said the old servant, uncovering a big bunch of flowers which was enthroned on a table.

"And who?" asked Guido, but, looking at the deferential and smiling face of his servant, he quickly understood. "You, Giuseppe?"

"You will pardon the liberty—"

"There is no excuse necessary. I thank you; you have given me pleasure with these flowers."

And the candidate for the assembly of Roccanuccia and for the Baroness Stefania's heart was moved at the thought that on his birthday it was only a servant who had had the graceful thought of this gift of flowers. But it was a light emotion, because Guido was above all a man of intelligence. Now he who belongs to this honorable and restricted category of persons has the right to be moved occasionally, but only on condition that it is over quickly and is not noticeable on the outside, and that afterward he is ready to laugh at his emotion.

"I am going to sleep for a little," said Guido, "I'll get up at half-past seven."

"It would be better if you didn't go to sleep sir."

"And why, wise Giuseppe?"

"Because this morning when no one but Girolamo was here a lady came. When she learned that the master was out she said: 'Very well, as soon as he returns tell him that I shall come again this evening at six o'clock, and that he must wait for me at any cost, because I have something important to talk to him about.' Then she went away."

"Bravo! And the name?"

"She wouldn't leave it."

"Um! Some mystery, some bird of passage. Girolamo told you at least what her business was?"

"No, he said that she was a lady, tall, dark, elegantly dressed."

"From good to better. My curiosity is aroused. And you think, Giuseppe, that on account of this unknown lady I oughtn't to go to sleep?"

"It is six o'clock. If she is punctual you will not have time to stretch yourself out on the lounge."

"All right, let us make this sacrifice to the unknown goddess. Give me the papers, Giuseppe; I'll read while I wait. A tall brunette: that's right; Stefania has bright golden hair; it will be a contrast."

Here the reader will raise her eyes from the page and think that Guido bids fair to be a Don Juan. Nothing of the kind. I don't deny that in his twentieth year Guido possessed such an affectionate heart that he was capable of adoring even three at a time; but there had come his great passion into which he had put all his heart; then, through an unfortunate sequence of events his happiness crumbled like a house of cards and his great passion was suffocated and buried in the past. After two years spent in killing it, Guido had taken up again the life of youth, a little here, a little there; but it was all straw smoke.

"Signore, signore," said Giuseppe, entering quite upset.

"She has arrived?"

"She is in the salon."

"Do you know her?"

"No, no, I don't know her," replied the servant, stuttering.

But his master was already near the door of the salon when he stopped a moment to look at the unknown lady. She was standing by the table, turning the leaves of a photograph album; her back was to the door, so that he could not distinguish anything but a tall and graceful figure in a rich suit of some black stuff trimmed with lace.

"Signora!" said Guido, advancing.

She turned quickly; Guido experienced an electric shock, and in order to conceal the look of great astonishment in his face, he made a profound bow.

"I hope I don't disturb you?" she asked, seating herself with an unconcerned manner after acknowledging his bow.

"Not in the slightest. I assure you that I am at your service."

"The worse for you if that is only a compliment. I feel disposed to make use of you."

"Mine be the risk and peril then," replied Guido, smiling. Won't you talk about it?"

The lady patted the soft fur of her muff for a moment; it looked as if, though sure of her ideas, she was seeking a fitting form in which to express them. Guido was distracted watching her; it was really she, still beautiful, still fascinating as on the day when he first saw her; but now she appeared to him complete and perfect. The profile, still pure, was more marked, more firm; the olive complexion had a slight tinge of pink; the eyes, which formerly were only vivacious, had now a profound expression—the woman had lived and suffered.

"Have you ever taken part in theatricals?" she asked at length.

"Oh, often!"

"Good! I see I asked a useless question. Then tomorrow you will act in one again, but I warn you that you will have a serious part and that success will be difficult."

"All depends on the actors and the audience."

"You will have me as a fellow-player."

"I know your skill."

"In feigning?"

"In acting. Will it be a charade?"

"Yes, but without the moral in the last two verses. The moral is in the intent of the performance. It is for a worthy cause."

"Are you the originator?" asked Guido with a hint of irony.

"You mean—?"

"That you are given to worthy causes, and that I don't yet understand."

"In a moment. Tell me. Do you write to my father regularly?"

"Always; but he has not written me now for a fortnight."

"I, on the other hand, had a letter from him yesterday. He wrote me that he was well and that he was to arrive to-morrow here at Milan by the ten-twenty train."

This time Guido did not attempt to conceal his surprise.

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow indeed!"

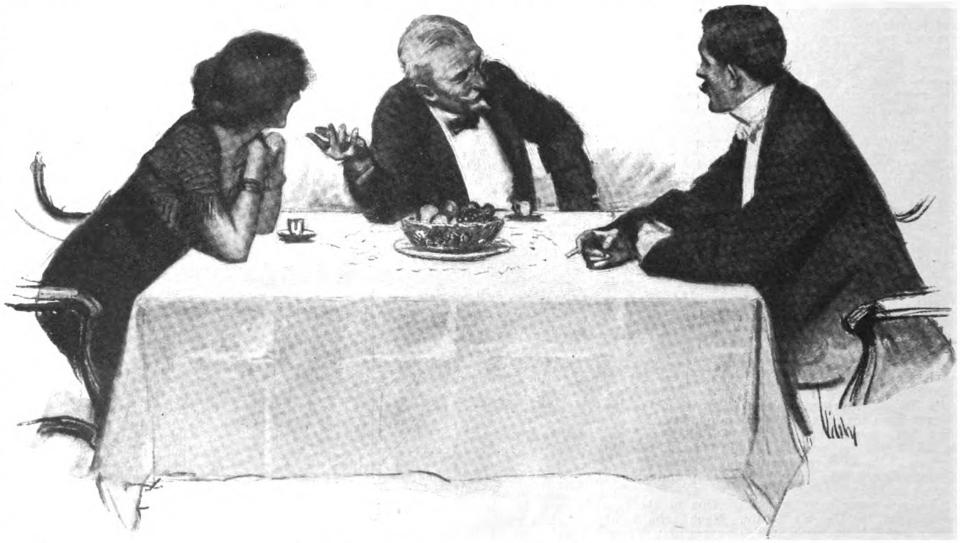
"Your father who never leaves home?"

"Is on his way to Naples and will make a short stop to see—"

"His daughter."

"And his son, he says."

"So?"



Signor Giorgianni was smiling, contented, and happy

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"So we are in a pretty fix," said Emma, resting her foot upon a velvet footstool.

"You call it pretty?"

"I am not used to phrase-making. But some way out must be found."

"I don't see any."

"And you are a clever man of politics? What use to you is it to have learned the art of subtle subterfuges, of delicate transactions, of smooth and diplomatic phrases?"

"If you keep on like that I shall be all the less likely to find a remedy."

"Bah! I have found it."

"I knew it."

"You are polite even in intention."

"I always wish to be with you."

"We'll see. I told you I had a way out. Here it is: At no cost will I tell my father the truth."

"The sad truth."

"A useless adjective. It would pain my father greatly, and his suffering would make me smart with remorse; the transgressions of the children should not bring tears to the parents. Up to now, because of my care and yours, because of distance, because of his lack of Milanese acquaintances, he has been spared this sorrow. But to-morrow all this fine edifice of pious lies will fall, and God knows what will be the consequences of it all. It is necessary to prevent it; you will help me in this work. He must find us together to-morrow as he left us, and not a word, not a gesture, must reveal the real state of things to him—that is what we have to do."

All this was said in a grave and serious voice, and Guido had listened to it seriously. However, he did not reply at once, but reflected.

Emma grew impatient.

"It is a comedy, as you see," she replied, "a comedy for charity; it ought not to cost you so much."

"I for my part am ready. Aren't you afraid that some misunderstandings may arise?"

"What?"

"The servants—"

"You will give a holiday to-morrow to your new servant whom I saw to-day, and I will speak to Giuseppe."

"Very well, and suppose that some importunate friend should come in?"

"You will not be at home to any one to-morrow."

"Suppose that when we go to the station to meet your father and to take him back there some one should see us together, what will be said?"

"No one will see us; we will go in a coupé and drive rapidly."

"Your father will stay here all day; no matter how good and disingenuous he may be, do you think he won't notice that he is in the house of a bachelor?"

"This evening I will have my work-table, my books, and my music sent here; it will be the *mise en scène*."

"But—"

"Perhaps there have been some changes in the rooms?"

"There is no change," replied Guido, gravely; "the room is intact as you left it."

"Through sentiment?"

"You are mistaken; it is through respect."

"Thanks. Have you other objections?"

"No more, it remains to be seen if we are able to deceive good Signor Giorgianni."

"Playing the affectionate young husband and wife? We will remember old times; the sillinesses of the first year of matrimony," said Emma, sarcastically.

"I had forgotten them," replied the husband, promptly.

They looked in each other's face, exchanging the glances of duelists each of whom recognizes that the other's skill is of the first rank.

"But perhaps I am selfish to keep you sequestered for a whole day. You have other engagements for to-morrow?"

"No, none. If I had I should break them."

"Thanks again. You are perfectly free for this evening; I have no need for company. I shall remain here this evening. I shall be busy arranging and disarranging, so that I shall seem to have been here all the time. But I do not wish to impose anything further on you. You go out and come back at any hour you like; until ten to-morrow you are an independent citizen."

"To tell the truth, I was to have gone to a ball; but if you wish I will stay here."

"And why? We should have to make conversation, and there is nothing more to be said between us."

"You are right indeed. And so I ask your permission to go and dress."

Emma bowed and Guido went out with the air of a man entirely free from care. But inwardly he was somewhat upset; indeed, the adventure was a marvelous one, and he thought so much about it, turning it over and over in his mind, that he was deplorably distracted at the ball. Baroness Stefania threw him glances which he had the impertinence not to see; moreover, taking advantage of a quadrille that was occupying all the room, he went away without a word to any one.

When he returned home he found himself in transformed surroundings: the sitting-room, so long closed, had been aired; lights had been lit in the bedrooms; the wardrobe doors were opened, letting escape a fragrance of violets. In the sitting-room were the open piano and the music on the rack, the fresh flowers in the vases, the rearranged furniture, and Emma in a dressing-gown was standing on tiptoe to take down a statuette from an étagère.

Was it a dream? Emma waiting for him at home . . . that would mean the three years of absence wiped out, wiped out also the sad day of separation . . . that folly!

"Good evening," said Guido and passed by.

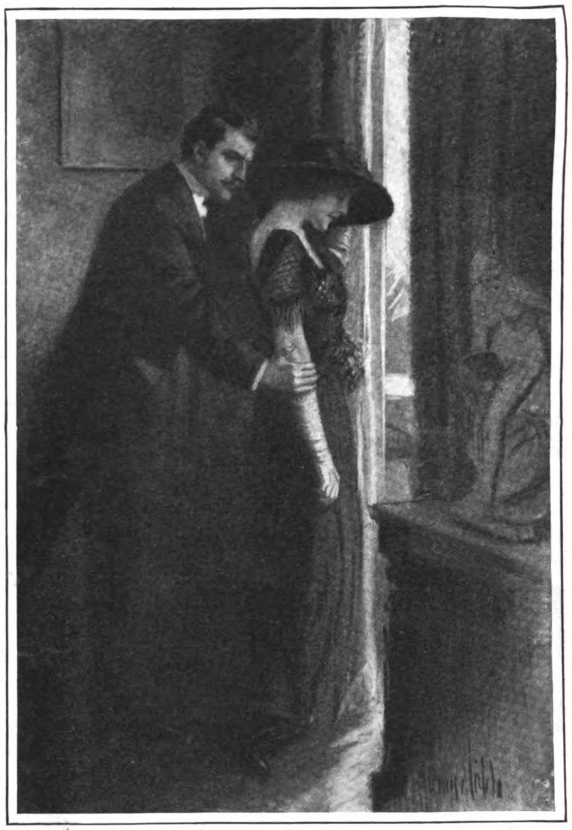
"Good evening," she replied, without turning.

II

I am forced to confess that, in spite of the strangeness of these happenings, in spite of the doubts of the morrow, there was no insomnia in the house that night, no pillows bathed with tears. Emma was convinced that the little comedy would not change anything in the future, and Guido for his part had the same belief; they knew themselves too well and felt assured that nothing, nothing could reunite them. Emma, on entering her old room, imagined herself in a hotel; and Guido in his room fell asleep after three pages of Herbert Spencer (I do not mean to calumniate the philosopher, but my hero was sleepy.)

It was true, nothing could reunite them. They had committed a thousand silly deeds in order to marry each other. Guido had run after Emma from Florence to Naples, had passed nights under her window; Emma had written him every day a letter of eight pages and had spent whole nights on her balcony. Her father, partly willingly and partly on account of her coaxing, had ended by consenting, as all fathers in this world consent. At the bottom, at the very bottom of his heart, he was a very yielding person, and had hesitated because he was sad at the thought of being separated from his daughter; then, fearing that she would become ill, he said yes. The lovers, absolutely happy, adored each other for three years. I don't say that there were no little quarrels and jealousies between them, particularly on Emma's side. Hers was an extreme character, proud, impetuous; she did not know how to love or hate by halves; Guido, on the other hand, opposed her with that suggestion of coldness, with that ironical smile that belongs to mediocre natures. Sometimes they came together violently, but peace was then all the more delightful.

One day—I don't know how it came about—Guido ran across one of his ancient flames; they recalled each other; there followed a note and a meeting. Guido let himself be carried away more by weakness than passion; more than all he was ashamed of cutting the figure of a school-boy. How did Emma find out about it? Through an imprudent servant, a zealous friend, and a letter gone astray? Nobody knows, but it was surely some clear proof, because all the ardent and blind love which she felt for her husband was now changed into cold disdain. She could find no excuse for him; felt herself mortally wounded in her affection and in her pride as a happy wife. She sent for her husband, and with a marvelous calm, her voice never trembling, she announced to him that they were to separate without any fuss, without a scene. He was astounded; tried to regain his composure, to smile, to take the thing as a joke, to attenuate his fault; but his wife replied to him in such proud and severe words that he had to be silent. It seemed ridiculous to him to keep on defending himself; he accepted all the conditions she imposed on him and let her leave him, while he condemned her as a proud, unloving woman.



"You are forgetting to forgive me, Emma," he said

He tried, as I have already stated, to distract himself in business, politics, and love-making; he assumed a frank behavior, appeared careless and skeptical; but alone, face to face with his conscience, he felt that his life was ruined and broken.

He saw his wife two or three times in the distance; they bowed like persons who scarcely knew each other. She led a very solitary life, not going to theaters and festivities, while he threw himself headlong into noisy amusements. They were agreed on one point only: to write to her father as if nothing had happened—that is to say, stereotyped bulletins. For example, Guido wrote: "Emma is well; I believe she has written you. She sends lots of love to you and to her aunt." And Emma wrote: "Guido is very well and very busy, he couldn't go away with me to the baths." In this manner Signor Giorgianni's happiness hung suspended by a frail silken thread.

Meeting together after this last cruel day had upset the husband and wife completely. In order to come to her husband's house, to overcome her hesitation, to assume a gay and ironical manner, Emma had had to conquer her pride. "For my father! For my father's sake!" she kept repeating to give herself courage; but that which had disturbed her most was Guido's polite coldness. Their dialogue had been courteous, obsequious, without allusion to the past and the future, except some few slight pricks; there had been no "tragics," no recriminations; they had behaved like wise, positive persons. And to-morrow?

To-morrow would be the same: a little make-believe, a little cleverness, it was only necessary to be calm, not to betray themselves, to hide their perturbation beneath a smile, to tell a string of complaisant lies, to take papa back to the station, to bow politely to each other and separate, each to go his and her own way. Reconciliation? Not the ghost of one. Guido would never say the first word, and Emma would never forgive.

III

They had just finished dinner. Signor Giorgianni was smiling, contented, and happy, and the actors forced themselves to smile, too. But all that had seemed easy to them the evening before became most difficult as the moment approached to carry it out. From the time of his arrival that morning, when the father had held them close together in his embrace, they had been obliged to address each other familiarly and to call each other by name, to make use of those affectionate expressions which belong to a husband and wife who are still in love with each other; and a word, an intonation, a fugitive remembrance of the past, made Guido turn pale and Emma blush, and a visible embarrassment reigned between them.

Although they were prepared for everything, although they had thought of all the equivocal situations which might arise, although they tried to forget their personalities, nevertheless the reality faced them at every moment and filled their minds with disturbance; it was useless, they could not suppress their consciences. And to this was added the fear that through some slight imprudence all their praiseworthy efforts might be thrown away, and, still further, the idea, vague but persistent, that this play thus enacted might create between them something new, unexpected.

On the steps, while Giorgianni was ascending them, Emma cast a desperate glance at her husband, a glance which meant: "How shall we stand it until this evening?" And he returned it with an expressive look: "We must help ourselves and fate will help us."

And so it went on. But in the house the dangers were doubled. Giorgianni seemed to take delight in hitting upon topics that were full of risks, to ask ingenuous questions which upset the one who had to reply—poor, dear father, who loved his children so!

"Yes," he said, putting down his cup, "I am delighted to have this day with you. See, Emma dear, letters are well enough for those who are separated, but I prefer visits, even of a few hours. You, daughter, are well and have grown more beautiful, more elegant. Isn't that so, Guido?"

"That's what I am always saying," replied Guido, smiling.

"And what you write me. As we are on this subject, I can assure you, my daughter, that Guido never writes of anything but you in his letters. You would think you had bewitched him. What a model husband!"

"Yes, indeed," assented Emma, in a low voice.

There was a moment's silence after the wife's reply. Guido had hung his head and seemed to be counting the flowers on the tablecloth. But that day papa had the chair.

"Aunt Elizabeth sends you a great deal of love,

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She grumbles a little, but she is devoted to you. You were her favorite, Emma, and now she talks of nothing but you."

"She is a good aunt."

"The best in the world. Do you know what she said to me shortly before I left—'I should be happier if my dear Emma had a sweet little baby.'"

Here Giorgianni, in spite of his bonhomie, became aware that he had made an unlucky remark; he saw that Emma's face was clouded and that his son-in-law was stroking his mustache nervously.

"And Rosina, your cousin," he added, in order to change the subject—"Rosina is well, too. But she has had her troubles."

"Oh! and why? Didn't she marry her Piero?" asked his daughter, with a slight suspicion of irony.

"Yes indeed, she married him; they were so in love with each other. I don't know how it came about, but Piero had a fancy for a Neapolitan lady. . . ."

"You call it a fancy, papa?"

"Yes, it was a fugitive fancy; don't be a pessimist. But Rosina took it greatly to heart: there were scenes and tears."

"Bah!"

"As I tell you. Rosina went back to her mother."

"She did just right."

"Wrong, I tell you. A wife should never leave her husband. In the end, by means of my eloquence, I persuaded her to forgive him."

"You, papa?"

"Yes, and I glory in my intervention. Because if you begin by being *intransigeant* in such matters you always end up by getting the worst of it; man often errs against his will."

"A convenient code of morals," interjected Emma, emphatically.

"It was your mother's, my daughter."

"What, even mamma was of the opinion that one should be lenient?" asked Guido, greatly interested.

"Certainly, certainly. That woman was full of mercy and indulgence; she was good, so good, so good. Who loves much, she used to say, pardons much."

All remained pensive, and then Giorgianni, to break the silence, exclaimed:

"So, children, are you going to show me your apartment, this nest of silk and velvet? I have only given it a hurried glance."

"Come on," replied Guido, "we will begin with the salon."

"Magnificent, magnificent," said Giorgianni as they came to it. This is fine for big receptions. Do you entertain?"

"We did."

"I understand; now business and politics keep you from seeing many people, but the salon is most beautiful. And this little sitting-room—what exquisite taste! Was it your selection, Emma?"

"No, it was Guido's."

"I congratulate him. I can imagine that it is in this room that you like best to stay, that it is here that your admirers come to pay court to you; isn't it so, little rascal? You aren't jealous, are you, Guido?"

"I? I know my wife."

"And you, Emma?"

"I know Guido too well."

The two replies slipped out quickly; Giorgianni was content.

"This bedroom is a marvel," he continued; "the colors are so harmonious. All this white and gray is so soothing to the eye."

He wandered about the room as if looking for some missing object. Finally he called to his daughter, who was standing on the threshold:

"Emma?"

"Papa."

"What have you done with your mother's portrait? I don't see it."

She was quite confused, not knowing what to say.

"We were in Brianza," said Guido, "and our things have not yet come back from there."

"That portrait should have arrived before anything else. But never mind, Emma cannot have forgotten her mother. What a woman, my Guido! It's a pity you never knew her! When she left us, poor thing, she made me promise that I would sacrifice everything for Emma's happiness, and so she, too, helped to bring about your marriage. When Emma came and said to me, 'Papa, I shall always be unhappy if I don't have Guido,' I thought of my dear dead wife and made up my mind. You were made for each other: you had been in love for a year, Emma was growing pale and sad, and you, Guido, were raving—oh! youth, youth! Do you remember, daughter, that ball at the English consul's, where you went with Guido?"

"I remember," she replied, mechanically.

"Every one knew from your happy faces and from your glances that you were engaged, and they called me a fortunate father. Yes, very fortunate, I say; you loved each other almost too much!"

"Never too much," said Guido.

"That's so. Let us hope that it will always be like this, Emma?"

"Let us hope so, papa."

They sat down in the sitting-room. Husband and wife were very distracted, and if Signor Giorgianni had had a fine scent he would have noticed that there was something out of the ordinary between them. But luckily the good papa was not very subtle.

"It's a pity," he said—"a pity about all this pretty house."

"Why a pity?"

"Because you will have to leave it soon. If you are elected deputy, as you are almost sure of being, you will have to live in Rome at least six months of the year, and I don't think you will want to leave Emma alone in Milan. You would have to have two houses, which would be a bother; but there is one thing which pleases me greatly about it all. If you come to Rome I can get to you at least once a month—from Naples to Rome is a short and convenient journey; whereas from Naples to Milan is a long one. Then we shall see one another often."

IV

When the two had got back in the carriage after accompanying papa to the station, and were alone again, they uttered a sigh of relief. The play was finished; life would again continue its regular course. They did not speak; Emma looked at the drops of rain which hit the windows of the coupé, Guido gave no sign of life; they had become strangers once more.

Once Guido in moving hit against his wife's arm.

"Excuse me," he said.

"It is nothing."

Strangers, it is true. But both of them were going over the happenings of the day; they recalled the most minute impressions and lived them over again.

"Shall we drive to your house?" asked Guido at a certain point.

"No, I am going to your house; I must get my things together again; my maid never knows how to do it. I will leave later."

"Very well."

When they arrived at the house she went directly to her room. Guido threw himself on a sofa in the sitting-room and made believe to read a paper. In reality he heard her moving about with light steps and saw her pass two or three times.

"Are you tired?" he asked. "Can I help you?"

"No, thanks; I shall have finished in a minute."

And in a couple of moments she, too, came and sat down with a wearied air; the day had tired her out. She looked around as if to hunt for something she had forgotten.

"It seems to be raining less," she said to Guido, who had thrown the paper down.

"It is still raining."

"The carriage is not ready yet?"

"I don't know. I will go and see."

"The carriage will be ready in ten minutes; do you want me to accompany you?"

"There is no need, thank you."

Did those ten minutes seem a century or a second? Both perhaps.

When the servant entered to say that all was ready, Emma got up with a deliberate air and went to the mirror to put on her hat; it took a little time to tie the ribbon because her fingers were trembling slightly. Then she drew on her gloves slowly, smoothed them down, adjusted some folds of her dress, and went toward Guido to say good-by. He had risen and stood there very pale.

"Good-by," she said.

Guido did not reply. She turned her back and walked across the room, straight, proud, without wavering, with a step firm and even; yet she knew perfectly that her husband was following her.

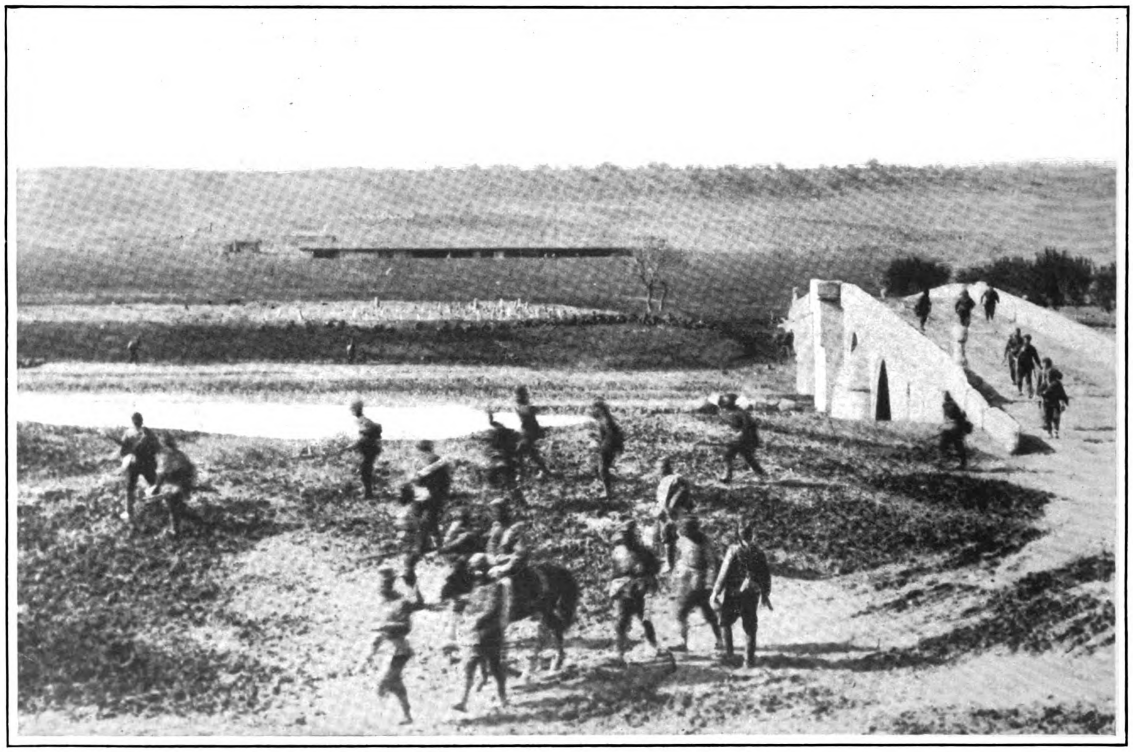
At the door she raised her hand to life the curtain, and encountered that of her husband.

"You are forgetting to forgive me, Emma," he said, in a voice in which pain and passion were struggling against each other.

She turned suddenly and threw her arms about his neck, choked by the gigantic love which was born anew to them.

"You won't go away again, will you, darling?"

"No, no. Send for mamma's portrait, Guido."



A BATTLE PHOTOGRAPH FROM A TURKISH CAMERA

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY A TURKISH OFFICER DURING THE BATTLE OF LULE BURGAS, AND GIVES A REMARKABLY REALISTIC VIEW OF THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH MODERN WARFARE IS WAGED. ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE STREAM CAN BE SEEN THE LINE OF TURKISH INFANTRY LYING DOWN AND ANSWERING THE FIRE OF THE BULGARIANS FROM THE CRESTS. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE SHOWN A MOUNTED OFFICER, RETIRING WOUNDED, AND TURKISH SUPPORTS ADVANCING

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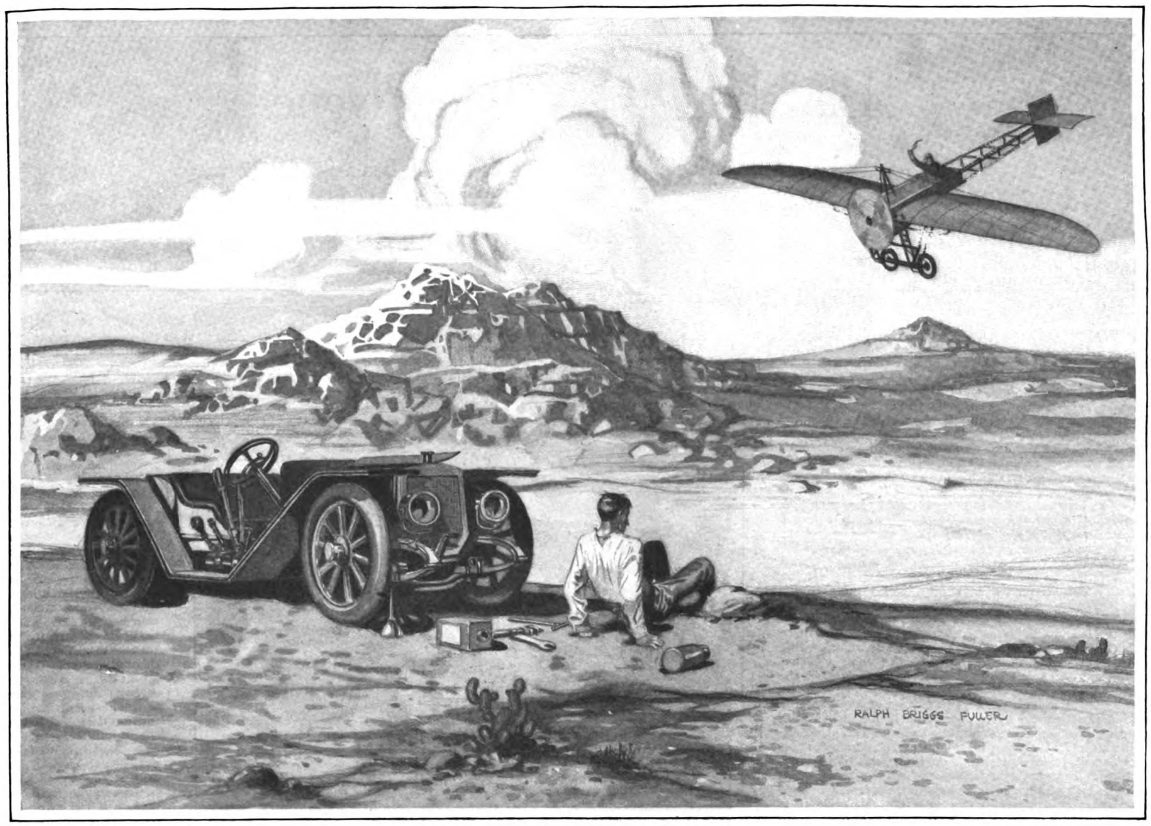


IN THE NICK OF TIME

InterJudes

THE TESTIMONY OF THE PLAINTIFF

RASTUS'S old white mule had been killed by a train, and the old man, having failed after repeated demands to obtain what he considered adequate damages, had instituted suit. The railroad was willing to settle for a hundred dollars, but regarded the demanded three hundred as out of all reason, and therefore put in a defense. Rastus was called to the witness stand.

"As I understand your claim," said the defendant's attorney, "you claim three hundred dollars damages for the defunct?"

"He warn't no deefunk," said Rastus. "He was a mule."

"Very well—we'll concede that the mule was a mule, but you will please answer the question. You claim three hundred dollars damages for his loss?" said the attorney.

"Yassuh," said Rastus. "Dat's de compensation ah puts on dat old mule."

"How do you get the figure three hundred?" asked the attorney.

"Dat's de refusal price," said Rastus.

"Anybody ever offer you that amount for the animal?" demanded the attorney.

"Naw, suh," said Rastus. "Dey knowed dey'd git de refusal if dey did."

"Did you not call the animal a worthless old jackass only the day before in the presence of six witnesses at the post-office?" said the attorney.

"Yassuh," said Rastus.

"Well, if he was a worthless old jackass the day before, how did he become worth three hundred dollars the day after?" demanded the attorney.

"He was alive den," said Rastus. "Besides, boss, dat's a term ob endeahment among us black folks."

"Well, now, as to the killing," said the attorney. "How do you know he was killed by the 3.20 local?"

"Becuz she come through here at sebben-thuttynine," said Rastus.

"Well, granting that," said the attorney, "did anybody witness the killing?"

"Yassuh," said Rastus. "Ah saw it muhself, suh."

"And where were you when you saw the killing?" asked the attorney.

"Sittin' alongside ob de track, suh," replied the plaintiff.

"Ah! Sitting alongside the track, eh?" said the attorney. "And what were you sitting alongside of the track for?"

"Ah was waitin' fo' de train, suh," said Rastus.

"Were you going anywhere?" demanded the attorney.

"Naw, suh," said Rastus.

"Then what on earth were you waiting for the train for?" thundered the attorney.

"Ah was waitin' fo' de train to come along, suh," said Rastus—"to come along, suh, an'—"

"Yes?" roared the attorney.

"An' kill dat mule!" cried the old man, triumphantly.

A DIFFICULT PROCESS

"WHAT'S the matter, Chief?" asked the Grand Vizier of the cannibal king. "You look a little pale around the gills."

"I—I'm afraid that last missionary I ate has disagreed with me," said the king.

"Oh, that's all right, your Majesty," said the Vizier. "It's always hard to keep a good man down."

GOOD TIME COMING

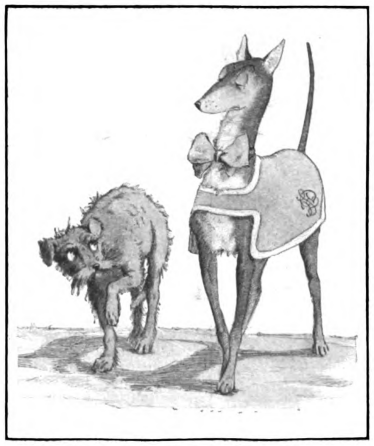
"I TELL you, Binks," said the millionaire, with great gusto, "talk about your fun! There's none to equal that of earning a million, dollar by dollar."

"By ginger!" said little Binks, "what a lot of fun there is ahead of me!"

MOTORIST'S LUCK

"WELL, Blithers, what luck did you have with your new car?" asked Jarroway.

"More than I ever expected," said Blithers. "Just three minutes after the darned thing blew up another car came along with a busted tire, and the owner bought my old tires for ten dollars apiece."



THE ARISTOCRAT: PARDON ME, BUT DID YOU HAPPEN TO LOSE A FLEA?

QUITE VARIED

"I SHOULD think life would be terribly monotonous in the winter down at Lonelyville," said Dubbs, sympathetically.

"Monotonous?" echoed Pilkins, blithely. "What an idea! Come down some time and watch the never-ending procession of cooks going and coming, day after day, from one year's end to the other!"

AN EXPLANATION

THE two friends were exchanging confidences.

"What ever induced you to accept Toady Johnson, Mabel?" said Annette.

"Oh—why—well," said Mabel, "you see Toady put his—his arm around my waist, and, to tell the truth, I yielded under pressure."

AN EXCEPTION

"How did you find the roads up around Jingleville Corners?" asked Bilkins of Slathersberry, who had just returned from a motor-trip.

"Oh, I wasn't particularly stuck on them," said Slatherberry.

"Really?" said Bilkins. "Well, I guess you're the only man that wasn't. I was stuck on 'em for a whole day last year."

THE LOVE LYRICS OF PHYLLIS

ON STREPHON'S EARS

My Strephon's ears are generously large,
And flap like sails upon an ocean barge.
They stand erect, and to the breezes fling
Their ample spaciousness, like eagle's wing;
And when in March the bitter, blustering wind
Would chill me, then I nestle up behind,
And laugh because those vast immensities
Protect me from all icy miseries.

In summer when the sun is shining fierce,
And red-hot rays the whole earth's surface pierce,
I do not seek the cooling woodland shade,
And hide myself within some ferny glade;
Nor do I try the ineffective plan
Of cooling all the earth with whirring fan,
But call my Strephon, and enjoy the full
Umbrageous blessing of his auricle.

And yet at times I wish those ears were less!
That they are sometimes awkward I confess,
And bring no little trouble in their train,
And fill the heart with mortifying pain.
For instance, at the theater one night
The comedy became a tragic flight,
When some one at the rear complained with rage
That Strephon's ears completely hid the stage!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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Banishing the White Plague

How the Magic of Red Cross Christmas Seals is Working Wonderful Changes in Public Health

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

IF a man living in a large town of wooden houses learned that a fire was raging in one end of the town so fiercely that the fire department alone could not put it out, his first act would be to hurry to the fire and help the firemen save lives and quench the flames. That is, he would do so if he were as charitable as the average, normal citizen. If he happened to be mean and niggardly, he might say that the fire was none of his business; that he paid his share of the taxes to support the fire department, and that he would not do anything more. Even then, if some one pointed out to him that the wind was carrying the fire in his direction and that he and his family were in great danger, he would run to the fire and do all in his power to help put it out.

Every one who lives in a city lives always in the presence of a very great danger from tuberculosis. Even though the great white plague spreads in silence and unseen, it rages as destructively as a fire in a wooden town. Consumption is a disease of crowding and dirt and dampness, of poverty and vice; a glance at the map of any board of health will show that the great bulk of the cases are found in the poorer quarters. Yet if a man were rich as any of the moderns who make Crœsus seem poor, and if his home were as perfectly healthy as sanitary science can make it, he would still be living in mortal peril. Much further than sparks ride on the gale do the germs of tuberculosis fly. Patients carry them and scatter them, often unknowingly. No one who uses the streets can hope to escape the frequent chance of infection. So it is to the interest of every one who reads this page to do all that lies in his power to exterminate the plague, to quench the raging fire. No one can tell at what moment the sparks may fly his way. Even those who live in the open country are not out of danger.

It would not be quite accurate to say that the great white plague is spreading faster than doctors and boards of health can cope with it. They are stamping it out, as a matter of fact, but they are not stamping it out fast enough. While it is true that no specific against the dread disease has been discovered, it is equally true that with the means of treatment already at hand the disease can be driven out of existence. Its greatest friend is ignorance; its greatest foe is wisdom. Many cases of the disease can be cured by treatment, but countless thousands of cases can be prevented, if only the people at large can be taught how to live so as to prevent it. Right feeding, right breathing, right living—these three faithfully practised will drive consumption off the face of the earth. And until the knowledge of prevention is universally diffused, every dweller in cities is incessantly exposed to the plague. No one can call himself immune. So long as the centers of tuberculosis infection exist, just so long will they send forth the fatal germ to strike down the healthy man or woman who has eaten too much or too little, worked too hard or too long, slept too little, worried too much, indulged in dissipation, or in any other way weakened the resisting power which is our best guard against all disease.

The fight against tuberculosis is a campaign of education, because only through the wide diffusion of knowledge about the disease can the sufferers and their neighbors hope to escape its dire effects. For ages consumption was regarded as a scourge of God, an almost inevitable consequence of the overcrowding and stifling and underfeeding of people in great cities. It is only within the last twelve years that a systematic campaign has been carried on throughout the United States with a view not only to curing or relieving the victims, but of eradicating the disease from the country. This has been done and is still being done by the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, one of the most efficient workers in the field.

Merely to give a list of the varied and helpful activities of this committee would fill this column. It has issued a handbook and directory of organizations, hospitals, and sanatoria for tuberculosis throughout the country; it has issued millions of "Don't" cards, whereon in simple language suggestions are given for the prevention of the spread of the disease; it has provided free lectures on tuberculosis, wherein by the aid of stereopticon pictures most effective warnings have been given to hundreds of thousands of people; it has sent throughout the country an exhibition of models, photographs, charts, etc., by means of which more than a million people have been warned of the danger and told how to escape; it has established day camps wherein persons threatened with the disease are fortified against the attack; it has aided boards of education in establishing outdoor school-rooms for threatened children on the roofs or on the grounds of school buildings; it has provided meals and special garments of proper warmth for these little folk; it has aided the establishment of many free clinics for tuberculosis and the instant examination of the blood of any public-school child who presents even the least appearance of becoming a case.

And what has been the result of the activities so imperfectly enumerated here? I shall quote a few figures from official reports, most interesting to any one who has regard for his fellow-man or for his own precious health.

The death-rate from tuberculosis during the last twelve years has been reduced: in the United States, *twenty* per cent.; in New York City, *thirty* per cent.

The death-rate in the United States during the last twelve years has been reduced: from all diseases, *ten* per cent.; tuberculosis, *twenty* per cent.

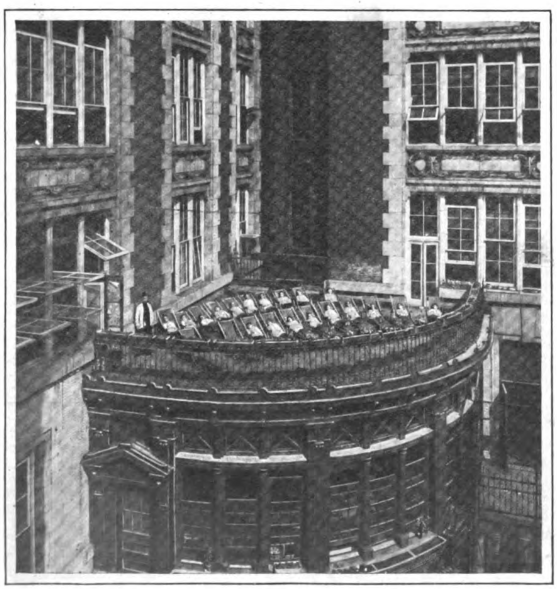
Observe the practical working out of the plans of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis. Most of its efforts have been exerted in New York City; therefore the reduction in the number of deaths from consumption has been one and a half times greater in New York City than throughout the United States. Also the especial impetus given to the crusade against consumption—of which the committee's activities constitute a large part—has caused the deaths from this disease to decrease in twice the ratio of the deaths from all other causes.

It is the fashion to abuse all enormous big cities as big, sordid, heartless swarms of selfish men. Therefore it is all the more cheering to observe the enthusiastic welcome given to the Red Cross Christmas Seals campaign in New York this year. Doubtless in other big cities there has been an equally cordial reception of the scheme, but my observations have been confined to New York alone. In the campaign headquarters of the committee, at Number One Madison Avenue, a manager and a large staff have been busy for more than a month making ready for the Christmas operations; for the stamps are on sale only during the month of December, and all the returns are made, the money distributed and apportioned among the agencies that do the anti-tuberculosis work, and the accounts audited within the month following.

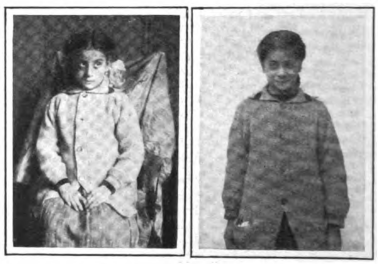
Between nine hundred and a thousand agencies for the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals have been opened in New York City. Included among the contributors are the principal department stores and many other mercantile houses, that give space free in their establishments for the setting-up of Red Cross Christmas Seal booths. The two largest electric advertising signs in the heart of the White Light region have given the seals a mention scores of times every evening, flashing their appeal in letters of fire before the eyes of myriads of spectators. Advertising companies have put up display cards free in nearly all the street-car, elevated, and subway lines of the city; big-hearted bill-posters have displayed seven thousand five hundred large sheets where the greatest number of people could see them—all free, of course. Newspapers published all the news they could find about the Seals. Women's clubs throughout the State have taken up the sale of the Seals with zeal, and the granges throughout the State have agreed to sell them.

Only one question remains—isn't it worth while for every one who reads this page to distribute all the Red Cross Christmas Seals he can?

One of the hotbeds of consumption—a typical New York basement tenement



At school on the roof—beneficiaries of the Christmas Seals



A Christmas Seals pupil, before and after one year's treatment

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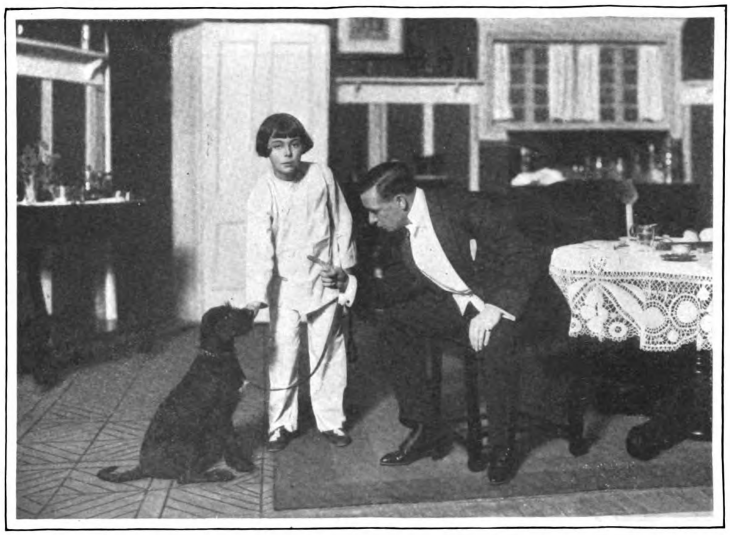

William Collier, "Buster" Collier, and Herman in "Never Say Die," at the Forty-eighth Street Theater (Herman is the dog)

George W. Monroe and Harry Fisher in "The Sun-Dodgers" at the Broadway

Marie Dressler (with Weber & Fields)

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

What the Theaters are Offering

Annie Russell as Beatrice, Frank Reicher as Benedict, in "Much Ado About Nothing," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater

Nora Bayes in "Roly Poly," at Weber & Fields' new Music Hall

Mme. Simone as Bettina von Schoenberg in a scene from "The Paper Chase," at Wallack's

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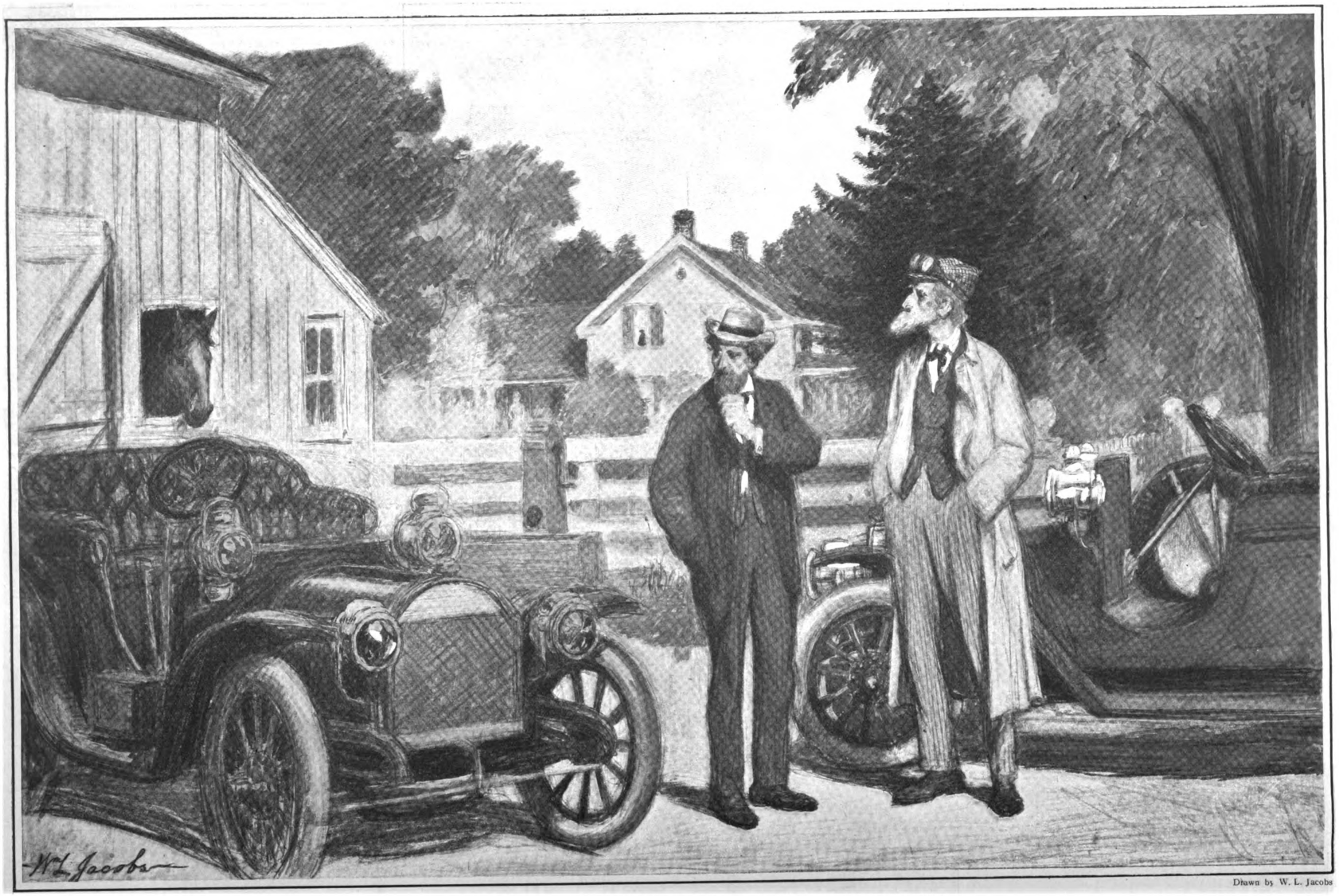

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RECIPE—Dilute two-thirds can of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk with one and one-fourth cups of water. Beat eight eggs very light; add to them half the milk and beat both together; stir in gradually one pound of crumbled crackers; then add one pound suet (chopped fine), one grated nutmeg, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, a pinch of salt, and two pounds raisins (weigh after stoning and cutting them); lastly, add the remainder of the milk. Pour into a pudding mould and steam six hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.

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The See-saw of Wages

THAT wages follow prices may be taken as a general rule. During periods of prosperity, when prices harden, salaries are raised accordingly; in times of depression they shrink. Fluctuations in wages, however, do not begin exactly the same year with those of prices. A fall in wages, for instance, is frequently not noticeable until a certain time after the break in prices. In England during the crises of 1873, 1882, 1890, and 1900, when prices went to pieces, wages continued on the upward grade until 1874, 1884, 1891, and 1901, respectively.

A crisis does not immediately depress wages, which are obstinate and fight for their ground. On the other hand, if the shrinkage of wages is slow a rise in them at times anticipates events. It follows that periods of high wages are proportionately long. Periods of low wages, on the contrary, are comparatively brief. In America and England the average for the seven "booms" and the seven "slumps" that succeeded one another from 1850 to 1907 works out as follows: mean duration of high prices, three years and ten months; of wages, five years; mean duration of low prices, four years and ten months; of wages, three years and four months.

Wages are much less sympathetically affected during periods of prosperity than the prices of goods. In eras of depression this hesitation is even more marked. A comparison of the general index numbers of wages with those of prices shows the fall of wages in America to be four times feebler and in England five times feebler than that of prices. In English industrial occupations, minerals, and textiles the ratio is eight times feebler.

This economic see-saw is like mounting stairs. On each successive return of good times wages touch a higher level than that attained by them in a preceding era of prosperity. In England the index number nearly doubled itself from 1850 to 1907, when it rose from 100 to 190. Wages, in short, both in America and in England, are intimately connected with prices. The workman benefits by a rise in wages during prosperity, while at times of crises he is protected to the extent of an established bed-rock level.

Automobiles in Guatemala

THE reign of the autmobile is now world-wide. There is hardly a spot on the habitable globe that is too remote for the motor-car not to have invaded. The owners of cars in out-of-the-way places, however, have difficulties and expenses that would daunt the average automobilist is this country. In the republic of Gautemala, for example, the automobile-owner has not only to contend with bad roads, but also the difficulty of obtaining spare parts. There are two garages in the republic, but only very simple repairs can be made by the native mechanics. The garages do not keep any stock of repair parts, as the makes of machines are too varied. When a new part is needed quickly a cable despatch must be sent, and it takes from two weeks to a month for it to arrive from the United States. The price of gasolene is exceedingly high, varying from sixty to seventy-five cents per gallon at retail. One redeeming feature about keeping a car in Guatemala is the fact that good native chauffeurs are plentiful and can be engaded at salaries equal to from ten to twenty dollars per month in our money. In spite of these difficulties and expenses, the sale of cars there is being pushed. During the past twelve months about thirty new and ten second-hand machines were imported. As soon as the roads are improved the importation of cars will probably increase greatly.

The Tropical White Man

WHITE governments encourage emigration to their vacant territories. At the same time, they wish to people these dependencies with colonists of their own race and fear encroachment from a colored one. In some places the bogey-man is yellow, while in others he is the negro. North Australia, where the mean temperature is tropical and the annual rainfall as in Florida, contains but 24,000 inhabitants, 20,000 of whom are natives.

The problem of the white man's adaptability to tropical conditions is in a way skin-deep, since it depends on his ability to withstand tropical sunlight, and this makes the yellow man a formidable competitor. All races, inclusive of the blond, retain in the cells of their skins traces of the brown pigments of primitive man, which in races other than the white appear more noticeably in the hair and eyes. No race whose skin is incapable of resistance to sunlight can survive in a tropical climate.

"Harvest"—by Vincent Adrente.

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There has been commercial success.

The people who buy and sell and fetch and carry have been doing a lot of business and they have been paid for doing it.

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The Muskrat

THE muskrat is peculiar to North America and is nowhere found in the Old World. The Indians used its flesh for food, calling it *musquash*, and also *peesquaw tupeycw*, "the animal that sits upon the ground in a round form." This habit of rounding itself when sitting is a distinct characteristic of the muskrat. Hunters are frequently unable, in consequence of this habit, to distinguish the animal from a clod of earth.

Another peculiarity of the muskrat, shared by no other quadruped, is its power of contracting itself. By this means it is enabled to creep into a hole which a considerably smaller creature could not enter. This faculty is due to the extreme elasticity of the muskrat's ribs and to a large muscle lying directly under the skin, which may be expanded or contracted at will.

In appearance this animal resembles the common water rat, but is larger. It is often as large as a cat, but its legs are much shorter than those of that animal.

Its head is broad and its eyes are small. To keep out the water thick fur covers its ears. Its tail, two-thirds the length of the body, is laterally compressed and scaly, and, like the feet, is perfectly black and nearly hairless. The hind feet are webbed, and all four feet are furnished with claws. It has sixteen teeth. The lower teeth are an inch long; the upper much shorter.

As an architect the muskrat is almost as ingenious as the beaver. Its season for building is the autumn before the marshes are frozen over, and its favorite localities are the banks of sluggish streams, marshes, and grassy salt-water swamps.

When the stream has been chosen the muskrat burrows many subterranean passages, all of which slope upward to a main channel. This channel leads to a chamber situated above the reach of freshets. In the center of this chamber beds of grass large enough to contain several animals are made, and on these beds the young are reared.

When a marsh is the spot chosen for its habitation, the muskrat erects above-ground a conical dwelling from two to two and one-half feet in diameter and from two to four feet high, composed of sticks, grass, and twigs plastered together with mud. These huts, dotting the marsh, look at a little distance like miniature haycocks. In salt-water marshes they are built from forty to fifty feet from the water's edge to escape the tide, and are approached by subterranean passages similar to those already described.

The muskrats, like the beavers, are social in their habits; and several families occupy one house. The muskrat is nocturnal. Although wild in its nature, it may be made as tame as a cat, but its gnawing propensities render it undesirable as a household companion.

It is said that the muskrat is the least suspicious of animals. Without the slightest hesitation it will swim into a trap at the entrance of its burrow; and if the trap be promptly emptied and reset as many as eight muskrats may be taken in a single night.

The season for muskrat-hunting begins in December, when the marshes are frozen over. Unless the houses are concealed by snow, the chase may continue until May. When warm weather comes the animal begins to shed its thick coat and the fur is no longer valuable.

In many parts of the country muskrat-hunting is held to be pleasant sport. Large parties proceed on moonlight nights in quest of the little animals, sometimes returning with more than a hundred in their bags.

When a muskrat's house is attacked, it takes refuge in the main channel that leads to it. A common expedient on the part of hunters is to cut a breathing-hole in this channel before the dwelling is demolished. As the animal puts forth its head to get the air it is shot or struck with a club.

Muskrats that escape through the water galleries may be shot, but this is a feat that requires much skill. A muskrat will dive at the flash of a gun and, it is said, be under the water before the discharge reaches it. At least that is the contention of hunters. The skin upon the body is too thick to be penetrated by small shot. To kill a muskrat the marksman must aim three or four inches in front of the animal when it is swimming, in order to strike it in the head.

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THE NEW LORD MAYOR, SIR DAVID BURNETT, AND THE OLD ONE, SIR THOMAS CROSBIE (IN THE CENTER), WATCHING THE PROCESSION PASS THE LAW COURTS

Standardization

THE system of the standardization of parts, now so universal, originated with Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin when he undertook to make muskets. The government gave him a contract in 1793 for 10,000 stands of arms, although he had no "plant" for their manufacture. He built a small factory in New Haven, Connecticut, and began work, but found a great obstacle in the difficulty of getting good workmen, especially those capable of acting as foremen under his novel methods. His plan, as is pointed out by Mr. George Iles, in a recent original study of Whitney's achievements, was to make of his factory a single huge machine. In an armory before Whitney's day each man, highly skilled, produced by himself a distinct part of a musket. This division of labor Whitney supplanted by so apportioning work that little or no skill was demanded. He separated the various tasks and at each of these operations kept a group busy. For their assistance he simplified each operation and introduced three aids, since indispensable in manufacture—drilling by templets or patterns, filing by jigs or guides, and milling irregular forms. "From first to last a model musket was copied with precision so that every lock, for example, was exactly like every other among thousands. When all the parts needed to form a weapon were assembled, they united much superior to a musket formed on any other plan. In case of repair a new part exactly fitted the place of an old part and at a trifling cost." In order to accomplish his purpose and carry out his contract, whose execution was much prolonged, Whitney was obliged to invent new tools and machines at every step, none of which was patented. By doing so he not only greatly improved the finish and accuracy of his guns and the speed of their manufacture, but so impressed the value of the idea of standardization upon the minds of manufacturers that it was presently applied in other trades and has long since become the rule in manufacturing.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle.

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

"In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia and the Like its Action is Prompt and Lasting."

JNO. V. SHOEMAKER, M.D., LL. D., *Prof. of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, etc.*, in the *New York Medical Journal*, June 22, 1899: "The BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is doubly efficient in **Rheumatism and Gout.** It dissolves **Uric Acid** and **Phosphatic Sediments,** as well as other products difficult of elimination, while at the same time it exerts a moderately stimulant effect upon the renal cells, and thereby facilitates the swift removal of insoluble materials from the body. Without such action insoluble substances will precipitate in the kidneys and bladder. The intense suffering produced by **Stone,** together with consecutive **Pyelitis** and **Cystitis,** are avoided by prompt elimination."

DR. GEO. BEN. JOHNSTON, M. D., LL. D., *Richmond, Va., Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Virginia Medical Society and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia:* "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of usefulness, I would unhesitatingly answer BUFFALO LITHIA WATER **In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia** and the like, its action is prompt and lasting. . . . **Almost any case of Pyelitis and Cystitis** will be alleviated by it and many cured. I have had evidence of the undoubted Disintegrating, Solvent and Eliminating powers of this water in Renal Calculus, and have known its long-continued use to permanently break up the gravel-forming habit."

Medical testimonials mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

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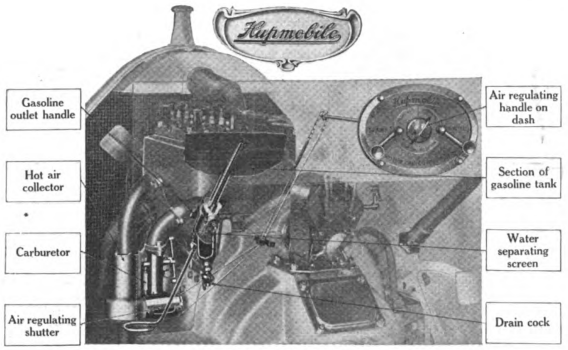


How this Self-Priming Device makes cold-weather starting easy

The Hupmobile gasoline system—pictured above and explained in the text—shows many distinctive features of motoring convenience that are well worth your notice.

Study especially the hot air control and self-priming device.

By these you are enabled to start your motor in cold weather almost as easily as you do in summer.

This device, together with the direct fuel feed; the gasoline cleansing screen; the emergency supply; go to make a system as complete as engineering skill can accomplish.

We lay stress on it here because it is characteristic of the thoughtful and painstaking skill in designing that is evident in every detail of Hupmobile construction.

It is but one of many instances we can show you to justify our belief that the Hupmobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.

How the Automatic Primer Operates

Gasoline motors need a heavy charge of gasoline to start them in cold weather.

Generally this is obtained by flooding the carburetor. Or, when still more gasoline is needed, by injecting it directly into the cylinders through the relief cocks.

We have done away with both of these troublesome methods by supplying the Hupmobile carburetor with an automatic primer.

The air supply to the carburetor is controlled by a shutter, operated by a handle conveniently placed on the dash.

By turning this handle the quantity and temperature of the air passing through the carburetor can be regulated.

For starting in cold weather the air shutter is nearly closed and a mixture very "rich" in gasoline is drawn into the cylinders.

This comes from the carburetor nozzle as a very fine spray, making it easier for the spark to explode than in the car of ordinary priming with liquid gasoline.

All air passing into the carburetor at starting is drawn through the hot air collector and heated by the exhaust pipe, so that the engine gets under way almost as quickly and smoothly as under more favorable weather conditions.

Another advantage of the Hupmobile gasoline supply is the location of the tank under the dash shroud, so that gasoline is positively fed to the carburetor by gravity, whether on the level or hill.

On its way to the carburetor, the gasoline passes through a screen so fine that the water and dirt are separated from it.

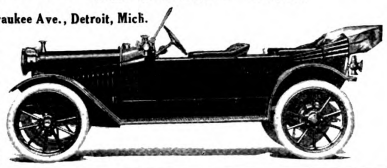
Just below the screen is a valve, operated by the gasoline outlet handle, which can be set to keep one gallon of gasoline in reserve for an emergency.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., 1232 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, fully equipped, $875

F.O.B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; wheelbase 106 inches; 32x3½-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimming, black and nickel.

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, $875 f.o.b. Detroit
"32" Delivery, fully equipped, $950 f.o.b. Detroit
"20" H P. Runabout, fully equipped, $750 f.o.b. Detroit



Look for our label whenever you exchange your empty gas tank

There are two causes—and only two—for seeming "short measure" of gas in a Prest-O-Lite tank:

Either the pipe-lines to the lamps leak, and waste gas,

Or the tank was not filled by us.

We have a Branch Office and Service Station in every principal city which will gladly test your pipe-lines for leaks, free. So will any dealer, anywhere.

But we cannot be responsible for short measure or poor gas in a tank not filled by us. Our label is your protection. Look for it!

Another thing:—when you exchange your empty tank, make sure you get a genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank in return for it. Anyone who slips on an imitation, while your back is turned, defrauds you.

The genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank, when empty, can be immediately exchanged for a full one, *anywhere and always*. Imitations cannot.

The Prest-O-Lite Co. Indianapolis Indiana

Branch Offices and Service Stations in all Principal Cities from Coast to Coast

Exchange Agencies Everywhere

ABBOTT'S BITTERS Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, Spirit and Soda beverages. Appetizing, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Public's Interest in the Engineers' Wage Award

It was the thirtieth of last April and he was on his way from Chicago to attend an important meeting in New York. He had noticed that the morning papers said a good deal about the possibilities of a strike by the locomotive engineers, but had put it out of his mind with the thought that "they always manage to fix these things up somehow." So when, at Toledo Junction, the man who had come in and taken the seat next to his handed him an evening paper stating that not a wheel would be turning on any locomotive in the East after midnight, he got something of a shock. His conference was an important one and it was imperative that he be in New York in the morning. When he thought of what he stood to lose if he should fail to be there, the possibility of not being able to get out of Pittsburg that night almost made him sick. "The devil take these close-fisted railroads!" he fumed. "Why does the public have to suffer from the fights between them and their employees?"

The man who had given him the paper was a Canadian and unsympathetic. His friend who was hurrying to New York, he presumed, hadn't given the question of the relationship between the railways and their employees much attention? No, he *hadn't*—what business was it of *his* how much pay, for instance, the locomotive engineers got? What business was it of his? the Canadian replied in surprise. Why, it seemed to be very much of his business. Here he was trying to get to New York as fast as he could and with a great deal depending upon his being able to get there; and yet, because the railroad couldn't agree with its engineers as to what amount of pay they should receive, here he was faced with a first-class probability of not being able to get to New York at all!

At the eleventh hour—literally as well as figuratively—the chief-justice of the United States, the presiding judge of the Commerce Court, and the United States Commissioner of Labor stepped in and managed to prevent the strike-order from going into effect. Our friend who was traveling to New York got there on time, but it was a narrow escape. The whole country, indeed, had a narrow escape from a condition of things which the unimaginative American public doesn't begin to realize. But it isn't necessary to dilate on that now. What really counts is what has grown out of the successful attempt at mediation. We are still a long way from being out of danger of strikes in the future, but as a result of the work of the arbitration board in this matter of the engineers' pay and the report it has just handed down, substantial progress in that direction has been made.

The really vital thing about the report is its recognition of the fact that it is the public's interest which is paramount. It makes a lot of difference to the railroads, of course, what they pay their men; and to the men, probably, it makes even more difference what they receive. But far transcending in importance either of these considerations is the interest the public has that service be not interrupted. "It is well understood by the board," the report says, "that the problem is a complex and difficult one. The suggestion we make grows out of a profound conviction that the food and clothing of our people, the industries and general welfare of the nation, cannot be permitted to depend upon the policies and the dictates of any particular group of men, whether employers or employees, nor upon the determination of a group of employers and employees combined. The public utilities of the nation are of such fundamental importance to the whole people that their operation must not be interrupted." That any groups of men, the report then goes on to say, "should exercise the power to decide that a great section of the country shall undergo great loss of life, unspeakable suffering, and loss of property beyond description, through the stoppage of a necessary public service," is "intolerable."

The great point made by the board, in other words, is that railroads are public utilities, that their employees are in a sense public servants; and that there is consequently no more reason why a railway wage dispute should be allowed to run into a strike than that a dispute over army rations should be allowed to run into a mutiny. The railroads, it is pointed out, are not private enterprises able to run their business as they see fit. If a railroad, for instance, decided to shut down operations for a week or a month it would not be allowed to do so. The public would have something to say about that. And so it has about disputes between railroad companies and their employees, as soon as such disputes show signs of ending in a strike. That, from the standpoint of the public, under whose favor the railroads do business, is "intolerable." If a dispute gets to a point where the two parties are unable to settle it themselves and great loss and inconvenience to the public are threatened, plainly it is up to the public itself (of course through some properly constituted agency) to step in and see that the trouble is settled some other way.

Obvious as all this may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that until this engineers' wage board came out with its declaration of the public's rights in the matter nobody ever seemed seriously to consider that the public had any rights. If the railroads and the locomotive engineers couldn't settle their trouble and it had to come to a strike, that was too bad—but what could be done about it? That was the attitude taken then. But it isn't the attitude taken now. A whole lot can be done about it, says the public. You railroads are in business to serve us, and you employees are part of the machinery. If you can't settle your own disputes you'll have to submit to having them settled for you.

Now, had the board only gone as far as to lay down that principle, its months of labor would have been well spent. But the report goes a good deal further—makes a very definite proposal, indeed, of how the leverage is to be applied. In this particular dispute over the engineers' wages it just happened that at the last moment and upon the intervention of high government officials both sides were persuaded to submit to arbitration. But that could hardly be expected to happen again—would not happen again, probably, once out of a hundred times. So, in order that no such risk may again be taken, the board proposes that permanent State and Federal wage-commissions be established "with functions in regard to labor analogous to those exercised with regard to capital by the public service commissions already in existence."

By the creation of such machinery, there is every reason to believe, the danger of labor disputes coming to the point of an actual strike would be practically done away with. If the employees of any railroad or any number of railroads decided that they weren't getting enough pay or had any other grievances, they would have the same right to present their demands that they have now. But here would be the difference: As it is now, the men put in their demands. If the company refuses them there is nothing left for the men to do but to withdraw them or go on strike. The Erdman law, it is true, offers some opportunity for mediation, but only upon the application of *both parties*. With these proposed wage-commissions in existence that would be different. Either side, in that case, could force an arbitration. And what is more, the awards of these wage-commissions, backed with authority as they would be, would have to be respected by both sides. The railroads could no more get away from them than they can at present get away from orders of the Commerce Commission. The unions could be made to abide by them by making a strike, under the circumstances (as is the case in Canada), a penal offense.

The enactment into law of such a proposal will not, it goes without saying, be accomplished without bitter opposition. The idea is fully to recognize the labor unions and to make it possible at any time for the men to put in their demands and have them acted on, but the labor leaders, plainly enough, are not going to relinquish without a struggle the power they have at present to call strikes.

But even though the original proposition be modified, if the legislation finally enacted embodies the principle of permanent machinery for providing arbitration in the case of every dispute, the public will have gained greatly from the findings of the Engineers' Wage Board. The engineers' demands, it must be borne in mind, were simply the first of a series to be made by various classes of railway employees. The firemen, conductors, and shopmen all have their own demands and have held them up only to await the outcome of the engineers' arbitration. That all these disputes, involving as they do a demand upon the railroads for at least $60,000,000 additional pay, can be peacefully settled between the two parties with conditions as they are seems extremely unlikely. Fortunate indeed is it for the country that at a time when, if ever, the public's rights in the matter need to be asserted, this Engineers' Wage Board has come forward and asserted them. If the public lets any of the pending disputes between the railways and their employees result in strikes, it has only itself to blame.

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How I Operated On Myself

DR. JULES REGNAULT'S ACCOUNT OF A DARING EXPERIMENT

Translated by Helen E. Meyer

My object in operating upon myself was to make a scientific experiment to be known to and discussed only by the members of a learned society. I had reflected over the matter several years when the opportunity presented itself. I had dissected little dead animals—moles and mice—when I was eight or nine years old; and when thirteen years old, when in the country where there were no dentists or doctors, I had given myself indescribable agony by attempting to pull a tooth with nut-crackers. I broke my tooth and suffered from severe inflammation.

On the occasion in question I decided to operate upon myself because I was anxious to demonstrate the value of a peculiar method of local and regional anesthesia, the concept of Professor Reclus. The method has been classed as one practicable only in insignificant cases. In point of fact it can be followed to advantage in many serious cases of surgery. I decided to see what I could do for my own case of hernia, so I entered the hospital, where I submitted my plan to the physician-in-chief, my successor in the surgical ward. He approved my project. It was agreed that I should make the attempt, but to provide for every possible eventuality Dr. Gastinel and Dr. Dufour witnessed the operation, standing by my side and holding themselves ready either to act as aids or to continue the operation should I fail to bring it to a successful end. I arranged my table, giving it such slope as my double position as operator and subject demanded and as was required by the nature of the local anesthetic chosen—cocaine. I set my camera in position for the pictures to be taken for the society, and, having sterilized my instruments and installed myself on my table, I gave myself a hypodermic injection of morphine and anesthetized the skin, fat, and muscles of the region on which I was to work. I chose an hour when no one was in that ward of the hospital. I hoped to keep the matter a secret, but in some way it leaked out and I was unduly praised, ridiculed, and blamed.

I used a solution of cocaine with adrenalin, but I might equally well have used stovaine or novocaine, which are taking the place of cocaine. Thus anesthetized, I carried out all the details of the operation alone and I did it without pain. I felt nothing with the exception of the prick of the needle when I injected the morphine and the first injection of cocaine. I masked my mouth with a compress, as surgeons generally do when intending to talk while performing an operation; and while carrying out my work I discussed anesthetics with my confrères and stopped to instruct one of my pupils in managing my photographic apparatus.

The operation, which is complex and delicate, lasted one hour and fifteen minutes. I have, when working alone on a patient, performed the same operation in a period of between seventeen and thirty minutes. But it is easier to operate upon others than it is to operate upon oneself, especially when operating upon the left side. I did not try to work fast. I was not in a hurry, I did not suffer, and that hour seemed the shortest hour of my life.

The Age of a Fresh Egg

At an international congress, held in Geneva in 1908, it was proposed to divide eggs into three distinct classes under three separate definitions: the fresh egg, the commercial egg, and the preserved egg.

The fresh egg was defined as one that had not been subjected to any means of preservation and that showed no trace of decomposition or alteration when candled.

An egg was "commercial" when it was not in any degree decomposed or altered. The preserved egg was one that had been protected from decomposition by some harmless means.

This official definition is peculiar because it fixes no age limit. Under the definition a vender is permitted to sell as "fresh," eggs of indefinite age as long as they show no alteration from their first state when expertly candled. But, despite the congressional decision, there is a time when an egg ceases to be fresh even if candling by an expert shows in it no alteration from its first condition. The exact moment is not easy to determine. The discussions before the congress proved that an egg loses about one gram in weight each day. When eggs are packed in such a way that they are not exposed to heat, humidity, or other bad conditions of travel if they hold the alimentary qualities of a new-laid egg when they are unpacked and candled they are called "fresh."

The "new-laid egg" was defined by the congressional commission as "an egg freshly laid." This definition was discussed by the commission, and a member suggested the adoption of a time limit not to exceed from five to six days as the period of freshness of a "new-laid" egg. Another member suggested eleven days as the limit.

It was decided by the congress that it would be difficult to fix the limit, because in the case of an egg everything depends upon local conditions: the periods of time required for packing and starting the produce or its journey to market, the time consumed in passing the produce from the railroad or other line of traffic to the wholesale dealer, and the time consumed in delivering the produce to the retail dealer, consumer, etc.—in all at least six days.

A Year of Thirteen Months

An international conference was held in Switzerland last summer for the consideration of the adoption of a perpetual calendar. The change proposed would make the year consist of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, making a total of 364 days a year. The day left over would not be counted in any month, but would precede January 1st and be called simply New Year's Day. In leap years the extra day would not be counted in any month, but would follow the last day of December. The new month would occur between June and July.

As an illustration of how this would work in practice let us begin with the year 1916, which will commence on Saturday. This day in the new calendar would be simply the opening day of the year; Sunday would then be the first day of January.

Each month in the year would have an equal number of days—twenty-eight; the months and the weeks would always begin on Sunday and end on Saturday, so that any particular week-day of one month would fall on the corresponding day of the next and of each succeeding month. It would then not be necessary to have a calendar for each month, as the days of each month would be identical with those of the first month.

Vanishing Turkey

The Ottoman Empire before the present war and the preceding one with Italy presented in its general outline the appearance of an octopus with its feelers on three continents. These possessions contained a wonderful mixture of races: Albanians, Arabs, Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Kurds, Jews, gypsies, Montenegrins, Servians, Syrians, Rumanians, and Turks.

The Asiatic provinces, with the possible exception of Constantinople, are all that seem likely to be saved out of the general wreckage of the Empire. The Turk, however, has this consolation, that what is left to him is the most resourceful section. It embraces Anatolia, Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Kurdestan.

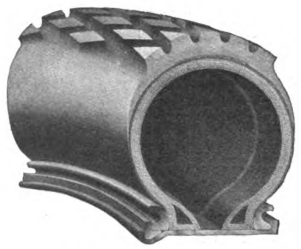
According to the census of 1912, the Empire contained 122 towns of 10,000 inhabitants and over. The population of the six chief centers was: Constantinople, 1,200,000; Smyrna, 400,000; Damascus, 300,000; Bagdad, 225,000; Beirut, 210,000; and Aleppo, 200,000.

How Women Market Their Hair

European women, who supply the Neapolitan human-hair market, have a method by which they make a permanent asset of their hair. This they do by cutting off half the hair at back of the head and twisting the remaining half over the exposed part, which consequently does not show at all. Thus they have always a new supply when the agents pay their annual visits. Once the hair is sold, it is made up into bundles and shipped to Naples. Small firms in southern Italy employ for the purpose a regular staff of collectors who work certain defined districts, while the big firms in Naples have their European travelers. It is also the habit with women in poor circumstances to save and sell their combings, which are shipped to the leading exporters, who transship them to all parts of the world.

Human hair varies greatly in quality. For the ordinary product agents pay as little as one dollar for 2.2 pounds, while the same quantity of the best grade of hair will fetch as much sometimes as twenty dollars. The value of hair shipments from Naples alone to the United States amounted last year to $387,000. About seventy-five per cent. of Italian exportations come in the raw condition, which is admitted duty free.

No-Rim-Cut Tires 10% Oversize



Please Compare Some Winter Treads

You have wondered, perhaps, how Goodyear tires came to outsell all others.

Wondered why the users last year bought 918,687 of these tires.

There are twenty reasons. But let us now point out just one, which solves the skidding problem as 'twas never solved before.

Long-lived, Bulldog Grips

Perhaps you know the weaknesses of common-type non-skids.

The short-lived, soft projections, the lack of grip. And the way they ruin tire fabrics by centering the whole strain on a part of the surface.

Note now how the Goodyear experts have dealt with all these troubles.

Double Thick

Our Non-Skid is an extra tread, vulcanized onto the regular. That means a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is of very tough rubber, made immensely enduring.

The blocks are deep-cut, so for thousands of miles they retain full efficiency.

The road surface is met with countless edges and angles. These sharp-cut projections face every direction. And they grasp with a bulldog grip.

These blocks spread out so they meet at the base. Thus the strain is distributed over the fabric just the same as with smooth-tread tires.

Note each of these points, for each is important. Compare them one by one with any other non-skid.

Do that, and the chances are 100 to 1 that you will buy Goodyear tires.

Other Attractions

Then we have invented a tire which can't rim-cut — the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

This saving of rim-cutting, as shown by statistics, saves 23 per cent.

We make that tire 10 per cent oversize. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Men want to save rim-cutting and avoid overloading. They want to save that 48 per cent.

And those wants have made No-Rim-Cut tires the most popular tires in existence.

Now these tires, when wanted, come with our Non-Skid treads.

Think what a combination of attractions we now offer in these tires.

The Goodyear Tire Book—fourteenth year edition—tells all the tire facts that you want to know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, O.

Branches and Agencies in 108 Principal Cities — More Service Stations than Any Other Tire
We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits (922)

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Men's Hair Fashions

BUSTS of the Cæsars show them to have been clean-shaven. Men in the eighteenth century relied still further on the barber's art, for they shaved their heads as well. Hogarth has painted a beau of this period who by some chance had had his wig removed, which gives him the look of an elderly baby. The uncouth appearance of the barbarians, which shocked the Romans, was due a good deal to the neglect of these wild men to dress their hair. In ancient civilizations a distinctive style of hair-dressing had sometimes its origin in politics, as, for instance, the pig-tail imposed on the Chinese by their Manchu conquerors. The soldier class of old Japan shaved their heads except for a topknot of hair. Absalom, so far as his long hair goes, has had many imitators, some of whom tied it with a ribbon like a schoolgirl of to-day. The "love locks" of the English cavaliers were tended as carefully as any woman's, no doubt to emphasize the difference between the wearers and their enemies, the "crop-eared" Puritans. When men came to wear their hair cut short, fashion asserted itself in partings at the side or in the middle with numerous variations in the brushing.

Beards have always been associated more or less with age. "Gray beards" find no equivalent in "brown beards" or "black beards," and there is but one "Bluebeard." A modified beard once popular in the United States and typical of Uncle Sam is the goatee. Of a somewhat similar character is the short beard trimmed to a point, which is usually accompanied by an "imperial" or tuft just under the lower lip as worn by Napoleon III. They had a habit once of wearing the beard moderately long and cut to separate half-way and finish in two tassels. Reversing this process, English farmers shaved both lips and chin, which left a vacant space almost surrounded by the bristly growth underneath it. A similar clearing existed in a fashion of some centuries ago, except that the mustache was worn.

Whiskers are a variable side issue. The closely trimmed whisker, descending to the lobe of the ear on an otherwise clean-shaven face, was long a favorite among sporting men. Worn lower down the jaw, the whisker changes character and develops into "mutton chops" that blossom in a bushy manner. Still more pronounced are "Piccadilly weepers" of the Lord Dundreary kind. This last and the "mutton chop" are worn with a mustache, whereas John Bull shaves everything except his whiskers.

Military men no longer care for the mustache. In England recently the authorities enforced the wearing of mustaches in the cavalry, a branch of the service once supposed to be especially addicted to the habit. Frenchmen call an old soldier an "old mustache," so close is the association.

In the First Snow

SOFT the cloud is falling in the garden,
Feathery white is every stem and spray,
In the wind the branches bend and sway,
Ghost flowers under glimmering veils are waving,
Scarlet berries with the snowflakes play.

Suddenly a storm of wings comes whirring,
Myriad little things, above, below,
From the swamps and woody hollows blow,
In the largess of the scarlet berries
Find themselves the treasures of the snow.

Far afield the swelling storm is drifting,
Calling on the desolate, the vast,
Round the gable cries the baleful blast,
But the hand of Heaven leads these birdlings
Where the treasures of the snow are cast.

HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Curious Perquisites of Royalty

IT appears that, by a curious statute of the realm, the King of Great Britain and Ireland is entitled to every sturgeon landed in the United Kingdom. The King has also the right to the head of every whale caught off the coasts of his kingdom.

The tail of the whale is the Queen's perquisite, the object of this curious division being that Her Majesty shall always be well supplied with whalebone, although, singularly enough, the whalebone is the King's half.

Among other strange perquisites of England's rulers are a pair of white doves, a pound of cumin seed, a pair of scarlet hose, and a silver needle from his tailor.

AN EARLY WOMAN'S CLUB LEADER

50%
INCREASE

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The Intelligence of Elephants

ENGLISH writers who have dwelt in India assert that the many curious tales with reference to the superior intelligence of the elephant are apt to produce a distinctly incorrect impression. Like that of the horse, the intelligence of the elephant is said to have strange limitations.

There is an instance of authentic record in which the populace of a small town near Madras were frightened out of their wits by a runaway elephant which broke from its mahout's control and ran through the town, smashing everything that lay in its path—all because it had been frightened by the pattering of rain-drops on its rider's umbrella.

An English official in Burma, on a tour of inspection, became tired of riding his elephant and procured a pony in one of the villages. He was careful to make sure that the pony was not afraid of elephants, but it never occurred to him to ascertain whether or not the elephant might be afraid of ponies. Early the next morning he sent his baggage and servants off on the elephant with orders to halt for lunch at a village ten miles away, and when he had finished some work he followed on the pony. When a mile or so from the halting-place he saw the elephant "hunching along" in advance. The Englishman trotted up to hasten the mahout's pace. As he approached, the mahout began to gesticulate. The Englishman and his servants, who were Bengali, knew no Burmese, and the Burman knew no tongue but his own. The Britisher guessed, of course, that something was the matter, and, breaking into a gallop to see what it might be, he was astonished to see the elephant start off at a run. Three times the excited and angry mahout succeeded in stopping the beast after a run of a mile or so, and three times did the Englishman ride up to see what was the matter, only to observe with astonishment that the elephant rushed off each time.

Finally the unhappy mahout steered the animal off the road into swampy ground, and thus shaking off the pursuit, plowed his way back on foot to the halting-place, where he found an interpreter to explain that the elephant had been terrified by the pony's approach.

Curious Forecasts

CHANCE phrases in the literary works of other days describe with uncanny exactness inventions of far later times. For instance, we find in the *Prolusions* of Strada the Roman, which were published in the year 1617, what might be held to embody a crude description of wireless telegraphy.

Strada represents two friends as carrying on a correspondence by means of a "certain loadstone which has such virtue in it that if it touches two needles, when one of the needles begins to move, the other, although at ever so great a distance, moves at the same time and in the same manner."

In 1674 Robert Hooke published a work wherein he observed that, as glasses improve the vision, so ways might be found to improve our other senses. "It is not impossible," says he, "to hear a whisper a distance of a furlong, and perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it impossible although that furlong should be ten times multiplied." This seems to be a fair forecast of the telephone.

In *Gulliver's Travels* Swift causes his hero to relate, in the voyage to Laputa, that the astronomers there "have likewise discovered the two lesser stars or satellites which revolve about Mars." This has been held to constitute a satire on sham science. Nevertheless, Professor Asaph Hall a few years ago discovered the two tiny satellites.

It was more than seventeen hundred years ago that Lucian gave an account of the manner wherein the inhabitants of the moon drank "air squeezed or compressed into a goblet" so that it formed a kind of dew. This clearly suggests liquid air.

The same writer, in *Vera Historia*, humorously and at some length describes an aerial ship the sails of which were inflated by a whirlwind, thus impelling it through space to the moon.

Life in Fire and Ice

THE human organism is able to bear degrees of heat and of cold that are astonishing. Sir George Nares and those who accompanied him on his arctic travels endured during forty-eight hours a temperature of seventy-nine degrees below zero. Fish, reptiles, and insects may be frozen without evincing any signs of distress, provided that the change be effected gradually, and subsequently return to their normal existence without evincing any ill effects.

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DEC 14 1912

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED by
GEORGE HARVEY

CHRISTMAS

December 14, 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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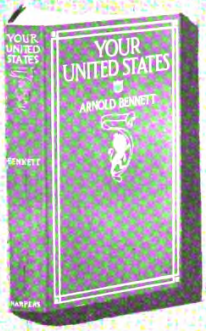
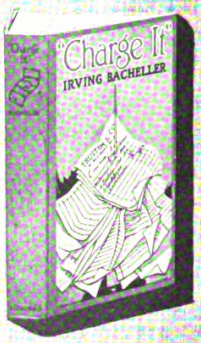
BOOKS for GIFTS

Full of the same incisive wit that made Monsieur Beaucaire so famous

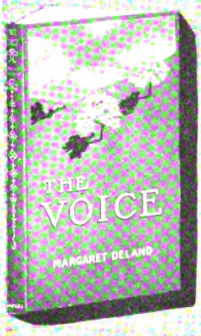


A noted English novelist's sane and charming appreciation of the United States

A typical Rex Beach story of love and revenge leavened with brilliant humor



A brilliant satire on the follies of the day, full of fun and philosophy

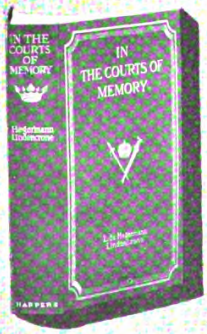


A new Dr. Lavendar story and a new heroine a perfect book for holiday giving

The fun of iridescent love—a story that sings itself into one's heart

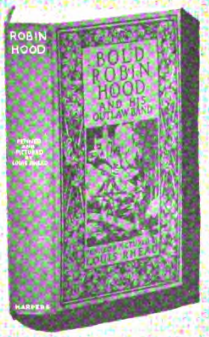
Marked by the same sweet simplicity and naturalness that characterize "Mary Cary"

In connection with a thrilling plot Mr. Harben develops a sympathetic drama of the soul



The fascinating reminiscenes of an American woman at the court of Napoleon III

A poet's fancies in charmingly simple prose, each tale striking a chord of sentiment



The dashing story of Robin Hood told and illustrated by Louis Rhead

A delicate little tale—half fancy, half sentiment—that stirs the heart and intellect together

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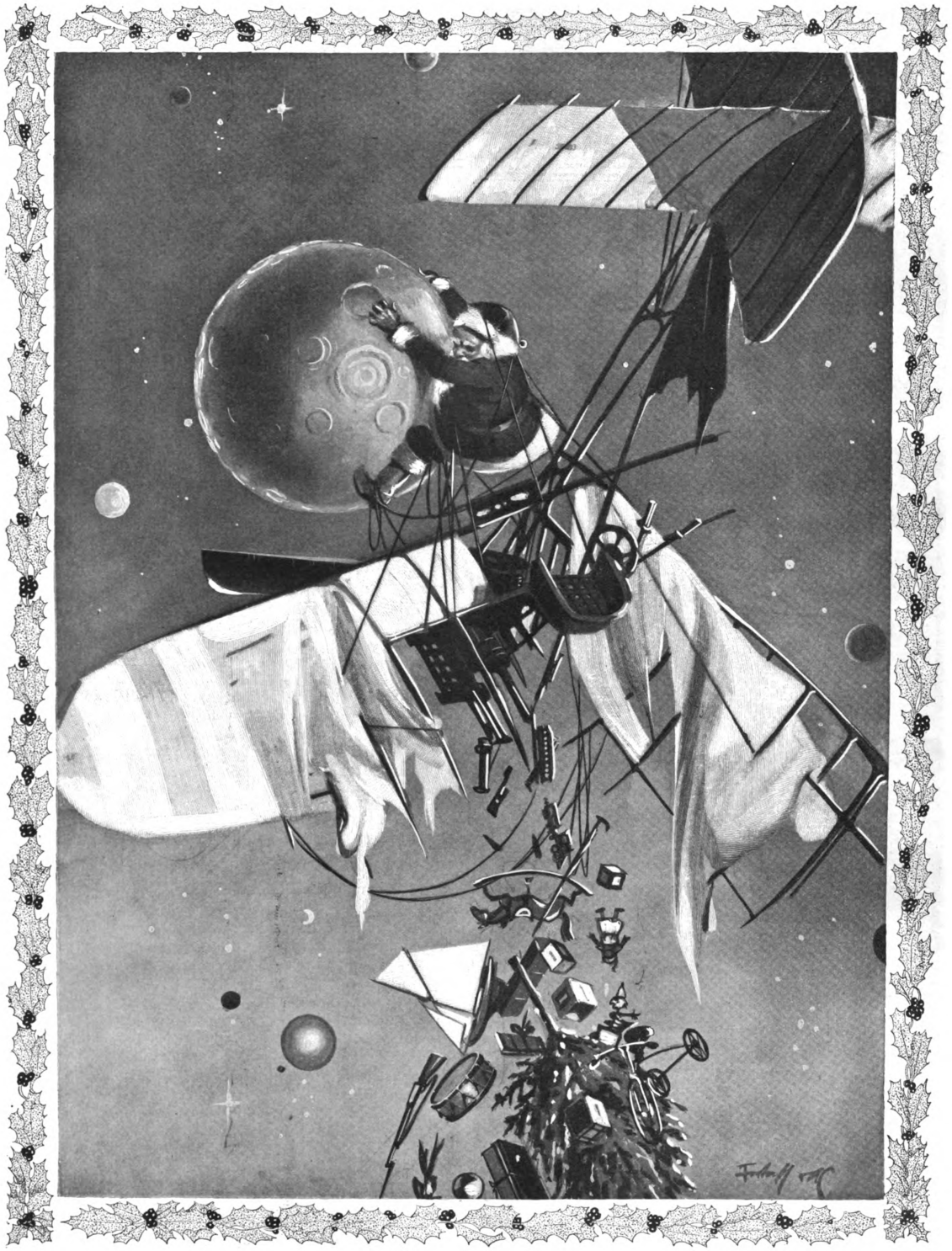

A NATIONAL CALAMITY

DRAWN BY C. H. FORBELL

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CHRISTMAS 1912

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OF the sentimental side of Christmas most of us have a fairly definite idea. It is clear to us how it means good-will to men and is properly celebrated by exchanges of gifts and the promotion of gaiety and human welfare. Most of us realize that the birth of Christ was a true God-send to earth, but not many of us have due comprehension of what really happened to earth when Christ was born, or of the nature and scope of the impulses and inspirations that His coming let loose among humanity. We have accepted the idea of peace on earth, but largely by an act of faith and commonly with only a very vague notion of the power or of the processes by which it is to come about. Our ideal of Christ is of a person mild, compassionate, full of sympathy, preaching submission. So He was, and He did preach submission or something that looks very like it. We are not used to associate great power, the ability to shake and shape the world, with mild, submissive-seeming persons. It is as though what seemed wax, fit to feed a gentle flame, had turned out to be dynamite, and where it fell changed the very face of nature.

The politics of Christianity—that in it which immediately affects laws and government and the courses of nations—appears, as we try to trace it in ordinary history, as a record of wars, persecutions, sectarian squabbles, conquests most cruel for the spread of the true faith, lasting and intense rivalries between various depositories of that faith, image-making by symbolists and image-smashing by iconoclasts, ominous deviations by the self-indulgent from the Galilee standard, and drastic Puritan expurgations of beauty and sport. It is not a panorama fit to induce much gaiety even at Christmas-time. Nevertheless, since the year our calendar dates from, the Christian processes of world regeneration have gone ahead.

Does it seem not so?

Fever is not disease, but part of the effort of nature to get rid of disease. We see and feel the fevers of a world that has much the matter with it. "Who knows," says a recent writer, "but a day may come when the bloody Church history of the first eighteen centuries of our era may be looked upon as the history of the infantile diseases of Christianity. Even now Christianity is not firm on its childish feet; its maturity is hardly dawning on our dim vision."

What this same writer calls "the power of a fundamentally new aspect of life's problems" is the power whose coming we recognize at Christmas-time; a power that penetrates all politics and all social life and that hammers at the stubborn gates of economics. Not so much the Golden Rule as the power that is continually compelling the recognition of the necessity of the Golden Rule is the Christmas-born power that the world has to reckon with. Christ is the great mind, the great radical. It was a tremendous driving, upsetting force that came out of Judea into the affairs of men. The peace on earth of which the angels sang is a peace incompatible with tyranny or despotism; no peace of suppression, of a lid held down upon a gasping humanity, but a peace of liberty, of justice, of civilization, of the highest development to which humanity can attain.

And that sort does not come without fevers. Observe this latest one that has been burning so fiercely in southeastern Europe. The Turk is passing because his religion is a dying flame by the light of which men can no longer come to full contemporary stature. The Christianity of the Balkan Christians may be a wild enough mixture, but there seems to be life in it. The people whom it affects cannot stay still and be left behind by an advancing world. They lie quiet and gather power as a geyser gathers steam and presently burst out at the obstacle in their way. It is strange. Fifteen years ago the writer already quoted, forecasting and justifying the certain destruction of Turkish power, described Turkey nevertheless as the last little corner of Europe in which a whole people lived in undisturbed prosperity and happiness. It had no social questions, he said, no bitter struggle for existence, no great fortunes, no pauperism. "All form a single harmonious family and no one strives after wealth at the expense of his neighbor." He did not speak by hearsay; he spoke of what he had seen, and he said: "Here it is the Christian who throws in the leaven of discord, and with the cruelty of a ruthlessly reacting power of nature the otherwise humane Moslem rises and destroys the disturber of his peace."

The picture is of Mohammedans content with a stagnant civilization and of the Christian leaven that will have it that all the dough shall rise. It is not in the Christian principle to tolerate stagnation. Nothing must stand still that it can reach. India learned that lesson, Japan learned it, and now China. It is a hard lesson for lazy people whose arrangements suit them and who like to be comfortable. But they will all have to learn it. The Almighty will is to be fulfilled whatever fevers intervene.

Our ills that in America, as in Europe, we struggle with and suffer from, are the ills, doubtless, proper to our stage of Christian progress. We are more drunken, more greedy, and far less contented than the Turks. We have prostitution, trusts, monopolies, high tariffs, and other painful incidents of progressive civilization. Our rich people get too rich, our poor people too poor. But we are never let alone. We may never sit down and say our task is finished. Constantly proceeds the tearing out of what was unjustly constructed; constantly the effort to replace it with something better devised. Constantly, by the pressure of inexorable events and threats of calamity, we are constrained to curb the rapacious, to restrain or reform the vicious, to support the feeble, protect the weak, and train the ignorant. Never may we lie back and rest, nor shall we. The work is to be done. If we do it we live; if we shirk it we go the way of Babylon, of the builders of the pyramids and of the temples of Yucatan and Peru and Ceylon, of the Greeks, of the Romans, and now of the old-time conquerors of Spain and Constantinople.

But the spirit and the teaching of Christ is imperishable. The best hope for us and our civilization and for our escape from the disasters of our predecessors is that spirit and that teaching and the growth of human capacity to live and work in accordance, still distant and imperfect, with both.

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A Ballad of Christmas

By Richard Le Gallienne Drawings By Douglas Duer

WITH old familiar sign
The festival divine
Ruddies the snow-clogged way,
Butchers' and toy shops flame—
Because the Lord Christ came
To wash our sins away.

Without 'tis merry snowing,
A-roaring and a-blowing;
Within the wine is flowing,
And men and maids are jolly
With mistletoe and holly—
Because the Lord Christ gave
Himself our souls to save.

Yet, underneath the singing,
The fiddling, and the flinging,
A thought I cannot still
Stalks like a guest unbidden,
Steals like a secret hidden,
Laying its fingers chill
Upon the heart of mirth—
That laughs for Jesus' birth.
(Out on such melancholy,
With mistletoe and holly!)

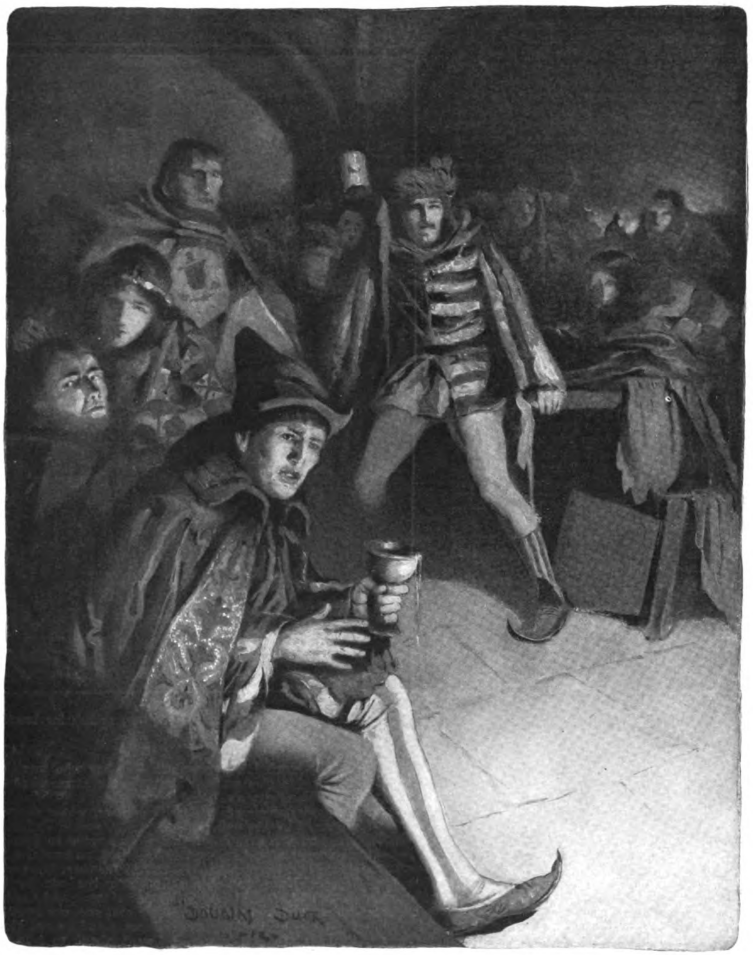
From an old book I read,
Somewhere within my head
The story lingers—
Of a grim castle hold,
In dreaming days of old,
And knights and singers,
And ladies clad in vair,
And a great feasting there,
Torches and swords in air—
Then in some lull of mirth,
From far beneath the earth
Came there a wailing—
The wind, was it, wailing?
A voice of woe so vast
It held the feasters fast:
So might the lost in hell
Pierce for a little spell
The peace of Paradise
With uncouth cries.

Once more the feasters laughed,
Cozened their fears and quaffed,—
'Twas but the knaves that lay,
Far from the light of day,
Beneath their dancing feet,
Rotting and raving,
Chained down 'mid rats and slime,
Cast out of space and time,—
Souls not worth saving!
So kept they Lord Christ's day
In the time fled away.

What was my thought, though?
Harken the whispering snow
Against the pane;
Lord Christ! the wind doth blow
A wild refrain;
Louder, O music, play,
Nimbler, O dancers, glide—
Nay! music, cease to play,
Dancers, a space abide,
Harken yon wailing—
The wind, is it, wailing?

Nay! 'tis the folk that lie
Out in the night there,
The men that starve and die
Far from the light there;
From oubliettes of pain,
From wheel and rack and chain,
Beneath your dancing feet,
Tripping so fleet, so sweet,
From folk that rave and rot,
Forsaken and forgot,
Comes the wild wind's refrain,
Comes all that wailing—
To-day as long ago,
Long as the wind shall blow,
Long as shall fall the snow.

(But merry is the street,
And merry is the hall,
And a merry Christmas, gentles all!)



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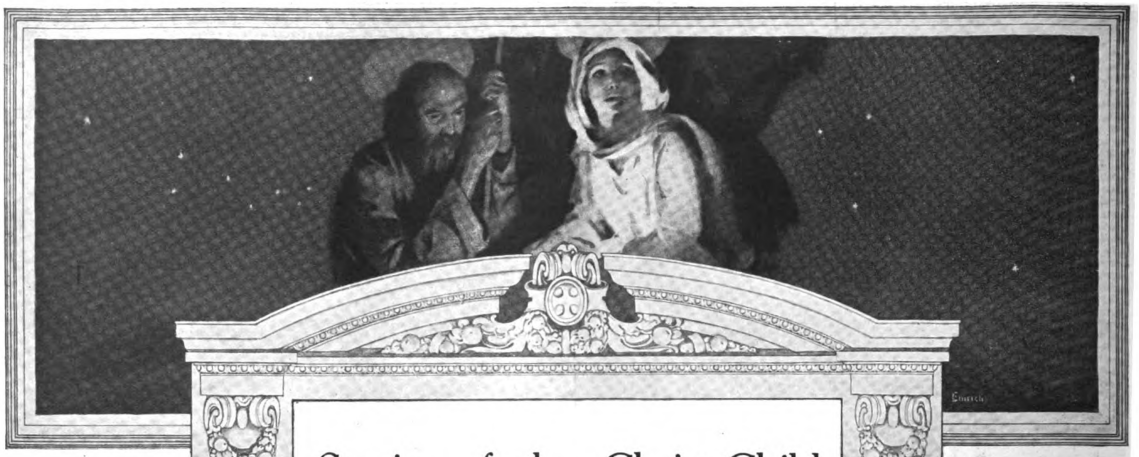


Stories of the Christ-Child

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY EMRICH

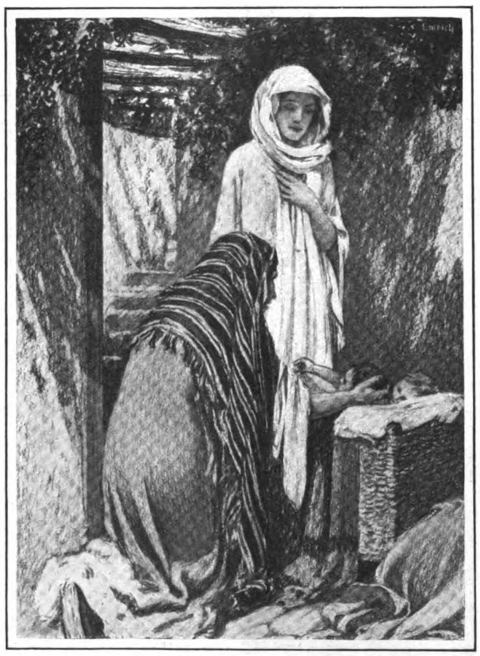
SOME of the most charming stories of the Christ-child are also among the most ancient, going back at least to the second century. In these, the flight into Egypt plays a great part, and we catch something of the splendor of the land of the Pharaohs, with its age-old cities and marvelous images of stone. The Christ-child, with His parents, we are told, was in Egypt until the third year after His birth in Bethlehem, and the sudden escape from the wrath of Herod the king. During the early days of their sojourn there, as they wandered from town to town in the land of the Pharaohs, it befell that a certain maiden was married, and that, on the day of her wedding, she was struck with dumbness, so that she could utter no word. As she stood in the gate of the city, deeply afflicted and desponding, it befell that Joseph and his family entered the town, weary from their journey, Mother Mary carrying the child Jesus in her arms. The dumb bride stretched out her hands to the child, and took Him in her arms, and closely hugging Him, very often kissing Him, continually moving Him and pressing Him to her body. And straightway, as her lips touched the child, the string of her tongue was loosed, and she began to sing praises to God, who had thus restored her. So there was great joy among the inhabitants of the town that night, for they thought that God and His angels were come among them. After many wonders more, it is related, the holy family proceeded to Memphis, where they saw Pharaoh; and, at the end of three years, they went northward through the desert, seeking to return home.

It happened that in the desert there were many robbers, so that the travelers with their child determined to pass through at night; and in a certain place they came on a band of robbers lying asleep by the wayside. Two of them woke, whose names were Titus and Dumachus, and Titus said to Dumachus, "I beseech thee let these persons pass quietly by, that our company may not perceive anything of them." But when Dumachus refused, Titus again persuaded him, saying, "I will give thee forty denarii to let them pass in peace, and I will give thee my girdle as surety"; and even while speaking, he gave it to him, so that he might not open his mouth. Then the child Jesus, being then three years old, said to Mother Mary, "When thirty years are passed, Mother Mine, the Jews will crucify Me at Jerusalem; and these two thieves will be crucified with Me, Titus on My right hand, and Dumachus on My left, and Titus shall go before Me into paradise." But Mother Mary said, "God forbid that this should be Thy lot, my Son."

When they were come back again to Bethlehem, after the death of Herod, many were healed by the power that went forth from the Christ-child, and among those that were healed were many children. It happened that, in that town, there was a certain woman, who had two young sons, and both of them were sick. One of the two died, whereupon the mother, very sorrowful, took the other, who was at the point of death, and brought him in her arms to where Mother Mary was, and in a flood of tears she addressed herself to her, saying, "O Lady, help and relieve me; for I had two sons, one of whom I have just buried, and the other is at the point of death, therefore I pray to God, and seek favor from Him." And she prayed, saying, "O Lord, Thou art gracious and merciful and kind; Thou gavest me two sons; one of them Thou hast taken to Thyself; O spare me this other."

Mother Mary, perceiving the greatness of her sorrow, was touched to the heart with pity, and said to her, "Do thou place thy child in my child's cradle, and cover him with His clothes." And as soon as she placed her son in the cot where the Christ-child lay, even though his eyes were just closing in death, as soon as the savor of the garments of the Christ-child reached his body, his eyes opened again, and he called loudly for his mother, asking for bread.

Then his mother said, "O Lady Mary, now I am assured that the powers of God dwell in you, so that this child can cure children like unto Himself, as soon as they touch His garments." The boy who was thus cured, says this ancient story, is the same who was called Bartholomew in the Gospel.



He called loudly for his mother, asking for bread

Another woman likewise lived there, whose son was possessed by the evil one. This boy, named Judas, as often as the evil one seized him, sought to bite all who were near him, and if he found no one else, he would bite his own hands. But his mother, hearing of Mother Mary and her child, took her son in her arms, and brought him to Mother Mary. And the boy Judas, who was possessed of the evil one, sat down at the right hand of the child Jesus. And immediately, through the evil power, he went about to bite the child Jesus, and because he could not, he struck at the child Jesus, hitting him on the right side, so that he cried out. And the moment he touched the child Jesus, the evil one left him and fled away. This same boy who struck Jesus was Judas Iscariot, who betrayed him to the Jews. And that same side, on which Judas struck Him, the soldier pierced with his spear.

There are many very winsome and attractive stories of the following years of the life of Jesus, after He passed from babyhood to boyhood. Thus we are told that, when He was seven years of age, He was on a certain day with other boys, His companions about the same age. They were all at play together, making mud-pies and molding little clay figures of beasts and birds. Each boasted of his own work, trying to excel the others. Then Jesus said to His companions, "I will command these figures which I have made to walk." And immediately they walked, and when He commanded them to return, they returned. He also made figures of little birds and sparrows, and when He commanded them to fly, they flew, and when He commanded them to stand still, they stood still, and if He gave them food and water, they ate and drank. When the boys went home and told these things to their parents, their fathers warned them, saying that the boy Jesus was a magician, and that they should avoid him, and thereafter should not play with him.

All this time, Joseph the carpenter was working at his trade in the town, and he often took the boy Jesus with him when he went to his work, to make gates, or milk-pails, or sieves, or boxes. And as often as Joseph had anything in his work to make longer or shorter, or wider or narrower, the boy Jesus would stretch His hand to it, and presently it would become longer or shorter, as Joseph wished to have it. Therefore he had no need to finish anything with his own hands, for, says the story, he was not very skilful at his carpenter's trade.

On a certain time, the king of Jerusalem sent for him, and said, "I would have thee make me a throne of the same dimensions as that place in which I commonly sit." Joseph obeyed, and forthwith began the work, and continued two years in the king's palace before he finished it. And when he came to fix it in its place, he found it wanted two spans on each side of the appointed measure. Which, when the king saw, he was very angry with Joseph; and Joseph, afraid of the king's anger, went to bed without his supper. Then the boy Jesus asked him what he was afraid of, and Joseph replied, "Because I have lost my labor in the work which I have been about these two years." Jesus said to him, "Fear not, neither be cast down; do thou lay hold on one side of the throne, and I will lay hold on the other, and we will bring it to its just dimensions." And when Joseph had done as the boy Jesus said, and each of them had with strength drawn his side, the throne obeyed, and was brought to the proper dimensions of the place. Which wonder, when they who stood by saw, they were astonished and praised God. The throne, says the story, was made of the same wood which was in being in Solomon's time.

On another day the boy Jesus was going out into the street, and seeing some boys who had gathered together to play, He joined Himself to their company; but when they saw Him, they hid themselves, leaving Him to seek for them. The boy Jesus came to the gate of a certain house, and asked some women who were standing there where the boys had gone. The women answered that there were no boys there. But the boy Jesus asked, "Who are those whom ye see in the furnace?" And the women answered that they were kids of the third year. Then the boy Jesus cried out aloud, "Come out hither, O ye kids, to your shepherd!" and immediately the boys came forth like kids, and leaped about Him. And when the women

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saw it they were exceedingly amazed, and trembled. And when the women besought Him, the boy Jesus said, "Come hither, O boys, and play!" And immediately in the presence of the women the kids were changed, and returned into the shape of boys.

Once in the springtime, when the almonds were in blossom, the boy Jesus gathered the other boys together at play, and ranked them as though He had been a king. For they spread their garments on the ground for Him to sit upon, and, plaiting a crown of flowers, they set it on His head, and stood on His right and left, like the guards of a king. And if any one happened to pass by they took him by force, and said, "Come hither, and pay honor to the king, that you may have a prosperous journey!"

While they were doing these things, there came certain men, carrying a boy upon a couch; for this boy had gone out with his companions to the mountain to gather sticks, and had there found a partridge's nest, and when he put his hand in to take out the eggs, a serpent bit him, so that he cried out for help to his companions, who, when they came, found him lying like one dead upon the earth. So the neighbors came and took him, carrying him back to the town.

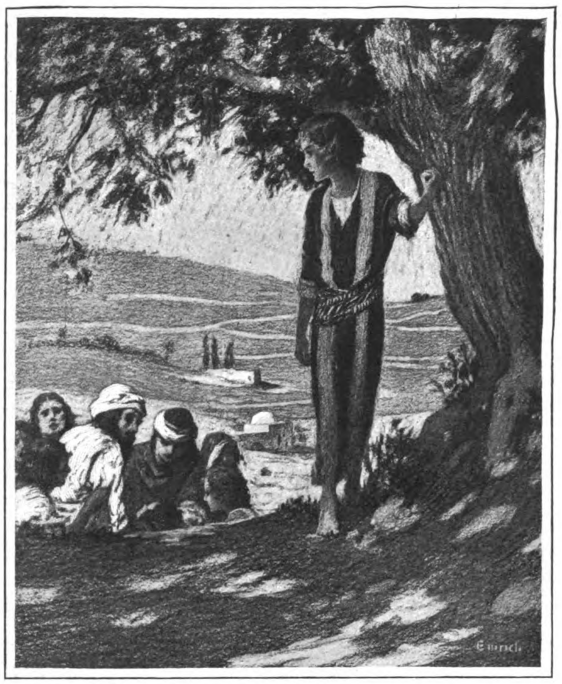
But when they came to the place where the boy Jesus was sitting enthroned as a king, with the other boys standing about Him as His ministers, the boys made haste to meet him who had been bitten by the serpent, and said to those who were carrying him, "Come and pay your respects to the king!" But when, by reason of their sorrow for the boy they were carrying as one dead, they refused to come, the boys dragged them, forcing them to come against their will. And when they came to the boy Jesus, He asked them why they were carrying the boy. And when they answered that a serpent had bitten him, Jesus said to the boys, "Let us go and kill the serpent."

But when the parents of the boy desired to be excused, because their son lay at the point of death, the boys made answer and said, "Did you not hear what the king said, 'let us go and kill the serpent!' and will you not obey Him?" So they brought the couch back again, whether they would or not. And when they were come to the nest, Jesus said to the boys, "Is this the serpent's lurking-place?" They said that it was. Then the boy Jesus calling to the serpent, it presently came forth and submitted to Him, and He said to it, "Go and suck out all the poison which thou hast infused into that boy!" So the serpent crawled to the boy, and took away all its poison again. Then the boy Jesus rebuked the serpent, so that it immediately burst asunder and died. As He touched the boy with His hand to restore him to his former health, and when he began to cry, Jesus said, "Cease crying, for hereafter thou shalt be My disciple." And this is that Simon the Canaanite who is mentioned in the Gospel.

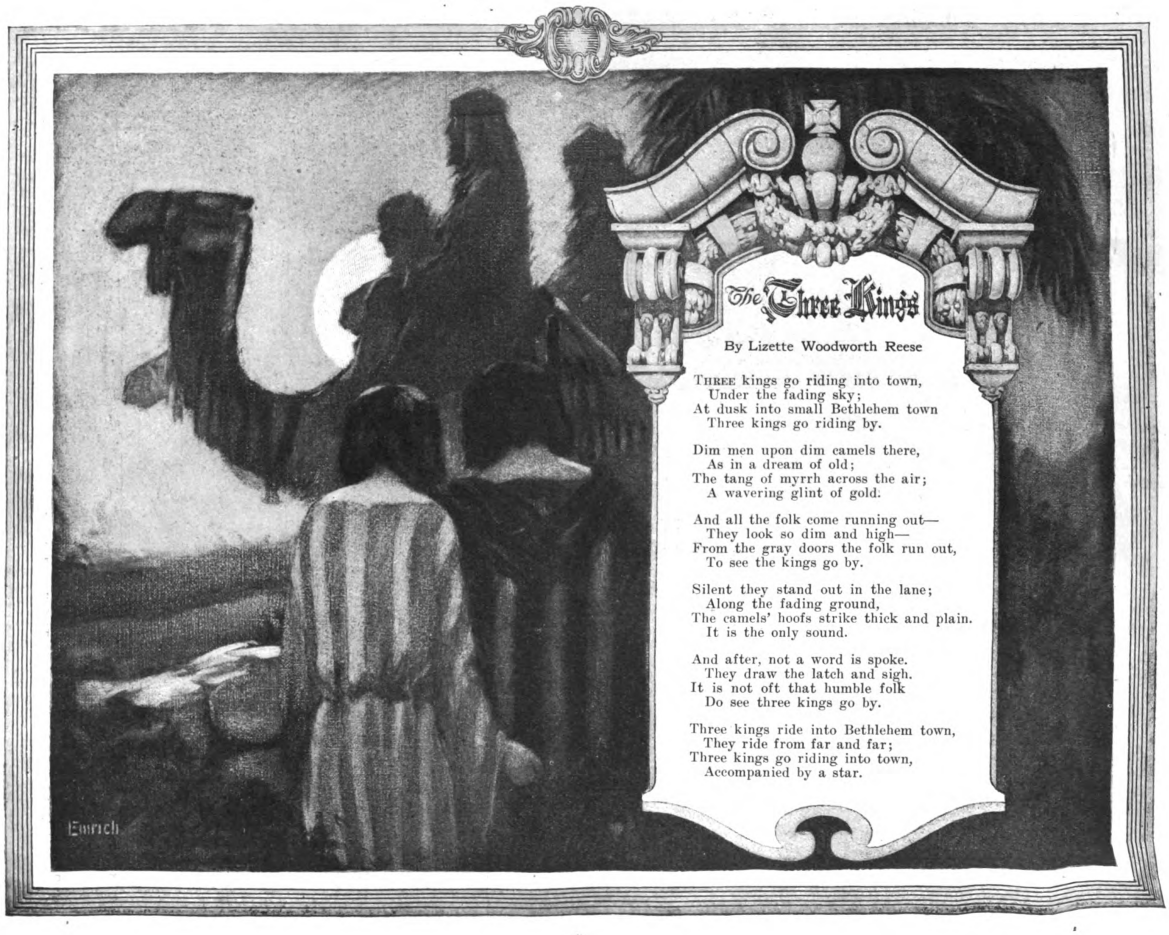
On another day, Joseph the carpenter sent his son James to gather sticks, and the boy Jesus went with him. And as James began to gather wood, a venomous viper bit him, so that he began to cry and make a noise. Then Jesus, seeing him in this condition, came and blew on the place where the viper had bitten him, and it was instantly well.

Again, on a certain day, the boy Jesus was with some boys who were playing on the housetop, and one of the boys fell down and was killed. Thereupon the other boys all ran away, and Jesus was left alone on the housetop. Then the boy's relations gathered together, and said to Jesus, "Thou didst throw our son down from the housetop." And when He denied it, they cried out, "Our son is dead, and this is he who killed him." But the boy Jesus replied to them, "Do not charge Me with a crime, of which you are not able to convict Me, but let us go ask the boy himself, who will bring the truth to light." Then going down, Jesus stood over the dead boy, and said with a loud voice, "Zeinun, Zeinun, who threw thee down from the housetop?" And the dead boy answered, "Thou didst not throw me down, but such a one did." And when the boy Jesus bade those who stood by take notice of these words, they all praised God for this great wonder.

There are many other stories of the divine boy, as He grew in years and stature, and in favor with God and man, and one of these tells in detail the story of His coming to the temple when He was twelve years old, and of the questions He put to the Rabbis and the answers He made to them; but for the present this must suffice.



Jesus said, "Is this the serpent's lurking-place?"



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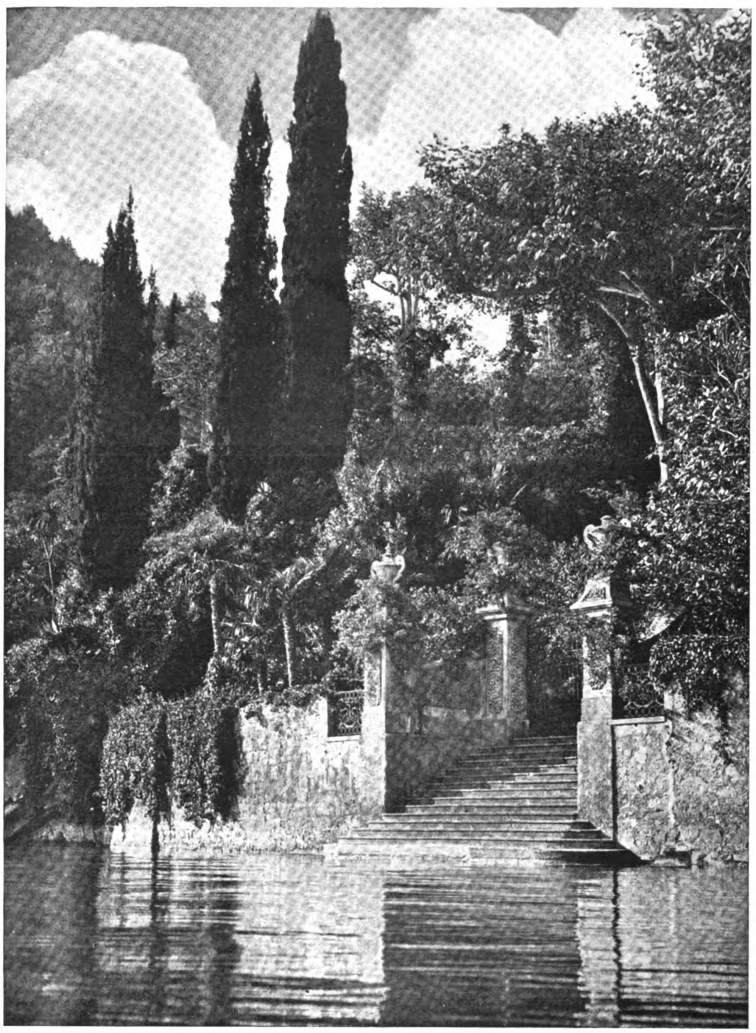

TO _____

BY EDWARD KINGSTON

You walked in Aready at the world's dawn,
And all its wonder passed into your heart
And made it an enchanted place apart—
A sunlit meadow, pure as dews of morn,
Lyric as the songs that once were borne
From out the dusk of immemorial groves, when art
Was still a hymn of joy, before the mart
Had made its innocence a thing outworn.

You walked in antique pastures, sweet with thyme,
And all their sweetness fell into your soul
And made of it a cloister where the dole
Of life sounds faintly as a distant chime
Heard through the blossom-burdened evening air
Of some still countryside, when Spring is there.

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The Fulfilment of the Pact

BY W. D. HOWELLS

DRAWINGS BY HARVEY EMRICH

"I DON'T like that sort of thing," Rulledge said, "and I never did. Besides, I don't believe it ever happens."

Rulledge was no doubt the severer, because he was visibly not quite well; he was purplish under the eyes, and yellowish in them; he gave other signs of being liverish, in the nervousness which pervaded his drowsiness and the irascibility which mixed with his torpor. When he pulled himself out of that he resented the effect, as if it had come from some outside molestation. He had lost his appetite, and as he usually ate when other men smoked, he now moved his hands aimlessly as if he would naturally have had a sandwich in them, and did not quite make out not having one.

Minver forbore, provisionally, at least, to joke him, and I preferred, as always, to listen, finding my account in that rather than in disputing. It was Wanhope who ventured a modified dissent from Rulledge's opinion.

"I'm not sure," he said, gently, with his remote smile, "that it never happens."

"Why aren't you sure?" Rulledge demanded, fiercely. "Did you ever know it to happen?"

"Because," Wanhope answered the first half of the demand, "I think it would be unphilosophic to deny anything; and because I've just said that I've known it to happen. That is, if human credibility goes for anything."

"You mean Mrs. Ormond's believing it happened?" Minver suggested. "In her case I should say that human credibility *didn't* go for anything."

Rulledge seemed satisfied with this, and merely looked at Wanhope, as if to say, "Well, what do you think of that?"

Wanhope smiled a little more approximately. "Generally speaking, I should agree with you, Minver. The thing that gives me pause is the fact that she didn't want to believe it herself."

"Why didn't she want to believe it?" Rulledge inquired, as from personal injury. "It would have given her consequence with any one else she got to believe it."

"As nearly as I could make out she was afraid it was true, and she didn't want to believe it on that account," Wanhope amicably explained.

"The wonder to me is," Minver said in the silence of Rulledge, "that she ever consented to anything of the kind, if she ever did."

"Well, there," Wanhope admitted, "I only have her word again. But it's a thing that's often been done, I fancy, and in those exaltations of Ormond's, those accesses of joy which used to distress her, he would be very likely to urge her to the agreement. He would do it, if you please, playfully, mockingly, ironically: you know his way with her; it charmed her as well as teased her."

"How many people," Rulledge asked, with the air of wishing to be mathematically exact, "do you suppose have agreed with one another, to come back after death and tell the survivor what it's like?"

"It ought to be made one of the most imperative questions in the census," Minver chuckled, and Wanhope answered, gently:

"Many more than have kept their agreement; but there's no question that some people do enter into such an agreement."

"Well, then, I should say they were fools," Rulledge puffed out, rising as if to go for something to eat, but remembering that he had no appetite, and so sitting down again.

"That fact wouldn't take Mrs. Ormond out of the category." Minver stuffed his pipe, and lighted it, and settled himself comfortably to smoke.

"What does rather surprise me is that Ormond should want to go in for it; unless, as I understand it, he was dotty in those last rapturous days."

No one else openly incited Wanhope, and now I asked, "How soon after his death, did she say, he appeared?"

"Why, very soon." Wanhope struck his cigar ash off on the rim of his coffee cup, and peered into its dregs as if reading mystery in the grounds.

"How soon?" I urged.

"The morning after his death—the time when we most long to have our dead prove themselves alive. He appeared several times, as if to assure her of his veridicality, but after the third day—she was quite sure of the third day—he never appeared."

"That was curious," I commented.

"Yes, I thought it interesting," Wanhope consented.

"I don't know," Minver smoked out, "that your thinking it interesting differences it from all the other things you think so. How was it particularly significant?"

"It's a good while since I read the *Phædo*, but doesn't Plato believe that the spirits who return after death are those earthbound souls who have lately left this world?"

"If I remember his point, it is that the returning spirits are earthbound in the sense of being material-minded, and are exiles in the finer ether of the other world." I suggested rather than offered this, and Wanhope accepted my suggestion.

"I don't know but you're right. Perhaps I've got my Plato and my Swedenborg mixed. But I'm pretty sure of my Swedenborg. You know how, according to his account, the angels appointed to waken the dead usually come to perform their office and bring the dead man to his full spiritual consciousness within three days after dissolution."

Minver answered for himself, "No. I don't know," and I tacitly assented with Rulledge to an equal ignorance.

"We ought to have the book here, in the library, his *Heaven and Hell*, but we probably haven't; it's strange how his books seem, with all their scientific, as well as psychological, interest, so strictly confined to the small sect of his followers." He looked disappointedly round the draperies of the Turkish room at the club where we were sitting after dinner.

"It wouldn't be in these curtains, anyhow," Minver interpreted. "If it was in the library at all it would be in the reading-room, so that nobody would read it."

Rulledge drew a long sigh of patient suffering. "Don't get down to business on *my* account, Wanhope. *I* don't want to know where she first saw him."

"Well, that she couldn't say, exactly," Wanhope responded surprisingly instant to the prompting. "It seems, according to her story, that their agreement was for the earliest possible meeting after the death of either. She had made them let her go alone into the room where his body was lying, and she saw Ormond standing there at the head and looking down into the face with a smile of peculiar interest which he explained when he glanced up at her. 'I seem to be looking at myself in one of those old mirrors where the glass is all blurred and clouded so that it gives back your image weakly, like a metallic surface. Of course it's I, or *was* I.' He looked up at her again as if for confirmation, and she saw the familiar gay light in his eyes, which she would have called teasing if he had been alive. Even as it was she could not help taking a tone of provisional severity with him. She knew that she stood in the presence of his disembodied spirit, but somehow she was not awed by it as she felt she ought to be. She said: 'Of course it's you, Ormond, or it was. But—is *this* you?'

"He seemed to know that she meant his spirit, and he answered, 'Yes, this is *really* I'; and he went on to say, as if he were answering a question she had asked: 'It wasn't altogether easy to manage. They didn't openly object when I proposed it, but they didn't conceal—I don't suppose they could have concealed; there don't seem to be concealments here—that they were a little surprised I should wish it till I explained how solemnly we had always promised each other. They have just left me. I wish you could have seen *them*, Jenny; they would have been much more convincing, though I don't suppose you doubt me.'

"Still, it was as if he were bantering or teasing, but sweetly, tenderly, as he did when they were at their best together. She told me that she felt such a perfect understanding with him that these things and all the rest passed between them without the agency of words. She merely had to think, and it was as if she spoke; and she knew what he thought without his speaking, as it happens with people, sometimes, when they are in the most absolute union; she said she had noticed it while he was living, and it did not puzzle her now."

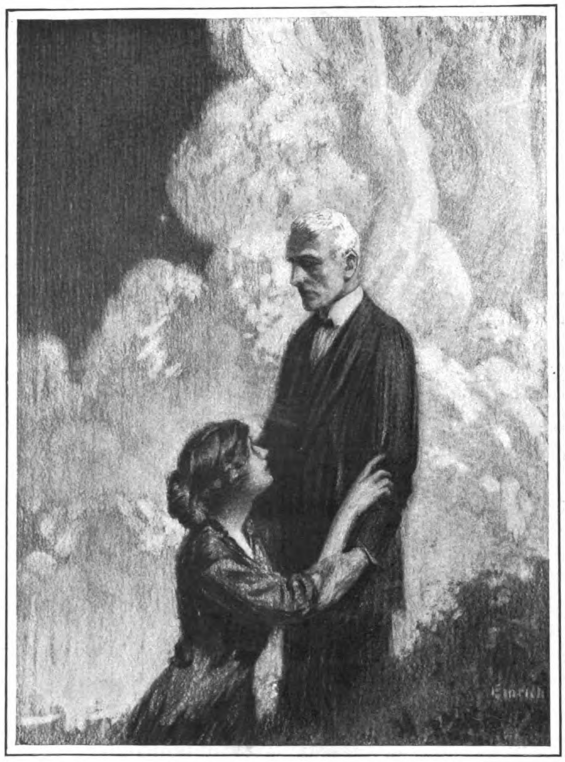
"I suppose," I ventured, "that if there is anything of spiritual life, such as our present mood is taking for granted, that's one of its intimations."

Rulledge brutally ignored my banality. "Go on!" he commanded Wanhope, who first replied to me:

"Yes, undoubtedly; and all through this meeting with Ormond his wife said she did not feel stranger—more shivery, she called it—with him than she used to feel in those weird moments of his joyous rapture that summer. She had her curiosity active at every point and she asked, 'Who were *they*, and where did they leave you, and when?' and he said, 'Why, I couldn't tell you who they were except that they came to waken me; or give you the where or when; it's been rather like a dream, all simultaneity and ubiquity.'

"Not that she used those words?" Minver objected.

"No; the sense of them," Wanhope consented. "She knew what he meant. And now she came at him with the hunger that was in both their minds when they promised that he or she, whichever died first, should return and assure the other that he or she was still alive and, if possible, say what the new life was like. What he answered now was something like this: that he was so recently conscious that he had not yet made out his environment. In fact, he hadn't inquired



"You're not sure that you are living yet; you can't prove it"

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about it. He knew that he was away from time and was in eternity, but he was not aware of any change in himself that had been effected by his new conditions. She made out by what remained in his thought that he was not impatient to know about the conditions, and did not share her impatience. He seemed to think that the fact of his being still alive was enough, and when she pleaded with him, 'But don't you understand how anxious I must be for every detail?' he was very sweet and kind, but he appeared absent, preoccupied; and when she pressed him with her anxiety he answered that he could not be clear about what would be because there was no future in eternity, and he said, 'I'm in eternity, now, you know.'

"'Yes, I know you are,' she said, 'but I'm in time, and you must try to tell me as if you were in time, too.'

"He smiled, and she was afraid he was going to tease her, but he promised he would try, and he explained that it was only his strong love for her that had prevailed over the law in their meeting at all. It had been granted, apparently to his weakness, after hesitation on the part of the people that had come to waken him. That was the way he expressed it, and when she asked him what people, and why they objected, he answered, as if this would be perfectly simple, too, that they did not want him to delay choosing his friends among those who would now be coming to him.

"What impressed her throughout their talk was that it was exactly like the way they talked together when he was alive with her here, and she was no more awed by him than ever she was."

"It must have been mighty little, then," Minver put in.

Wanhope smiled. "She even noted the fact to him, at their next meeting, saying she knew perfectly well that he was dead, and yet she was not afraid. That made him smile, and he said, Why, he was just exactly as he always was; he wouldn't have had time to change himself, and the different conditions would not change him. She urged, Yes, but he was an apparition; and he said, Oh no, *she* was the apparition, and that she was now in the spirit with him. He told her to look round and say whether she recognized her environment; and then she found herself in quite a different place. There began to be other people—her mother, and a sister that had been dead a long time, and the little one that she and Ormond had lost. She knew that they were not in this life, but she talked with him as easily and familiarly as if they were. When she asked Ormond if he did not see them he said, No, he supposed they were sent to her; it was too soon yet for him; he would probably not be allowed to converse with any of their spirits till she returned to the body, and those who had wakened him should come back and give other spirits leave to address him. He told her to ask those others if she seemed like an apparition to them; but when she turned to question them they were gone. He suggested that perhaps this was because her mind had ceased to dwell on them; but he offered the notion not as a fact, only as a probability. If that was so, she said, she should never let him go, for she should keep her mind fast on him. That, he said, was how she was with him now. The first thing in his thought when he woke was the promise they had made each other, and his thought was as if it were his entire being, so that his will prevailed to call her to this meeting. 'But *you* came to *me*,' she insisted, and he said, It had to appear so; but she was really in the spiritual world and not he in the material. Then she was somehow aware of a total change: they were no longer in the room where he had lain dead; the bier was gone, with the red and yellow leaves and the asters and goldenrod which she dressed it with.

She tried again, following him with what she felt like a mental pressure, to make him yield her some sort of satisfactory account of himself, but he protested his ignorance. 'You know as much as I do,' he kept telling her. 'It isn't three days yet since I died, and how could I make sure, since I was wakened an hour ago, of all the things I have not known, and that the race has not known from the beginning of time? It isn't reasonable.' But she came back at him with: 'You said everything was instantaneous with you now. You have only got to will it and then you will know it.' 'Ah,' he said, 'one thing I've found out is that there are other wills than mine here. Besides, I haven't put my mind wholly on it.' 'Then *put* your mind on it,' she said. And we can all," Wanhope commented, "imagine just *how* she said it." Her way seemed to amuse Ormond at first; then he explained, gently: 'If I did that I should lose you. I am holding you here with all my strength of soul, and I can't part with any of it in willing something else.'

"Then she felt a frantic perversity seizing her. 'And is this all? You barely know that you are living?' He seemed very sad at that and he said: 'We used to think that would be all we wanted to know.' 'But it isn't!' she came back, rebelliously. 'You're not sure that you are living yet: you can't prove it. Unless you can tell me something about eternity and infinity and all that I shall not believe you are living. Without that it's nothing but a mockery and worse than nothing, your coming back or making me come to you, as you prefer to think. If I'm there, and we can talk together, why can't you tell me?'

"Then he answered, 'Because I don't know,' and when she insisted, 'When *shall* you know?' he said: 'I don't know. But I am satisfied; the first thing that we seem to have given us here is patience. We are sure we are alive and we feel that our life is everlasting. The hurry is over. We can wait.'

"'*I* can't wait,' she said she told him, and he said, 'That is because you are still in time; but we are in eternity.'

"'And what have you gained by dying?' she asked him. 'How much better off are you than I am? How much more do you know?'

"He said, with a solemnity which she didn't remember in him, 'I am absolutely sure now that life as you have it on earth is not a trick of the Giver. That it's a pledge. That it's a promise in itself that life will never be taken away.'

"'That's nothing,' she told him. 'Lots of people on earth believe that.'

"'Yes, but we here absolutely *know* it.'

"Then she followed him up. '*How* do you know it?' And he said, 'By being.'

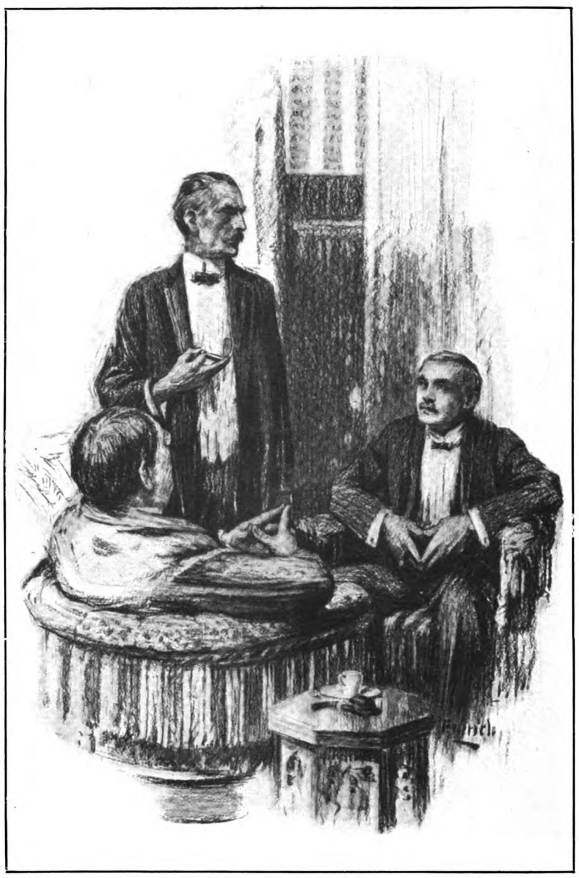
"That vexed her, it seems; I suppose it might, and she came at him again, 'Now you're teasing,' and then things began to be very strange. An immense multitude—she thought of the heavenly host—drifted between her and Ormond, as if warningly, like shapes of mist. When they thinned away, and she could see him more clearly, she asked, 'Do you suppose *they* know how and why?' He said he did. 'Then I am going to ask them,' she said.

"He seemed to make, 'Better not,' but she was determined, and she waited till those shapes came drifting back—it seemed as if she had willed them back—and she felt herself trying to ask them, but she could not, and she remembered that apparitions here must be spoken to before they can speak, and that if she were an apparition there the rule would hold with her, and she screamed (but not in sound) to Ormond, 'Make them speak to me!'

"'They mustn't,' he said. 'Besides, it won't be long now.' 'Do you mean in your count or mine,' she asked him, and he said, 'In both,' and she felt a mighty gladness, and she clamored, but always soundlessly, 'Oh, shall I be with you soon? Why can't I stay now? Why can't I kill myself? I'll do it! I can't bear to be parted from you. Why shouldn't we *all* do it? Why should it be wrong?' He seemed to be thinking, and then he answered, 'It's an offense against the order of things.' 'Oh, pshaw! the order of things!' she said. 'I guess if that's all, it won't keep me. As soon as I get back—' 'Hush!' he said. She asked, 'Do you suppose I should be punished for it—kept from you here? I shouldn't care for anything else.' 'There doesn't seem to be anything like punishment,' he said, 'though I don't know exactly. But there's consequence. If you interrupt the universal order there's confusion—disease that you have to recover from.' He seemed to be listening while he spoke, and to be reporting something he was hearing. After a moment he said, as if from himself, 'You must go now,' and she said at first, 'I shall not go,' and then: 'Well, I will go and I will wait; it won't be long. But don't you change!' He said: 'I fancy we change more slowly here than there. We have so much eternity!' He laughed at his phrase, as if it travestied saying 'So much time,' and said, 'Good-by, dear,' and she put her arms round his neck and laid her cheek against his, and it was as if their souls melted into each other.

"Then when the parting began and she felt herself losing him she said: 'Wait! There is something else I wanted to ask! The Power and the Glory—' And he seemed to answer: 'I haven't seen them yet any more than on earth. But now I know the Love.' 'Yes, yes—she tried to hold him—' but that lifelong fear?' 'It's gone,' she felt him answer. 'There is only trust, perfect trust,' and he said something more, but she could not remember in words just what, only it consoled her beyond expression, though she clung to him for a word more. 'And our quarrels, when we used to say such cruel things to each other: have you forgiven me as I have forgiven you?' And he said, 'Forgiveness wasn't for us. That which gave us our possibilities of evil forgave us our evil.' At that she felt an immense joy, an absolute content, and when she had finished trying to tell me about it she said, 'Then we parted, and I've never been parted from him since!'"

"Poor old Ormond," Minver said. "Well, I suppose he *was* fond of her."



"Well, then, I should say they were fools," Rulledge puffed out

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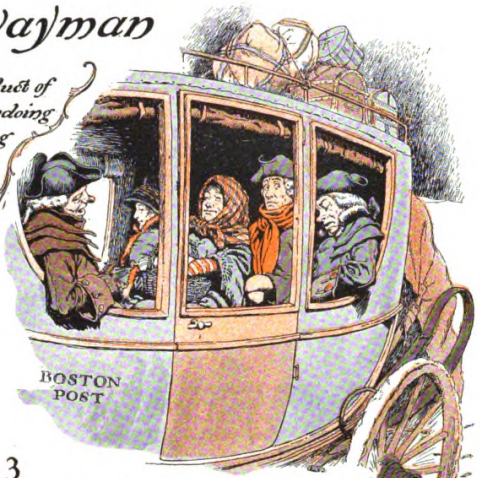
Ye Female Highwayman

Being ye tale of ye strange conduct of one Jane Payne and of her undoing by fearless Prudence Long

Verses & Drawings by Rodney Thomson

1

Matilda Jane Sophia Payne,
Of equal rights an advocate,
With fell intent her powers bent
The deeds of man to emulate;
A calling stern chose she to earn
The realms of masculinity.
"I'll levy toll on every soul,"
Quoth she, "in this vicinity."



2 *"As my name's Jane, I'll make it plain*
A woman of ability
A place can gain in man's domain
With credit and facility.
I mean to ride ye country-side
Around this very Christmas Eve
And chaise and coach will I approach
And of their surplus gold relieve."

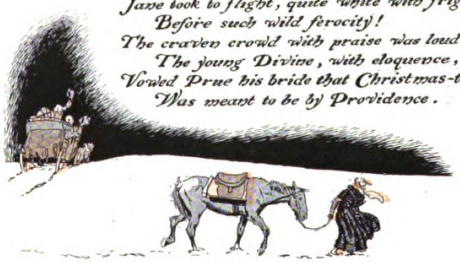
3 *Down Laurel Lane, with creak and strain,*
The "Boston Post" coach rumbled;
Well wrapped in furs her passengers
Sang, chatted, snored and grumbled.
'Neath Gallows Oak in sable cloak,
A silent figure waited
Which ill did bode unto ye load
Of travelers belated.

4 *Ye curt command of "Hold up! Stand!"*
Delivered with ferocity,
In accents grim though feminine,
Bespoke Jane Payne's precocity
Unto ye road ye coaches load
Descended with agility
And forth a hoard of treasures poured
With well-assumed civility.

5 *'Twas ample, yet but served to whet*
Ye Highwaydame's cupidity.
"Male robbers bold but seldom hold
For ransom, such stupidity
Dispels in hosts ye idle boasts,"
Quoth she, "of masculinity.
A ransom fat I'll force from that
Young student of Divinity."

6 *Among ye throng was Prudence Long,*
A maid of passing pulchritude;
Enraged, she viewed Jane's attitude
And forward stepped with fortitude.
"You mean old cat! Dont fancy that,"
Cried she, "with such temerity
And guile you can, this poor young man
Treat with such harsh severity!"

7 *Then forth she drew her hat-pin true*
With such impetuosity
Jane took to flight, quite white with fright,
Before such wild ferocity!
The craven crowd with praise was loud;
The young Divine, with eloquence,
Vowed Prue his bride that Christmas-tide
Was meant to be by Providence.



Which doth but show what wise men know,
'Tis woman's proper realm,
To rule supreme, with man's esteem,
When Love is at the helm.

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Interludes

MR. JIMPSONBERRY'S SCHEME

"MY dear," said Mr. Jimpsonberry, "as you are doubtless aware, Christmas is approaching, and it has occurred to me that we might make it happier for all hands if we indulged in a little more team play than usual. Have you decided what you are going to give me for a Christmas present?"

"Why, yes, John," said Mrs. Jimpsonberry. "But really I don't know that I want to tell you what it is."

"Well, of course you needn't if you don't want to," returned Jimpsonberry; "but think it over, my love, think it over. Of course I shall be delighted with it whatever it is, but, after all, I might not really want it. You know how sometimes those who love us best send us little remembrances that we have no particular use for and that sooner or later find their way into the attic."

"That is very true, John dear, very true," said Mrs. Jimpsonberry. "Perhaps you are right. I—I've been saving up all the year for your Christmas, putting by a penny here and a penny there out of my allowance, and I was going to get you one of those twenty-five-dollar rain-coats."

"Fine!" said Jimpsonberry. "Mighty fine! They are very swell, those raglan rain-coats; but, after all, you know I really don't need one. I was going to buy you a fifteen-dollar silver-mounted manicure set."

"Lovely," said Mrs. Jimpsonberry. "But now I see the wisdom of your plan. I don't really think it would be well for you to give it to me, because mother is going to send me one, and duplicates are so hard to dispose of at anything like their real value."

"Good!" said Jimpsonberry. "Now here is my scheme: You were going to spend twenty-five dollars on me and I was going to spend fifteen dollars on you, making forty dollars altogether, and nobody any better off in the end. Now I propose to compromise the whole thing. You give me your twenty-five dollars and I'll give you my fifteen, and the difference, ten dollars, we can use to repair the leak in the roof for our mutual benefit."

Mrs. Jimpsonberry's face took on a puzzled expression.

"That sounds right, John," she said, "but—er—where does the ten dollars come from?"

"Oh," said Jimpsonberry, "you can take it out of your twenty-five, and then, you see, we'll break even. You'll have fifteen dollars left, and so will I; each will have made a present to the other, and the roof will be repaired as our mutual contribution to the Christmas joy."

And the good lady sat up all night with a pad and pencil trying to figure the thing out.

LI'L RASTUS: HONEY, IT SHOLY LOOKS LIKE IT'S ER GWINE TO BE A PURE W'ITE CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS?

SUGGESTIONS FOR YULETIDE

A GOOD present for a boy at college to give to his father on Christmas Day is a tailor's bill receipted in full. This has the double value of being extremely unusual and an undoubted surprise to the recipient, causing much merriment and joy in the household.

For a cook of literary inclinations who has a bad habit of neglecting the steak on the range for the joys of poetry, an appropriate and probably suggestive gift would be a pocket volume of Burns or Browning, or a portrait of Joan of Arc burning at the stake.

An excellent gift for a neighbor who borrows eggs and milk at least three times a week without ever thinking of returning them would be an egg-beater or a cream-separator. This should be labeled, "Many Happy Returns."

A pleasant little Christmas attention for your hired man would be a comfortable divan or a morris chair placed in the cellar at a convenient distance between the coal-bin and the furnace, so that he may keep his eye on the latter during the dark days of the winter without unduly taxing his energies.

A touching gift for a school-boy to give to his school-master who is given to the use of the ruler or the trunk-strap for disciplinary purposes would be a small paddle, with the blade richly upholstered in red plush.

For a rich uncle an inexpensive yet very suggestive present would be a handsomely engraved blank check with the name of his bank engrossed upon it, the whole inclosed in a border of holly-berries and mistletoe, with the illuminated motto spread diagonally across the face, "When This You See Remember Me."

For a son who spends most of his time writing poetry, a useful gift would be a good-sized slate, suitable for the writing of sonnets, with a small sponge attached, so that after writing them he may rub them out.

For a kindly neighbor who last year sent your small boy a tin trumpet for Christmas, a suitable reciprocal gift for his little ones would be a couple of snare-drums and a siren whistle. If he has several children, add a few clarinets and trombones for each.

A rather ingenious series of gifts for the domestic assistants in a suburban home would be a number of checks for sums according to your means payable six months hence, payment on which may be stopped in case the recipients decide to leave you in the lurch immediately after having received their Christmas benefits.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS OF THE RURAL PHILOSOPHER

THE feller thet tries to balance up his Christmas accounts ain't the sort of feller thet reckons the good-will of a goin' concern at any consid'rable figger.

When a feller comes to me with a long face and tells me thet he's come out behind on Christmas I generally figger it out thet thet's abaout where he belongs.

They say nobody loves a fat man, but ez fer me Santa Claus allers looks pretty good, spite o' thet equator o' his'n.

It's one o' the wise pervisions o' Nature, my son, thet they hain't never yet been a stockin' so small it wouldn't hold a nice fat Christmas check, pervided some one had a mind to put one into it.

When a feller's goin' through this life with a grouch on everythin' in sight his Christmas absence is a derned sight more desirable then his Christmas presence.

When I see a nice gal with rosy cheeks and smilin' lips and a sort of a wink in her eye standin' under a sprig o' mistletoe, it beats me how anybody can say he don't believe in Christmas.

I don't believe in a man's ever deceivin' his wife, but I guess we'll hafter fergive the feller thet pretends to be supprized with the ear-tabs she's been makin' fer his Christmas all fall, when he's known all along whut she was goin' to give him.

The feller thet sets out to destroy a child's belief in Santa Claus had oughter be dern sure beforehand thet he's goin' to be able to step in and take the old boy's place hisself.

Allers be kind to the postman at Christmas, Hiram. They ain't never no tellin' but what when New Year comes mebbe he'll throw away some o' them bills thet 'll be comin' your way the fust o' the month.

Santa Claus is a pretty human sort of a feller, but all the same he's the only feller I ever heerd on thet didn't care to be seen givin' things away.

The toughest luck I ever had in my life, Jedediah, was some years ago when I seed the prettiest girl in town standin' under a sprig o' mistletoe and me with a cracked lip.

"THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE. DID YOU DRAW IT YOURSELF?"

"WELL, TEACHER HELPED ME A LITTLE, BUT I SHARPENED THE PENCIL."

WHAT HE WANTED

SOME one asked him please to say
What he'd like on Christmas Day.
"Don't want nothin'," Tommy said,
As he shook his tousled head,
"'Cept
A train o' choo-choo cars; pound o' chocolate cigars; box or two of candied dates; pair o' nickel roller-skates; lot o' soldiers made o' tin and a camp to keep 'em in; soldier suit that I can wear, an' a talkin' polar bear; seven pounds o' chewin'-gum; trumpet and a big bass drum; bag o' marbles and some tops, and a box o' lollipops; 'lectric road with Pullman train; scarf-pin and a watch and chain; scroll-work buzz-saw and a box full o' red-and-yeller socks; set o' books that tell about how we knocked the Injuns out; fishin'-pole and line and flies; Injun-clubs for exercise; Boston bull; a motor bike for a whiz along the pike; airyplane that I can fly like a kite up in the sky—
Rather guess," said he, "ahem—
I can get along on them."

CARLYLE SMITH.

NO HELP

"I ADMIT that the architecture of this house is something fierce," said the agent, "but just see how handy the place is—only a stone's throw from the station."

"I see it is," said Tompkins, wearily, "but I'm such a rotten shot it wouldn't be any satisfaction to me."

A MISERABLE GRAFTER

"THAT looks like some crib to crack," said the first burglar to his pal as they passed a suburban mansion.

"None o' that for me," said the pal. "One of the biggest grafters in the United States lives there."

"How do you know that?" asked the first burglar.

"I broke in there once and he caught me wit' the goods on," said the pal. "I had to pay him fifteen dollars to let me go."

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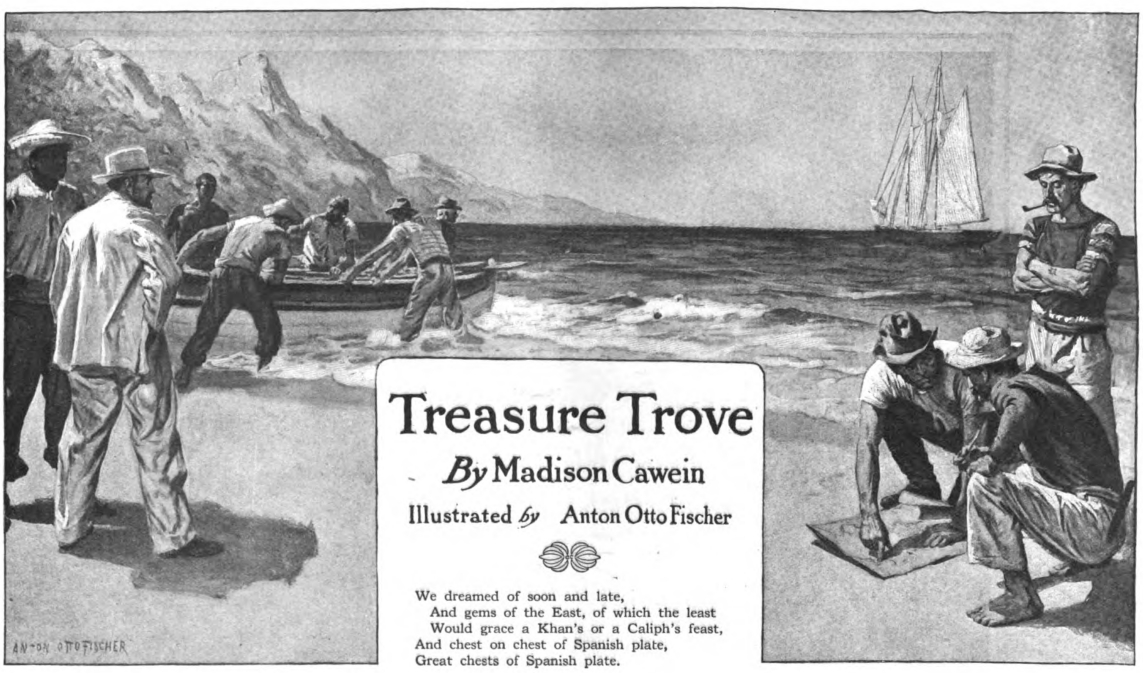


Treasure Trove

By Madison Cawein

Illustrated *by* Anton Otto Fischer

We dreamed of soon and late,
  And gems of the East, of which the least
  Would grace a Khan's or a Caliph's feast,
And chest on chest of Spanish plate,
Great chests of Spanish plate.

We were a crew of what you please:
  Men with the lust of gold gone mad,
Dutch and Yankee and Portuguese,
  With a nigger or two from Trinidad,
The scum of the Caribbees:
  Outbound, outbound for a treasure ground,
  A pirate isle no man had found,
A long-lost isle in the Southern Seas,
An isle of the Southern Seas.

We sailed our ship by a chart we bore,
  The parchment script of a buccaneer
Whose skeleton, found on a Carib shore,
  Had kept its secret for many a year,
Locked in a buckle of belt it wore.
  And the dim chart told of buried gold,
  A hidden harbor and pirate hold,
On an isle that seamen touched no more,
That sailors knew no more.

We were a crew of Devil-may-care,
  Who staked our lives on a bit of scrawl;
Who diced each other for lot and share
  Or ever we hoisted a sail at all,
Or the brine made wet our hair.
  At last, with a hail for calm or gale,
  The wind of adventure in our sail,
We piped up anchor and did our dare,
Steered for the island there.

From Porto Bello to Isle of France,
  And thence South East our chart read plain:
We followed the route of old Romance,
  The plate-ship route of the Spanish Main,
The old, wild route of Chance.
  Black Beard sailed it and Jean Lafitte;
  And Drake and Morgan, and many a fleet
Of pillage once that led the dance,
Spain's golden-galleon dance.

Moidores, guineas, and pieces-of-eight,
  Doubloons, round as the waxing moon:
All the wealth that they sacked as freight
  In the good old days of the picaroon

The wind blew fair from Panama,
  For a month the wind blew fair and free.
We steered our ship by the gold we saw
  In the far-off script of a century,
Wherein men knew no law.
  We held to our course for better or worse,
  Now with a song and now with a curse,
According to the lots we'd draw,
Rum or the lots we'd draw.

We had not reckoned on Destiny—
  And him all seamen dread, they say—
That captain, old in infamy,
  Who holds to Hell till the Judgment Day,
And takes of earth his fee.
  Oh, black and black is the South Sea track
  Of the skeleton captain, Yellow Jack,
Who sweeps with his fleshless crew the sea,
The hurricane-haunted sea.

Six weeks we lay in the doldrums, dead,
  Six weeks, that rotted us with delay,
Till a gale sprang up and drove us ahead,
  Out of our course, for a week and a day,
Till we thought we were Dutchman-led.

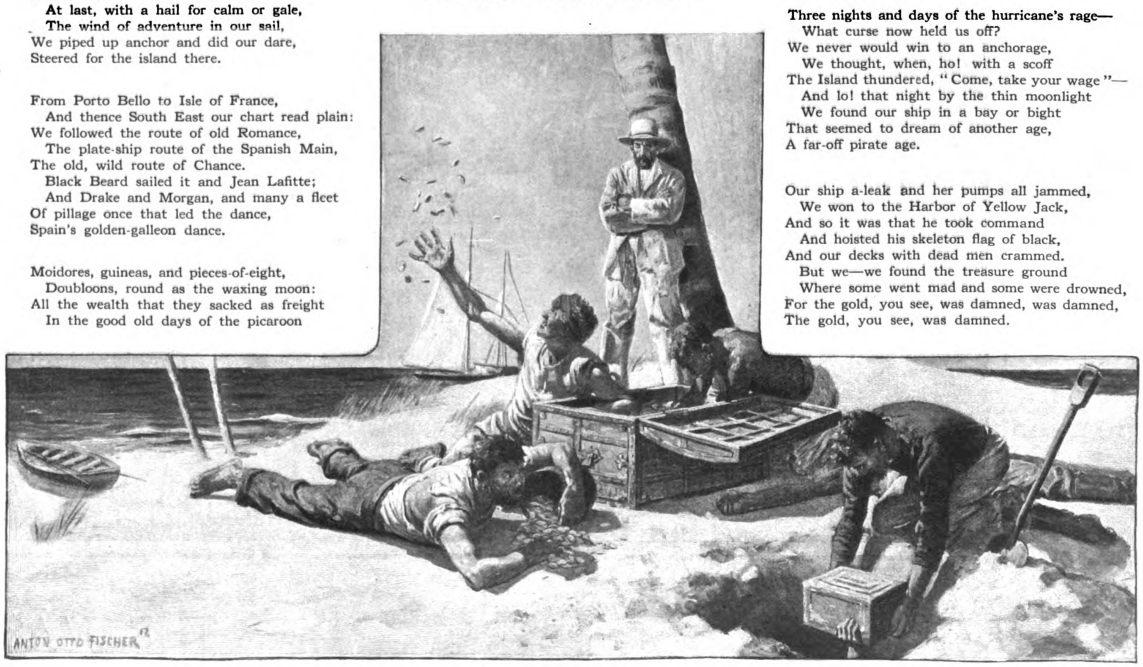
When the gale was done, why, one by one,
  The scurvy took us, every son,
And mutiny out of it all was bred,
Mutiny then was bred.

When there on our bow we sighted shore,
  A wild crag, circled of cloud and sea,
  Our pirate Isle, where ceaselessly
The rock-fanged surf kept up its roar,
  Round a towering rock and tree,
  Where the chart was marked that the gold should be:
Cliffs that the sea fowl clamored o'er,
With the dragging seaweed hoar.

A smudge of mist and a gleam that died,
  And a muttering down below,
And night was on us at a stride,
  And, God! how it came to blow!
And a man went o'er the side:
  Then fore and aft of our crazy craft
  Corposants glimmered and Madness laughed,
And a voice from the Island wild replied,
A demon voice replied.

Three nights and days of the hurricane's rage—
  What curse now held us off?
We never would win to an anchorage,
  We thought, when, ho! with a scoff
The Island thundered, "Come, take your wage"—
  And lo! that night by the thin moonlight
  We found our ship in a bay or bight
That seemed to dream of another age,
A far-off pirate age.

Our ship a-leak and her pumps all jammed,
  We won to the Harbor of Yellow Jack,
And so it was that he took command
  And hoisted his skeleton flag of black,
And our decks with dead men crammed.
  But we—we found the treasure ground
  Where some went mad and some were drowned,
For the gold, you see, was damned, was damned,
The gold, you see, was damned.



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THE MASTER

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)F THE REVELS

/ILL FOSTER

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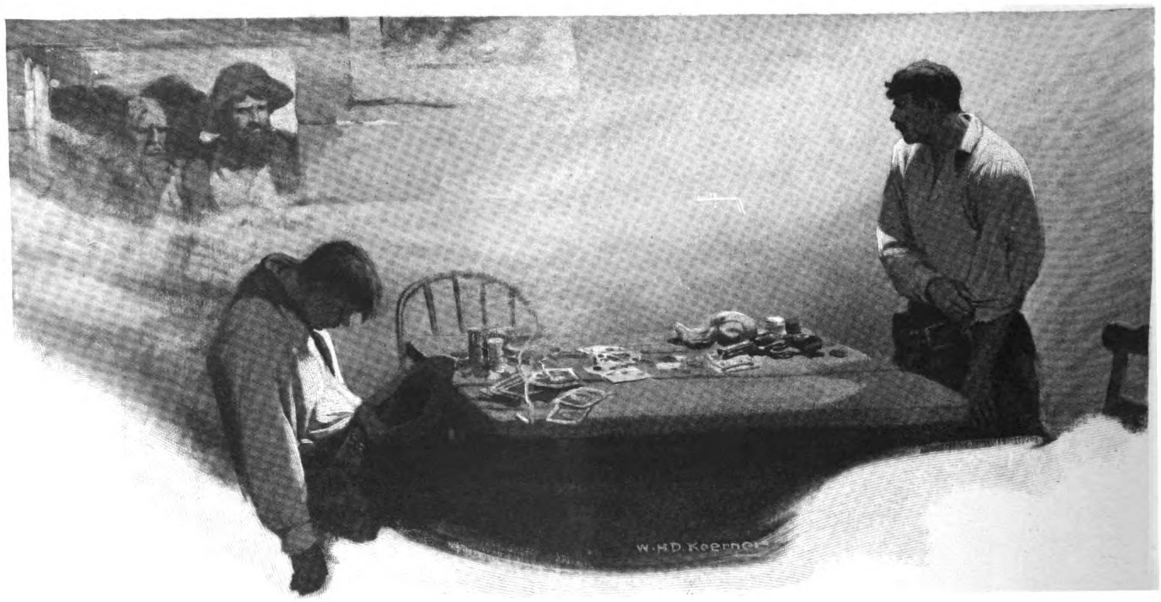
THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY

BY FREMONT RIDER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"If any o' you gentlemen 'll make 'sself a committee o' one," he drawled, "I invite 'im to step forward"

I

KEISER, proprietor of the "Excelsior House," Corryo, Northern Territory of South Australia, was mildly worried. Stolid though he was, his little pig-set eyes never lost much of the acts and conversation of his patrons and guests, while his Teutonic girth veiled a really Gaelic inferential agility. The frequenters of the "Excelsior House" knew Keiser to be "keen"; but they did not realize how shrewdly those little eyes of his saw, or how quickly effect was connected, with him, with cause.

So he noticed that the face of the younger man in the little private room partitioned off from the House's bar was more flushed than either the heat of the night, the room, or the drink would warrant. So he suspected the cause; guessed that it was the playing of the game, rather than its stakes or their chances, that raised the pulse-beat perceptibly in the old scar cutting across the lad's cheek. Long wise in ways of worldly wickedness, he anticipated trouble; and, anticipating, was, as aforesaid, mildly worried, for trouble, barring casualties, was always bad for trade.

Yet the face of him with the scar, dare-devilish perhaps, was yet not wholly good or bad. That his eyes were bitter, and that the scar puckered the corner of his mouth so that his lips showed unusually full and red against the black "bush" tan of his face and throat, was unfortunate to first impressions—but when did the "bush" ever trust first impressions?

His opponent, sitting across the deal-table that bore the greasy faces of their cards, was one whom Keiser and Corryo, with one exception, knew not. Keen-eyed and wiry, a miner fresh from the new washings on the Beit River forks, he had not asked to be known, and to Keiser his dust was sufficient introduction. Early in his game with the lad he had sailed his hat into the corner of the room, and from time to time during the evening, as he viewed his steadily decreasing pile of dust, his lean hands had rumpled his hair into increasingly acute disorder.

From the big front room there rose into the stifling midsummer evening outside a confused blur of sound, a blur compounded, were it analyzed, of two parts of squeaky American phonograph, one of clicking pool balls and clinking glassware, one of scuffling on a sanded floor, and two or three of loud and occasionally boisterous conversation.

Keiser's party comprised the entire transient and permanent population of Corryo—barring Merritt's wife and kids. It consisted of a score of typical "Northerners," foregathered and celebrant on this stifling mid-December night in honor of the approaching holiday; a dozen miners from various near-by washings; two herders who had "dropped in" from the great McEllery sheep range forty miles south—"McEllery's," that shipped its mutton in its own icing steamships direct to Liverpool; and a commercial traveler for a Hamburg house.

Murfree's cry, "No, damn ye, ye lie!" when it rang out to startle the group at the bar would have been significant to an observant outsider just because it did startle them. For there is a tone of the voice when profanity is a species of convivial laughter; but there is another when it is a snarl of flaring anger, atonable only by blood. And the men at Keiser's bar, even the alien "drummer" from Hamburg, knew the difference.

Merritt, by temperament the storm center of every argument, had been himself discounting with profane emphasis the reports of recent strikes on the north fork of the Murray River, strikes which MacDowell, one of the herders, had brought news of; had been discounting it, and all it stood for, and was connected with, with a fervent and pessimistic iteration that bore ill witness to the really exuberant public spirit of Corryo, when the strange miner's cry of interruption came from the little back room.

Instinctively Keiser, the publican, ducked his head. Equally instinctively and simultaneously ducked a score other heads in that outer room, and a score of right hands jumped to belts.

Now up to the instant of his oath Murfree, the lean miner, being neither wary by long experience nor observant by nature, like Keiser, had laid the steady decrease of his pile to his lesser intent on the game, if anything. Careless in his playing, even in his realization of where it was landing him financially, he had found opportunity in the middle of one of his opponent's deals to listen absently to a fragment of the talk that drifted in from the outer room.

"An' I say 't ain't natural," an unknown voice was

"What's the trouble, pard?" he asked. "Kin I 'elp ye?"

persisting—that of MacDowell, the herder. "What's Christmas anyway 'ithout evergreens an' snow an' frost in the air? Don't you fellers even miss 'em?"

"Hell, yes," was the answer, in Merritt's humorously lazy drawl, "but we don't miss 'em half as much as we will after we're dead."

Even as Murfree there in the rear room smiled at Merritt's jest, some subconscious self of his that had been watching the cards very hard for a minute or two suddenly made itself dominant in his thought. Then the two selves merged into an instant and offensive one, his blue eyes blazed, and he bent abruptly forward across the wobbly, drink-stained table.

"Where'd ye turn that jack from?"

"Where's yo' eyes?" retorted the boy, for he seemed, after all, but little more. "From the pack, o' course."

Then came the lean miner's cry, that had set the ears of Keiser's populous bar tingling, and sent the crowd shoving into the narrow, open doorway?

The gun-play was over, however, before any one reached vantage ground. The two shots rang out, perceptibly quicker to an expert ear than one revolver could; and the little group thrust itself against the low-browed, creaking door in time to see the lad slowly huddling down into his chair, his head dropping forward listlessly on his breast, his own revolver dropping to the floor with a thud that set the dust dancing.

The tall stranger laid his smoking weapon gently on the table before him and began quietly to roll up the left sleeve of his flannel shirt, which was fast becoming a brighter crimson.

"If one o' you gentlemen 'ill make 'isself a committee o' one," he drawled, "I invite 'im to step forward an' act as coroner o' this 'ere shootin' bee."

Gus Simpson, the little white-haired man who ran the general store two doors up the "street," stepped out a pace from the door. "This is a hell of a mess," he said. He spoke sternly and there was a growl of assent behind him. "Now talk sharp, Murfree, and straight. The boys 'ere don' stand for the kind of a racket you may be used to down on the Panhandle."

Murfree was relieved to be called by name. He knew himself a stranger to the crowd; and strangers get ever shorter shrift; but Simpson, in thirty years' residence, had come to know by sight about every man in the great Northern Territory, stretching though it did over a thousand miles from Adelaide to Carpentaria.

Murfree pulled out a red bandanna handkerchief, and with his one usable hand and his teeth commenced to rip it into strips preparatory to binding up the wound in his arm. He did not deign even to raise his eyes to the threatening group at the door. "Look at 'is blouse," he said, briefly.

Simpson stepped over to the boy, and, after feeling a moment for sign of life, thrust his hand into his shirt. He hesitated just an instant, then his face wrinkled suddenly and grimly and he threw two cards—a king and a queen—on the table.

"Belt—t'other side," said Murfree, equally briefly, his mouth full of one end of his impromptu bandage.

Simpson found in the place indicated another king. He slowly tore the piece of pasteboard to bits and crumpled the pieces in his hand before throwing them on the floor. The action was deliberate and in silence, and there was a further moment of silence before he

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spoke. "He wouldn't have done it sober," he said then slowly and apologetically—a lame and habitual effort to uphold the honor of Corryo. "Ere! You 'old the end," he continued, oblivious for the moment of the crowd at the door. Together they bound up the flesh wound that the boy's bullet had made.

A rhythmic squeaking proceeding from the other room reminded one of the "boys" that the phonograph there had not been shut off, and was "running around the edge" at its own sweet will. Keiser thoughtfully noticed and crossed the room to turn down a smoking bracket-lamp whose reflector had been shattered by a stray bullet the night before.

The strain was relaxed, and Murfree was conscious of the change in the atmospheric tension. "I'm damn sorry," he said; "it was jes' a friendly game. But he was gettin' my dust so steady that I watched 'im."

Simpson turned slowly to the hesitant crowd silhouetted against the glare of the bar-room: they had waited for *him* to speak. "The stranger's on the right, boys," he said; "the kid got caught fair crooked." He stared for a moment through the doorway after them as they melted back into their former places; then he added, half to himself, "it's hard on MacDonald."

Murfree, patting his bandaged arm, was stooping in the corner for his hat. "Who's MacDonald?" he asked.

"His father," said the little white-haired man gently—that gentleness had won him unquestioned command of Corryo. He halted, but Murfree was standing awkwardly, and some further explanation seemed natural. "The kid was a wild one in the old country—that's why he had to leave there, they say—an' he got wilder here. The old man fought with 'im and prayed with 'im—I've seed 'im do both—an' now"— Simpson made a mute gesture to the limp figure sprawled against the table.

"I've no kid o' my own," said Murfree; "but I should surmise 'twas hard. Where is MacDonald?"

"A piece down the Mershon. He had the fashings of a scholar, had MacDonald once, wi' readings an' texts an' all. But the bush—an' the bloody sun—what with these, he's but the shell of a man now. An' I should not wonder," he added, "but this"—he gestured again with his hand—"cracked the shell."

The phonograph man had meanwhile put in another record and the strains of a chorus from "The Spring Maid" came squeaking in to them, mixed with that old scuffling of feet and clicking of pool balls.

"How much dust did you have?" asked Simpson, looking up.

"Twelve ounces—so—" He pulled out the bag.

"Then this is all yours?"

"Pretty much so."

"There you are." Simpson swept the boy's pile into it. "Your horse?"

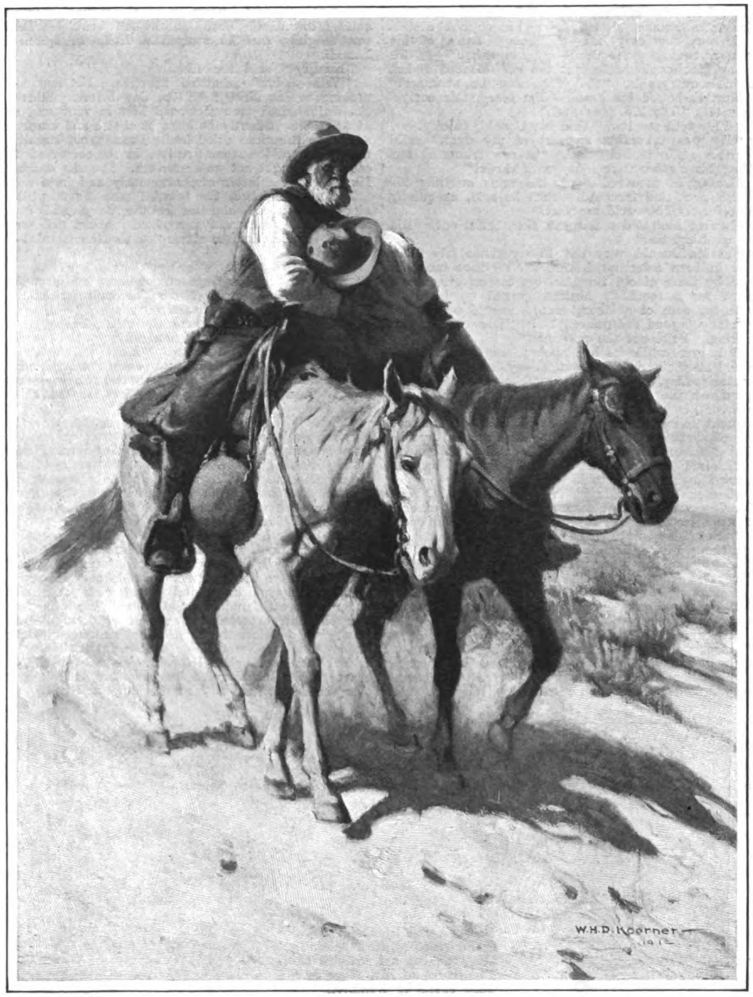
"Hitched behind."

"You're O. K. for a forty-mile ride then," said Simpson. "The boys are quiet now; but when MacDonald's 'ere—'e's Scotch, an' hard to rile; but he fights like he prays—take my advice and git!"

"Obliged to you," said Murfree, stolidly. Methodically he ejected the one empty shell and reloaded his revolver before sticking it in his belt. Then he filled his canteen from the uncorked bottle on the table and jammed his hat down firmly over his eyes.

"'Ere, this way—it's damned hard on old MacDonald." It was Simpson talking half to himself as they passed out. "Wait till you get a boy, stranger. It's the very devil when he gits to runnin' wild—if ye cares."

They were out in the warm, mellow moonlight of an Australian summer. Simpson was giving directions.



Beside him rode the other man, holding him as he lurched over

"That's all," he concluded. "An' ye take the lower fork—it's hot now but straighter—an' don't forget to water at the sink hole in the second gully."

Murfree swung himself into the saddle with a brief "Good-night!" but he had passed the last twinkling light of Corryo, where the main street straggled off into the almost indecipherable bush trail, before he heard Simpson slam the door and re-enter the saloon.

II

ONE-THIRTY next day found Murfree swaying drunkenly on a stumbling pony, a prey to the devils of delirium that come quickly in the desert in answer to a blazing December sun, utter thirst and weariness, and a blood-clotted, bandaged arm, fever-swollen, and dust-caked.

He was drifting through a yellowish gray monochrome, punctuated with little draws of wind-driven waste caught by the scraggly bush into curving windrows, and with broad pans of hard-baked clay that his pony's hoofs cracked and crunched through as though they had been cakes of slush ice. One rise, surmounted, showed but an endless monotony of others, despairingly similar. The world had become but a rolling sea of hard-baked waves of gray clay, with eddies of swirling, pulverized sand in place of wind-blown spume. Even the cheer of a definite horizon line was denied; Murfree, the appendage of a wounded arm, stumbled along in a vibrating heat haze that shut him in like a fog.

The first water-hole, and the second water-hole, he had found, and left, while the moon still hung high in the northern sky. Then came the morning, and the sun of the Capricorn, and the wind-swept tangling of the trails. The blurred vision of the fever-crazed man missed what should have been familiar marks. And though he crawled down from the patient pony, and groped with blind hands along the pitiless *arroyo* wherein noon found him, he had lost "the touch"—and knew he had lost it!—the location touch that guides men aright in the bush!

Black where the blood had run, caked gray with alkali dust, his wounded arm, swinging loose, bumped against his side as he swayed, sensation to move it dead, sensation to feel the throbbing pain of it acutely alive. But Murfree, man-grown and bush-bred, was no weakling. He gritted his teeth to keep his groans inaudible, and, dragging himself with slow difficulty again into the saddle, urged his pony forward. Only now he gave her free rein, trusting her to nose water.

But through that long afternoon the sun glared hotter, as only an Australian sun can, till the seething air made the man's ears sing and red-veined his eyes. About this time a buzzard far out on the right caught a black speck of something rocking and lurching familiarly below across the face of the desert. He signaled to a comrade miles away, and he to another and another; and they all came together above Murfree, soaring and watching. And Murfree, watching them too, and clenching his teeth still, but vainly now, to keep back the groans, with his one good arm gripped tighter the scorching pommel leather lest, swaying blindly, he should fall. Once off, he knew he could never climb back again.

So going, in late afternoon, they came together, horse and man, to a great rock in the way, whose shade, if actually near oven-hot, was at least grateful in comparison with the open. Here, of his own accord, the pony halted, his tongue hanging out and dripping like a dog's, and, turning his head at the motion, watched Murfree tumble senseless to the ground.

About an hour later another man, as lean and gaunt as Murfree himself, but larger and white-bearded, coming, head down, at a short lope along the same trail, almost stumbled upon the man who lay crumpled where he had fallen in the shadow of the rock. The ever-patient pony was still on guard over him; the only other sign of life was the buzzards circling high in the blue, and the new-comer had been too absorbed in his own meditation to notice buzzards.

Seeing Murfree now, however, he halted suddenly and swung off saddle. Bending down to him to turn him over, he saw the wounded arm, and, seeing it, he started back and staggered to his feet, his lips moving and his face working piteously. With suddenly passion-blinded eyes he walked swervingly over to his own horse and flung himself face down over the saddle, his hands clutching the saddle girths unconsciously, the tanned muscles of his neck flexing and relaxing convulsively, his whole gaunt frame shaking with some unexpressed emotion.

"Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!" he cried again and again at panting intervals, mere exclamations of mental agony spoken so low as to be hardly more than a guttural whisper, though they turned his own horse's drooping head in mute question. After a moment suddenly the man stiffened, and his gaze looked beyond the rise where they stood to where, if the heat haze had let sight of them through, the horizon's foothills would be.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him," he quoted hoarsely, brokenly, but dry-eyed, in spite of the heat shimmer of the sands. "If he thirst, give him drink."

But, for all the iterated Scriptural admonition vibrating in his consciousness, it was yet some minutes before he staggered back to Murfree, several more before his shaking fingers had forced the neck of his canteen between the latter's cracking lips, still more before the stiff whiskey sent a shudder of semi-consciousness through him.

"If he thirst, give him drink," the white-haired man repeated mechanically, as Murfree shivered with the raw liquor; "if he thirst—" But there was a poignant tang in every syllable. Yet, except for speech, he waited patiently till Murfree had regained consciousness enough to open his eyes: then, without question or comment, he helped him to his feet, and half dragged, half lifted him into his own saddle and lashed him fast there.

With the first jolt of their onward march Murfree lapsed off again into unconsciousness, and mercifully so, else the pain of those two miles of broken trail they went would have driven him crazy. Beside him rode the other man, holding him as he lurched over, holding him firmly, carefully, but unheeding, for his dry eyes were fixed on some unseen vision beyond the horizon line, and all the while the thin lips were moving, muttering.

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him," he repeated again and again, as if seeking strength in the very iteration, "if he thirst—" Once only that refrain was broken. "And he put him upon his ass," he interrupted himself suddenly, "and carried him to an inn—he did!—he did!" The old man's voice at the words rose to the cry of a man in utter torment. "He carried him to an inn." For the first time tears, unheeded, ran down his cheeks. "He carried him to an inn. But, oh God, was he a murderer? Didst thou, oh Lord, give him such a cup as he passed from Jericho?"

III

FIVE hours later, when Murfree awoke to a realization of time and place and blinked questioningly at the lighted lantern hanging on the nail opposite him, it was to find that his arm had been bathed and bandaged afresh, and to realize very shortly its and his own betterment.

His gaze wandered from the heap of blankets on

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which he lay around the little cabin. On the bunk built against the opposite wall lay another man, blanket covered, but except for the unknown sleeper he was alone.

His haven was a typical bush shack—logs chinked with turf, and a roof of tarred paper and tin-can tin, which kept out the rain during the nine months of the year when there was none, and failed to during the three months of the rainy reason when nothing could. Furniture and bunks were of packing-box boards, as was the shelf in the corner with—unusual luxury—no less than nine books. Murfree counted them. His gaze took in everything—familiar enough—and then reverted to the motionless man opposite him: he could see his form plainly through the blankets; but he was evidently a light breather, for Murfree, try as he might, could not see that he stirred.

Scarcely, however, had he taken in so much of his surroundings ere a bearded man, coatless and hatless, burst in, leaving the outer door open behind him, and the draught from it made the flame rise and fall in the lantern with resulting shadows swaying athwart the room. Silently Murfree watched him as he, heedless of his newer guest, stalked over to the cot and knelt on the floor beside it, his whole frame torn with great shuddering, stifled sobs. The sight of his grief shot Murfree's brain into full consciousness, and with curious questioning interest he watched him. Not, however, till the other, rising from his knees, turned a haggard face toward the side of the room where he lay, did Murfree venture to speak. He raised himself up on his sound elbow.

"What's the trouble, pard?" he said. "Kin I 'elp ye?"

At the sound of his voice the white-haired stranger turned like a flash, his features working spasmodically, and distorted with what Murfree knew was the blood-lust which grips men unasking. Instinctively he reached for his revolver; his belt was empty. Murfree's heart sank to find it gone; but after that brief second of passion the old man's eyes cleared.

"Where am I?" asked Murfree, tentatively, still on his elbow and following every move the other made.

"On the Mershon River trail," answered the latter, shortly.

"Near the river?"

"No, a couple miles from Corryo. My sheep range all the way from here to the river."

Two miles from Corryo! Murfree's mind was too full of that to hear the other's concluding sentence. Two miles! His fifty-mile ride through moonlight and sun-heat had then only rounded a circle.

"An' what's your name?" added Murfree. "I've ye to thank, it looks, an' I don't know yer face."

"My name"—the old man's eyes burned like hot coals at the question—"they call me Jock MacDonald," he said. "What's yours, stranger?"

Murfree for some reason had half expected the reply; yet, for all that, the sound of the name made his spirit sink back, limp, within him. For the improbable had become reality, and he who had fled MacDonald's anger had fled in his delirium straight into his arms. What MacDonald's will might be Murfree could surmise only by the custom of the bush and by the look of hate which had flamed momentarily into the old man's eyes, yet certainly here in his lonely shack he could wreak it as he would.

If concealment be useless, daring is commendable. "I'm Murfree," he said in answer to MacDonald's question, sliding his feet off the bunk, "Sam Murfree, of the Beit River washings."

The locational phrase was a sheer bravado of which Murfree was seldom guilty. As he spoke it he saw the old man's hand twitch nervously toward the revolver slung on his hip, while the veins on his temples stood out like pale-blue wires. And at the sight Murfree, unarmed though he was, felt his head clearing; and as MacDonald's nerveless hand fumbled toward a draw, he laid off with his eye the three jumps between him and the open door that spelled a long chance of safety.

But when MacDonald, after that half moment of climacteric strain, drew his revolver, it was only to hesitate and then to lay it down on the slab table before him.

"Do they punish murder in the Beit River country, Murfree?" he asked slowly, and his emphasis was cruelly long on the double "mur."

"Yes," the miner's dry tongue passed nervously and with difficulty over his dryer lips.

"How?" The queried word was soft and purring, a cat's word, a cat's tone.

"With a rope," said Murfree, bluntly, something of his old coolness coming back to him, "with a rope, not a gun."

"It takes two with a rope," said MacDonald, and he fingered again the grips of the loaded revolver, "and I am alone, an old man, ye see"—his voice became bitter and hard—"and alone!"

Murfree laughed hollowly, raising himself again in the bunk, but the mockery of his laugh was belied by the pallor of his face through the tan. "But you said to punish murder, stranger," he cried, "not to commit it."

"Murder—good God!" MacDonald's voice broke away from his rigid control, and for the second time the tears started slowly down his seamed cheeks. "He was my only son—the bonnie bairn of his mither, twenty years dead—my ain bairn." In his agony MacDonald broke into the long disused dialect of his country side. "An' ye, ye shot 'im, stranger!"

Murfree bowed his head. "I'm sorry, fair sorry," he said. "The kid drew first."

"They told me that," said MacDonald, quietly.

"He was trimming me out of my dust," cried Murfree again in his defense, "a raw trimming too. Why, his clothes were lousy with cards!"

MacDonald breathed hard, the veins swelling big in his neck and forehead. Then he said, as quietly as before, "They told me that."

Murfree hesitated a moment, then broke out, "Did ye ask Simpson?"

But MacDonald, very tall, his eyes suddenly flashing, in turn interrupted him. "'Ye have heard it said by them of old time, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'" Murfree jerked up his head with the oath of a strong man, cornered and baited mentally beyond endurance. "Hell!" he cried, "quit talking. Ye've got the pull now."

But, even while he had spoken, MacDonald's eyes had lost their fire. "'But I say unto you,'" he quoted, softly, "'but I say unto you'—" He did not finish the phrase. He did not even notice Murfree, or his passionate outburst; his whole gaze and thought seemed fixed on the motionless body beneath the blankets of the further cot. So absorbed was he that Murfree, slipping his feet stealthily to the floor, again laid off with his eye that distance between himself and the threshold.

MacDonald's voice broke in upon him again, MacDonald's voice, in that same gentle monotony of quotation, directed neither toward him nor the dead man.

"'But I say unto you,'" he said, continuing the familiar words, unfamiliar though they were to Murfree, "'but I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray'"—MacDonald's voice broke utterly, but he went on—"'and pray for them that hate you, and despitefully use you and persecute you.'"

His words died away into a hoarse whisper, a choking, rebellious acquiescence, starting the tears of agony down his grizzled cheeks afresh. Murfree watched him curiously, his chance for escape momentarily halted by the other's emotion. When, after a moment's pause, the old man turned and spoke to him, Murfree had not moved from his place by the bunk.

"Ye—ye feel better?" MacDonald said with difficult and unwonted gentleness.

The question and the change of tone startled Murfree's self-possession more than a gun-shot would have; but he strove to answer in kind. "Oh, I'm chipper enough now," he said; and to prove it he strode, albeit a trifle unsteadily, across the room.

The other watched him listlessly. Murfree saw his hat lying on the rough slab table beside the revolver; eyed the latter; then thought better of the first idea that sprang to his mind. He put on his hat, however, every moment expectant of a quick and fatal change in the other's mood; then, after an instant's hesitation, seeing that the mood seemed to persist, started awkwardly to mumble some thanks to the silent, self-absorbed man facing the table. That this man before him, strange in manner though he was, had saved his life, he knew; but as he started to speak the other's face darkened again and he cut in on him roughly.

"Kin ye ride again now?"

"Yes," said Murfree.

"Your mare's hobbled outside, an' your canister's filled."

Stung to inward question by his host's previous veiled threats and present surly hospitality, Murfree started toward the door; but he felt weak, his head was singing, and he swayed a little in spite of himself.

"Hungry?" said the other.

"Well—a bit," admitted Murfree. He had had nothing to eat since noon the day before. Silently the white-haired man motioned him to wait and sit at the table. Silently he brought cheese and crackers and some American dried beef. From a pot standing in the rear of the stone fireplace in one corner of the cabin he brought hot water for tea. Then he watched Murfree as the latter ate, ravenously and in silence.

The meal finished, the bearded man went out behind him, helped him saddle the pony, and even thrust a paper sack with more food into his "slicker" pocket. Again Murfree attempted to utter a word of thanks.

"Don't! Damn ye, shut up!" flared the other in an anger that had a tinge of poignancy too deep for any words, too deep for Murfree's comprehension.

"But why?" he was puzzled.

"To-night," half whispered the other, hoarsely. "I couldn't do any other way to-night."

A light broke over Murfree. "Hell! 'tis Christmas Eve, ain't it?" His hand was on the mare's neck, but he turned in unconvinced hesitation as he swung away. "An' ye let me go jes'—jes' for that?" he said.

"That?" The other lifted his eyes upward, and Murfree could see in the moonlight that there were tears standing in them. "Why, it's that spirit I tried all my life to give the bairn," he said, "all my life—but I was strong and impatient, and he was weak, an'—I failed. Now it's 'im that watches lest I spill my cup. Sore as it is, dare I fail 'im now, stranger? Could I fail 'im to-night?"

Still Murfree, watching him, hesitated uneasily. Then he realized that MacDonald already no longer saw him at all; his eyes were fixed again on that distant, unseen horizon line. Unable to understand, Murfree muttered an utterly inadequate expression under his breath, and lifted his reins. While he rode away he half expected to hear the crack of the old man's gun and feel the burn of his lead in his back; but he did not. Nevertheless, that look that had stood in his eyes as Murfree left him gripped the latter's heart till he had spurred his pony far out of sight over the desert rises toward the Mershon River.

MUSIC

BY W. T. LARNED

When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young
They had no "Götterdämmerung."
No Damrosch, Flonzaley quartet,—
No violin, no clarinet,
No Händel, Bach, no pianist,
Beethoven, Bizet, Brahms, or Liszt,
No Symphonies, nor any fellow
Could scrape acquaintance with a 'cello.
And, though the Muses numbered nine,
They had no Oscar Hammerstein.

'Twas Pan who made "the music bleed"
With nothing but an oaten reed,
While Orpheus, in a sylvan dell,
Played to the stones upon a shell.
In groves and glades, by rills and rocks,
The shepherds fluted to their flocks.
(*Sans* critics, music slept till—ha!
The critic's born: a lamb cries, "Bah!")

Courageous lamb! Such reedy music
Would doubtless make both me and you sick.
Phœbus Apollo and his lyre
Could not recruit a village choir.
She of the double-flute—Euterpe,
Seemed, o'er the wine-cups, rather chirpy;

But *now* the Dionysi-a
Could scarcely fill a *cabaret*.
'Tis true I'm not inclined to cheer
The scores of Mr. Meyerbeer,
That opera by Donizetti
Bears a resemblance to confetti,
And that I simply cannot kotow
Before the sugared shrine of Flotow,
While sounds attributed to Cohan
Wring from my anguished soul a groan;
And music made by Dr. Strauss
Seems, as it were, rough (opera) house:
Yet I give thanks for Wagner—Ach!
For Rubinstein and Offenbach,
Operas and other things by Mozart
(Mendelssohn, too, is one who knows art),
And that immortal work—er—you know—
The Gretchen episode by Gounod.
Or when the bill's "Bohème" (Puccini)—
Conducted by C. Campanini,
It's good to hear the glasses clink
A toast to "Hänsel" Humperdinck;
I've split my gloves in praise of Verdi—
Unhackneyed by the hurdy-gurdy.

And so I'm glad I live to-day
Where batons wave along Broadway.

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BOB-O-LOO

By JANE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED by GAYLE HOSKINS

BOB-O-LOO stood on the tips of his unsteady brown toes and peeped into the doorway. It was the first time he had been on such intimate terms with a schoolroom and he thought it marvelous.

It was night outside where he was, but he could see everything plainly inside. There was a grown-up girl with pink cheeks, and there were many small boys and girls. Also, a man who laughed a great deal. He had the largest and whitest teeth Bob-o-loo had ever seen; he hoped he would have some just like them when he was big.

A big pepper-tree grew right out of the floor, and there were bags of things around. It was wonderful. Particularly to a small boy who has lived all the eight years of his life in a wickiup on the Indian reservation, and who has slept every night with the big purple sky for his roof.

Finally, Bob-o-loo leaned far into the doorway forgetful of everything, even of Urô, who was waiting for him to come back to the camp.

The man saw him at once. "Well, hello, pardner!" he said, and laughed again in a large, friendly fashion.

The girl with pink cheeks ran toward them. "A new scholar for you," said the man.

Bob-o-loo was embarrassed. "Me go," he said.

"So you savvy English?" asked the man.

Bob-o-loo nodded. He had learned a little American from the white people to whom he sold beads and baskets.

"Come over here with me, dear," said the girl.

But he hung back. One of the boys near the tree turned to a little girl and said something, giggling. Bob-o-loo squared back his shoulders and followed after the teacher.

"You mustn't be afraid, honey."

"No 'fraid!" said Bob-o-loo, with an eye fixed on the giggling boy.

"Where do you hail from, anyhow?" asked the man.

"Agua Caliente. With Urô. Me go now," he ended, hopefully.

"We'll let him help around with us, Jim; the little thing looks lonesome. And to-morrow's Christmas."

"Savvy Christmas?" Jim asked.

"Ithmuth?" Bob-o-loo said, with a reckless attempt to appropriate the new word.

They both smiled, but discreetly, lest their guest be offended.

Jim stood looking down at the new-comer. Bob-o-loo's thick, dark hair was clipped even at the shoulder, Indian fashion, but it was not the oily, straight hair of the papoose; it was glossy and a wave ran through it. His eyes were gray, a wistful, clear gray in his little brown face.

"Well, Panama," Jim said at last, "want to know why that tree's growing out of the floor?"

Bob-o-loo waited, his eyes shining.

"You tell him, Nora—it's beyond me."

Miss Nora took one of Bob-o-loo's grimy little hands and drew him toward her. "That's a Christmas tree, dear. Once upon a time a little baby was born on this day. And when he grew up he was such a great man that everybody wanted to be just like him."

"Big chief," said Bob-o-loo, much interested.

"Yes. And now, to show him that we love him, we give presents on his birthday."

This was too complicated for Bob-o-loo; besides, he was looking at the giggling boy who was edging nearer—in a rather insulting fashion, Bob-o-loo thought.

"It ought to be a spruce tree—but out here in Arizona it has to be anything we can find."

But Bob-o-loo was not listening; he was measuring glances with the oncoming boy. It was a silently understood match between them as to who could stare the longest without looking away.

". . . So everybody gives something away, you see."

"But it can't be any ol' sumpin," said the boy, who had come up defeated because he had stumbled over his foot at the crucial moment. "But you allus get sumpin back for it, so it don't matter."

"Billy!" said Miss Nora.

Bob-o-loo sidled toward the new arrival, and they began an earnest conversation. But his sudden friendship for Billy was superficial; he tolerated him because he obviously possessed great wisdom. He knew from the Indians that one must never forget nor forgive a wrong; he was waiting till he had him safely on the other side of the tree.

Miss Nora and Jim watched them from across the desks.

"Isn't that kid a great one, Nora?"

"He's not really a white child, is he?"

"I dun'no'. I'm going to find out. And I'm going in to buy some Christmas junk for him, first thing in the morning."

"Did you send off those other presents—and did you write to the folks back home?"

"Wrote to everybody."

"Have you heard from Lacey yet?"

A shadow went over Jim's face. "I reckon something's happened to Lacey. All the others wrote back, but he didn't. It was the first time I'd heard from that bunch in ten years. . . ."

It was late before Bob-o-loo's chance came with Billy alone. He had been helping decorate the tree, and had forgotten all about Urô, who was now quite drunk and in an evil temper, and he had absorbed facts about Yuletide that would have made Miss Nora gasp.

He was standing on tiptoe beside Billy, trying to seem equally tall and important. "Now!" he cried, suddenly. "Lick you, Bil-lee!" He charged at him like a small, indignant bull, head down.

Billy capsized with a crash, Bob-o-loo gloriously astride him.

"Now—laugh at—me!" Bob-o-loo gasped, between earnest punches with his tight fists.

"Lemme up!" howled Billy.

"Say 'You welcome,'" Bob-o-loo commanded, having confused these words with the apology he craved. He seized Billy's ears, which were convenient.

Billy yelped with anguish. "You're—you're welcome," he cried. "You Injun!"

Whereat Bob-o-loo had further ambitions to maltreat him. But at that moment Jim lifted him by the back of the shirt and stood him on his feet to face Miss Nora.

"I'm surprised," she said very quietly, but Bob-o-loo's heart sank.

"You welcome," he said, softly, eager to make it right with her.

Jim patted his shoulder, then he took his hand away because he had to look at his watch. "Eleven!" he said, astonished, and Bob-o-loo stood up on a seat to see what it was all about. Jim let him hold the watch and look at it, but it was unsatisfactory, because it was on a chain, like a dog.

"Children!" Miss Nora called. They all came running to crowd around her, and it appeared that it was not a night-school, but a special occasion.

"Want me to give you a ride home, young warrior?" Jim asked.

"Me walk." His face was suddenly overcast at the thought of Urô.

"You'll be sure and come along back for those presents to-morrow night?"

"Me come back." He looked up into Jim's face for the smile that he knew would be there. "Me come back," he repeated, earnestly; then he darted across the room and out of the door.

When he came to the hill that overlooked the camp he lay face down on the ground and listened to Urô padding around the camp-fire in his moccasins. There was something terrifying in the soft steps; they were slow and unsteady. Bob-o-loo could feel his heart beating in the roof of his mouth. He shivered as he stood up and the dew from a shaken mesquite scattered over him.

When he went down to the camp, Urô asked no questions. He had told Bob-o-loo to be at the camp on his return; since he was not, he was to be given a beating. But Urô had drunk a great deal of the white man's firewater, and he was tired, so the punishment was given with the flat of his hands instead of with the bridle reins, as usual.

When Urô let him go, Bob-o-loo crouched down in the mesquite and tried to forget his bruises in remembering about Jim. He sat there for a long time, too frightened to sleep.

"We go," said Urô, finally. "It nears the dawn. Make ready the camp."

Bob-o-loo ran around as he was bidden, hurrying, afraid to ask where they were going. It could not be that they were starting back to Agua Caliente; it was ninety miles across the desert, as the white men reckon distance. Surely, surely they would not go back to the reservation before he could see Jim. Besides, there was that little matter about Billy, who laughed too much.

He loaded the two ponies in an agony of doubt. A hundred times the question trembled on his lips, but he would look at Urô, heavy-lidded by the fire, and would grow afraid.

Urô climbed up on his pony slowly and with none too much sureness, and Bob-o-loo jumped up behind the pack that saddled the roan. They went down the road at a trot, and even before they turned into the desert road Bob-o-loo knew that it was to be a long journey, for Urô was saving the ponies. They stopped at a water-hole and filled the ollas.

There was no longer any doubt. Bob-o-loo wanted to cry, but he could not, because he was a brave, not a squaw.

Over in the east, the rim of the sun was above the desert like a big golden eye. The blue mist lifted slowly and softly from the sand like veils blown before the wind. The smell of the wet sage-brush was very sweet. Urô nodded drowsily, bent forward over his pony's neck. Bob-o-loo looked at him riding ahead, and he thought that his back was big and strong like the back of a horse. He wished that he were like that. Then he could turn back without question. He dreamed hopelessly of some miracle that would happen and save him. But the gods were not smiling; the shadows narrowed under the cactus, and the dust stung his face.

They stopped when the sun was high above their heads, and Urô bade him build a fire and cook. After eating, Urô demanded the white man's canteen from the pack. When it was opened a sweet, sickish odor mingled with the smell of the brush fire. Bob-o-loo's heart beat faster; the gods were no longer cross with him.

Urô stretched himself out on the sand, the canteen beside him, so Bob-o-loo sat down by one of the ponies and wriggled his toes and fingers to make shadows of lizards and Gila monsters on the sand. He counted the times that the canteen traveled to Urô's mouth until it was ten times; then he had to stop, not knowing the greater numbers.

When they started again, Urô had to make two attempts before he could get up on his pony's back. Bob-o-loo fell into line, seeing with joy that he still carried the canteen. He waited for Urô's head to drop forward on his chest as he had never waited for anything in his life.

When the cactus shadows pointed toward the east, he rode up beside the brave—a thing which took great courage. He seemed to be asleep, but Bob-o-loo knew that he was crafty and saw many things that were behind him; so he gently lifted the empty canteen and held it to his nose. Reassured, he dropped back into place and watched Urô's shoulder muscles relaxed under his shirt. If the brave were tormenting him he would know by the uncontrollable twitching of those muscles. It was such things that the squaws had taught him.

He slid softly to the ground, timing his steps with those of his pony so that they could not be heard. He unfastened the smaller olla and slung it across his shoulders. Then he fell back, slowly, silently; the figure ahead grew smaller and smaller till it was lost against the distant sky. Then Bob-o-loo turned around and ran, forgetful that he must save his strength, forgetful of everything save that he was going back to Jim and that he must go fast, fast. The hoof-marks were still fresh in the sand and he ran along in them, with an instinct to cover up his footprints. He stopped once to get a drink of water, gulping it down.

He came to the tank where they had filled the ollas, and he ran to it and scooped up a handful of water.

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A coyote yelped behind a clump of ironwood, and the sound startled him so that he spilled the water and ran on faster than ever. The time seemed to go very slowly, but at that it went so fast that he could keep no account of it. If he heard a strange noise he darted behind a mesquite—they were all higher than his head—and hid there, his heart in his throat.

The sun went down below the desert, and a gray vapor drifted over the sand. Bob-o-loo began to be afraid—it was such a big place; it made him feel so little. He had never been afraid before, but then he had never been out in the middle of the desert alone before. He was ashamed of it, and tried to remember about Jim and be courageous. If he were afraid, he would get lost on the sand—any brave will tell you that—because the gods hide their faces behind the clouds and will not look down on a coward, and anything may happen behind the backs of the gods.

Things began to grow confused in Bob-o-loo's mind, and he could only run for a little way. Every time a coyote called, or a lizard scuttled into the underbrush, he thought that Urô must be coming after him. . . . He drank too much water because it made him forget that he was hungry. He kept trying to remember that he was going back to take Jim a present. It was the one valuable thing that Bob-o-loo owned—for a present must not be a worthless possession. He had it sewed into the middle of his bead belt; the old squaw had done that for him long ago. He felt for it every little while to be sure that it was safe. He was going to give Miss Nora the blue beads that were looped around his neck under his shirt; the old squaw had woven them for him, and the little god of the desert water had blessed them. No harm could come to Miss Nora while they were hers. He would try and save enough water in the olla to wash them outside the schoolhouse; then they would shine.

It seemed very black, and the ironwood rattled together. . . . He got down on his hands and knees to feel for the hoof-marks. The olla slid around on his back and toppled to the ground. Bob-o-loo did not know that the precious water was gone until he felt the wet sand under his feet. He reached out for it and tried to save it, but the olla was broken.

Then he ran on, blindly, too afraid of the dark to lift his eyes from the ground. A little wind moved in the tops of the bushes; eddies of sand began to whirl up before him. He went as fast as he could to get away from it, for he knew what it meant. Would he be too late—would they all be gone? Was it present day to-morrow, or must it be only to-night? He thought of the big red paper bells on the tree. . . .

He saw the lights of the schoolhouse far away and flickering. The sandstorm from the desert shook the great branches of the trees above his head. His feet were heavy, but he could not stop. His mouth ached. . . .

A light went out in the window of the schoolroom. Was he too late? He began to stumble, and the tears crowded up behind his lashes, but being a brave he had to wink them back. The lights seemed to get farther and farther away. He had to lie down. . . .

In the schoolroom, littered with colored tissue-paper and bits of gay red ribbon, Miss Nora sat with Jim, talking.

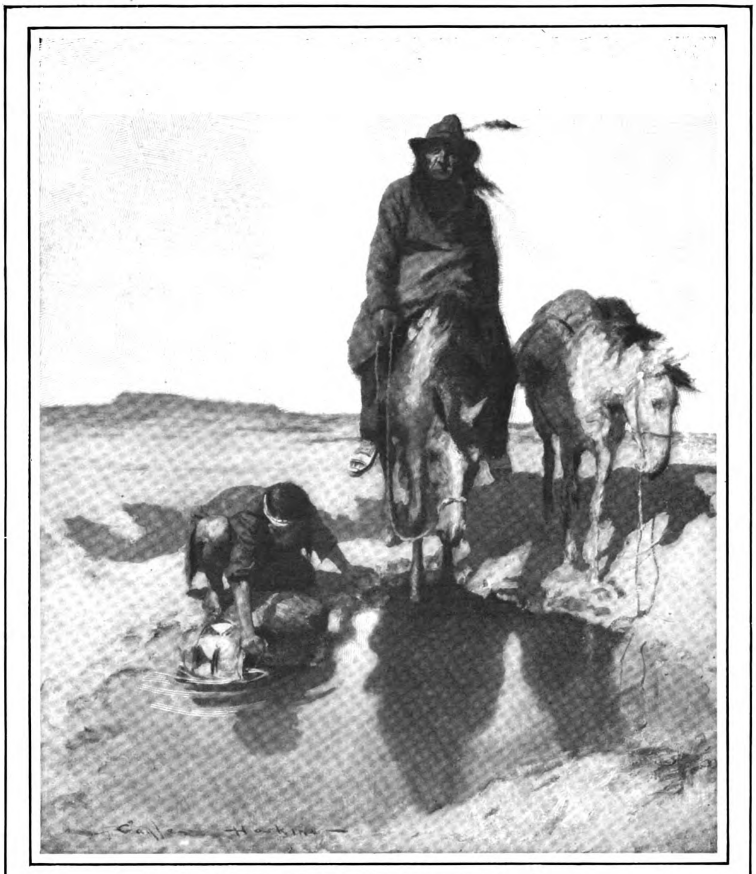
"I'm afraid all this is foolishness," she was saying again. "The youngsters have been gone nearly an hour and here we are, still waiting."

"I just feel like that spunky little thing is going to turn up, Nora. It's a hunch—and I don't believe in going contrary to hunches."

"What a blessed baby he was—not a bit like the rest of these little Indians out here."

"That kid's not Injun. He's a half-breed, maybe—did you notice the way his fingers come to a point?"

"Then it's not all hopeless for him—there's some sort of a chance for him?"



They stopped at a water-hole and filled the ollas

"Hopeless nothing! There's all the chance in the world. He's as smart as a whip. I'm a good mind to take him in hand myself, and educate him. A boy's got to have education these days, out here. I can't seem to get that kid out of my head—he took an awful hold on me. He said he'd come back. He said it and he meant it."

"We've been over all this a hundred times to-night, Jim; let's talk about something else now," she said, gently. "You're all worried."

Jim took her hand and patted it with a quiet, proprietary air that showed it was not too new a privilege. "It was a great party. You liked it, dear? I wish that kid could 'a' seen it," he added, promptly forgetting what was expected of him.

Miss Nora smiled a tired, happy smile, such as all grown folks seem to have at the Yuletide. "It was even better than being at home, where all the youngsters are used to it."

"We've been too busy out in this country for Christmases—Fourth of July was enough. But now, with churches and things around . . . But when Vinegar Bill and Lazy Charlie and Lacey and me . . ."

Outside there was a faint scratching on the closed door. The handle turned. Miss Nora stood up, very white, her hands at her throat. The door opened, and Bob-o-loo pitched into the room.

Jim ran to him and gathered him up in his arms. "You came back—you came back, ol' man," he kept saying. It was Miss Nora who bathed the dusty little face and forced some water between the clenched teeth.

Bob-o-loo opened his eyes dreamily. He looked up, and when he saw Jim bending above him he tried to smile; but his lips were dry and parched. Miss Nora gave him another dipper of water, but she made him drink slowly, which was terrible.

Bob-o-loo struggled to sit up in Jim's arms. He felt around in his belt and brought out the treasured present. He laid it in Jim's hand: an old battered silver watch, the crystal long since gone. A rusty key dangled by a black cord.

"Prethent," said Bob-o-loo. He looked over the edge of the dipper, his eyes round and bright. Then he laid the dipper on the floor, not knowing what else to do with it. He tugged at his shirt and, opening it, brought out the treasured beads.

"Not wash," he explained. "No water."

And Bob-o-loo thought that she didn't like them, because she began to cry.

She ran and brought an armful of things from under the tree. When she gave them to Bob-o-loo he straightway forgot that he was a brave and gasped with wonder. There was a stetson like Jim's; a whistle such as even Billy had never seen; clothes, which he promptly laid aside as uninteresting; countless marbles—some mottled ones, some red ones, then blue and every color; and—

Jim suddenly pulled him closer against him, and Bob-o-loo's dusty feet made many more tracks on some brand-new corduroy trousers. Jim tipped up the little brown face and studied it for a long time.

"Where'd you get that watch, pardner?"

But Bob-o-loo had more important matters to hand. "Lick Bil-lee—'morrow!" he answered.

Miss Nora knelt down beside them, and Bob-o-loo was all tangled up in packages and arms.

"You blessed baby!—you had a terrible time getting here!" She put her hands on either side of his face. "Are you going to love me, Bob'loo, honey?"

"Love us," Jim amended. "And now—where did you get that watch, ol' man?"

"Father—him dead. Him give it me."

Jim sat silent, his breathing so heavy that Bob-o-loo turned in his arms to look up at him. Jim gave Miss Nora the battered watch. "We've got news of Lacey at last. Say, Bob—" he said, but he could not finish it.

"Love all," said Bob-o-loo, harking back to the original question. He made a large, sleepy gesture. "Not Bil-lee. Mer' 1thmuth!"

THE LAST LAUGHTER

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

To-night there's laughter in the eyes of Death.
Dance on, drink on: there's yet another night
Before he cloister up our leaping breath,
And over our heads draw down the cerecloths white.

To-night my love shall have my lips to kiss,
When the moon lifts beyond the carven stone,
And all the temple serpents rouse and hiss,
And none else wakes, save I and love alone.

I will put by my chains of emerald,
I will unclasp the rubies from my hair,
And past the dance-hall and the sleeping scald
I will slip noiselessly with my feet bare.

The serpents will not touch me, for they know
I am more fair than they and not less wise,
And even more swift and silent; yet I go
Through perils, that my love may see mine eyes.

Even at midnight, when the moon is up,
I will go through the gates with eager breath.
My love shall have my lips for his wine-cup.
To-night there's laughter in the eyes of Death.

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The Gentler View

BY FLORIDA PIER

PERFUNCTORY CHRISTMAS

It would be interesting to know why we no longer like Christmas. That we do not like it might as well be admitted. Its religious significance is hardly associated with it, and Christmas is recognized as one of the things that must be treated with firm intelligence so that it will give the smallest amount of annoyance. It is reduced, when possible, to the issuing of engraved cards. Children, with their instinctive good manners, lend themselves to pretty pretenses, show a hearty, appropriate greediness for gifts, and make overeating seem mischievous instead of gross. The grown people openly balk. They want to get themselves what they want when they need it, and they object thoroughly to waiting for a prescribed day in the year when some one else will buy them what they do not want. No one wants to be surprised, no one wants another person to choose his possessions, no one wants to invent a want and pretend to be pleased at having it filled; nor do people want to go without something they want very much, just so that it may be given them months later on a day set aside for giving.

Small families feel sad at their smallness on this one day, old people are depressed by their age, and big families are rendered frenzied at their bigness. They do not enjoy being together at any other time of the year, without the leavening effect of outsiders, so why should they at the one time when one is supposed to be merriest indulge in the very kind of midday-dinner, regular-family-worry occasion that oppresses them most? Having been born cousins is no guarantee of congeniality, and, Christmas being a time when likes are set aside and ties over which one has no control are made prominent, it is small wonder that grim patience takes the place of merriment.

Whether enthusiasm ever came merely because the occasion was seemly for its arrival it is difficult to say. Nowadays we like above all else to choose, and to choose according to our latest development. The stereotyped puts us in an ill humor. Combined with the expectation that we should be happy we are permitted to do none of the things we like and are supposed at the same time to keep at a high pitch of glee through a succession of all that irritates us most. We cannot see the people we like on that day because they are with their cousins and aunts just as we are. If you are alone you are utterly miserable, if you are in the midst of people you are tortured. If you work you hate yourself for doing so crabbed a thing. If you play with the children's toys and eat their candy and read the Christmas magazines you are unable to respect yourself for hours afterward. If circumstances permit and you and the human being nearest you treat Christmas with what you claim as high-handed originality, each paying half of a mutually desired present, and then on the twenty-fourth go off for a three days' walking tour, you may have a wholly delightful time, but on honestly looking it over you both feel truants. What you had was somehow not Christmas, and there is at the bottom of your pleasure a little sediment of gloom. Ministers, newspapers, charitable people remind you at this season that poor people are poorer, hungry people hungrier, homeless children more homeless; and the result of the many ingredients of the holiday, taken all in all, is a lump in one's surprised and unsympathetic throat.

If we could learn not to expect to be so happy we might achieve the result of not being so downhearted. We are quite unreasonable. A sore throat or cold or sprained ankle on Christmas Day seems calamitous, and principally because of our strong sense that it is against the right order of things. We want all natural laws to be suspended on that one day, and, as they are not, the result is that never do they seem so heavy. If Christmas has been found to be universally against the modern conception of happiness, what a pity that we cannot create a day of different customs; customs which will be the outcome of some natural spring in us. Let us leave Christmas to its beautiful origin and sweep away the flat festivities with which we have littered it, and for a fête day have something else, something about which we can be natural and spontaneous and excited. It seems as though, if we are at all worth our salt, we must know what would make us happy, and that our very want would take form and mold an irreproachable festal day. Is it that we do not want to make merry, or just that we do not want to make merry in a particular way at a particular time and in company with all the rest of the world; or is it after all that what the majority still want is Christmas, not as it is put as it should be?

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"Finally, Mother suggested that I try Grape-Nuts, and I began at once, eating it with a little cream or milk. A change for the better began at once.

"To-day I am well, and am gaining weight and strength all the time. I've gained 10 lbs. in the last five weeks and do not suffer any more indigestion, and the rheumatism is all gone.

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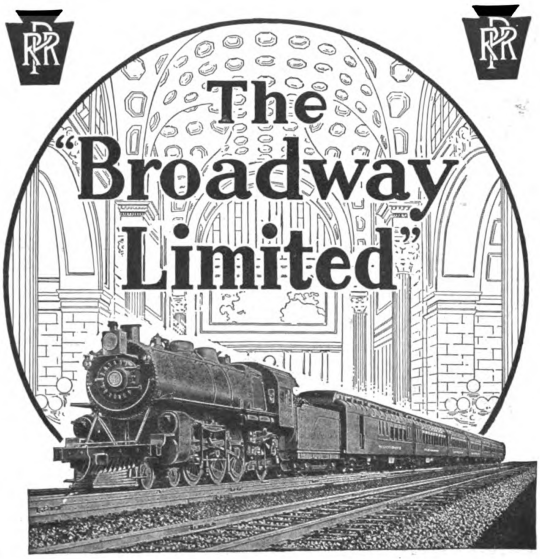
A Buoy's Long Voyage

On September 13, 1911, there was picked up on the beach at Cullivoe, Papastour, in the north of Scotland, a life buoy, battered and stained, bearing the inscription, "Passed by J. Guthrie, San Francisco, California, June 1, 1905."

The vessel *Stanley Dollar* was wrecked off the west coast of Japan in August, 1905, and the buoy, whose history is bound up with that of the ship, must have been floating in the ocean currents for six years until it landed in Scotland. Whether it went around the Horn or through the Northwest Passage or down by Australasia and around the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic will, of course, always remain a matter of doubt and conjecture. This buoy is said to hold the "world's record" for drifting the longest distance. It was six years on the way from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic and must have been washed into many a strange port before it was picked up on the Scotch island.



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AN INTERRUPTED CHRISTMAS

DRAWN BY F STROTHMANN

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Oriental Rugs

ORIENTAL rugs, so-called, are classified in five divisions: Turkish, Caucasian, Persian, Turcoman, and Indian. The best authorities seem to be agreed that that style wherein the unit of ornament seems to be of paramount importance is found in the Turkish division. Geometric design marks the second or Caucasian, and distinctly floral ornament the Persian division, while the octagon and medallion are elaborately worked out in the fourth or Turcoman. The fifth or Indian division lends itself most lavishly to tiny details in the elaboration of even the large structural patterns that cover great spaces with minute tracery.

There is a simple means of determining whether a given rug is really of the great age that helps to make it valuable. Draw out a woof thread from the rug and try to straighten it; the "kink" will remain in it even after weeks of soaking in water.

The Turkish rug patterns show certain peculiarities of a talismanic form, woven in as charms against the evil eye. The "Mecca" rug, which is occasionally seen in the Occident, is often an heirloom of great value, a thing of beauty made for the use of a pilgrim on his way to the sacred city. Experts sometimes carelessly give the impression, in speaking of a "genuine Mecca," that these rugs are made in that city. There is a tradition to the effect that the "Gorevan" rug of Persia, a popular weave with Western buyers, found its wonderfully beautiful background in the effort of a certain weaver to imitate the sky and its drifting clouds.

Certain of the most exquisite rugs of Persia are decorated with Arabic characters forming sentences from the Koran or poetical quotations.

The dyes employed in the coloring of the materials that go to make up Oriental rugs have always been the despair of Westerners. We are told of one strange method of making the dyes of ancient days. It seems that in some places the custom prevailed of making holes in the beds of brooks during the dry season, in which, when the rain fell, all sorts of vegetable and mineral substance were deposited and left to act upon one another until the dry season arrived, when the contents of the holes were removed by the dyers, who, grinding all together indiscriminately, made shades that vied with the pigeon's breast in beauty and with the clouds of sunset in variety.

Some Color Effects

RED is the king color. The bull is not the only animal that resents red. The elephant, the horse, the dog, the rooster are all alike in this respect. It is enough, for example, to cover the doors and skylights of a kennel with some red material to cause incessant barking and commotion among the dogs confined. A spider and a wasp, confined in a glass case, got on very happily together until a red cloth was placed against the sides, when the insects tackled each other at once and a fight to the death took place.

Of all bright colors red is the favorite among primitive peoples. It excites to violence in flags and uniforms. There is the red coat of the British soldier and the red trousers of French infantry. Red is the emblem of domination in politics and religion. The cardinal and doctor of divinity have their red robes. On the other hand, red has replaced green in one respect as a restful color. At the Delhi Durbar red umbrellas were preferred to green as an effective sunshade.

Blue has a minor influence. Curiously enough, it appears only to affect the cat in the same way that red affects other animals. Humanity has a respect for blue, which is the cloak of heaven. In legends and in fairy tales it is the good little boy, destined to make a hit in life and marry a princess, who is described or pictured as clothed in blue, while a red blouse serves for the bad boy, of whom no good is expected.

Violet is a most depressing color. To live continually in a room papered and upholstered in violet is sufficient, it is said, to cause insanity. The late Edward VII. had a passion for dark blue and found his mental outlook much improved by hangings of this color.

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The University of Humanity

AN interesting description of the scope of the training institution for Salvation Army officers which it is hoped shortly to erect in London was given recently by General Bramwell Booth. This "university of humanity" is to cost $1,000,000 and will accommodate two hundred men and there hundred women. According to present plans, the college will consist of a collection of simple buildings holding fifty inmates each and grouped round a central building in which will be a kitchen, dining-rooms, and lecture-halls. Members of the college will do all domestic work except that a cook or two will be employed.

Training will be both educational and practical. Future officers will be taught the elements of history and geography, the principles of religion and of army organization, in addition to a knowledge of shorthand and accounts. Practical training will include active work in the slums, at the shelters and homes, and in prisons and hospitals.

A year's course at college will, it is believed, give men and women an insight into slum life that will enable them to continue the good work. The college will be open to foreigners who have been deputed by army representatives abroad on account of their special aptitude. The living expenses of these strangers will be covered by the local organizations that sent them, and they will follow the same course of training as the others.

Good results, the general added, could only be obtained by the services of competent men and women. At present the small training college at headquarters can receive only 250 out of the 4,000 candidates who apply annually for admission.

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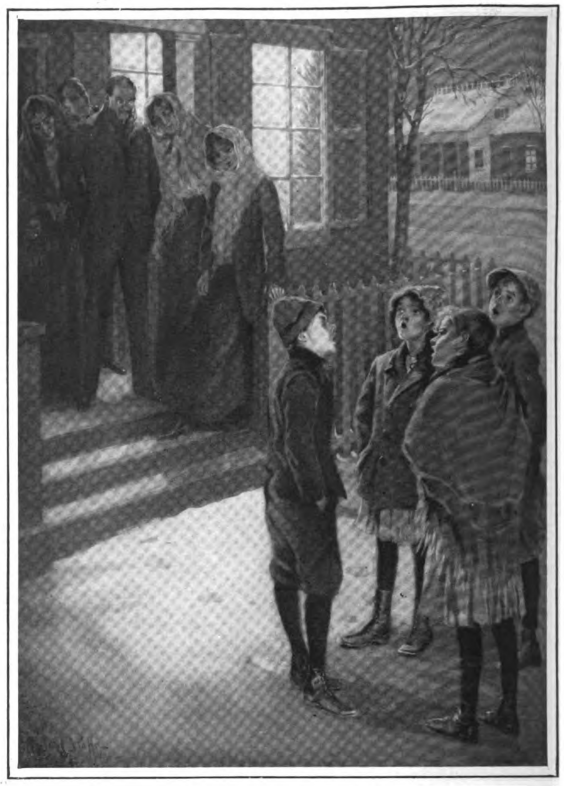
A CHRISTMAS EVE HAPPENING

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

ILLUSTRATED by PAUL STAHR



They sang as they never sang on any Christmas eve before

IT was in the Great Progression, which we call heaven, that a group of little beings suddenly felt a wondrous swelling of the soul, as if with the flood of a quick joy of good-will, it being the birthnight of the Child Jesus. And almost at the same moment, if one may speak of moments there, as though moved by one breath they had left the battlements and, floating earthward, found themselves in a place certainly as far from heaven as the east is from the west. But they were so full of joy and of the necessity of giving its overflow to others, that it seemed as if their very presence would make it heaven. All around them, as they went softly by, was an atmosphere they had brought with them; it gave one a sensation of delicate flower-breaths, or one felt as if hearing divine music, or words of tenderness, or thoughts too pleasant to be spoken. People turned their heads, looking about them and wondering, but seeing nothing and going their way glad-hearted.

A girl with a bundle in her arms was creeping along the dark side of the ill-lighted street. She crouched like a guilty thing, and left the small bundle in a doorway and ran. They drew near, these visitants from upper air, and stopped, looking at her as she would have darted by. As if she had, on the instant, become aware of an old happiness, of something unknown except in dreams, of the deliciousness of motherlove, the girl turned back and snatched up the forsaken thing, clasping it to her breast with murmuring words, and ran for dear life. And the little group, unwitting what they saw, flitted on.

They came out now upon an open square with wider streets and spaces. A lady, whose veil, blown back, revealed a dark, rich beauty of youth, came swiftly down the steps of a house to a man whose fur collar hid his face as he awaited her at the door of a limousine. The heavenly wayfarers were close upon her. She lingered, hesitated, her breath came and went like little flames. And then she cried: "No, no! It cannot be! Good-by, good-by forever!" And rushed up the steps and into the house to fall on her knees with the greater love, before her old mother and father, whose age she would not bring to shame.

To fall on her knees before her old father and mother

There were two dogs quarreling over a bone in the way; but as these dear beings came along they dropped the bone and ran beside the viewless passengers as dogs will sometimes follow music. There was a newsboy eating an apple under the arc-light, and another looking hungrily on as he stamped his feet in the cold; and just then the first boy tossed the apple to the other, before he had finished the half. Two young people, muffled to the eyes, had chanced to meet, and the young man turned to go with the belated girl. They might not have recognized each other had they not been lovers once.

"You will not be walking soon, with motor-cars at your service," he said.

"Oh, it makes no difference," replied the girl. How lovely she was, with the flush of the cold wind on her cheek, with the luster of the electric light falling on her big blue eyes and into them.

"Why," said the man, suddenly, as they walked—"why will you sell yourself to that old money-bags?" The girl moved more swiftly, but turning toward him, "Why," she asked, "do you marry that heiress of millions?" And the young man answered, sadly, "I cannot marry for love." At the moment a waft of south wind seemed to displace the cold air as if summer were suddenly at hand.

"Then," he cried—"then let all be as it should, let us go through life together, and if we want for everything else, we shall not want for love!" And they took up their way, her hand inside his arm, clasped in his hand, and all their joyous pulses beating together.

The happy little beneficences were presently going up a hillside where the windows of all the dwellings were illuminated with burning candles, set in lines and stars and circles, and people with cloaks and scarves thrown around them thronged the doors to hear a band of waits singing Christmas hymns through the streets. The wanderers from the skies stayed to listen. They also could have sung—perhaps they did—but none of these good people could have heard their singing. Perhaps the waits were conscious of the nearness of heavenly influences, for they sang as they never sang on any Christmas eve before. And certainly the hearers heard such music then as only the far-sounding vaults of heaven yield to celestial choirs.

The blessed children who were shedding joy about them as flowers shed fragrance floated then in at the open door of a great hospital—if, indeed, the door did not open before them—up a wide staircase and into the wards where lay the sick and sad and sore, and the only sound was sighing. And in a thought's time the nurses brightened and beamed and the sick forgot suffering, and it seemed when the dear group were out and away as if a red rose streaming with as rich odor as that where the priest anoints the dying lay on every pillow.

As the sweet souls came out and into the free air again a great church loomed beyond, its lofty spire lost in upper air, lights gleaming from the pointed windows, whose painted panes showed saints and angels looking out upon the night. Now and then the great swinging doors opened and some one went in and the little band of heavenly people followed. A great Christmas tree from which the gifts had that afternoon been stripped for the children still towered and glittered with its multitudinous sparks, its snowy festoons and golden balls, and the full organ was rolling out a music that sent vibrations through every stone of the building and every heart within it. Officials carried round the silver plates taking up an offering for the poor. The little group of souls went with them. Had the silver plate instantly become the Holy Grail? What arrested the memory of every one with something tender, melted the heart of every one with pity, surrounded all with an atmosphere of hope and faith and youth and joy, and love of the Lord of life till the Christmas spirit within them rose as if beading the brim of some sacramental cup? And hands searched bags and pockets, and wallets that had meant to stay closed sprang open, and gold and silver and bank-notes piled the plates, and far up in the belfry the chimes pealed the Christmas anthem, and as the congregation passed at last through wide doors, the little angels floated out and far away into the heaven whose purple deeps seemed bending to open and take them back into the regions of all-embracing love.

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A Christmas Wish

YES, there is, *too*—a Santa Claus—
Jus' like there always was before.
I saw him walkin' up an' down,
Nen he walked up an' down some more.
I 'spect a Norf Pole doesn't have
Such nice things as *our* 'partment store.

But Sue she is afraid of him—
'Cause girls is 'fraid as they can be
Of great big mans. (My Grampa laffs
His kind o' chucklin' laff at me
An' says, "We'll wait till by an' by
To 'cide about that, *nen* we'll see.")

'S w'y *I* mus' talk up to his beard—
'Cause Sue she wants a great *big* muff;
No little bit o' *baby* kind—
One like Aunt Lil's, all soft white stuff.
But *please* don't take our pussy cat,
Like Uncle Fred says, "Might use Fluff."

Nen w'en he ast w'at Little Boys
Want Santa Claus to bring—I say,
Oh, won't he please to let me have
One reindeer, 'cause I want to play
Wif him so very much—an' he
Can borrow him *nex'* Christmas Day!

He needn't bring him 'round till he
Gets thro' a-'stributin' his toys
All 'round th' world—I 'spect he'll find
A *hundred* real good little boys!
I'll wait all day an' only play
Wif things that makes th' littlest noise.

I planned all 'bout it last night 'fore
Ole Sandman he got to my bed—
How he will drag me up th' hill
Right on my cunning little sled
That Santa brought las' Christmas-time.
(I haven't scratched off *all* th' red.)

W'en summer is, w'y he can stand
In our front yard right on th' grass.
Th' lady had one on *her* lawn;
I saw him oncet w'en I went pas'
'S w'y I runned quick an' climbed up him—
But he was dreffle hard an' fas'.

An' I will be *so* good to him.
W'en all th' yellow leaves they fall,
I'll go an' bring him right straight in—
It's nice an' warm in my front hall,
An' all he'll have to do is let
Pa hang his hat on him—that's all!

A Santa Claus *he* catches cold,
'Cause he jus' coughs a funny way;
An' Pa he went an' bent his head
Down close to Ma's—I 'spect to pray
That Santa Claus won't disappoint
No Little Boy on Christmas Day.

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

The Distribution of Fishes

THE distribution of commercial fishes in the North Atlantic has been made the subject of inquiry by the International Bureau for the Study of the Sea with interesting results, especially in information as to the bottom fish. Sea fishing is regularly carried on from the Russian White Sea down to the coast of Morocco and all about the British Isles, the Faroes and Iceland, and from Labrador down to Cape Cod. About thirty important kinds of fishes are taken for market; and the questions were: Where is each kind taken in greatest quantity, and why there rather than elsewhere? From the vast number of statistical reports of catches expressed in weights it appeared first that the total yield on the European coast was about one million tons a year, two-fifths of which came from the North Sea, where, by the way, haddock is the principle catch, more than twice as many being sold as of any other kind. Another general fact came out plainly—namely, that there is a distinct northern and southern fish fauna divided pretty sharply by the narrows of the British Channel. In the northern group are cod, haddock, halibut, plaice, ling, and tusk, while southwest of England are caught hake, pollack, sole, ray, sea-bream, mullet, conger eel, and many other kinds derived from the open Atlantic, excellent but scarcely known in British or other northern markets.

A similar condition exists on the North American Atlantic coast, where the total catch of similar fishes amounts to about 140,000 tons a year. The cod, halibut, hake, and the like belong to the fisheries north of Cape Cod, while only south of it are obtained the sea-bass, drums, snappers, etc., brought to market. These groups, fortunately for New York, mingle somewhat off the Middle States, as do the two European groups between England and Holland. Such pelagic, surface-swimming fish as the herring and mackerel are not now considered.

Studying reasons for this distribution, the bureau discovered that it coincided with certain marine temperatures; and that the southern limit of the northern species was well defined by the isotherm of 50° F. in the water at the depth of fifty fathoms. The areas of the northern species on both sides of the ocean lie between the marine isotherms of 35.5° F. and 50° F., the maximum of abundance of all species occurring at about 45° F. This most favorable bottom temperature is found steadily on the Newfoundland Banks, on the southern and western banks of Iceland, and all along the coast of Norway. The southern sorts mentioned dwell in a belt of temperature between 50° F. and 64° F., beyond which tropical species begin to take their place.

Within these large fishing areas, which extend to the border of the submarine continental slope, the principal fishes have a local distribution which is well known to fishermen but unaccountable to the average trawler. Temperature is the ruling factor; and this accounts for the sole and similar valuable flat fishes being so abundant beneath shallow inshore waters easily warmed by the sun far north of their nominal southern range. In the North Sea such shallows cover large areas both along shore and on the great Dogger and other banks, and this fact explains the remarkable richness of its fisheries. The haddock and various flat fishes which form the principal catch there do not, however, occur numerously on the adjacent coast of Norway or about Iceland, not because of unsuitable depth or temperature, but because of an unfavorable bottom, which is not soft, but consists of sand, stones, and kelp-covered rocks beloved of the cod and its kind; therefore, the cod supplies eighty per cent. of all the bottom fish taken off the northern coast of Norway and off the shores of Newfoundland—two of the most profitable fishing-grounds in the Western world.

Ostrich Farming

OSTRICH-BREEDING in the United States has been productive of such good results in the last thirty years as to encourage the further development of the industry. The appearance of the ostrich in America dates from 1882. Several years later the exportation of eggs and birds from Cape Colony was forbidden under penalty of imprisonment.

In the United States there are at present seventeen large farms with about 20,000 ostriches, of which more than half are in California and Arizona. Even more remarkable is the increase in the number of birds in Cape Colony, where to-day are 1,000,000 ostriches against eighty in 1865.

Prices fluctuate to a great extent. A bird a month old sells at from $50 to $80, the full-grown ostrich at from $150 to as much as $2,000. Eggs cost from $60 to $120 a dozen. Each full-grown bird produces feathers of an average value of $30; and the cost of its keep is about $10. The feather crop depends a good deal on the creature's health and stock. It may be added that feathers are not plucked; they are clipped without causing a drop of blood to flow and without pain.

Dental Progress

EUROPE imports annually from America fully a million sets of false teeth, and one English firm employs 600 workers all the year round to manufacture artificial molars and incisors.

Each year shows an improvement in dental science. American dentists retain their lead. A few years ago it was not uncommon for the average dentist to have as his tools only a pair of forceps and half a dozen "grinders." To-day there are manufactured at least 150 different models of dental tools. A first-class dentist now has an expensive equipment. The operating-chair, with its accessories, is hardly to be had for less than $400, and the most ordinary "tools" are at least $600 more. There are some 500 different kinds of drills. It is predicted that the time will come when painless dentistry will be painless.

Red Tape in Germany

THE following is an illustration of the beauties of bureaucratic administration in Germany:

It appears that in the Post Office Department at Berlin, if a clerk wishes a new lead-pencil, he must turn in to the proper authority the stump of the one that has become too short for further use. In one case a clerk received his new pencil without returning the end of the old one, and before this error was discovered this clerk had been transferred to another office. Shortly after the assumption of his duties at his new post this clerk received an official intimation that he had neglected to turn in his pencil end. By this time, however, the end had disappeared. In order to avoid official reprimand, the resourceful clerk purchased a new pencil, cut off a piece about the length of the missing end, and despatched it to the stationary department. Everybody was accordingly satisfied.

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Finance

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

COMMON SENSE OF THE GOLD MOVEMENT

"ANNOUNCEMENT was made to-day that the ——th National Bank has secured a million gold in London for import." Glad to see that, the average reader says to himself as his eye passes over the news item, but it's all beyond me. I never did know anything about foreign exchange and the movement of gold and all that sort of thing.

Now there's lots that is complicated about foreign exchange and difficult to understand, but this business about gold being imported and exported is just as simple as where the article in question isn't gold, but copper or dry-goods or straw hats or anything else. Gold comes in or goes out for just exactly the same reason as do these articles—that is to say, because some one figures he can make a profit buying it there and selling it here, or *vice versa*. There's nothing in the least mysterious about it. These recent importations of gold, which have done so much to help us out, have simply been the result of conditions allowing American bankers to buy gold in London and bring it here *at an expenditure of less dollars* than the gold could be sold for when it got here. The United States Treasury stands ready at any time to buy one ounce or a million ounces of gold at a fixed and unvarying price. That is the market on this side. Now the whole question is, Can I go into the market in London and buy my gold and lay it down here in the United States at an outlay of less dollars than the Treasury will pay me?

The Treasury standing ready at any time to buy any amount of gold at a fixed price, that end of the transaction can be left out of consideration. The other end—the securing of the gold abroad and the bringing it in—that is what counts. That is what bears on the margin of profit there is in the transaction.

In the first place, the gold has got to be paid for. How? With a bill of exchange—a draft drawn on London—for so and so many pounds sterling. How many dollars you'll have to pay for your draft depends upon whether the rate of exchange is high or low. If you have to pay, say, $4.88 for each pound sterling, it is obvious that the draft will cost you a good many more dollars than if you only have to pay, say $4.84.

That is the first thing, to be able to get, at a low rate of exchange, the draft on London needed to pay for the gold.

The second thing is to be able to buy the gold in London cheap. In the United States the Treasury will sell any amount of bar gold anybody wants at a fixed and unvarying price. But the United States Treasury is the only place in the world where that is done. Everywhere else bar gold is bought and sold just exactly like copper or lead or any other metal. The Bank of England is, it is true, required by law to take all the gold offered it at seventy-seven shillings nine pence per ounce, but that is simply a minimum—there is no limit on the price in the other direction. If the representatives of half a dozen banks start bidding against one another, the price may advance several pence per ounce in a few minutes.

Every Monday morning there is an auction in London of all the bar gold that has arrived from the mines during the week. Usually the amount runs well up toward $5,000,000. Anybody can go to this auction. What price the gold brings simply reflects the intensity of the demand. If representatives of the big German, French, and other foreign banks are there, all actively bidding, it stands to reason that any American banker wanting to buy gold in order to bring it to New York must pay a stiff price.

That is the second important consideration. The third is the rate of interest prevailing on this side while the gold is in transit from London. As soon as the American banker orders the gold shipped to New York he has got to pay for it. That means that for the whole time that the gold is on its way from London here he loses the use of his money. How much could he have made on it in the mean time? That is the question. Not much, if money commands only two or three per cent. But how about it if that money could have been loaned out at ten or fifteen per cent.? To deliberately pass up a chance like that the banker has to be assured of a substantial profit on his gold import transaction.

Other considerations — insurance and freight rates, for instance, and the buying-commission in London — vary from time to time; but whether gold comes in or whether it doesn't come in depends upon the three things mentioned. They are what really count in the calculation as to whether the gold can be bought and imported at an expenditure of a less number of dollars than the Treasury will pay for the gold when it gets here.

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The Soul of Golf

HAS golf a soul? Undoubtedly. The soul of the game is admirably analyzed, defined, and pictured by Mr. P. A. Vaile in his latest book. Golfers remember him as a breezy iconoclast who has no more respect for "slow back" or "keep your eye on the ball" or "let the left arm control the swing" than he has for a granny's warlocks and bogles; but in *The Soul of Golf* he boldly lets fly his barbed shafts at such international golf authorities as Mr. Horace Hutchinson, Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, Harry Vardon, James Braid, and the redoubtable J. H. Taylor.

Mr. Vaile calmly strolls through the temple full of fetiches and idols erected by centuries of golfers, swinging his ax as he goes. If his left ear is not burning now and does not continue to burn for months, it will not be for lack of savage replies from the eminent authorities he casually throws out of the window. His tone is the tone of Whistler at his best—"I'm not arguing with you; I'm *telling* you." Hear him:

"As a matter of fact, about seventenths of the bad golf which is played is due to too much thinking about the stroke *while the stroke is being played*. The golf stroke in itself may be quite easily learned; I mean the true golf stroke and not the imaginary golf stroke which has been built up for the unfortunate golfer by those who write of the mystery of golf; but it is an absolute certainty that the time for thinking about the golf stroke and how it shall be played *is not when one is playing the stroke*."

The italics are Mr. Vaile's—likewise the enunciation of a great truth. The arm-chair is the place for study, he declares, not the links. "If there may be said to be any mystery whatever about golf," he says, "it is that in such an ancient and simple game there has grown up around it such a confused mass of false teaching, of confused thought, and of fantastic notions. No game suffers from this false doctrine and imaginative nonsense to the same extent as does golf. It is magnificently played. We have here in England the finest exponents of the game, both amateur and professional, in the world. If those men played golf as they tell others by their printed works to play it, I should have another story to tell about their prowess on the links."

It would be unfair to the author to try to display on this page the wisdom he affords in the three hundred and fifty-six pages of his new book. There is room for but one more quotation:

"There is in England a curious idea that directly one acquires a scientific knowledge of a game one must cease to have an interest in it as full as he who merely plays it by guesswork. There can be no greater mistake than this. If a game is worth playing well it is worth knowing well, and knowing it well cannot mean loving it less. It is this peculiar idea which has put England so much in the background of the world's athletic field of late years. We have here much of the best brawn and bone in the world, but we must give the brain its place. Then will England come to her own again."

Amen. Mr. Vaile mentions with evident familiarity golf on a New Zealand course. Can it be that he is the long-foretold New-Zealander sitting on London Bridge and looking on the ruins of—St. Andrew's rather than St. Paul's?

Hygienic Milk

ACCORDING to a French authority, standard hygienic milk should have been put through the following processes:

1. Analysis and tasting to remove watered, skimmed, soured, or low-grade milk. 2. Filtering or straining to remove mechanical impurities, such as hairs, dust, etc. 3. Pasteurization at a temperature above 176° Fahrenheit and immediate cooling to about 40° to destroy pathogenic microbes, such as those of tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhoid fever, etc. 4. Bottling or sealing in sterilized containers. It should then be kept at a low temperature until sold.

The first country to establish this standard for milk was the Argentine Republic, which enacted statutory regulations as long ago as 1890. These were soon followed by similar laws in various European countries. In Argentina the treatment described has become obligatory.

Banishing the Avalanche

ALONG the side of an Alpine railroad an ingenious device has been put into use to prevent avalanches from falling upon the track. A wall has been built which intercepts the sliding snow and forces it to precipitate itself in a leap, whereby it clears the road-bed and hurls itself into a canal upon the other side.

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Snow Golf

It is a fine morning. Is it a fine morning? Yes, for the sun is flooding the gray concrete streets and the coppery green roofs with the palest amber light, very pale indeed, the meager sunshine of winter. No, for now huge, hungry clouds swing their leaden curtains before the amber sun and hide him from the world, while down the northerly gale come a hundred million little flakes of white, speeding, driving, writhing, whirling, dancing as they die. The golfers leave the breakfast-table to stare out apprehensively at the weather. Shall they go? A question! Don't you see that the green coppery roofs and the creamy walls and the gray concrete streets are eating up all the flakes as fast as they fall? On with the game! Besides, the weather prediction is for snow to-night or to-morrow—not to-day. This is only a flurry.

The golfers take trolley, take boat, take the long road across the hills and meadows to the club. And lo! within one short hour and a half all the world of green velvet turf has turned white, is blanketed and tucked away under an inch of snow. The trees are dressed in furry white for Christmas. The rugged young maples have the slim white birches for partners, and they dance a gay tarantella to the piping of the gale, waving fluffy white scarfs on their drooping arms as they turn. Father Winter is here. The familiar landscape magically changed is a joy. Who can keep his eye on the ball with all the world dancing madly about him, with all the world a mass of blinding white, a kaleidoscope with two hundred shades of white incessantly appearing and vanishing?

What, blot this new white world with the brown blur of a tee of sand from the sand-box? Never. The golfers, one by one, make tees of snow, stamp hard on the soft white blanket so that their hobnails will bite into the turf hidden below, and send their drives spatting northward against the myriads of flakes—the devouring teeth of the keen gale. There's play for you, Mr. Softsides, reading your morning paper by the fireplace! Stand with your cheek to the knife of the wind while the Snow Devil sprays his chilling bullets down your hot neck and hisses in your eyes. Steady now. Your arms feel thick as legs in the heavy woolen swathings, but shoot the hands clean away at the finish just as if it were mid-June. Well driven, sir! A clean carry of one hundred and seventy against the gale and only a little, very little slice. Next up. Another good drive.

The players left the tee with free, careless strides. Of course they were going to step right up to the balls. One hundred and fifty—sixty—seventy yards and not a ball in sight. Forward, then! Still no ball! Five minutes pass. Eternity is here. They have been lost for ages in the frozen north. The gale is their dirge.

"Let's build an igloo and camp here till spring," says Dick, who has a great fondness for arctic exploring.

"Here it is!" shouts Midge. The other caddy and the two players foregather. Where is the ball? Here it is. Where? Here—right here. All they can see is a fluffy snow wheel standing on its edge and looking like the fuzzy collar of a toy Boston bull. Careful inspection reveals at the center of the snow wheel the little white golf-ball, like the head of the toy Boston bull. Pick up the ball, knock the snow off it against the blade of the cleek, tee it up on a solitary spire of green that still defies overwhelming death, and slam 'er out for a good hundred and sixty. Fine! Got the range? Right on that tallest cedar and forty yards this side of the bunk. Now Buxton is teeing up. No, Buxton is not teeing up. And for exceeding good reason—he can't find his ball.

"Put down another and play three," says Dick. "You really shouldn't be penalized for lost ball on the fair green."

"Good Lord! do I look as soft as that?" Buxton asks. "Come on: your hole if you find yours."

They go on. They find it. Why is it the eternal, inevitable, inescapable rule in golf that if A loses his ball on a hole B cannot to save his soul lose his ball on the same hole? 'Tis a weary warld, as Tammas Weary-warld truly said, and few there be that bide in it! Dick is on the green in three, then draws his trusty putter and takes six more strokes before he can force the depraved, doddering wretch of a ball to hole out. Hole out? Hech! Not he! The soggy, stupid ball gathered around itself an enormous fluffy snow collar, rolled in it as far as the hole, then fell across the hole, the snow collar too big to drop in and holding up the ball to stare heaven in the face.

"There's no rule against this," says Dick, and gets down on all fours and breathes on the ball till it melts through the snow collar and plops down into the cup. Resourcefulness, what?

Dick is short in the swamp from the second tee and Buxton puts out a screamer. Faces are red from the peppering of countless crystal flakes, and hands are red from stripping snow collars off the balls. Dick is home in four, but Buxton lands his second shot on the green and then, with intelligence rare in one so young, putts with his midiron and lays the ball dead within three inches of the cup. A four on the second, eh? Does Mr. Good-player laugh at a four on the second against a howling white norther? Very well. Two to one he can't do it in four on the Fourth of July. (That will hold him for a while.)

Putting with the midiron will save a multitude of strokes on every green. That is the first great rule of snow golf. The other was discovered on the third hole and followed faithfully thereafter—simply get the range by landmarks on the spot where the ball drops. Walk to the spot. There will appear a bare bit of green, showing where the ball lit. Go forward then twenty feet or so and find a string of neat little prints like the trail of a rabbit. At the end of the trail lies your ball, coyly hid in his snow collar.

Does snow golf pay? Ask Dick and Buxton. They didn't lose another ball. They never saw so wonderful and charming a land as the new white snow country they played in. They finished all even, and they went home with appetites so keen and ferocious that they resembled the ogre in the song who

> Ate the church and ate the steeple
> Opened the door and ate all the people.

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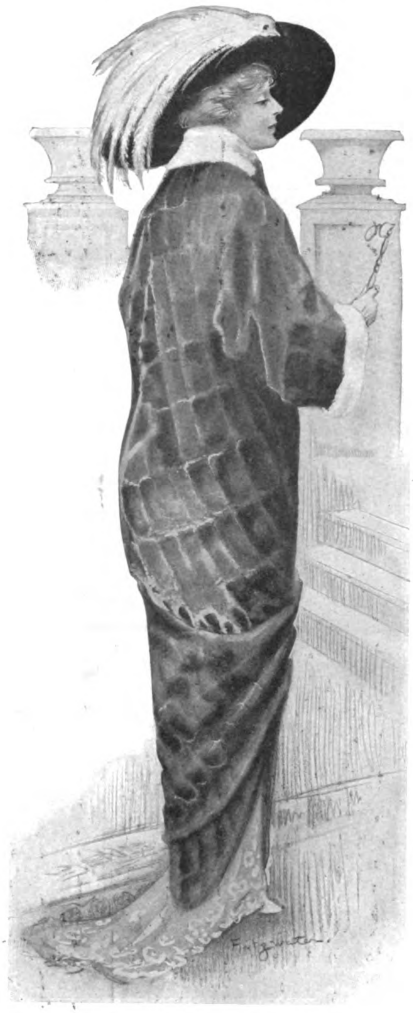

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Shiny Coins for Christmas

At this time of the year many of the banks of the country call on the United States Treasury at Washington for new coins of all denominations—gold, silver, nickel, and copper—to supply the demands of their customers for bright, new coins for the Christmas holidays. This demand always exceeds the normal demand for new coins, and the treasury has heretofore not always been in a position to meet fully each request. The recent satisfactory results from the washing of currency has given the Treasury Department an idea for meeting the demand for shiny Christmas money. Twenty-five thousand dollars in halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, and pennies is to be washed and polished by the Mint Bureau of the Treasury Department, so that all who wish can have their shiny Christmas money. Most of the old coins which are to be renovated will be sent to the Philadelphia Mint from the United States Treasury vaults, whence they will be supplied to the banks calling for them.

Just what folks do with all this new coin at Christmas-time is a mystery to the Treasury officials. Of course much of it is used as presents and some of the smaller coins, bright, new, and shiny, are used for Christmas-tree decorations, but the major share of it, it is surmised, is just spent.

The Barren Fig-Tree

This plant starts from a seed which takes root on the bole of a palm-tree and puts out two pallid leaves. The growth of the leaves is slow. The palm-tree furnishes all their nourishment, for the plant is a parasite. After some time four thin, almost invisible, roots appear, lengthen negligently, and descend to the ground. When they have grown long enough they drive their ends into the earth. The barren fig-tree is no longer a parasite. It stands on its own ground. Then suddenly the sickly plant acquires prodigious strength. It grows broad and long, putting out branches which shake like greedy hands; it usurps the ground and climbs toward the sky. It drives down its roots and reaches wide its branches. The palm-tree that gave it life is choked by it. The barren fig-tree is a poisoner and a strangler. It rears its head above the dead body of its victim.

This poisonous vegetable has nothing in common with the fig.

Explaining "Horse-power"

The average man is apt to speak very glibly of so many hundred or thousand horse-power, but it is extremely doubtful whether one person in a hundred has a due appreciation of what the phrase really means.

Calculating the strength of twelve men to be equal to one horse-power, it would require 840,000 men to produce as much energy as the 70,000 horse-power developed by the turbine machinery of a big Atlantic steamship. Then, if the men were to work on the eight-hour-day system, those figures would give a total of 2,520,000, that being the number of men whose strength would be necessary to drive the vessel across the Atlantic Ocean.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED by GEORGE HARVEY

December 21 1912 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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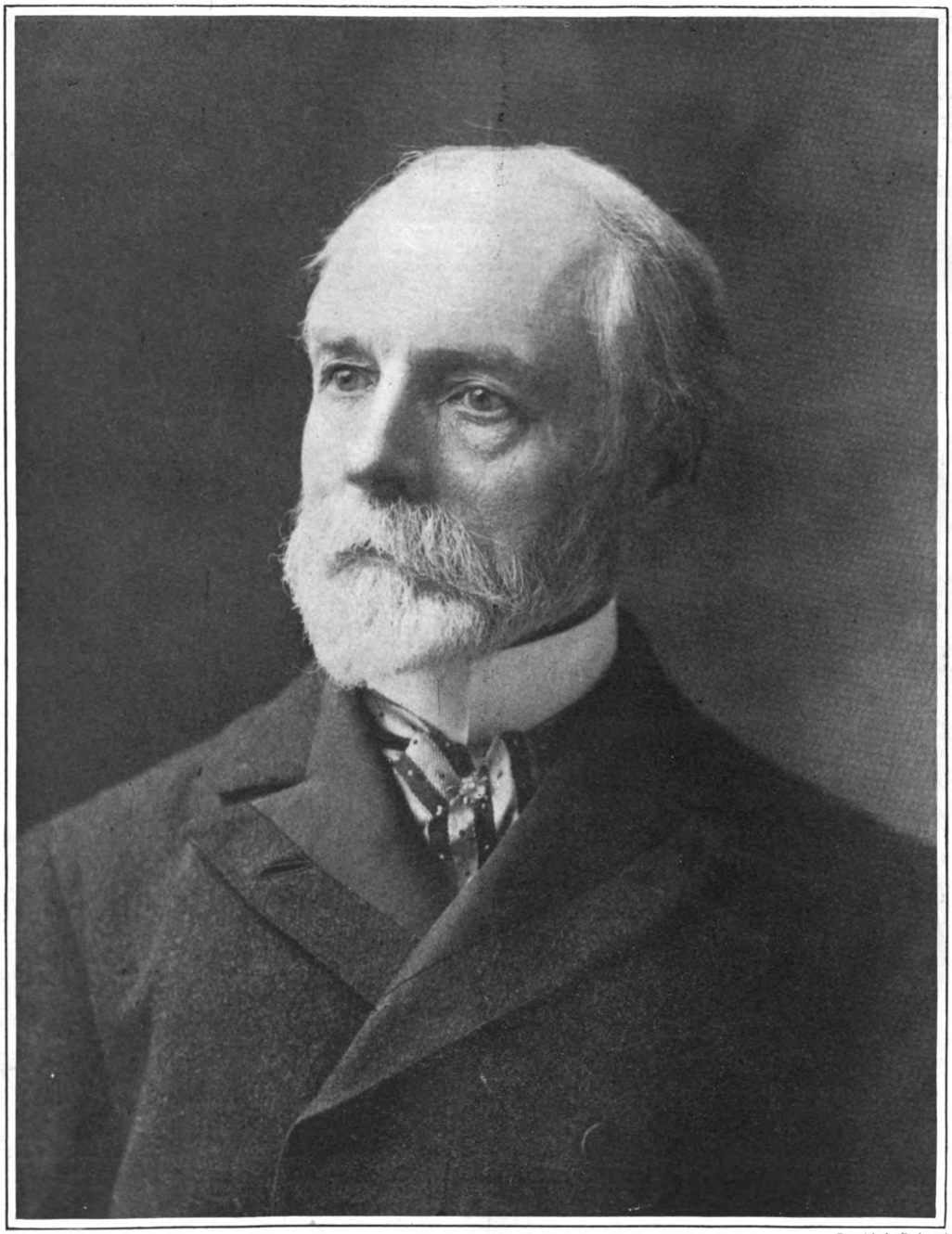

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WHITELAW REID

The American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who had been ill since his return to England from America in October, died of asthma on December 15th at his residence, Dorchester House. Mr. Reid was born of a Scottish family at Xenia, Ohio, on October 27, 1837. He was graduated with scientific honors from Miami University in 1856, taught school a few years, but soon became prominent as editor and powerful in politics. He gained fame as a war correspondent and succeeded Horace Greeley as editor of the New York "Tribune." He married, in 1881, Miss Elizabeth Mills, who, with two children, survives him

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Died—At his residence, No. 32 Portland Place, London, England, on December 7th, after a short illness, CLARENCE W. MCILVAINE, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

CLARENCE W. MCILVAINE, a vice-president of the publishing-house of Harper & Brothers, was for many years in charge of the London office of that firm.

Mr. MCILVAINE was forty-seven years old. He was born in Vermont, and was graduated from Princeton in the class of '85. Soon after his graduation he joined the staff of Harper & Brothers, and for several years occupied an important office in their literary department. He went to London in 1891 and formed a partnership with the late JAMES R. OSGOOD under the name of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. This firm acted as the English representatives of Harper & Brothers until Mr. OSGOOD'S death in 1892, when the business was absorbed by the Harpers.

Mr. MCILVAINE was keenly interested in art, and was the intimate friend of WHISTLER, ABBEY, MILLET, and BOUGHTON. Among his friends in the literary world were the late WILLIAM BLACK, THOMAS HARDY, THEODORE WATTS DUNTON, HENRY JAMES, and Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. He was a member of the Princeton and University clubs, in New York, and the Reform, Garrick, and Arts clubs, of London. Mr. MCILVAINE was unmarried. He is survived by his mother, with whom he lived in London.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of Harper & Brothers, held at the office of the company, December 12th, it was

Resolved that the directors of this company, holding in remembrance the signal services as vice-president rendered by CLARENCE W. MCILVAINE during the twelve years of his membership of this Board, deem it fitting to make this public expression of their deep regret and their sense of loss arising from his sudden death.

CLARENCE MCILVAINE was an artist in intellect and a loyalist in heart—a man possessed of curious delicacy of perception, and of exceptional purity of mind, and endowed with the finest attributes of character. As a son and as a friend, few could be called his peers and none his superior.

COMMENT

Patience

IT takes a long time to heal family dissensions. Those who composed the Republican party two years ago are still fighting each other quite in accordance with tradition. Mr. ROOSEVELT gathers the faithful, re-enlists as a private, stands up for Mr. PERKINS, declares himself an irreconcilable, and attaches a penetrating falsetto note to "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" with the fervor of apostasy. Mr. BARNES, with like determination, plants his feet upon the rock of individual liberty and elsewhere in this journal makes manifest his unabated reverence for the Constitution of the United States. President BUTLER audaciously consigns both Mr. ROOSEVELT and Mr. BRYAN to oblivion upon the theory that their vivid personalities distract public attention from vital issues. President TAFT meanwhile methodically drops the civil-service blanket over all of the faithful Republican officeholders in sight. And so it goes.

Well, what of it? Such diversions are harmless. Nobody cares and few even pay attention. There was very little public interest in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S camp-meeting, and the pronunciamentos of President BUTLER and Mr. BARNES have not evoked enough excitement to justify the calling out of the militia. But it is a funny thing. These good people have been in power so long that they cannot get it out of their heads that what they say is important. The fact, of course, is that the old-line Republicans are only marking time and the so-called Progressives are only beating the air. Real interest is centered exclusively in the Democratic party and, more specifically, in the new Democratic President. Everything is up to them because they are going to have full power for two years, anyway, and maybe longer.

From all that we hear and read we judge that most people hope they will succeed in their somewhat onerous undertaking. The times are good and folks generally are tired of political squabbling. Not that they do not want reforms effected wherever reforms are needed, because they do, and they are very earnest about it. The method, not the fact, is the point in issue. Beating of tom-toms has become distasteful. Straightforward, insistent effort for better things, put forth with resolution not unaccompanied by restraint, is what is needed and what is wanted. It suffices for the present to say that nothing has happened yet and nothing seems likely to happen in the immediate future to indicate that all will not be well under the new régime. So there is no good reason why sensible men should not sit tight, take courage, attend to business, and go right along just as if nothing had happened.

After all, despite the fuss we are making all the time, when you come to look abroad and draw comparisons, neither this country nor the people in it are so very unhappy. A little patience seems to be about all that is really needed.

News for Florida

HARPER'S WEEKLY figures that if WILSON had received as many votes as BRYAN got he would have been given 459 electoral votes, whereas he will get only 446 votes. Shall we decide that BRYAN would have been a stronger Democratic candidate this year than was WILSON? Even the doubt gives us food for thought; are we traveling toward Bryanism?—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

Brother BRYAN would have been elected, of course, if that is what you mean. As to "traveling toward Bryanism," why, bless you, we are not traveling at all! We have arrived, Jacksonville, arrived at Wilsonism. Hadn't you heard?

Will the Republican Party Come Back?

It appears that the conference of Republican leaders at Washington, which included a number of Republican Governors, did not encourage Governor HADLEY of Missouri in his idea of beginning at once a vigorous programme to revamp the Republican party. That is to say, the sentiment of the meeting, while perhaps not averse to doing something on the lines suggested, was averse to doing it at once. The majority wanted to wait awhile.

Maybe they were right. It is usually best, after anything stunning has happened, to take time to get one's bearings before making much speed ahead. Possibly the political atmosphere will be clearer next year than it is now and Republicans who remain Republicans may find orientation, so to speak, a trifle easier. Things may happen that will help them to see more plainly the way back to hope and opportunity.

Nevertheless, we heartily agree with Governor HADLEY—as indeed we indicated before we knew how he felt about it—that certain things are very plain now and must be vigorously insisted on. We agree that it is highly advisable to hold a national convention, solely for purposes of reorganization and rehabilitation, long before the next Presidential contest. We agree, too, that one thing absolutely essential in the programme of this convention will be some honest plan for the representation of the South in all future national conventions. For years, in fact, we have marveled at the blindness of Republicans to the extreme danger of postponing this or some similar reform. We cannot share Governor HADLEY'S confidence in Presidential preference primaries, but we also agree that everything reasonable should be done to secure honest choosing of delegates, and especially to weaken the power of officeholders in this business, all over the country.

These are matters the Republicans must deal with candidly and thoroughly if they want to regain the confidence of the country. We therefore strongly disagree with Brother BARNES of Albany when he says that all the party has to do is to stand by its principles. Of course it should stand by its principles, but we never have seen any avowable principle that would sustain the dominance of the pie-counter in a national convention. We fear Brother BARNES is still too much enamoured of his handiwork in certain recent platforms—the Rochester one particularly. He apparently hasn't noticed that those platforms did *not* win the election. In fact, they are now, whatever their merits, nothing but junk. As a political philosopher Brother BARNES ought to know that one way to stand by a given set of political principles is to abstain from methods and practices of a nature to bring them into disrepute.

The Lesson of the Third Party's Rise

No, the Republican party cannot afford to stand pat in respect of the things that have got it into trouble. Nothing could be more fatuous than such an attitude. It would be as if a bankrupt should insist on behaving like a solvent person and carrying things with a high hand after the fact of his bankruptcy has been announced in the papers. No such bluff will serve. It will be far better to face the situation candidly, and straightforwardly set to work to better it.

Of course one understands the human nature of it. It is easy to see how, in the presence of the third party and with the air full of Bull-Moose jeers and insults a loyal Republican hates to admit that there is anything the matter with the old party at all. But the too-obvious truth is that the very existence and distended confidence of the third party prove that there *is* something the matter. ROOSEVELT or no ROOSEVELT, if the old party had not gone wrong and got out of touch with the people, the new party would never have got going as it did. We freely grant that there is buncombe galore in its programme and promises. We are certainly not unmindful of the meanness and inconsistency and disloyalty that were displayed in its inception. But what are these things but additional proof of the extreme vulnerability of the old organization? They only make plainer the folly of imagining that the old organization can persist and recover by merely continuing to recite the hackneyed catalogue of its early achievements and appealing to Civil War memories in a generation born since Appomattox. For that matter, Democrats, as well as Republicans, may very well take thought of the lesson of the third party's facility in parturition. Indisputably it had an easy advent. It indicates that in America political discontent can nowadays readily express itself in formidable fashion. Habit and tradition and names are not the binding things they used to be. Our people have got into the mood to which pretty is as pretty does. They are tired of political hifalutin and commonplace. They are demanding impatiently more sincerity and keeping of promises. They are in a temper to make short work of any party that fails to make good and to keep faith with them.

We are not enamoured of the third party, but the demonstration of the ease with which a third party can be launched may very well prove a salutary happening.

Are We Right or Wrong?

Secretary KNOX has his work cut out for him. The statement of the British case concerning the Panama Canal tolls which Sir EDWARD GREY wrote and which JAMES BRYCE read to the American Secretary of State was worthy of the best traditions of the British Foreign Office. When Congress passed the law exempting our coastwise traffic from all tolls in the Canal, and the British press forthwith broke into abuse of America and American faith, this journal promptly reprobated that irresponsible and most impolitic censure. But this from Sir EDWARD GREY'S pen is different. It is responsible, it is politic, it is entirely courteous, it is reasonable in tone, it is in no sense negligible. The matter is extremely important. Secretary KNOX cannot avoid answering. His place in history will be determined by the character of his answer.

That, however, though interesting, is not so very important. In the Venezuela boundary controversy RICHARD OLNEY, the Boston lawyer, held his own with Lord SALISBURY. We should like to see the Pittsburg lawyer hold his own with Sir EDWARD. But that is not the main thing: we should like to see this country proved in the right about this matter; and if we are not in the right, then let us set ourselves right.

That, after all, is the thing to do. We can stand it. We can stand the disapproval of Europe if we are right in our claim and persist in it, but we can also stand any sneers that are forthcoming and any rage of cheap politicians if, finding our position morally untenable, we recede from it. We can stand the consequences of upholding the law if it is right, or of repealing it if it is wrong, or of submitting the question to arbitration if it appears that the case is doubtful. What we can't stand and in the end won't stand is the disap-

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proval of our own consciences. There is a curious contention, fathered on MACHIAVELLI, that governments ("princes," he puts it) have no conscience and ought not to have any. Citizens of a free country, however, have; and in the long run the government of a free country responds to the conscience of its citizenship.

The British Colonies and the British Navy

GLADSTONE could stand being called a little Englander. Probably Sir WILFRID LAURIER can stand being called a little Canadian or a little provincial. The joke is on RUDYARD KIPLING or other Englishmen who for years have been writing as if all the imperialism were colonial and all the insularity and provincialism were confined to the mother country.

Premier BORDEN, fresh from a visit "home," wants Canada to contribute three Dreadnoughts to the British navy at a cost of thirty-five million dollars. Sir WILFRID moves to amend so as to spend the money on a navy that shall be distinctly Canadian. Australia also is considering the matter of naval defense, and it is said with the same division of opinion as to what is to be defended—Australia or the Empire.

In a crisis the Empire will, of course, defend Canada and Australia, and Canada and Australia will contribute of their blood and treasure to the maintenance of the Empire. That was the relation of America and the mother country before the Revolution. But the relation is studied more candidly now than it was then. It is recognized now that on both sides there are rights and duties and on both sides obligations.

What it all looks like is imperial federation. That is the logical solution of the questions involved, the logical adjustment of rights and obligations. To arrange it will be a big job for statesmanship, but none worthier of the highest statesmanship has been presented to the rulers of any empire since the Roman Empire faced a similar problem, and did not meet it worthily, and fell.

The Governor of South Carolina

We should not like to contribute to the advertising which Governor BLEASE of South Carolina got out of the House of Governors at Richmond and which will undoubtedly strengthen him in quarters where he is already strong. Neither would we add to the humiliation of those South-Carolinians who already feel keenly enough how the unmannerly behavior of their Governor reflects upon them and their State. But the solemn fact remains that South Carolina was well acquainted with BLEASE and had heard him make just such speeches as these before she re-elected him Governor. It is also a solemn fact that BLEASE'S threat to appear later in the Senate at Washington was far from negligible.

There are various ways to account for BLEASE. None is satisfactory. One of the least satisfactory of all is the one we incline to favor—namely, that when the time came to get rid of BLEASE South Carolina failed to produce a man equal to the job. No doubt there were gentlemen in South Carolina who could have commended themselves and saner ideas to the voters as against BLEASE and his crudities, but the thing was not done.

Other States, however, had better not be too quick to ridicule the mother State of the PINCKNEYS and the RUTLEDGES. Old Massachusetts herself has had some queer Governors. So has New York. Let us try and sympathize with South Carolina and yet refrain from patronizing her.

Two Patriots

Senator JOSEPH W. ALSOP, of Avon, Connecticut, whom the *Times* identifies as "related by marriage to the Bull-Moose leader," came back from Chicago with Brother MUNSEY. In fact, says the *Times:*

> He occupied the stateroom next to that of FRANK A. MUNSEY on the special train, and had several talks with the New York publisher. He quotes Mr. MUNSEY as having said that his support of the Progressive cause in the newspapers and magazines will cost him $500,000 loss in magazine advertising in 1913. Mr. MUNSEY remarked that he was glad to have given the support, however, because he had no family and did not care for money, except for what he could accomplish with it.

The sentiment is noble and worthy of our altruistic brother. But how perplexing it all is! Here is Mr. PERKINS still hanging to the unresponsive band-wagon with impassioned grip because he has a brood, and Brother MUNSEY because he has none. Happily, neither cares for money "except for what it will accomplish." That must be the key of the riddle. But when it comes to seemingly futile expenditures already adventured, we should say that Brother MUNSEY has the better of it because Mr. PERKINS has only himself to advertise while Brother MUNSEY has papers to sell. Our sympathies are still with the little ones.

A Rose by any Name

We know that Mr. JEFFERSON MONROE LEVY cannot be the exclusive owner of Monticello. It belongs to the world's enlightenment.—*The American.*

But isn't the distinguished statesman himself an iridescent gleam? And how about JEFFERSON MONROE? Isn't it JEFFERSON MARKET, or has he changed his district?

Not Michigan; Kansas

We have had a letter from WILLIAM P. BELDEN, of Ishpeming, Michigan. He finds grievous fault with a detail of a piece in the WEEKLY of December 7th, in which, in speaking of Miss KATE BARNARD, prison-reformer, we quoted from the New York *Sun* these lines:

> She told some of her experiences; how she had crawled through long passages in the Michigan mines, where the convicts of the famous, or infamous, Lansing penitentiary work. The reason she crawled through those Michigan mines was because Oklahoma had several hundred convicts there, . . . and she made a report which led to the now famous investigation of that jail.

Mr. BELDEN says there is no penitentiary at Lansing, Michigan, that no convicts from Oklahoma or elsewhere are employed in Michigan mines, and that no one need crawl through the mines in Michigan unless he prefers to go that way, because they are improved modern mines, many of them electrically lighted, and you can ride in some of them for miles underground in trolley-cars.

We apologize to Mr. BELDEN and to the State of Michigan: for ourselves, because we did not detect the error in the *Sun's* piece, and for Brother REICK, of the *Sun*, because his young man wrote "Michigan," when he should have written "Kansas." We read in the New York *Times* of December 8th:

> As Commissioner of Charities and Corrections in Oklahoma, Miss BARNARD undertook personally, three years ago, an inspection of the prisons of Kansas in which Oklahoma criminals were confined. The majority of the convicts from the neighboring State—Oklahoma had no penitentiary of its own—were put to work in the mines; and to the mines Miss BARNARD went. The investigations that she carried on and the detailed reports that she made to the persons in authority in both States were enough to bring about a better condition of things in Kansas and to build a penitentiary in Oklahoma.

The state prison of Kansas is at Lansing, Kansas.

A Limited Privilege

There were some remarks the other day in the WEEKLY about the plan for raising money for a coliseum for Yale sports at New Haven, by the terms of which subscribers of one hundred dollars should have the right to purchase two tickets in a reserved section for all games, and (roughly speaking) one additional ticket for each hundred dollars subscribed up to ten. It was not noted in the said remarks, as it should have been, that this ticket privilege is not perpetual, but is limited "between the date hereof and December 31, 1927." That is to say, prompt subscribers will get a privilege for fifteen years and no more. The limitation, which we overlooked, is important.

Fair Tribute

We have had occasion, off and on, to express a preference for the simple table d'hôte luncheons served on foreign railway trains over those obtained here. It is only just, therefore, that we should record the fact that nowhere on wheels can be had food for the body equal to that prepared on the Pennsylvania's Broadway Limited by Mr. CHARLES HUNTER, accomplished chef and most expert of broilers.

"Fit for Duty"

The Pennsylvania Railroad is not enforcing total abstinence upon its employees, but it is growing rigid in its requirements that all its employees shall at all times be fit for duty.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Very good, but does it still estimate that its freight-office employees are attending fitly to duty when they are out entertaining shippers?

Fifteen years ago, more or less, when the rebate business was active, competition for business was lively, and all freight business was on a law-breaking basis, the Pennsylvania Railroad's freight office had high standing as a laboratory for experimentation in practical alcoholics and turned out a good many very competent drunkards. The use of alcohol in influencing shippers was very prevalent, with very bad results to the solicitors of freight who communicated and shared the influence. Very likely the same methods obtained in the freight offices of other, and competing, roads and with like results. If the freight business has been brought under the law, perhaps less alcohol is necessary to the running of it now, and the freight-office employees can "at all times be fit for duty" without acquiring habits of over-stimulation.

Rogues on the Run

Good luck to the chase just started after that precious company of rogues who have got their living for years past by selling books of small value at enormous prices to simple-minded people with money. These plausible rascals have often been shown up before now in lawsuits and attempts to bring them to justice, but we don't recall that any one of them has yet been put in jail. There is a considerable band of them, and their swindling operations are estimated to have brought them in, first or last, as much as five million dollars. Now, on evidence gathered by post-office inspectors the Federal government will try its hand at putting these rogues out of business.

We Pause for Reply

In a spirit which befits the approach of the merry Yuletide, we acknowledge receipt of the following communication from U. E. Terwilliger & Son (by U. E. T.) of Mount Meenahga:

> (MOUNT MEENAHGA) ELLENVILLE, N. Y.
> *Nov. 8th, 1912.*
>
> HARPER BROTHERS,
> GENTLEMEN:—
>
> We feel to acquaint you with the fact that we (Father & Son) are both politically "Progressives." You have during the recent campaign seriously offended us along with such of the more than *4,000,000* adherents of that party who may have seen your scurrilous and Sacrilgious attacks upon THEODORE ROOSEVELT. No, we do not want to renew our subscription to the WEEKLY—nor shall we renew it to the Monthly—nor subscribe for any of your publications so long as Mr. HARVEY is associated with you. Too bad the old house of Harper—should lend itself to such dirty and contemptible work.
>
> Respectfully,
> U. E. TERWILLIGER & SON.
> By U. E. T.

We are always pleased to be made acquainted with our infirmities; it helps us to be better. If it be really true that we have offended the entire four millions referred to, that is a fact to which we hasten to direct the attention of advertisers. As for "scurrilous," "dirty," and "contemptible," those are familiar words which pass unheeded. "Sacrilegious" causes no shock; we have been expecting it and we recognize the propriety of beginning it with a capital letter. But why, Father & Son, why in the name of consistency, why for any reason under the blue canopy, "respectfully"?

Whitelaw Reid

Mr. WHITELAW REID was seventy-five years old. It is hard to believe it, so much of the memory of him is connected with youth. He shared the rapid development that the Civil War brought to many young men. It found him (1861) twenty-four years old, graduate of an Ohio college, and legislative correspondent of an Ohio newspaper. It carried him to Washington, shuffled him through a succession of lively employments, and left him (1866–67) for the moment a cotton-planter in Louisiana. The next year brought him to the staff of the *Tribune*, of which, circumstances becoming adjustable, it took him only four years to become chief editor and chief proprietor. At that it is to sigh in memory of GREELEY, but Mr. REID went on with a steady progress all the rest of his days, being many things to many men, and reaping all the harvests that come to canny and competent persons of convenient abilities. For one thing, he made some money and became associated by marriage with a great deal more, and that, taken in connection with his personal qualifications—experience of life, knowledge of men, discretion, and freedom from bumptiousness and nonsense—make him particularly available for certain kinds of preferment. So in the later years of his life he was minister to France, candidate for Vice-President, special ambassador to Queen VICTORIA'S Jubilee, and so on, a long list, and he died ambassador to Great Britain.

A very sensible man was Mr. REID, and one who never lost his balance. He not only remembered himself, but the American people whom he so often represented. And he was a notable link between the Fourth Estate and the others, for whatever else he was, he was a newspaper man, active or retired, to the end of his days, and never mislaid the instincts and sympathies of that calling.

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The Renaissance of the Dance

THE dancer was enveloped in a soft pink kimono somewhat like a sunset cloud and she lay back in a reclining chair with her feet propped higher than her head to relieve the blood pressure after the performance. A slim, blond, serious-eyed lady—a veritable lady all the way from the toes of her pink slippers to the ash-blond curls on her head—she lay back and talked of the dance. Although those who know her apart from the footlights think of her as a serious student and delicate-minded lady, a charming wife and beautiful hostess in her little home in Regent's Park, when she appears before the footlights she is the greatest dancer who has carried on the tradition of TAGLIONI in this generation.

"The dance," she said, "is of course the most difficult art to understand and the one in which the people are least versed." During the period of Puritan rule, and later of Puritan tradition and prejudice, the dance came under the ban, and it is only now having its renaissance.

With GENEE representing legitimate ballet, with ISIDORA DUNCAN and MAUD ALLAN standing for natural lyric dancing as interpretative of great music; with MORDKIN, PAOLOWA, LOUPOUKOWA, and all the other great Russian dancers producing the dance drama, with RUTH ST. DENIS reviving the symbolic religious dance, and the general revival in colleges, schools, and clubs of folk dances, morris-dances, etc., we are suddenly aware that the dance has once more taken its place among the legitimate arts. Only so short a time ago as six years ARTHUR SYMONS in his volume on the *Seven Arts* admits the logical position of the Puritan. If human life and human nature are in and of their essence sinful, and if the object of human life is solely to prepare us for a disembodied life in another world, the Puritan is right. Dancing is wicked if nature is wicked. And as doubtless God created nature, can we believe that He made it as a mere stumbling-block and trial? Or does it lie with us to raise human instinct, physical life—nature, in a word—to the plane of the soul's highest conceptions?

"The dance," ARTHUR SYMONS writes, "is doubly nature; and if nature, as we are told, is sinful, it is doubly sinful."

There are not many of us who follow closely enough the fluctuations of thought to realize how recently a new current has invaded the great ocean of human opinion and to note how the asceticism of the medieval church is being mitigated by modern thought. The sacredness of human life, of the instincts, of the life of the five senses which are our present means of communication with the world in which we live, is being vindicated. The arts are all reviving from the blow which Puritanism gave them, and innocent and holy joy in life is gaining ground all the time, and with this joy in life as it is comes a renewal of health and vigor. We no longer despise the clay of which we are made, but rather do we say in the spirit of the Psalmist: "I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well."

We see with BROWNING that the soul, having taken the body as its instrument of growth and progression, can no more afford to despise it than a violinist can afford to despise his violin, or the painter his eyes and his canvas. We know that dancing is the most primitive of the arts. Dancing is mere physical motion controlled by the mind's idea of beauty.

Man finds himself in a world of repetitive rhythm; a world where the wind itself as it sings through the lyre of trees and plays on the organ of the ocean, the soft soprano flute of the reeds, or the woodwind tribe of the wheat-fields and tall grasses, is rhythmic. Sound rises and falls, clashing at intervals, with accents here and there, and the mind of man recognizes rhythm in this changing repetition. Not from howling and singing winds alone, nor yet from the unbroken song of seas and moving waters does man draw his sense of rhythmic motion, but from the very swirling of the stars above our heads. Everywhere the alternations of rhythm greet us. In the chase of the seasons, the turning of dark and light, the twisting of the globe, the dance of the spheres, man saw motion and realized repetitive rhythm. Can we not fancy our first parents, as they became vaguely conscious of this, suddenly spreading out their arms to indicate space and slowly twirling in the world where the skies were shifting in circles above them, bowing with wind-swept trees and undulating with the ripple of waters?

Many of the earliest known dances are thus recognitions by man of the rectitude and fitness of his setting; his acceptance, nay, his joy in the whirling scenes about him. Many of the earliest dances known symbolize the twirling of the spheres. There is a lovely Fijian dance called the "Wave Meke," in which a chorus of girls standing in rows imitate the roll and crash of the sea's billows. Throwing their arms high above their heads, they bend slowly over and sweep the ground with their hands, waving the fingers to illustrate the motion of the tinier wavelets contained in the greater motion of the billows. Then slowly they sway from side to side, as the whole body of the ocean sways from south to north. A part of the dance illustrates the sudden clash of the sea upon rocky coasts, and all the hands are clapped at once and the girls sway back and sink to the ground with a low murmur to express the sea's slow withdrawal. Astronomical dances prevailed in early Egypt, and from there found their way into Greece, where doubtless the Bacchic revels and the dances of DIONYSUS were developments of the Egyptian dances to Ra.

The Hebrew dances were all interwoven with the worship of the people, and God was no oftener praised by voice than by the dance.

"Praise Him with the timbrel and dance."

"Let them praise His name in the dance."

"Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together, for I will turn their mourning into rejoicing."

"If the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in the dances, then come ye out of the vineyards and catch you every man his wife."

It is said of the righteous in Job that "They send forth their little ones like a flock and their children dance."

The preacher assures us that there is "a time to mourn and a time to dance."

It was MIRIAM the prophetess who took a timbrel in her hands and "all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances."

Dancing has gone out of the churches and is debarred its part in worship to-day, except in Seville, where the dance of Seixes is still performed once a year in the chancel. At Eleusis, on St. George's Day, a dance is still executed which has religious significance, and DIDERON says that he saw a marriage in Athens at which the priest danced with the bridal pair. In the time of SAVONAROLA it was still customary for the monks to dance at religious ceremonies in the courtyard of San Marco. Is it not a pretty thought, that of the grave-faced SAVONAROLA, FRA ANGELICO, and LIPPO LIPPI taking their measured steps to music in that gray, grave spot?

The dance has passed through many developments from the primitive dance to the religious; from the medieval festival dances to the folk dances of the people; from the court dances of the eighteenth century, when kings and queens and princely dignitaries of the church took part in minuets, pavanes, baladins, and the "Roi Soleil," to the conventional ballet and the lovely esthetic and interpretative dancing of to-day.

But at last dancing is coming to its own again as one of the great arts, as ennobling in its effects as painting, architecture, drama, music, or sculpture. Indeed, it is sculpture in motion, and any one who has seen MAUD ALLAN, that most exquisite of natural dancers, or who has read her book on *My Life and My Dancing*, will realize how much of music, sculpture, and painting can be conveyed through the dance. It is a joy never to be lost to have seen her slip in between the long folds of dark-green hangings, after the first few bars of GRIEG'S "Morgen," in her short white tunic, with the loose belt below the waist and a shepherd's pipe at her lips. It is all the morning of the world come before one's senses as she moves, skipping gently at first, against the green background which suggests a forest better than any pasteboard scene could.

> Would he and I were far away,
> Keeping flocks on Himalay—

are the words that come involuntarily to the mind. It is as if one might see the procession of damsels on a Greek frieze set in motion or the figures on the Greek vases come to life and move to exquisite music. "To disperse rhythm harmoniously to the tips of fingers and toes," she says in her endeavor.

A return to health and nature and the joy of living is indicated by this great modern renaissance of the dance, and to those who are sensitive at all to sound and rhythm and outline the dance is a swifter joy, a more exciting esthetic experience than that of any of the static arts.

Correspondence

CONCEALED WEAPONS

FARGO, N. D., *October 27, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—If the American people were as careful about the preservation of life as they are about the conservation of money, fewer dastardly acts like the attempt to assassinate Colonel Roosevelt would take place in this country. If unlawfully carried firearms were hunted down as persistently as counterfeit money is, and their makers and venders were punished as the makers and spenders of unlawful money are, it would not be so easy for assassins, criminals, and murderous maniacs to get hold of implements with which to do their deadly work.

The enforcement of the laws against carrying concealed weapons to-day is a farce in every city and State in the Union; its effect is merely to keep the law-abiding person from carrying a weapon, leaving him at the mercy of every thug and assassin that pleases to get possession of a pistol and stick it into his breast coat-pocket or cover the grip of it with his coat-tail. Far safer and better would it be for orderly persons if they were allowed by the law and the fashion to carry weapons openly with which to defend their lives. But this should not be necessary; a man's life should be made measurably safe by the government he lives under. He should not be expected to guard it himself every hour against assassins and maniacs. It should not be practicable for such persons to get hold of firearms; at least it should be made very hard for them to do so. In the Philippine Islands to-day a record is kept of every firearm, every cartridge, and every ounce of powder sold. No one can purchase these things without written license from the proper official. And, as a result, a man's life is safer in the dark alleys or under the glare of the electric light in Manila or in any other town of Luzon than it is in any like place within the length and breadth of these highly enlightened, Christian States of ours.

The State laws concerning the selling, possessing, and carrying of firearms furnish virtually no protection to human life; such protection can only be furnished by a law of Congress enforced as rigorously as the laws against the counterfeiting of money or the illicit distilling of whiskey. It should seem that in this twentieth century the lives of men ought to be as worthy of a government's protection as its coinage or its whiskey; and yet, apparently, a law for the protection of life is impossible of enactment by the Congress in view of the second amendment to the Constitution: to wit, "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed"—a provision which, in its application to-day, is antiquated if not wholly obsolete.

I am, sir,

M. F. STEELE.

VOLUNTEER PRISON LEAGUE

NEW YORK, N. Y., *December 2, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Many at this season are asking themselves the question, "What can I do to make Christmas brighter for some one else less fortunate than myself?" May I try and answer the question for them by again bringing to your readers a memory of the need of the wives and children of prisoners.

While the man is behind the bars—a ward of the State—those dependent upon him are left in destitution. Many have the most desperate struggle for existence, and in some instances they face cold, eviction, and even starvation. We have come into touch with them through our personal work among the prisoners within the walls, and now on our books we have the names, ages, and sizes of hundreds of little children for whom we are trying to brighten the Christmas season in the most practical way. This is not promiscuous charity. We investigate every case; we know personally their especial needs, and in packing the boxes which are sent to their homes we give them clothing bought to fit each child, shoes, stockings, groceries, and toys. We find this is much more lasting and practical in its benefits than having a Christmas treat or dinner which would only brighten the one day.

We are in greater need of funds this year than ever before. As our work extends we are constantly finding new families. We shall be very grateful to those who can help us with donations of money, clothing, dolls, or toys. All gifts should be directed to Mrs. Ballington Booth, Volunteer Prison League, 34 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York City.

I am, sir,

MAUD B. BOOTH.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

CLATSKANIE, ORE., *November 23, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is most difficult at times to get another's viewpoint—for instance, St. Francis slept out of doors and lived often on roots and herbs, yet his principal cause for worry was a remembrance of this luxury and prodigality.

Equally difficult is it for me to see why any one should wish to have continued as a national policy the Monroe Doctrine. It might have had a use and purpose at one time, but at present why it would not be better to have any or all of the Central-American countries settled up by thrifty Danes, French, English, or any other civilized nation, than those now inhabiting them, is not clear to me.

The article "What Happened in Nicaragua," by Dudley Harmon, in the WEEKLY of November 16, 1912, as well also the history of these countries for the past generation, is not a creditable commentary on the wisdom of helping to perpetuate any such people and measures.

Herbert Spencer tells us that if any plan were evolved to save people from their folly, the world would soon be filled with fools.

Established as we are on this continent, and with just laws and a homogeneous people of intelligence and integrity, we have nothing to fear from any nation, and without these national and individual attributes we are doomed to walk the plank regardless of other nations.

It seems that a malignant hatred is about all we have received, and no apparent good done them for the lives and money spent.

I am, sir,

HARPER PEDDICORD.

WANTS A CHANGE. NO WONDER

BEEDENBOSTEL, CELLE, GERMANY, *October 28, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When you have found time for the perusal of this letter, the election will have passed into history and be a thing of the past. Let us, then, consider it as such and serve it exactly as we should any other important event—treat it as we did, for instance, Miss Roosevelt's marriage—say nothing more about it.

I firmly believe that there are hundreds of subscribers who, like myself, would gladly welcome almost anything else than politics to read. The last few numbers of the WEEKLY have been filled with politics to the exclusion of everything else; and I can't believe that the whole world is standing at attention like so many soldiers awaiting the orders of the President-elect. No, sir; the world still keeps a-movin' and we want to know how she's a-goin', goll darn her!

I am, sir,

O. M. ROFF.

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THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY WILLIAM BARNES, JR.

Chairman of the New York State Republican Committee

THE delegates to the Republican national convention which met in June last had before them one supreme duty, and that was to preserve the political organism known as the Republican party" as a safeguard of the individual liberty of every citizen of the United States.

What is "individual liberty?"

It is the right of each human being to be protected from the community in every act of his which does not trespass upon the individual rights of another.

What does this mean in the concrete?

When the representatives of the colonies met on the fourth day of July, 1776, and promulgated the Declaration of Independence, they placed in that document these words: "That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Upon the organization of the United States under the Constitution, when the States were finally brought to a realization of the necessity for union, immediately there were adopted ten amendments to the Constitution, guaranteeing to each individual the inalienable rights which were enumerated in the Declaration, and, later, the Fourteenth Amendment was passed, as a result of the War of the Rebellion, prohibiting any State from abridging the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States and also prohibiting any State from depriving any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

These amendments, an integral part of the Constitution, guarantee to the individual liberty, under which American citizens have lived in confidence enjoyed by the people of few nations on earth.

In the United States of America if a person secures satisfaction for his soul in the worship of his idea of God which gives him resistance, power, and peace, he cannot be subject to religious persecution by other men who happen to be the majority of the community and who do not like his conception of the Deity.

In the United States of America if a person falls under the ill will of the community for his teachings, for some alleged criminal offense that he may commit, for what he may write in the press, the community has no power to touch his life or his liberty. He can teach as he will under the guarantee of free speech; his criminal offense, if any, must be tried out before a jury of his peers and not through public clamor; what he writes can only be legally attacked if libelous. In short, the community is not the judge.

In the United States of America a tribunal has been established known as the "court" to pass upon legislation which transcends individual liberty, and that court may be invoked by any one when the community attempts to violate the principle for which the War of the Revolution was fought and which was embodied in the Constitution by the amendments above referred to.

Life is continuous; minds of people change; what seems good to-day may seem bad to-morrow, but under our form of government—a government of guarantees made by the people when they relinquished their right to rule as they pleased—no individual can be harmed because he has a steadfast mind.

On the twenty-first day of February, 1912, Mr. Roosevelt, speaking to the Ohio Constitutional Convention, advocated a practical abolition of this guarantee when he announced that he favored the recall of judicial decisions on constitutional questions, which means in substance that if the legislative body violated the Constitution in the protection of individual liberty, and the citizen so wronged applied to the court for redress and got it, that then the people who had chosen the Legislature could nullify the action of the court and the man could be punished in accordance with the statute for the exercise of that liberty which he believed was his most cherished possession. It may well be asked, But why did Mr. Roosevelt, an astute and experienced politician, advocate what would apparently be so unpopular a change? His mind was not directed against the freedom of worship, freedom of the press, freedom of life or liberty, but it was distinctly directed against the human right to own property, which is just as much an individual right as the right to life and liberty, and is so set forth in the Constitution. It is not for one man to question the mind or motives of another, but it was perfectly clear to those delegates who assembled at the Chicago convention and recorded their votes against Mr. Roosevelt's nomination that his advocacy of this revolutionary doctrine was demagogic and was undertaken by him in order that antagonism to the ownership of property might be capitalized into a political asset. Both he and Mr. Bryan have frequently made use of the expression "property rights," when every one should know that there is no such thing as property rights, but only the human right to own property.

The contention at Chicago, therefore, was not between Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, as many short-thinking men believe, but was a contest whether the Republican party intended in the future to be an exponent of the individual liberty of every citizen or whether it would accept the doctrine that Mr. Roosevelt propounded at Columbus, that a majority of the people might do whatever they pleased with the minority of the people.

A democracy without such constitutional limitations as exist in America could not long endure because of the aggressions that would be made, and the early establishment of a despot would ensue.

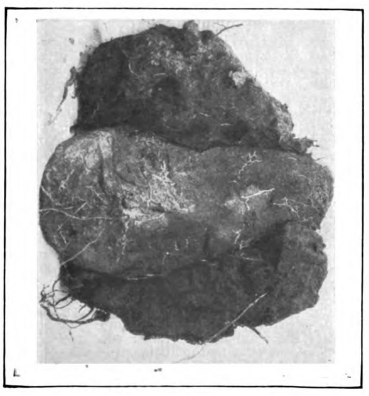
When Mr. Roosevelt discovered that a majority of the Chicago convention had set its face with resolution against his ambition, it is not strange that in order to create a new host of followers it was necessary to attempt to blacken the reputation of every man who opposed him and to cry "Robber! Thief!" in order to gain the support which comes to a martyr.

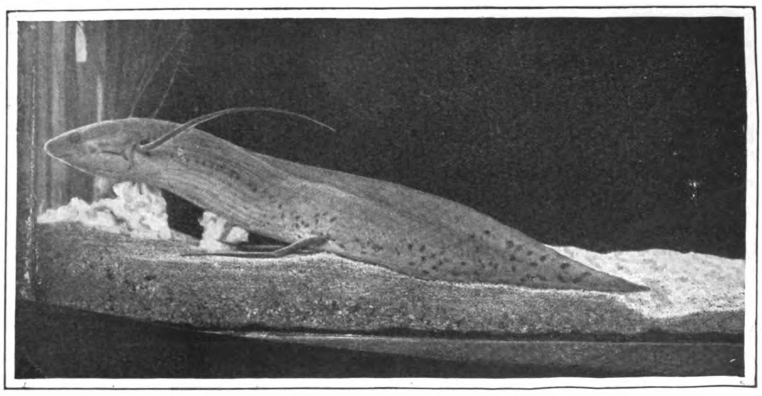
Accustomed to give orders to State conventions in New York and compel them to do his bidding, he could not comprehend how it was possible that there were men patriotic enough in the Chicago convention, knowing that he would organize a new party and defeat the Republican ticket, to withstand him and the onslaught of his followers, but he thought that he was dealing with cowards and not with men. Delegates in that convention who loyally stood by President Taft did not reckon from the beginning whether they faced defeat or not. They did know that if defeat came it would be an honorable one. They knew that the preservation of the liberty of each citizen in the nation was in their hands. They never wavered, although conscious of the fact that in the few months before election it would probably be impossible to make a sufficient number of voters comprehend the fundamental dangers to which they were exposed, but they had the supreme confidence that their action would mark an epoch in the history of America because they had defeated at the outset the first assault ever made in America upon the constitutional protection of individual liberty. It was not important that in many Northern States preferential Presidential votes had been given for Mr. Roosevelt as against Mr. Taft due to a variety of reasons, principally among which was hero worship, because the electors had no comprehension of the violence to each one of them which Mr. Roosevelt's propaganda embraced. It was the duty of that convention to set the Republican party right on the greatest of public questions which has ever come before the American people, greater even than that of secession. When the platform of that party was adopted, making clear the Republican position on this question, there were given for it 666 votes, a majority of 254 over the remainder who either voted against the platform or refrained from voting. If the 74 delegates whose seats in the convention Mr. Roosevelt unjustly declared to be fraudulently obtained had not voted, the majority for the platform would still have been 180.

Through the campaign just closed Mr. Roosevelt and his followers have not hesitated to denounce as bosses, whatever that word may mean, the leaders of men who refused to bend the knee to his revolutionary doctrine and his ambition, believing he could destroy their political usefulness, and that, with that gone, their followers would become an easy prey. Has it not occurred to every thinking man in America that the men whom Mr. Roosevelt violently denounced had been his former political friends and associates and could have remained so had they so desired, and that each and every one of them became a bad boss only when he refused to follow anywhere Mr. Roosevelt led? Take in this State: When did Elihu Root, who saved Mr. Roosevelt at the Saratoga convention when he was a candidate for Governor and the question of his residence was raised, who was his Secretary of War and Secretary of State, and was declared by Mr. Roosevelt to be the "ablest man he ever knew in public life"; when did Herbert Parsons, who engineered two State conventions as President Roosevelt's agent; when did Nicholas Murray Butler, for many years one of Mr. Roosevelt's closest advisers; when did James W. Wadsworth, Jr., who was made Speaker of the Assembly after but one year of service, at Mr. Roosevelt's behest, become an object of his antagonism, except when these men refused to follow him into the wilderness of revolution and become agents for the advancement of his personal ambition to a third and nobody knows how many more terms in the Presidency. Their individual honor was at stake at Chicago; they could not follow Mr. Roosevelt in his abuse of the public thought without a violation of their entire mind and the whole history of American experience. Had these men from New York supported Mr. Roosevelt at Chicago, he doubtless would have been nominated and might have been elected, but what would those men say to themselves had they done so? Political opportunity has frequently been lost to men because of refusal to bow to a demagogic proposal, but no man who ever has so bowed has ever lived again in his own estimation, which is infinitely more important than any other consideration in life.

It is natural that because for 127 years the right of individual liberty had not been assailed in America that this new assault upon it is not thoroughly realized. Thousands believe in it and thousands act as if they thought it ought to be abolished. They show it in conversation; they show it in their conduct; they show it in abuse of others; they show it in quick and ill-considered condemnation without information. Had Bruce Ismay been an American citizen and no guarantee of individual rights existed in America, the Legislature of the State of New York in the condition of the public mind last April might have ordered his execution, and it would have taken place.

A stupendous task confronts the members of the Republican party—not only to hold their own minds true to the pole of right thinking, but to contend against the opposing forces of fallacy and cant and project the truth into the minds of others who have ceased to think and must be taught.





A FISH THAT SPINS COCOONS

THIS LUNG FISH, FROM WEST AFRICA, NOW IN THE NEW YORK MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, WAS IMPORTED ALIVE IN THE LUMP OF CLAY SHOWN IN THE SMALLER ILLUSTRATION. WHEN THE RIVER DRIES UP, THE LUNG FISH SPINS A COCOON AND MAKES A HOME FOR HIMSELF IN THE EARTH UNTIL THE ADVENT OF THE RAINY SEASON

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THE MANUFACTURER AND THE STATE

A Phase of the Problem which Confronts the Democratic Party

(From the Chicago "Tribune")

COLONEL GEORGE HARVEY, editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in an address delivered last evening at the Hotel La Salle, served notice on the manufacturers of the Middle West that they must prepare themselves to submit to important economic reforms during the coming Democratic administration or become objects of suspicion by the public of the whole country.

The occasion was the fifteenth annual banquet of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, at which the newly elected president, Charles Piez, presided. More than two hundred men, representing millions of dollars of investments in this State, listened to the speech and applauded it.

Colonel Harvey began by repeating an excerpt from an address which Senator Root delivered a short time ago in New York. In that speech the Senator declared there are thousands of people in the United States who are firmly convinced the New York Chamber of Commerce is a den of thieves and that the manufacturers of the country are no better than a set of confidence men.

Whether or not this belief was unfounded, said the editor of HARPER'S, made no difference. The point was that the business interests of the country owed it to themselves to clear themselves of suspicion.

He then went on to declare that the impression that the American people had gained of its moneyed interests was gained through the false leadership which the moneyed interests had maintained at Washington. This leadership, he asserted, in its management of the Payne-Aldrich tariff schedules had been guilty not only of extortion, but of stupid extortion. In the face of the fact that President Taft had declared the woolen schedules indefensible, it had gone blundering ahead and imposed 100 per cent. duties when 30 or 40 per cent. duties would have served every legitimate interest of the manufacturers.

There is no disposition on the part of the incoming administration, said the editor, to hurt business, but it is pledged to certain specific reforms and upon the performance of its pledges depends its right to exist.

Colonel Harvey's address in part was as follows:

"Two weeks ago I heard Senator Elihu Root utter these words to the Chamber of Commerce of the city of New York:

"'There are hundreds of thousands of people outside the great industrial communities who think you are a den of thieves. There are hundreds of thousands of people who think that the manufacturers of the country are no better than a set of confidence men.'

"Such a statement from such a source is more than significant; it is startling. It may be an exaggeration or it may be an underestimate. It is possible that the Senator should have said millions instead of hundreds of thousands. Whatever may be our judgment in that regard, it is idle to deny that the statement contains at least an element of fact. Let us assume for a moment that the popular belief thus stated with the utmost seriousness by the distinguished Senator from New York is without substantial foundation. Let us presuppose, as I for one, at least, do sincerely hold faith, that the great body of manufacturers of this country are not confidence men, are not tricksters, are not destitute of the attributes of either honor or patriotism. What, then, has given rise to this false, unjust, and extremely harmful impression? To my mind, the answer is both simple and plain. You American manufacturers have, unwittingly, no doubt, but tacitly, surely, permitted yourselves to suffer in public esteem from flagrant misrepresentation. I do not mean by that wrongful interpretation of acts and motives by outsiders. I mean direct misrepresentation by men who have appeared before the American people as your spokesmen without protest or repudiation from you.

"It is a fact, undoubtedly, that your integrity and your patriotism have been impugned by political and demagogic self-seekers. It is equally true that natural envy and cupidity constitute some of the roots of unfounded aspersions; but, gentlemen, I want to say to you this, that I could name the heads of two of our greatest industries whose manifested greed and arrogance have done more to engender a resentful spirit in the minds of the people than all of the ignorance and the demagogy of which complaint is made combined.

"What was the shining mark, the easy mark, for tariff-reformers in the Congressional elections of 1910 which foreran the recent Democratic victory? I do not need to tell you because you have reason to know better than I. It was the famous—or should I say infamous—Schedule 'K,' and close upon the heels of Schedule 'K' was Schedule 'I.'

"It still continues to be possible to deceive all of the people a part of the time and a part of the people all of the time, but when the President of the United States, who signed the bill, pronounced the new duties on woolen manufactures indefensible, the time for effective fooling ceased abruptly. There was something that the people could not only understand, but could take hold of. They knew what they had to pay for what they had to wear. They also thought they knew how much less they ought to be compelled to pay, and they charged up the difference to protection and the Republican party.

"Now, gentlemen, this extortion, because it is extortion, nothing else, from the poor was neither wanted nor sanctioned by the great body of real owners of woolen and cotton mills. It was deprecated, as I happen to know, by the wiser and more far-seeing directors of those great corporations. But it was tolerated. The Woods and the Whitmans prevailed, and it was their blind, stupid insistence upon 100 per cent. duties when 30 or 40 per cent. was fully adequate to the safeguarding of both wages and profits, that brought down upon the party of protection the wrath of the people.

"The real owners, the shareholders, of whom there are thousands in New England, were wronged by false leadership, and so were you and all other manufacturers engaged in honorable and legitimate occupation.

"When a great mass of people can put their hands upon one concrete and vital injustice they cease to draw fine distinctions. That is why the reputation of all you American manufacturers has suffered and your standing in the court of public opinion has been impaired. What, then, is to be done? But one answer is possible. False leadership, selfish leadership, arrogant leadership must be repudiated. A fresh perspective, a new and sounder basis, must be substituted for that which is artificial and untenable. The pubic must be accepted as a partner, not regarded as prey. Recognition must be accorded the fundamental truth that the manufacturer, in common with the banker, the professional man, and the laborer, is a co-worker, not a master. The corporation is a mere creature of the State and the State is a mere creature of the people. Each possesses inalienable rights in equity and under the law, but clearly the corporation, least of all, should attempt usurpation through intrigue and illicit combination.

"There is no malice in the American people, but when you come to them demanding fair play you must come with clean hands. There is no disposition or justification for the incoming political party to cripple a single industry in this land. The only apprehension of danger from readjustment of tariff duties is that which lies, not in intent, but in possible ignorance. Here, then, is the opportunity and the obligation of the really capable and far-sighted manufacturer to recognize that his is a dual capacity and that first of all and above all he is an American citizen.

"Revision downward is decreed. It must become an accomplished fact or the Democratic party will be swept, as it should be swept, off the face of the map. Obviously nobody knows so well wherein duties may be lowered without injuring industry as he who makes the goods. This is a time for cordial, business-like co-operation in the performance of public duty, not of mulish fighting in pursuance of an ugly policy which ought never to have been tolerated and which must be repudiated if you are to expect the fair treatment which should be accorded to you as honorable men. There will be no difficulty in revising the tariff downward in such a way as to make for stability and to the immediate satisfaction and ultimate advantage of all, if those best acquainted with the details will put their information voluntarily, openly, and without reservation at the disposal of an administration which will be at least rightfully ambitious and sufficiently intelligent to prefer success to failure.

"But you may well say: Grant that Senator Root has depicted the existing condition accurately. Admit that the causes which have given rise to it lie in the misrepresentation cited. What is the remedy? Where is it to be found? How applied? To my mind, the way is open and plain.

"But yesterday I read in a leading public journal of Boston a solemn adjuration to the manufacturers of New England. It was a despairing wail based upon a declaration by Mr. Underwood, to the effect that the special tariff measures recently passed by Congress and vetoed by the President indicate the lines of legislation soon to be enacted. Not that those bills were to be repassed in their original form. Not at all. He did not say that. Nobody who knows him would question for one moment either the open-mindedness or the fair-mindedness of the present chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. It was no part of his intention, in outlining a programme, to espouse details. None would be quicker than he to admit that those bills, or, for that matter, any tariff measures, are susceptible of improvement. But this mere declaration of purpose evoked the usual misinterpretation. Voicing, I have no doubt, the sentiment of the official heads of the great textile industries, this public journal called upon the manufacturers of New England to ignore the House of Representatives entirely and to concentrate all of their energies and place their whole reliance upon the Senate of the United States.

"Experience, it was stated, dictated this policy. Now, I grant that the method has served in the past, but I assert without fear of contradiction that in that very fact may be found the germs of hostility to all manufacturers discerned by Senator Root. It is a benighted policy, gentlemen, a fateful policy. If it be generally adopted in the present state of public knowledge of the past, and of public feeling of the present, bitter indeed will be the experience which will ensue.

"Disregarding the obligations of citizenship, can such a course of action be justified to-day from the standpoint of business and of common sense? Is it wise, is it prudent, to invite antagonism when co-operation can be had for the asking? I appeal to you as men in closer touch with the trend of public opinion and public determination to forsake the tortuous path marked by such leadership and take the broad road of common cause for the common good.

"Why not, indeed, forestall the need of opposing unfair reductions in tariff duties by proposing reductions which shall be equally real, but destitute of injurious effects to legitimate industry? If public confidence is to be regained, it can be won only by voluntary and broadly considered action. Therein, gentlemen, lies the opportunity, the splendid opportunity, of an association of self-respecting American men engaged in honorable pursuits such as I believe this association to be.

There is one other consideration bearing upon the relations of the manufacturer to the State to which I wish to make brief allusion. Last year one thousand millions of dollars were received by American manufacturers for goods exported. Some portion of the advantages thus derived is attributable to the enhanced efficiency of our consular and diplomatic service; and yet we find to-day, in utterances from various sources, manifestations of disapproval of what has come to be known as our 'dollar diplomacy.' Now I, for one, am free to admit that I am not proud of that term as applied to an American policy. In point of fact, I find it hateful, in so far as it implies sordid motives in the shaping of our relationship with other peoples. But I cannot and do not believe that any part of the dissatisfaction to which I refer is due to efforts on the part of our government to obtain for our products the markets of the world. It is directly traceable to apprehension that, in recent years, our government has drifted into the European way of interfering with the political affairs of our neighbors for purposes of gain. I do not charge that this is so, but I do insist that if it is not so the fact has not been made sufficiently clear.

"I take full cognizance of the statement that this nation must do as other nations do if it would maintain its own, but I deny its validity as an argument. The foreign policy of these United States has been unique from the beginning. It has differed sharply from that of other nations from the day on which the Father of his Country set his face like flint against entangling alliances. It has always been our boast and our glory that, unlike the monarchies of Europe, we have never sought to annex the territory of an unwilling people. That has been our pledge to the inherent right of self-government, no less without than within our borders, and we have kept it faithfully. It is the most splendid of all our traditions, and it must be maintained scrupulously if we would not belie our professions.

"But I say to you, gentlemen, that it cannot be preserved if we constitute our navy a collection agency or put our State Department at the service of dealers in money. There may be and doubtless is good reason why the United States should join with European powers in an effort to restore order in China. There may be, and I dare say is, sufficient cause to proffer financial aid in the development of the resources of the East. But if there is the slightest justification or excuse for this government to associate itself with other nations in taking by the throat and forcing exactions upon a new republic at the very moment of its emergence from the barbarism of ages, then I say the fact has not yet been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the American people.

"The way to make a friend of a people, as of an individual, is to extend aid when aid is sought, not to take advantage of distressful need. The way to open markets is to manifest a helpful spirit, to evince consideration, to extend the courtesies of mutual respect and appreciation, not to lend our prestige and heritage to others for the performance of questionable acts even though in so doing we, or some of us, profit thereby.

"By all means, let the State meet every obligation of partnership with its citizens, whether they be producers, manufacturers, or bankers. But let its methods be in the future, as they have been in the past, consistent and unassailable, in the view of those whom we would befriend, not for our advantage, but for theirs; not for gain, but generously, nobly, as befits this American nation above all others.

"After all, gentlemen, the tariff, though an imminent and fitting subject at this time, is not a problem. It is no more than a phase—a phase indicative only of the mistrust depicted by Senator Root, whose most significant words to the Chamber of Commerce were these:

"'There are hundreds of thousands of people outside of the industrial communities who think you are a den of thieves.'

"This declaration was not made to manufacturers. It was addressed to Wealth, not to working capital, but to wealth—accumulated and accumulating wealth. And there, in that utterance, is the heart of disaffection and distrust. People have come to believe that undue advantages are conferred upon the rich and that unjust burdens are placed upon the poor; that poverty, not wealth, is taxed; that the requital of toil bears inadequate proportion to the usufruct of gold. And one reason why they believe this is that it is true. It is not necessary for us now to attempt to affix the blame, but it is necessary to recognize the fact.

"Such is the problem and such the obligation which confront the Democratic party. It is a great and onerous undertaking, calling for the utmost of sagacity, of courage, of statesmanship, even of tact. The party itself is inexperienced. It has yet to prove itself capable. But it is a fortuitous circumstance that nobody in recent years has considered it worth bribing, and that, consequently, it is at least free to do its best. Equally propitious, to my mind—and I speak, in the words of Patrick Henry, 'not as a partisan, but as an American'—is the fact that the result of our recent election was the outcome, not of emotion, but of reason. The people elected Mr. Wilson out of their heads, not out of their hearts. They have testified to their faith in his integrity and his judgment and have left it to him, through demonstration of his fidelity to truth and to them, to win their affections.

"That makes for a satisfying condition, alive with noble opportunity and full of generous hope. Whatever be our future problems, our future trials, we have at least the advantage, indicated by the election as our President of a man of Southern birth, of facing them resolutely as a truly united Nation—united, not in name alone, but in heart and purpose and determination to prove the wisdom of God in setting up in this new land, as an example for all the world, a government founded upon the theory that all men are born possessed of equal rights and the principle that upon no man shall be conferred exceptional privilege."

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The REGENERATION of PETLOW

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ILLUSTRATED by C.H. TAFFS

I

PETLOW was in a state of mind bordering upon despondency. He was face to face with the difficult job of writing a Christmas story full of the spirit of Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men, in fulfilment of his promise to his editorial chief, and not an idea could be induced to come his way. He turned and twisted, and twisted and turned the convolutions of his gray matter until they turned pink in sheer faded weariness, but all without avail. That hard-working subconscious mind of his that had always so faithfully served him in the past had apparently repudiated all allegiance to him, utterly refusing out of its plenteous stores of flotsam and jetsam to cast anything even remotely resembling an idea on the shores of his consciousness. The fact was that Petlow in some way or other had managed of late years, in common with many other good folk, to outgrow his old-time faith in the Christmas spirit, and a task that had once been an easy one to the Believer had now become irksome to the Pessimist and the Skeptic. Nor was his withdrawal from that ancient faith in the gods of the Yule a merely quiescent turning of his back upon them—it had taken the form of an aggressive antagonism, which was voiced upon all occasions, appropriate or not. It mattered not to Petlow so long as there were ears within hearing distance of his excoriating indictments of their shortcomings. At the club only that night he had loudly inveighed against what he termed "the wicked perpetuation of the Santa Claus myth," in terms so vigorous as finally to elicit inquiries from solicitous friends as to the state of his digestion.

"You'd better see a specialist, Pet," Traymore had said, as Petlow's denunciations of the good old saint waxed uncomfortably heated. "The trouble with you is a superabundance of cakes and al'. old man," he went on, with a fine simulation of concern. "A little less mayonnaise, and a bit more real sympathy with life as we live it, gained from going out-of-doors a little, will help you wonderfully. You've been exercising your mental faculties and your gastronomic tastes too much to the neglect of your biceps and your lungs."

Petlow laughed, but it was the acrid laugh of scorn rather than one of mirth.

"That's the way with you sentimentalists," he said, his lip curling into a cynical sneer. "You shut your eyes to certain facts that everybody else can see, and when you are reminded of them you hit the other fellow below the belt with invidious remarks about his digestive apparatus."

"Well, they tell us that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," said Traymore, "and if the only way to get to yours is *vià* the below-the-belt line, it's a through ticket for mine."

"The fact is," Petlow went on, warming up to his subject, "this old Santa Claus person is one of two things—he is either a miserable old fraud or an abominable old snob. You can take your choice. It's a mighty poor alternative, I'll admit, but you can't blink the facts. Why does he do so much for the rich and so little for the poor? Why do you find him kotowing to the kids along Fifth Avenue, with never a look-in on the East Side sweatshops, where it is safe to say that behind the grim walls of those sodden red tenements there dwell for every city block not less than five thousand human souls, cooped up in cheerless misery, three thousand of them little children having no place to play but a filthy street or a shaky fire-escape? Answer me that, you worshipers of Saint Fakir! Why Old Nick himself pays more attention to those kids than your beloved Saint Nick ever even dreamed of doing."

Traymore shook his head sorrowfully.

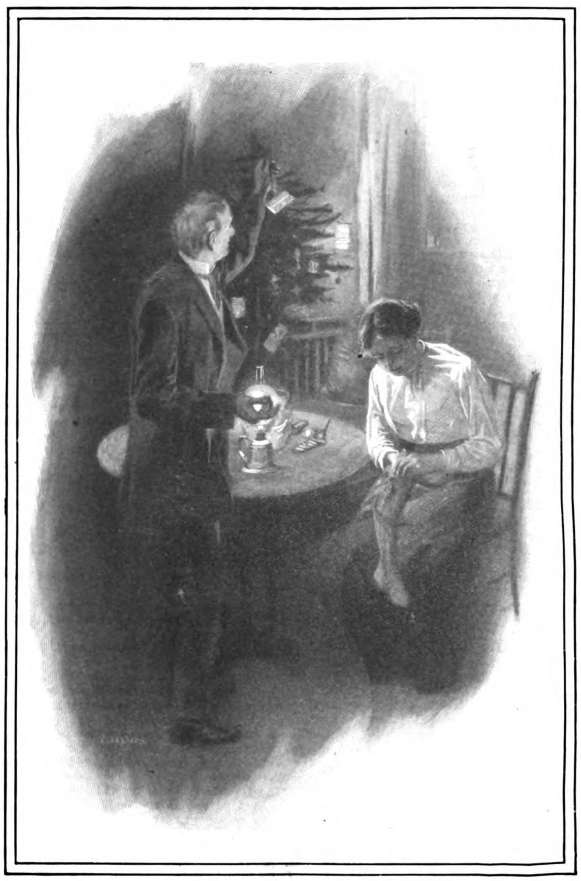
"A sad, sad case of too high living!" he sighed. "I shall petition the house committee of this club to remove pies and rich foods of all kinds from our daily bill of fare for the next ten weeks or at least until you have had time to recover. You are a bilious old croaker, Petlow; but, by Jove! old man, we love you too much to see you sacrifice a promising young life on the altars of the superfluous lobster and the gout-compelling pâté de foie gras."

II

From such an argument with adversaries not calculated to soothe the spirit of discontent within had Petlow returned to his desk, and now as the hour of midnight struck he sat there, staring disconsolately at his inkstand. The golden light from his electric lamp cast a broad stream of yellow upon his blotter, leaving the rest of the room in shadowy darkness, not dissimilar to the gloomy spiritual condition of his troubled soul. And confronted by such a task!—to pour forth for public consumption what his chief had called "a rattling Christmas yarn full of the old-time Yule-tide spirit." . . . "Give the knockers a taste of their own medicine," the editor had said in his letter. "Whack the modern spirit that would relegate good old Santa Claus to the junk-heap as hard as you know how. It is high time we put a spoke in the wheels of these iconoclasts, and you are the man to do it. When your dander is up you're a whirlwind—so, have at 'em, Petlow, have at 'em."

The situation was tragic, and yet Petlow could not help laughing as he gazed at the blank sheet of paper before him.

"Might as well ask an empty bottle to pour forth sweet waters fresh from the Pierian spring," he muttered.



They labored there before a small, fresh evergreen

And just then a singular thing happened. A voice from somewhere spoke softly but unmistakably.

"That is because you have let the bottle get empty," it said. "Why not take it to the pump and fill it up again?"

Now it had been a great many years since Petlow had enjoyed the sensation of hearing strange voices from unseen lips. There had been a time back in the early days of his career when this was not only not an unusual phenomenon, but a fact of almost daily occurrence. In the fresher days of his life he had not only held converse with visitors from the spirit world, but had established for himself as well quite a market as a sort of medium of communication between the world of matter and the realms wherein the unlaid specters of the mystic vales did mostly congregate. One of his critics in those days gone by had even gone so far as to call him the "Realist of the Unreal," so vividly had he portrayed the life, customs, and manners—or lack of them—of the roving visitants of midnight that used to haunt his den, bringing him material for his pen in such abundance as almost to overtax his stenographic powers to "get it all down." And now, after many years of silence, the voices had begun again.

Petlow swung violently around in his pivot chair, and gazed intently over into the shadowy depths whence the voice had seemed to come.

"That's a good idea," he rejoined. "I don't know who you are or where you come from, but you seem to be a sensible sort of a presence, and I assume that you belong to that same old crowd of vocal disturbances that used to make this room their headquarters in the old days."

"Yes, I belong to that self-same crowd," the voice replied, "and we stand ready to help you out of a hole to-day, in just the same friendly spirit as of yore, even though you have deserted us these many years. It is a peculiarity of old friends who are really friends that they overlook such conduct as yours, and when it comes to pouring coals of fire on somebody's head they know where to find the scuttle."

"Good work," laughed Petlow. "Judging from the condition of my brain-furnace to-night, I guess you can count on me for a ton—the hotter the better, too. Where have your visitations been keeping yourselves all these years?" he added.

"We've been right here, Petlow," returned the voice. "Right alongside of you all the time, using your apartment as a sort of club-house, but you haven't seen us, that's all. You don't even seem to have felt us latterly, but we haven't blamed you. There's always a period in the life of every man when his eyes become blind, and his ears deaf, and his perceptions blunted, to the good old things on which he once relied. It doesn't mean that the good old things are no longer there, or have ceased to be good, but merely

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that the particular individual who no longer perceives them has gone blind, deaf, and unimpressionable."

"I see," said Petlow, scratching his chin reflectively. "In common with the rest of mankind at a certain age I have developed into a sort of human callosity, eh?"

"Well—not developed—say lapsed," said the voice. "You have simply reverted to that state of sensibility in which you passed the centuries before you were born."

"You couldn't come out into the light where I could see you better, could you?" said Petlow. "When somebody comes hurdling in through my keyhole and calls me a human callosity to my face, I like to see what sort of a physical proposition I am up against."

"That's your trouble," said the voice. "Everything with you has to be physical before you can grasp it. It used not to be that way with you—you could sense a spirit a mile off in the good old times before a material age placed matter above everything else."

"Nevertheless," persisted Petlow, "you ought to be willing to manifest yourself. Come on out into the light and let me look you over—that is, if you can."

"I can, but I won't," said the voice. "It's your spiritual eye I want to open—I'll leave the others to your oculist. Fact is, I want you to use your eyes for something more unusual than I am. You're up a tree, aren't you."

"My dear fellow," returned Petlow, flippantly, "I am up a whole forest. I'm like an elephant suddenly called upon to dance the tarantella with a dainty little May queen. A lot of the poetry of motion is demanded of me, when I am long on the airy grace of a three-legged grand-piano."

"I see," said the visitor. "You are asked to be merry and joyous, when spiritually you have allowed yourself to become a high-class funeral."

Petlow laughed heartily.

"I guess you've about hit it," said he. "I've got to write a Christmas tale of the good old-fashioned order, full of the spirit of Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Santa Claus, when as a matter of fact on the St. Nicholas proposition I am the man with the ax!"

"Oh, well," laughed the voice, "cheer up! You'll do it!"

"Not in a month of Sundays, I won't!" retorted Petlow. "I can't! It's all gone from me, that good old-fashioned spirit—"

"Nevertheless," interrupted the spirit, "you'll do it."

"But how?" cried Petlow. "I wish I had your confidence."

"My confidence is nothing but the certitude born of knowledge," said the voice. "You see, Petlow, I am not exactly a Vision—that's why I don't let you strain your eyes trying to see me. I'm what you might call a Prevision—see?"

"It sounds good," said Petlow, "but how the fact helps me—"

"Why," said the voice, "I am going to do for you what has never been done for a human being before. I'm going to show you this story you are going to write, and let you copy it off!"

Petlow gasped, and then stammered out—

"Co-copy—copy—m-my own sus-story?" he cried. "How can I copy a story that has never been written? You mean you will provide me with the material—"

"I mean just what I say," said the voice. "I am going to provide you with the story itself. You know, my dear Petlow, that to a real Prevision time is nothing. Yesterday is no more a certainty than to-morrow. We can see what is to be just as well as you can see what has been. That's where we are different from mere Visions—anybody with an ordinarily open eye can see the present and visualize the past, but your true Prevision sees not only what has been and is, but what is to be as well."

Petlow sprang to his feet, his face lit up with the first real enthusiasm it had known for years.

"By Jove! old man," he cried, excitedly, "do come out into the light and let me see you. I'd—I'd like mightily to make a deal with you. If you and I were to go into Wall Street as partners—say as Petlow, Nix & Co.—we could clean up a million a day. All you'd have to do would be to give me next week's quotations on ten active stocks—"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" groaned the voice from the depths of the corner. "I see too well what has happened to you—poor Petlow! It is this everlasting pursuit of the material things of life that has blinded you to things of the spirit and made you deaf to the whisperings of the soul. Ah, Petlow—if you could only drop that for a little while, and come back to the old anchorages in the harbors of unselfishness and of peace—"

"Oh, well, never mind," said Petlow, abashed, sinking back again listlessly in his chair. "I guess maybe you are right. I have been going it rather strong on the flesh-pots latterly."

"You have," said the voice. "And it has sadly impaired your perceptions; but it is never too late to mend, and as your spiritual oculist let me recommend that you run your eye over this for a moment."

A misty something developed in Petlow's hand. It was as if some fine-spun webby substance had suddenly taken shape therein, and as Petlow glanced downward to see what it might be it gradually assumed a definite form.

"Why—" he gasped, as out of a whirling mass of filmy iridescence the seemingly impalpable substance took shape—"why this is that coming Christmas Number—*Parley's Weekly*, December 25, 1912—"

"Exactly," came the voice. "Handsome sheet—eh?"

"Perfectly fine," said Petlow, as he gazed at the beautiful vision before him. "By George!" he added. "I must get to work—it would never do to stay out of so perfect—"

This time it was the spirit's turn to laugh.

"Oh, you're in it, all right," said the voice. "Turn to page sixteen and see."

Petlow turned over the pages with feverish rapidity, and finally, coming to the sixteenth, his amazed eyes fell upon the following:

THE DOUBTER'S CHRISTMAS

BY THEODORE PETLOW

'Well, I'll be jiggered!" said Petlow, and then leaning back in his chair he read:

III

"Now it came to pass in the reign of Knok, the Hammerer, a Doubter dwelt in Mammon's Land, whose soul was filled with bitter scorn, the which he voiced in maledictions great against the Spirit of the Yule, for to his blinded eye, and ear grown deaf, the season spelled but sordid things.

"A lonely man was he, and none there w..s to watch with care his goings forth or comings back, for Youth and all its simple Faiths had passed beyond his ken, and all his ways were ways of worldliness, and all his thoughts were centered on himself.

A bundle of packages was thrown to the marble floor

"No child had he to fill his home with merriment and joy, for from his boyhood days to this no thought of sacrifice for love's sweet sake had swayed his mind or heart into those blessed paths whereon man fills his highest destiny in deeds of Fatherhood.

"The Helpmate fair he might have won was not, for in his quest of Self he found no room for one to share, and all he had he held for use of Self alone.

"And now, a Man of Doubt, he stood and railed at them to whom the Yule with all its gifts of Peace, Good-will, and Love, did yet appeal.

"And most of all he railed at him men called Saint Nicholas.

"His smile and rotund form denied he him.

"His twinkling eye that spoke of love and tenderness denied he him.

"His kindliness of heart and helpful hand likewise denied he him.

"'O miserable fraud! Insensate snob!' he cried. 'How long, how long, must superstitious man proclaim thy sway and fill the world with creeds of rank untruth!'

"And lo, a hand was on his shoulder gently laid e'en as he railed; a hand unseen, but kindly in its touch, and with it came a softly whispered summons:

"'Come thou with me!'

"And lo, the Doubter, clamoring still his doubts in strident tones, yet passed along obedient to the voice imperious in its very gentleness.

"And to a home they came.

"A cottage low, placed on an acre small, with trees hard by, and signs of sleeping gardens, and softly o'er the scene the winter's snow was falling.

"Most unpretentious was the cot, a specter white there on that wintry eve, and peeping through the window-pane the Doubter, thither lead by what he knew not, perceived a form within a dim-lit room—the figure of a man, his shoulders bent with years of toil, and worn and weary face, and by his side a woman sat, her beauty faded, yet speaking love and graciousness in every line; and they twain labored there before a small, fresh evergreen whereon were spangles bright, and gleaming tinsel strands that flashed like snowy drifts, and lanterns small with tiny lights within, and shining forms of many a fish and funny beast did dangle there aquiver with the motion of the tree.

"And all was quiet in that dim-lit room, and those therein on tiptoe moved, and now and then the woman with a smile would place her finger tip upon her lip to bid the man move softlier, the while, their eyes aglow with love, they placed small toys of simple childish sort beneath the spreading tree.

"A heavy mist came o'er the Doubter's eyes, then parted in a rift, through which again he looked, and as he glanced within a second time he saw an old-time hearth, a broad white mantel standing o'er, and from its shelf a well-darned stocking hung, whose curves and toe and heel were bulging with the stores of sweets and objects small that hid within.

"A strange emotion welled up in the Doubter's heart, and tears bedimmed his eyes, the which he roughly brushed away, then glanced within a third time more, and all was still as night itself. The slowly closing door began to hide the softly moving forms that lately labored there, and then was shut.

"A moment only seemed to pass when once again the closed door opened wide, and on the sill a small child stood—a child with sunny hair and gleaming eyes, his face alive with wonderment, and on his lips a wistful smile, half fear, half joy.

"An instant scant he paused, and then he cried exultantly; and speeding to the mantel-shelf, the stocking seized, and all its treasures rich poured forth upon the floor.

"And then, behold, the riches of the tree itself disclosed themselves — the spangles bright, and gleaming tinsel strands that flashed like snowy drifts, and lanterns small with tiny lights within, and shining forms of many a fish and funny beast that dangled there aquiver with every motion of the tree.

"And all the toys of simple childish sort that lay beneath the tree disclosed themselves to his astonished gaze, until the joyous heart was dumb with all the bliss of treasures in such store.

"And as he played the figures twain that lovingly had labored there appeared, and in the doorway smiling stood the while the childish voice in merry tones rang out.

"'He's not forgotten anything!' he trebled shrill, his face lit up with happiness. 'Dear Santa Claus!'

"And lo, the Doubter started with a sudden cry.

"'Why, that—why, that was I!' he cried. 'The room, the tree, the hearth, and mantel-shelf, my well-loved father standing near, and by his side my mother, too!'

"And lo, the Doubter wept alone!

"'Was that untruth?" the Spirit gently asked. 'Were all that faith and loving care but vain, vain things?'

"'I had forgot!' the Doubter answered him. The many years had blinded me unto that simple faith so justified by love, and yet—'

"'Speak on,' the Spirit said. 'And yet?'

"'Twas naught but motherhood and fatherhood!' the Doubter said.

"'Which yet survive,' the Spirit softly whispered.

"'But not for me,' the Doubter in deep anguish cried, 'who've lived for Self alone—I have no child.'

"'Yet are there children still for them that have the will for fatherhood,' the Spirit answered then.

"And lo, the sun rose o'er the town, and ere it reached the fulness of the noon, the Doubter was out upon the highway seeking them who fatherless were waiting, hoping still with childish faith that Santa Claus would come."

IV

It was Christmas eve when Traymore, on leaving the club, ran against Petlow coming in with such force that a bundle of packages which the latter carried in his overburdened arms was thrown to the marble floor. One of the packages, bursting open with the force of the impact, revealed a store of Noah's arks, Teddy bears, highly colored monkeys, and other small things well calculated to bring joy to the juvenile breast.

"Great Scott! Pet," said Traymore, as the blushing Petlow leaned over to gather his treasures together. "What you been doing—robbing a toy-shop?"

"No," laughed Petlow. "I've got a new job."

"Expressman?" queried Traymore.

"Not on your life," retorted Petlow. "Bigger job than that—I'm general manager for this district of The Santa Claus Good-Will Company, Unlimited. I've got a taxi full of this stuff I'm going to deliver after dinner. Want to join me?"

"What, you?" cried Traymore. "Working for that old snob? The old boy must have paid you a pretty big bribe to win you over, Pet."

"He did," said Petlow. "He gave me something I wouldn't part with for anything in the world."

"What's that?" demanded Traymore.

"My old-time faith!" said Petlow. "There's nothing like it under the canopy."

"I thought you were beginning to come around," said Traymore, "when I read that tale of yours in the Christmas *Parley's*. Where did you get that old parable, anyhow, Pet?"

"Out of the dark," said Petlow.

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As I Go Through College

BY JOHN GRAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR W. BROWN

We kept it up for over two hours, and only stopped then because there was no more noise left in us

I PASSED my final examinations for college in the spring of 1909. That same fall, with the class of 1913, I entered one of the largest universities of the East. The democracy of this university has been questioned and criticized of late more than, perhaps, any other. I had prepared for college at a small school, and when I entered none of my schoolmates went with me. Two Juniors were all that I could boast of as friends; consequently I was a very lonely Freshman when I first arrived; however, I was so busy making arrangements for myself that I did not have much time to feel blue.

I rented a room in a Freshman house and then set about furnishing it. A second-hand bed, an antique bureau, a fairly new desk, and two chairs were offered to me by a student who was leaving and who, in his turn, had acquired them from a departing Senior. I bought them from him at a very low price. He had a list of the original amounts paid for these articles and also the date upon which each one had been bought. He took fifty cents off the cost of each piece for every year it had been used. That is why the lot came cheap, but if I follow this traditional principle, by the time I graduate it will cost me something to dispose of my furniture.

There were about eighteen Freshmen in the house where I roomed, and almost all of them came from a large preparatory school. I rather expected to be an outsider among them, as these schoolmates had been friends for two or three years and had rented rooms in the same house in order to be together. To my surprise, however, I found that the crowd of congenial schoolmates not only met the two or three of us who were strangers half-way, but made most of the advances. Before a week was up I knew most of the men in the house.

All Freshmen must stay in their rooms after nine o'clock unless accompanied by an upper-classman. The night after I arrived in town, at about nine thirty, I was sitting in my room talking with three or four of my new acquaintances when an upper-classman entered carrying two suit-cases. He said he had things to sell that we all needed, and, opening the bags, he unpacked black caps, black jerseys, and corduroy trousers—articles which composed the most approved costume for Freshmen.

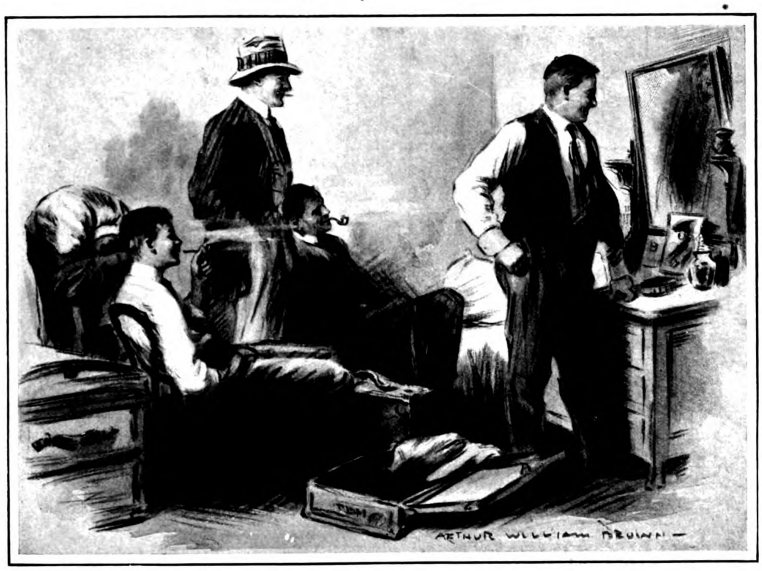
We all purchased the little black caps which undergraduate law requires each Freshman to wear, and those of us who could afford to do so bought jerseys and corduroys. This was my first acquaintance with any student who was working his way through college. I afterward learned that almost a quarter of each class do work of some kind to help pay their expenses.

The next few days proved a good test of the enduring quality of clothes, and I must say the corduroy combination won out. Every day of the first two weeks and a half of the academic year is strenuous and wearing on the Freshman and his clothes. With the exception of Sundays, we were continually kept on the run and "horsed," which is a mild form of hazing, by the Sophomores. Three times we met the Sophomore class in what are called "rushes." These "rushes" usually became something more before they were brought to an end. Their object is to create class spirit, and they not only fulfil this purpose perfectly, but also introduce each man to about ten of his classmates. The men you fight next to become your friends. "Horsing" is carried on for the purpose of reducing the heads of some Freshmen to a normal size, but I think that its main advantage is in creating a bond between those who are its victims. Without this institution men from Oshkosh might not meet their classmates so early or so naturally.

In my Freshman year most of our class roomed in private houses along the same street. Each house had rooms to rent at practically all prices; consequently the same roof sheltered the rich student and the poor student. Then occupants of the same house were thrown together a great deal, especially during "horsing" season, which, as I have said, came with the opening of college. For mutual comfort we soon acquired a habit which we did not outgrow—that of seeking companions whenever we ventured out.

"Misery loves company" is a proverb the truth of which every Freshman realizes. When meal-time came or the recitation bell rang I remember how I would wait at the door of my house until three or four others bound in the same direction had collected, when we would all sally forth together.

Every first-year man takes his meals with his classmates in the university dining-halls. The Sophomores eat in the same building, but apart, and they are not permitted to disturb the new students. After a morning of novel adventure and interesting classes I used to go there, sit at a table with eight other Freshmen, none of whom I had ever seen before, except perhaps in the class-rooms, and talk over our troubles and grumble over the food like old familiar friends. The little black caps, black jerseys, and corduroys put us on an equal footing, so that from the beginning we were made to feel that we must hang together and depend on ourselves. The fact that we were all Freshmen and all downtrodden made us feel like brothers. All of us looked alike, and no one could have told which were rich and which were poor, the dress and interests of all being in every way similar. We started out on a par and were free to live our lives as we saw fit. We were ranked according to what we proved ourselves to be, and every one of us stood to make himself or mar himself. Though we didn't realize it at the time, we were to be affected by no external influences in the next few years. We all started off scratch, and those who deserved to win on their own personal merits won fairly.



We all purchased the little black caps which undergraduate law requires each Freshman to wear

Freshmen are not allowed on 'varsity teams, and therefore we had teams of our own, in which we took much pride, and deservedly so. A man who succeeds in getting on his Freshman football, baseball, or track team is immediately known by his classmates. I, being among the men who were unable to be athletes, had open to me other activities such as the daily paper, the dramatic association, the musical clubs, et cetera. Everything we did was credited to us or charged against us in the minds of our classmates according to its worth.

Four of the men on our Freshman football team were working their way through college. Among these was the captain, one of the most respected men in our class and at present captain of the 'varsity team. The baseball team had two men who were working their way through, and the track team had about six. I don't want to give the impression that athletic teams are exceptional in having students of limited means among their members. There are so many students of this type in my class that they are represented in almost every organization. The dramatic and musical clubs, for instance, have proportionally as many as the athletic teams.

By the time February came around and brought with it the dreaded examination period I knew a large majority of the men in my class, say 250 out of 350. Of the six courses that I was taking I felt quite sure that I could pass French and English with ease, Latin and Greek with a little reviewing, and conics and algebra with a great deal of hard labor. A Senior who had had much experience in undergoing examinations advised me to cover the ground in Greek and Latin by getting some one to read the "trot" while I followed along in the text. Now this would have been too expensive a luxury had I undertaken it alone, so I decided to get several fellows together and make a joint expense of it. One of the football players who was putting himself through college agreed to do the reading for fifty cents an hour. I found four fellows who were willing to pay and glad of a chance to review the term's work with so little inconvenience, and these, with two others who could not afford to pay, made a class of seven. They all assembled in my room, and after about nine hours of good, fast, conscientious work we had covered the term's reading in Greek. It cost those of us who paid ten cents an hour, or ninety cents for the whole review. After three solid hours of reading we used to take time out to play ball in order to keep from getting stale. The system proved so successful that it seemed more like play than work, and when the time came to prepare for the Latin we did the same thing.

Shortly after the examinations were over the class elections were held. One of the paying members of our little group was elected vice-president of the class, and the student who had read to us was elected secretary. At the same time a dance committee was chosen. Here was a chance for the society men and aristocracy to take the lead, but they did not. Out of the twelve men chosen, three were putting themselves through college without any help and one was partly paying his way. All the others were men of moderate means. The result of this election disclosed another surprising fact—only six of the twelve knew how to dance. Nevertheless, the members of the committee made the dances a success by their conscientious work, despite the fact that two of the men never enjoyed

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the results of their labor because their attendance was prevented by a lack of full-dress suits.

In June of Freshman year the same studious crowd, with a few additions, came together, and the secretary of the class was employed as formerly to read the Greek and Latin translations. We were now Sophomores, and in order to celebrate this rise in the world and our victory over the recent examinations we formed a parade in which the entire class took part. It was the first time we were allowed to parade as a class, and the occasion was such a joyful one that we kept it up for over two hours, and only stopped then because there was no more noise left in us. The class above us had become Juniors on the same day and were for the first time allowed to wear high hats and carry canes. Therefore they made up a regiment and marched around bearing these marks of distinction. The only class that does not feel like parading is the Senior class. The time for them to leave for good is approaching so rapidly that they are more sorry than glad that their last examinations are over.

At the beginning of Sophomore year I knew very nearly all the men in my class and had picked out those I liked best. All the men in the class had done practically the same thing and each fellow was identified with a crowd of twenty-odd men who were congenial. As Sophomores we still ate in the university dining-halls together, but any ordinary observer would have noticed that every man had some particular room in which he ate most frequently with his best friends. All the dining-rooms were open to any one who cared to enter them, and no matter what room you went into you were very sure to be made welcome. The tendency was to sit in the same room with the same crowd consistently, and this became more marked as the year grew older.

Since we were Freshmen no longer, the activities which we now engaged in were 'varsity organizations. We began to meet upper-classmen on a more even footing and became more intimately acquainted with them. We got to know what the various upper-class eating-clubs stood for and what kind of men their members were. We noticed that most of the athletes were to be found in one club, most of the men with a literary turn of mind in another, et cetera.

In March of our Sophomore year the club elections took place. Some of the men in our class who were doing a lot and were popular received "bids" to four or five clubs, and as many as half the class had "bids" to two clubs. In a very sensible way the clubs would pick out a crowd of Sophomores who were good friends and invite them all to join. Then these men, tried and true friends, would join in a body. "Go where your friends go" has proved in the average case to be the best advice, if not the only good advice, for Sophomores. A vast majority follow this suggestion happily, as there could not be more acceptable counsel to an ordinary student. Some few men, however, try to get into an older club than the one their friends are headed for, and, when successful, spend the last two years regretting their action. The clubs take in about eighteen men each, and there are so many clubs that few men are left out. Of the eighteen men who join a club there is sure to be at least one, and sometimes two or three, who are putting themselves through college. One of my best friends was paying his way by managing agencies in town and doing odd jobs about the college. When we were elected into a club he was given the position of manager, and by fulfilling the duties of this office he paid his dues. As it was an eating-club all his meals were thus paid for, and he could not have made a better arrangement. Although the clubs are merely eating-clubs they usually have buildings in which are libraries, billiard-rooms, bedrooms for guests, and writing-rooms. Here some of the men lounge and read and others work, although the average man does not spend more than three hours of his day in his club. The students all sleep in dormitories and do most of their work there, but some of them spend a few nights at their clubs during the examination period because they find that they can do better work in the quiet library.

As I said, there are enough clubs to accommodate all the students, but in a class of several hundred about twenty per cent. are not members of any upper-class club. It seems quite natural that a university which draws men from all classes and all localities should have this percentage of rather unattractive and unsociable men. I don't mean to imply that twenty per cent. of the students are mean and undesirable, but that they are either too engrossed in themselves or their books, or too uncompanionable, to make their company at the breakfast-table a thing to be looked forward to with pleasure. This type of man would be in the same position wherever he might go in the world. If the personality of such a man changes in Junior or Senior year enough to convert him into an agreeable companion, and he shows himself desirous of receiving and returning friendship, he is usually welcomed to membership in a club.

It is a man's own fault if he is not taken into a club. Some men are elected to membership, but refuse the offer in the hope of getting something which they think is better. Therein they make their mistake. They cut loose from their friends and soon find that they are left out everywhere. Sometimes these men who are, for some reason or other, not members, form crowds of their own and organize new eating-clubs. In my class there are two groups of this kind numbering about fifteen men each, and they are as happy together as any of the crowds in the clubs of older incorporation.

Although the elections take place in Sophomore year the new members are not allowed to eat in the clubs regularly until Junior year. It was a very joyous occasion when we new Juniors entered our clubs and graduated from the "Universal Dining-Halls," as the under-class eating-place is aptly nicknamed. After two years of monotonous food the clubs, which the student managers ably run, are a treat.

I never noticed any snobbishness between the clubs or members of clubs and those men who were not so fortunate. The doors are always open to any Junior or Senior. As there is nothing secret in the clubs, an upper-classman is free to enter any building at any time and go into any room, except the club-room when a business meeting is being held. These meetings occur not oftener than once or twice a month and never last more than an hour. Very rarely have I dined at my own club or any other without noticing at the table at least one or two men who were not members. Non-clubmen are very frequently found dining at clubs with friends. A clubmate of mine was so popular that he did not average more than one meal a day with us, and then he always had one or two guests with him. The rest of the time he could be found in almost any one of the many clubs or at some restaurant with a non-clubman.

We have a great habit of returning to our university before it opens. This is because we are so happy there that our vacations often become tiresome. This homing tendency is as strong among the non-clubmen as it is among the club members. I think this proves that the non-clubman is not altogether unhappy, or he would not want to return before it was necessary. Non-clubmen realize that, for some reason, the fault is their own that they are not in any club, but they also find that they are not at all scorned or snubbed by their more lucky classmates on account of it. I know some non-clubmen pretty well and have talked to them intimately on many subjects and never yet have I heard one of them say that he thought the club system was unjust or bred snobbishness. Of course, once in a while, a natural-born snob will slip into a club somehow and afterward try to appear better than his betters who were not equally fortunate; but they fully realize that such behavior is the exception and only despise the poor misfit the more for it.

I have attempted to give a true and unprejudiced account of the social side of life at my university. I could give the details more fully and tell of my own relations with the various institutions, but I am afraid of being tiresome. Undergraduate life must have been very different and very snobbish and aristocratic indeed in the days when the reformers, who are now writing muck-raking articles on the colleges of the present day, were undergraduates. They certainly seem incapable of understanding the present-day conditions, and that in itself should show that the conditions have changed. Old graduates are fond of saying, "Things have changed since I was in college," and it is as evident in this case as in every other that they speak the truth. The buildings, equipment, and courses of instruction have changed for the better, and so has the college in this other more important respect. I am sure that not five out of every hundred students would have any fault to find with the democracy of undergraduate life in my college. And those five you would find to be men of sour, disappointed dispositions who had been the greatest snobs Freshman year.

Every poor soul has a few friends with whom he prefers to pass his time. Forced into the company of others, the dispositions of all would gradually become soured and oppressed. I think true democracy is not so much forcing a man upon others as letting him become acquainted with all men freely. He can then pick the companions he likes best and exchange real friendship with them. A college is nothing but a small world, somewhat less exacting than the big one, and, since it is natural for men all over the globe to separate into groups, it follows within academic precincts as well as elsewhere. Every one of us has his particular friends with whom he goes, with whom he is seen, and with whom he is identified. He has a crowd, but not a snobbish clique as the present-day reformers would have the outside world believe. The so-called snobbishness is most evident in Junior and Senior years. This is because the men have had ample time to choose their associates. Let us look quickly at the conditions in the outside world. Every business man has his "crowd," his favorite club, etc.; he is cordial and friendly to others, but does not seek their company just because they are pleasant people. Such men are not criticized; and why? Here lies the difference. Because in a college the fellows are all together. It is easier for the close observer to study them. He looks and sees the clubs or fraternities sheltering students in crowds, and, throwing up his hands in horror, he cries: "Oh, what a dreadful lack of democracy!" The present-day university is such a concrete little example that the faultfinder cannot realize that the same thing is happening among all classes of people all the world over, and cannot resist criticizing it. Try to force in reforms and you will probably force out all the spontaneous good which is fostered by our present system.

I think this social system, which is the result of the building up of time in compliance with human nature, is an extremely happy one, and no better one can be manufactured by the philosophy of scholars. For proof of this statement ask any non-clubman whether he would like to go through college again.

After about nine hours of good, fast, conscientious work, we had covered the term's reading

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A STORMY DAY

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE winds blow wild about the tower,
The snow comes whirling down,
The doves within the belfry cower
Above the sea-girt town.

Fierce swoop the gusts and snatch the drift
In heavenward clouds again,
And round the gable roar, and swift
And far o'er field and fen.

And ice-sheathed fishing-craft at sea
Rise like storm-driven ghosts
And fight the battling blasts, and flee
And fall upon the coasts.

And sailors wrapped in soaring spray,
Sheets of green sea and foam,
Cling to the frozen shrouds and pray
For just one glimpse of home.

Dream, let us dream of summer calm
In this tempestuous hour,
Of salt winds melting into balm,
And every flake a flower!

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HIS FIRST CALL

Interludes

SUFFRAJESTS

IN MERRY ENGLAND

"THAT'S rather a handsome mantelpiece you have there, Mr. Binkston," said the visitor.

"Yes," replied Mr. Binkston, proudly. "It is a memorial to my wife."

"Why—I was not aware that Mrs. Binkston had passed away," said the visitor, sympathetically.

"Oh no, indeed, she hasn't," smiled Mr. Binkston. "She is serving her thirtieth sojourn in jail. That mantelpiece is built of the bricks she was convicted of throwing."

NOT A MINORITY CANDIDATE

"Now, mim," said the Culinary Queen at the intelligence office, "befure oi foinally promuss to cook for yez, oi must ask wan more quistion. Is this ward ye do be livin' in Dimmyeratic or Raypublican?"

"Oh, Republican by a large majority," said the lady, eagerly.

"Ah—too bad, too bad—oi can't come," said the Culinary Queen. "They ain't no satusfaction in votin' th' losin' tickut all the toime."

SHE WAS THERE

"Was your wife in the parade the other night, Bildad?" asked Hickenlooper.

"Yes, she was in the pay-raid the other night, all right, and she didn't leave me enough to buy a cigarette at ten cents a thousand," said Bildad.

NOTHING UNUSUAL

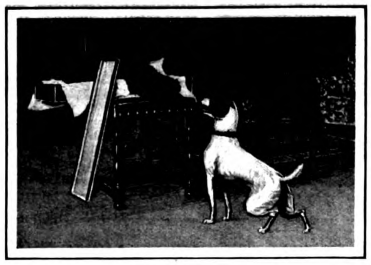
"They say it took the Suffragette procession four hours to pass a given point," said Gosling.

"That's nothing," said Goozeberry. "My wife got talking on suffrage the other day and she didn't get past a given point for nine hours."

NOTHING TO BRAG OF

"Well, Maria, how did you like the little polling-booths?" asked Dubbleigh, after his wife's return from the polls.

"Oh, they're footy little things," said Mrs. Dubbleigh, contemptuously. "I ran through them all and there wasn't a looking-glass in a single one. I could hardly see how I voted."



THE INTERLOPER

THE WAY IT GOES

"Do you talk over the political situation with your wife, Blithers?" asked Noddles.

"No," said Blithers. "She talks it over with me. I don't get a chance."

CAUGHT

"JOHN! John!" cried Mrs. Dubbleigh, shaking her husband by the shoulder. "Wake up—there is a man in the house!"

"Nonsense, Susan!" retorted Dubbleigh, shivering with apprehension and hiding his head under the pillow. "Nothing of the sort—"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Dubbleigh. "I guess you are right. I was referring to you!"

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION

"I NEVER could understand why people dock their horses' tails," said Dubbleigh.

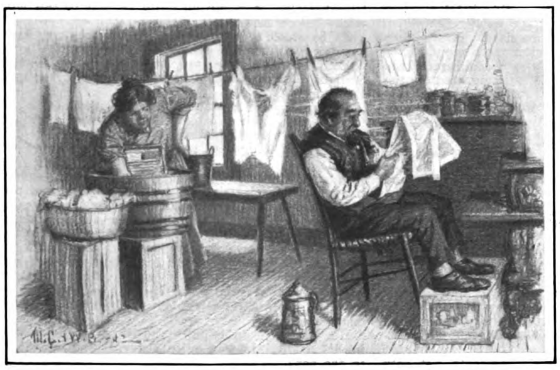
"High cost of living," said Jorrocks. "Got to dock something, these times."

NOT WANTED

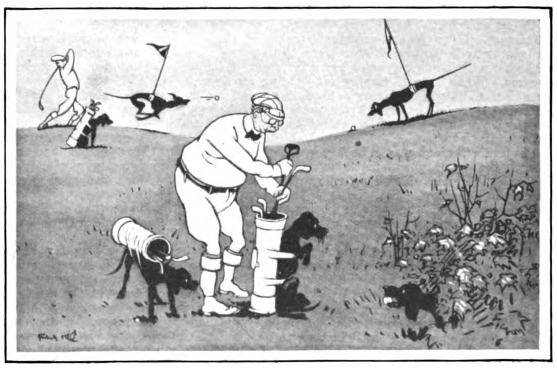
"EXCUSE me," said the caller, "but do you practise medicine?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"Then I must apologize for having intruded. I want somebody who knows his business. I can't let anybody practise on me," said the visitor.



EARNING HIS LIVING BY THE SWEAT OF HIS FRAU



THE GOLFHOUND AND THE SCENTED BALL

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THE MAN WHO HATED CHRISTMAS

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. A. MATHES

CHRISTMAS had come again.

An air of festivity, of expectancy, a restless gaiety and excitement hung in the air—like the balsamic scent of the decorated fir-trees—a scent that awoke old, imperishable yearnings in the hearts of men.

Benjamin Rapsey stood in front of the spotted mirror of his rickety dressing-table and regarded some printed verses which he had cut from an old book and inserted in the frame of the glass.

They were a vicious attack upon the old and merry institution of Christmas:

"A Merry Christmas? Prudent, as I live!—
You wish me something that you need not give.

"Merry or sad, what does it signify?
To you 'tis equal if I live or die.

"A present? Pray you give it to disarm
A man more powerful to do you harm.

"'Twas not your motive? Well, I cannot let
You pay for favors that you'll never get.

"Perish the savage custom of the gift,
Founded in terror and maintained in thrift!

"What men of honor need to serve their weal
They purchase, or, occasion serving, steal.

"Go celebrate the day with turkeys, pies,
Sermons and psalms, and, for the children, lies.

"Hail Christmas! On my knees and fowl I fall,
For greater grace and better gravy call.
Vive l'humbug!—that's to say,
God bless us all!"

Rapsey knew these lines almost by heart. He mumbled them over when he went through the streets or lay waking in his dingy iron bed. Oh, the hollow and ghastly mockery of the festival of "good will and peace!"

Benjamin Rapsey was past middle age and very gray. In his faded blue eyes there was a look of constant helplessness and bewilderment. He was, moreover, very silent and usually very lonely—a mere shadow, a weedy and forgotten manikin.

Half of his life was that of an automaton, the other half that of a vegetable. Time he distinguished only by day and night—by the duties of the daytime, by the cessation of those duties at night. Every seventh day he took a walk through the parks or suburbs. In years he was not old—not more than fifty-six. But in soul he was very old—a man color-blind to life.

A man afraid of life.

Night and day, black and white—these mingled in his soul and produced a tame and placid gray.

At his lodgings he spoke to no one—or only when Sudransky spoke to him. Feodor Sudransky occupied the room next to his own on the fourth floor.

He was a ponderous, stubble-bearded, bright-eyed Russian, a teacher of languages, who cherished wild humanitarian dreams of regenerating society by the doctrine of force. But with him it remained a doctrine and never became a practice. His room was filled with revolutionary works and the portraits of great reformers. When he was not absent on one of his mysterious errands, he would often come to Rapsey's room to speak with blazing eyes of his mighty and Utopian dreams. When he and Rapsey sat talking together it was like a dialogue between a black bear and an inoffensive gray sheep. In his way he loved Rapsey, though frequently enough he called him a "slave, an industrial slave."

Benjamin Rapsey was a bookkeeper for Luther Mableton, the wealthy hat manufacturer whose monster red brick factories defiled an entire block in the outskirts of Brooklyn. For eighteen years Rapsey had sat on one stool, at one desk, before one particular iron-barred window in the office of the factory. Eighteen years without a single holiday!

The window was almost opaque with dust and with the smoke of the ugly freight trains that clanked and rattled by. When it rained he could see through it part of the curved railway tracks, a signal post, a filthy, scum-covered ditch which fumed incessantly with the exhaust steam from the boiler-room, and several acres of starved, trodden grass.

Hither, to his high oak stool on which he had worn out exactly thirty-eight pairs of gray trousers, Rapsey came punctually every morning at eight. Every evening he returned to his furnished room in one of the poorer and noisier Brooklyn streets.

There the clanging and rumbling cars went by on the street. Above the street the loud reverberating uproar of the elevated stormed and rang unto the skies. He had lived here ten years. The room suited him, the landlady was kind and not inquisitive. The mere thought of moving elsewhere filled him with the strange terror of an adventure into the unknown.

This was the nineteenth Christmas since he had entered the employ of Luther Mableton. In those far-off days Mableton had been less great, his factory less huge. Then he had often come to the office to work and speak to Rapsey.

Now the faithful bookkeeper saw him very seldom. Nine years ago at Christmas Mableton had given him a small increase in salary. This had brought his monthly wages to the magnificent total of fifty dollars.

"A Christmas present," Mableton had called it—as much as to say that it was given not because Rapsey was deserving, but because Mableton was generous.

Rapsey remained at his post, remained poor. Mableton grew so rich that finally he became a mere name to his "industrial slave," his automaton-like accountant. There came other accountants—young, spruce fellows who soon soared over Rapsey's gray head into better places and salaries.

Sudransky's tongue was more terrible than his bomb]

In the fourteenth year of his service or bondage Rapsey wrote a gentle letter to his employer requesting an increase in pay and a week's holiday every year. There was no reply, only the meager Christmas present which every employé received. Every year Rapsey wrote a letter; there was never a reply.

That was the beginning of Rapsey's deliberate hate of Christmas. He saw how little it signified in the sterile heart of his employer. Mableton gave this wretched dole only because he was ashamed not to give it—because it was a custom.

A custom!—nothing more.

That which had once been a sacrament, a ceremony, a symbolical act of friendship, love, and devotion, had now become a mere sordid giving and taking.

He scowled at the blazing, glittering shops to which the people rushed to waste their money in snobbish and expensive gifts. The fools! who fancied that the art of giving lay in paying enormous sums for luxurious geegaws!—who gave only because others gave and gave always more extravagantly so as not to be outdone in their false and hypocritical "generosity." His disgust with Christmas had been intensified by Sudransky. With his nimble tongue and fierce rhetoric the Russian tore the entire sentiment of Christmas into rags and ribbons.

"It is you who give, give, give presents, not only at Christmas, but all the time! You have given your youth, your health, your joy in life, your dreams, the hopes of a woman's love and of fatherhood! Always, always you give and when you ask for a few more miserable dollars, what do you get? A Christmas present! If I were you I would give your archangel of an employer another sort of Christmas present—a black plum-pudding—an iron one!—piping hot!"

The figures of Sudransky's speech were not always clear to Rapsey, but at such moments the fire of the revolutionary kindled the withered heart of the bookkeeper and made it blaze like a torch. At such moments he felt that he could crush Mableton in the flash of an eye—Mableton who had crushed him for almost nineteen years!

This year, as so many years before, he had again applied for an increase of salary. And for that which now meant even more—an annual holiday. Again there had been no answer. Not for many months had Mableton shown himself at the office. Charged with the accumulated courage which Sudransky's flaming words had poured into him during the past year, Rapsey was now determined to stand it no longer.

Sudransky had grown to hate Mableton even more than did the little bookkeeper. For to Sudransky, who knew him not, he nevertheless represented one of the heads of the infamous "system" he was forever attacking.

Sudransky had left the house the night before. On leaving he had said solemnly to Rapsey:

"To-morrow, my friend, you shall have a present from me. Not a thing—but a deed!"

With these mysterious words the Russian had shaken his friend's hand and gone away.

Rapsey's plan was to go direct to the home of Luther Mableton and there face to face demand justice.

For weeks he had been screwing up his courage, feeding it, nursing it lest it flicker and go out. Dare he do it?

Was it really he, Benjamin Rapsey, who contemplated such an action? Was it not absurd, unreasonable, was it not, after all, monstrous? He had lost all sense of values and proportions. Yet he resolved to go.

For that reason he now stood before his dressing-table on Christmas evening, tying a new cravat about his clean but saw-edged collar.

An hour later he stood before the iron railings which fenced the grounds of Mableton's great house in St. Luke's Avenue. There it stood—white, aloof, and insolent, surrounded by its lawns, its flower-beds and trimmed hedges of box, black and bare now, with patches of snow. Lighted windows made mellow oblongs at every story.

He hesitated, then entered the grounds. As he set his foot on the marble steps and touched the gleaming brass rail, his courage failed him. It was presumptuous for him to enter by the great front door. He was not an invited guest. His employer would be angry. He would refuse him an interview. He might even discharge him. It would be more becoming and also safer to knock at the tradesmen's entrance.

So he stole silently around the house. But when he stood in the side entry and heard the voices and laughter of the servants within, fear came upon him again—that fatal hesitancy which had lost him his chances in life, even the love of the woman he had worshiped.

He stood there as if petrified, his hand half raised, his heart pounding. It was, after all, an unseemly time to call. It would do quite as well to call next week—before New-year's.

As he stood there irresolute in the dark vestibule, a motor-car turned a corner near the house. Its reflectors swept the side entry with a fierce white shaft of light. Rapsey saw something in one corner near the door.

A square parcel neatly wrapped and sealed:

He seemed to see it quite plainly even after the passing motor had whisked away its glaring rays.

A square, tempting parcel, neatly wrapped and sealed.

Strange thoughts went through his brain—sudden suggestions, fascinating hints, subtle, sinister whisperings. It would be easier to take the box than to enter the house and face the grinning, malicious servants, or the irate Mableton disturbed in his Christmas carouse. It would also prove that he was not afraid. In the darkness at his feet he still saw the box, now dark and shadowy, but outlined in crimson, flickering lines, as though it were imprinted in fire on his brain—a square, tempting, irresistible parcel, neatly wrapped and sealed.

He yielded to an impulse; he lifted it and held it in his hands. It was quite heavy. What might be in the box?

If he took it, Sudransky, the only person he cared

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for, the only person who cared for him, would certainly justify the act. He was merely taking back a trifle of all that Mableton had taken from him. He had never taken anything before—he might have taken much money had he chosen (*chosen*, not dared) during those nineteen years. What might there be in the box?

Then Benjamin Rapsey yielded to another impulse and stole out of the entry down the path, out into the street, the box under his arm. No sooner had he reached the street than he longed frantically to go back and replace the box. But he dared not return. Besides, it could not be anything valuable, or it would not have been left standing before the door.

His blood pounded within him. He had not known that his blood could be so swift and hot. Something seemed to be speaking in him, close under his left arm, where he clutched the box. A thin and ticking voice which beat incessantly upon his ear-drums. He tried to ignore it. But there was no ignoring it.

When he reached his room he flung the box on the table and himself on the bed. The thin, regular noise was now more audible than before.

He thought of "the thin, small voice" of which his mother used to speak. He thought of himself as a thief; he even muttered the word to see how it would taste. He began to tremble. He saw himself arrested, judged, sentenced. The black walls of the prison closed over him. He was lost.

In the streets without he heard the voices of the merrymakers. Music came from across the way—shouts of "Merry Christmas!" Midnight came. Christmas came. The air burst into a sweet, jangling melody of bells.

Yet when the bells ceased the tiny noise still vibrated in his ears—a clear, gentle ticking as of a clock—regular, pitiless, maddening! Whatever might it be—in the name of all that was wonderful, what might it be?

He rose and crept toward the table in the darkness. The ticking grew more distinct. He felt the parcel on the table and applied his ear to it.

The ticking came from within the box!

He struck a light. With nervous fingers he tore the paper off, for it had been fastened not with string, but with red sealing-wax.

A small wooden box lay disclosed. With a pair of scissors he pried off the thin lid. Then with a frightened cry he leaped back three paces from the table.

Within the box the brass wheels of a piece of clockwork were slowly turning and ticking away. To this was attached a lifted hammer, like that of a gun, with a powerful spring. Under this lay a copper cap and some coiled fuses. One side of the box contained three evil-looking cylinders of gray paper. A brownish dust covered all.

An infernal machine!

He trembled from head to foot; every pore seemed to freeze. He turned to rush down the stairs into the street—anywhere away from the accursed, devilish thing. And yet he paused, hesitated as usual.

Suppose it went off? It might go off at any moment. He stared at the bright, remorseless cog-wheels turning and engaging. The clicking and purring grew into a roar. The bright copper detonation cap glared at him like the blood-shot eye of some malevolent fiend.

Then suddenly he became master of his muscles once again. He sprang forward and thrust the sharper, thinner blade of the scissors between the wheels and forced it into the wooden bottom of the box. The terrible ticking ceased.

Then, very gingerly, he pushed his crumpled handkerchief between the threatening hammer and the deadly cap. He breathed once more. He was safe, unless he himself set off the dynamite through sheer carelessness.

What was the meaning of the box? Surely that some one had made an attempt to blow up the mansion of the millionaire!

What ought he to do with the terrible thing? Throw it into the river? It might explode with the impact, or float, a menace to navigation. Take it to his employer? His story would never be believed. Return it to the place where he had found it? That, too, had its perils, but it was obviously the one thing to do.

He had rendered the clock-work ineffective; there would be no explosion. Besides, it would give the detested Mableton a thorough shock to discover the infernal machine lying there like a foundling at his door. It would cause Mableton to question himself, to look deeply into his cancerous heart. It would be good for his soul, if soul he had.

The paper which had enwrapped the parcel was too greatly torn to be used again.

So he took a large sheet of coarse brown paper which he had kept neatly folded, and carefully tied up the box. Then once more he stole forth into the deserted streets.

He slunk swiftly along, pressing close to the houses, for it was not well to walk boldly in the middle of the pavements. He paid particular attention to the uncomfortable circles of light cast by the long, the endlessly long, rows of street lamps—he avoided them.

He thrilled to think of the destruction he carried under his arm. For once he, Benjamin Rapsey, the old, hounded, neglected clerk, was mighty. He was as mighty as an army. He was the arbiter of immense and elemental forces. That was his Christmas gift—that glorious and triumphant feeling.

When he stood again in the tradesmen's entrance of Mableton's house, with fourfold force, this feeling rushed upon him. In that moment he understood Sudransky's preaching and his flamboyant hate. He understood his grotesque doctrine of force.

With one outward fling of his arm he might cause this splendid house to stagger into the air, then fall a shattered ruin. In one moment he might destroy Mableton's mansion, his happiness, his life.

But he did not choose to exert his godlike power. Very carefully he placed the box in the corner where he had found it. Very quietly and thoughtfully he stole home.

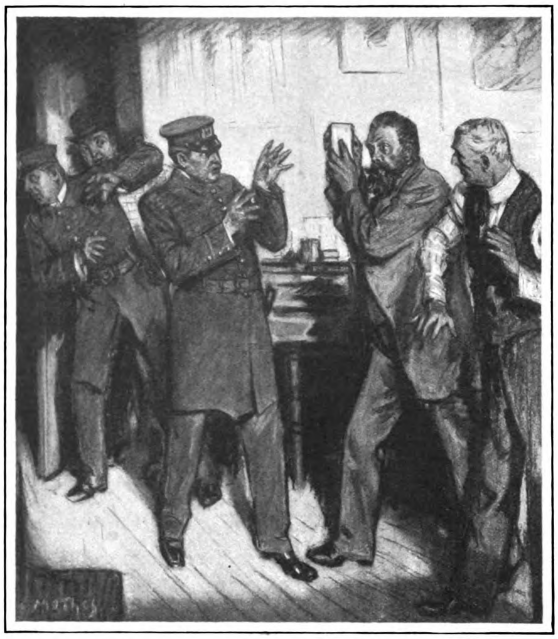
Christmas Day dawned like a benediction upon the world.

Rapsey felt light at heart. A black, enormous weight had fallen from his mind. He longed to tell Sudransky of the thrilling episode, but Sudransky had not returned.

He leaned out of his window in the winter sun, listlessly regarding the life of the street. The trains that dashed by were filled with holiday-makers. All were happy—none seemed alone. This common illusion of lonely souls lay upon Rapsey's heart like a frozen stone.

He was alone; he had always been alone. No one had sent him a gift; no one had sent him even a card. Even Sudransky had forgotten that he had promised him a gift—"a deed—not a thing."

He had failed again in his quest, as he had failed in life. He knew that he would not dare to ask Mableton for an increase in his miserable salary.



"Back!" shouted Sudransky to one of the policemen

Two policemen, accompanied by a tall man in civilian's clothes, emerged from beneath the structure of the elevated railway. One of the policemen carried a parcel wrapped in cloth. They were looking for a house number. When their wandering eyes rested upon the number above the door of Rapsey's lodging-house, they made directly for it, and disappeared within.

He was discovered! He was lost! Flight was impossible. He heard their voices in the hall and the voice of his startled landlady. Ashen-pale, quivering in every fiber, he sank down on his bed and awaited their coming.

Six heavy feet resounded on the stairs. There was a loud peremptory knock and the door was pushed open. There stood his employer—Luther Mableton!—and the two policemen behind him.

"Rapsey," said Mableton, striding into the room, "before I order your arrest I am willing to hear what you have to say."

Rapsey found no voice to answer. With frightened eyes he gazed at the tall figure and heavy-jowled face of his employer. The skin was as muddy and the little eyes were as sharp as ever. Only the hair was more grizzly white. The policemen stood respectfully silent, one of them holding what was apparently the death-dealing box, now wrapped in a heavy cloth.

"How — how—?" at last babbled the wretched Rapsey.

"How? You wonder how we traced you?" asked Mableton, contemptuously. "Well, Mr. Rapsey, when next you attempt to lay an infernal machine at the doors of honest citizens, be sure that you don't wrap it in paper that bears your name and address."

Then at once did Rapsey remember that the paper he had used was the same as that in which a pair of new shoes had been sent to him a week before.

Fool! not to have noticed it! This proof of his presumed guilt completely overwhelmed him. He was helplessly conscious that like a crushed worm he lay groveling at the feet of power—the power of wealth and the power of the law. The whole abjectness of his nineteen years of service fell over him and his spine became as a piece of thread.

"And the next time," Mableton's scornful voice went on ruthlessly—"the next time you try your hand at a job of this sort, Mr. Rapsey, do not forget to set your clockwork going and to take your handkerchief off the cap."

"I did that so that it wouldn't explode!" the little bookkeeper blurted out.

Mableton laughed—that dry, withering laugh which made men wince and women shrink.

"I think," said he, turning to the policemen, "there is nothing more to do than to place this gentleman under arrest."

The two policemen advanced and made short, significant motions to the shrinking Rapsey.

"No! No!" he cried, a sudden desperate flare of courage in his heart. "I protest! I will explain."

"Yes—in court," said Mableton.

"I protest! I protest!" again cried the frantic little bookkeeper, shrilly. "I protest!"

"What is the matter here?" exclaimed a deep voice. Feodar Sudransky stood in the doorway.

Boldly he stepped into the room. His short and stocky figure bristled, like his beard, with a challenging power. His aggressive bearing, his black, glittering eyes under the shaggy brows, his thunderous orator's voice overmastered them all.

Feverishly Rapsey began pouring forth his story to his friend. When he came to the episode of the box he stammered and the story became a confession. Sudransky's eyes glistened with a diabolical humor. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"You had better arrest me!" he said, turning to the policemen. "It was I who put the infernal machine in that entrance—at least, the first time!"

Sudransky, unlike his bomb, exploded. He rolled convulsively against the wall, holding his sides.

"Then," said Mableton, advancing upon him, "if that is so, I'll have you both arrested! What do you mean, sir, by trying to blow up my house? Are you an anarchist?"

"Oh, so it is *your* house, is it?" Sudransky asked, growing suddenly very sober. "And *you* are Mr. Mableton," he added, scornfully, measuring the millionaire from head to foot—"the rich Mr. Mableton? You are Mr. Rapsey's employer? Well, *I* am his friend!"

Then, with the sarcastic, half-poetic eloquence with which he was wont to move the great masses in Union Square, Sudransky began to show Mableton the color and condition of Mableton's soul. With savage invective and merciless irony he tore to bits his personality, his prestige, his entire relationship to mankind, to civilization, to his employees, and, above all, to Rapsey. He made deadly and destructive comparisons between the spirit of Christmas and the spirit of such a prominent Christian as Luther Mableton.

The great man swelled to a purple hue, he glowered, blenched, then seemed visibly to shrink. In the face of these four men he became, morally, a worm of the dust. He found that Sudransky's tongue was more terrible than his bomb. The policemen eyed him suspiciously and he felt their sympathy going out to Rapsey.

Feodar Sudransky turned suddenly and snatched away the box from the policeman who held it. The Russian held it above his head.

Aghast, the three men flung themselves back with hoarse yells, livid faces, and outstretched hands.

"Back!" shouted Sudransky to one of the policemen who made a step toward him.

Swiftly he flung the woolen cloth from the box, tore off the lid, and pulled forth three ominous cylinders of gray paper. These he waved above his head as if about to hurl them at Mableton's feet.

Then Sudransky, laughing loudly, sank on the bed beside his friend. The three deadly cylinders of dynamite he flung carelessly into a corner. One of them burst. A dry, yellow substance ran out.

"Sand! Nothing but sand!" he roared.

One of the policemen stooped and picked up a pinch between his fingers.

"Maybe you think this is April-fool's day?" he growled.

"So this is the Christmas present you promised me!" said Rapsey, bitterly, as soon as the storms of Sudransky's laughter had subsided. "This crazy deed! You have only made matters worse. Now I'll lose my place."

"My friend," replied Sudransky, "have no fear. I have set his evil conscience afire. He will have no peace until he offers you a decent wage. But you are not to accept that offer, do you hear? I have just found a new and better place for you in the office of my brother-in-law, Louis Atherton. One hundred dollars a month and three weeks' holiday every year. That is my Christmas present for you!"

For the second time that day tears rose into Rapsey's eyes. Silently he pressed his benefactor's hand.

But it was Luther Mableton who, as usual, profited most. For when he had again rearranged the fragments of his soul which had been shattered and scattered by Sudransky's explosive rhetoric, they fitted themselves into a fairer, more human pattern than ever before.

A new-washed soul and conscience—that was the Christmas gift of Feodor Sudransky to Luther Mableton. As for himself, he was content with the gift of his laughter.

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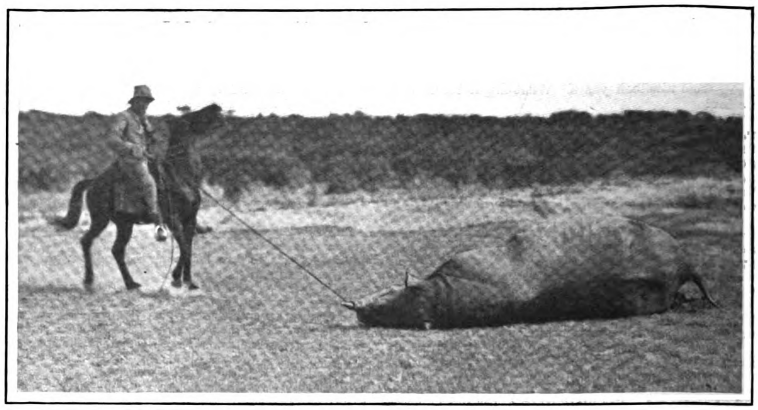
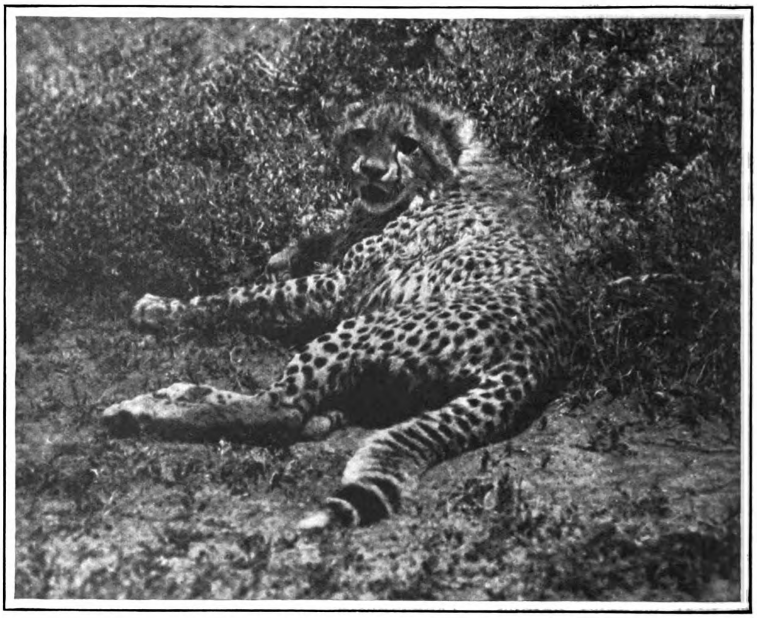
Two poor relations of the colobus family, distinguished for their lack of thumbs. They are shown alive

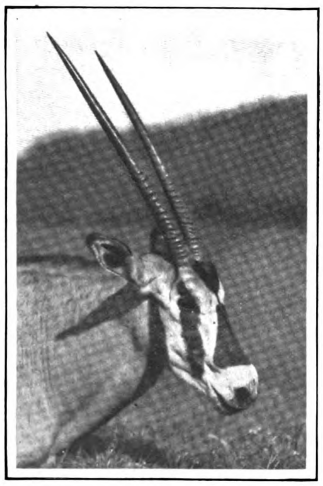


This rhinoceros was caught with the lasso, but an ounce and a half of lead was necessary to give him his quietus

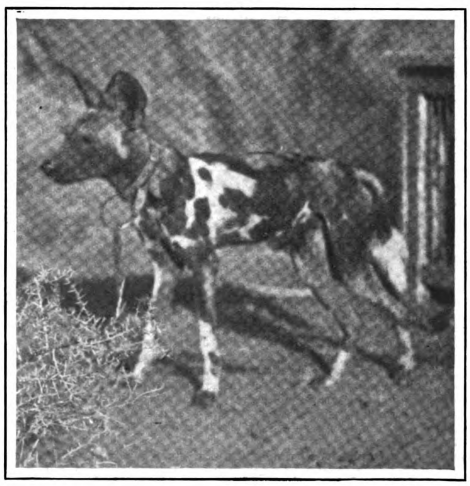
The marabou-stork, where the ladies' neck-wraps come from



A cheeta, or hunting leopard. It is trained to the chase in India, but in Africa is hunted as a beast of prey



The oryx, the most beautiful of the antelopes and dreaded even by lions



The wild dog, a destructive beast of prey but amenable to discipline when captured

A Grant's gazelle, a rare species of antelope much prized by hunters

"TALLY-HO!" IN DARKEST AFRICA

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW SOME OF THE TROPHIES OBTAINED BY PAUL J. RAINEY, WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN TO HUNT LIONS AND OTHER AFRICAN PREDATORY ANIMALS WITH DOGS. MR. RAINEY IS NOW ON HIS WAY TO INDIA TO USE HIS PACK IN THE PURSUIT OF TIGERS

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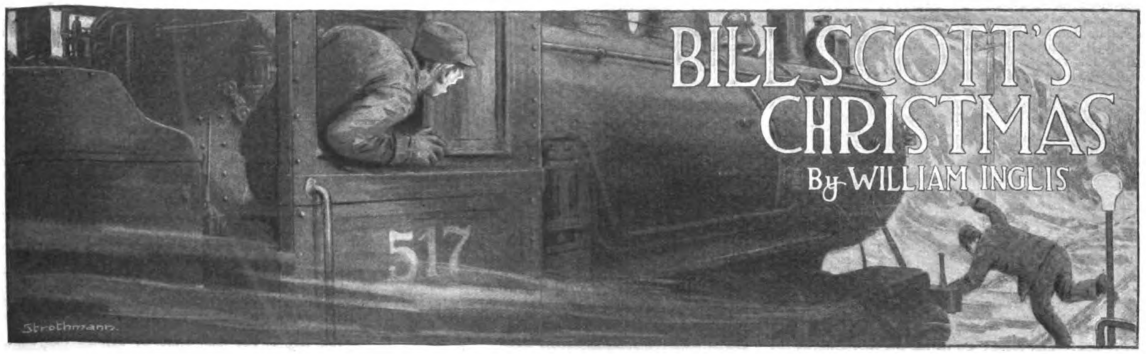

ILLUSTRATED BY F STROTHMANN

IT was the afternoon of Christmas Eve, the time dreaded and shunned by all reporters—so far as a time can be shunned. From the City Room on the twelfth floor of the *World* building one had a broad view of the Heights region of Brooklyn, over the frothy swirls of Buttermilk Channel racing past the green edge of Governor's Island, and then across the Bay to Jersey, with the dark Staten Island hills in the southern distance and near at hand the bronze Goddess of Liberty upholding her eternal torch. The sprightly afternoon sun danced now and then on the shoulders of the choppy little waves off the Battery, and at times hid his face in a thick scarf of woolly gray cloud as nipping snow-squalls flew down from the northwest and spotted the dark roofs and pavements with blotchy white stipplings or swirled without the ghost of a sound down into the dark waters of the harbor.

In a newspaper office one Christmas Eve is just like another. Every man who has lived through a few tries desperately to get away from the next—and never does. Broad-shouldered Jim Tait, his brow corrugated in a mighty frown, every lineament of his usually smiling face now set to express a sense of sadness and the inevitableness of something he was about to propose, arose from his desk and with the gait of a splendid pacing-horse made his way to the City Desk. In his gloved right hand—it was quite true that Jim not only wrote copy, but slept and even bathed with his gloves on—Jim held a telegram which he solemnly handed to the City Editor. Mr. Talmage read it in one swift glance, after the manner of city editors, and raised, to meet Jim's gaze of eager supplication, a cold and suspicious eye.

"Foolish proposition number four eleven forty-four," he commented, not without a touch of grievance in his voice. "I feel a little hurt, Tait, to have you try such an old one as that on me. Why couldn't you pay me a little compliment—spring something original?"

The gloved hands rose, fell, waved, quivered in expostulation as Jim pleaded and fought for a few days off.

"'Twon't do, Tait," said Mr. Talmage with his driest smile. "I've been intimately acquainted with the dying uncle since way back in the early eighties. As a matter of fact, I worked him myself for two Christmases when I was on the Philadelphia *Press*. Sorry, Jim. Don't worry: you'll have a cracking good assignment in a little while, and forget all about it."

Jim was snorting with rage as he paced down the aisle, and he was muttering big round ones, and his shoulders were rolling more than ever. None of the older men said a word or even grinned, for we were all in the same boat and felt as bad as he did. But there was a child in the midst of us who was puzzled and athirst for knowledge.

"I don't see, Tait," young Gregg Holmes spoke up, "why you should make such a fuss about not getting a few days off."

"Christmas!" Jim spluttered.

"I know," said Gregg, "but it seems to me that Christmas is full of golden opportunities for a man who can write like you. Think of the—"

"Oh, think of your granny!" Tait broke in on him. "I've been doing Christmas heart-throbs and Yuletide stunts till I'm sick of it. Fifteen years I've been in the business, and not one Christmas dinner have I had at home. Can you imagine the keel-hauling I've had on the morning of every twenty-sixth of December for the last fifteen years? Can you see me explaining to my family *why* I couldn't get home to Christmas dinner?

"What do they care for the starving widow and her ten starvinger children at Winsted, Conn., who were saved from death by three wild geese that flew in the attic window at dawn and died happy ever after to make a Christmas holiday—what? What do they care for the hard, cold fact that *my* Christmas dinner was a hot dog and a wedge of Washington pie I captured on the run as I was catching the six-seventeen way train for New York? What do they care that, as soon as I finished the story and thought I'd be home for supper, anyhow, Joe Quayle grabbed me for rewrite and kept me till two o'clock? And where do *I* come in? Don't you think I'm human, and want a Christmas for myself? And what do I get? Christmas crimes, Christmas starvation, Christmas misery to grind out for a lot of overfed fool readers to gloom over the next morning. I'd rather be a—a—a Chinese laundryman than a reporter on Christmas Day!"

The snow-squalls were coming faster now, and the white clusters of stinging flakes flew past the windows almost horizontally. Nobody spoke. Even the brash young Holmes had got a glimpse of the wretchedness of the reporter's Christmas; the rest of us, already aware of the horrors of the day, sat back and tried to feel resigned. Probably every one of us, if the hearts of all could be read, was busy elaborating some novel and secret scheme by which he could escape the miseries of Christmas on Park Row and spend at least a few hours at home.

Wally, the door-boy, came in from the reception-room and hurried toward the City Desk. We all watched him keenly and wondered what kind of a

"And—say!—him lookin' up at me the last minute"

"story" had drifted in and who would get it. The Salvation Army celebration, High Jinks on the Stock Exchange, Santa Claus at the Tombs, Christmas at the Workhouse, Tim Sullivan's Yuletide banquet and shoe distribution to the Bowery poor—all these had been assigned to competent writers who would chronicle them with proper terseness and accuracy, not forgetting to include the due proportion of pathos among the Christmas joys. I had had the Salvation Army jubilee for mine the year before, and—oh, well, never again, was all I hoped. Above all else recurred the memory of those six tiny youngsters in their little white nightgowns carrying small lighted Christmas tapers and singing their little hymn:

"Let your light so shine,
You in your small corner, and I in mine!"

What the dickens an Irishman was doing in the Salvation Army was past me; but as I sat there in the City Room, watching Wally and speculating on whether he had brought in a good spread story or a mere city jot, I could still see in memory the heaving shoulders of that big Irish Salvation sergeant at the Christmas celebration and hear his husky whisper, "God bless them!"

Ah! I drew the lucky number. Mr. Talmage sent for me, and I got my feet down to the floor and stepped up with alacrity. Perhaps this story could be made to conclude, say, about eight o'clock, and then I could dine quickly at Mouq's and so get around to spend Christmas Eve with the family. Fine business!

"This looks pretty good to me," said Mr. Talmage, the last vestige of the cynical amusement with which he had dismissed Jim Tait's telegram having now given way to a look of grave concern. "There's a poor devil outside who killed his brother by accident. Do all you can for him—and keep the story exclusive. There needn't be any arrest, you know."

Wally was waiting for me, with his jaw drooping, his cheeks pale, and his eyes very sad.

"Oh, it's awful!" he said to me. "You couldn't help feeling sorry for him. Jingoes! I never saw anything like it all the time I've been down-town."

However, all this was outside the picture. The reporter must have no emotions. They get in the way. His business is to collect all the facts, tell them properly, and stir up the readers' emotions—if he can. So it was with the calmness of a doctor going to a clinic that I followed Wally out into the little reception-room.

There sat a short, sturdy, swarthy man of thirty-five years or so. His big, black-haired head was resting on his left hand, and his broad chest was rising and falling, as if he were holding back deep sobs with difficulty. His costume and his gauntleted gloves of chamois skin, a trifle stained with black grime, no less than the strength of his big chin, high aquiline nose and spare, strong, bronzed jaws, showed at once to my experienced reportorial eye what he was. He was a locomotive engineer.

"Well, Mr. Scott," said I, speaking coldly and almost harshly, so as to help hold his emotions in check, "what can the *World* do for you?"

"Poor Jack! Oh, my God!" was all the answer he gave as he raised his face, distorted with grief. His honest brown eyes looked deep into mine with an expression of agony so piteous, so hopeless, that I could only turn away to avoid the sight of a soul in torture.

"I'm sorry," I managed to say presently, feeling what an empty mockery the words of any one must seem to this stricken man. "I'm very sorry to hear of your misfortune, but the *World* will do all it can for you. Tell me what—"

"Do all it can for me?" the man interrupted. "Can it do anything for Jack—the only brother I ever had? Can it do anything for our poor old mother, watching for me and Jack to come home Christmas Eve? Can the *World* do anything for my wife and two little kids waiting over in Tenth Aven-yeh for papa an' Uncle Jack to come home—their good Uncle Jack that's always done so much for them ever since he got a job and could earn wages? Oh, what did I come here for?"

The poor man gazed about him in distraction. Great beads stood on his forehead. His lips quivered as he spoke. I fancied—yes, was sure—that I detected the odor of alcohol. But the next instant I brushed away suspicion as unworthy. I tried to put myself in his place: if I had killed my only brother would I not have recourse to alcohol, to anything that would dull the devastating anguish?

"Come, Mr. Scott," I took up the task of question-

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ing with the utmost reluctance—cruel work, but it must be done. "Tell me exactly what happened."

"Well, here's all there was to it," he responded dully, his voice and arm falling and his eyes gazing straight ahead as if fascinated by the terrible tragedy that memory was re-enacting before his gaze. "You see, I'm running 124, the milk train on the West Side road, due at Weehawken at 10 A.M. My brother Jack is head brakes on the way freight, bound north, that meets and passes 124 at Esopus. I hold 124 on signal a few minutes, at 8.15 A.M., to let the way freight take the siding and give us a clear track.

"My brother Jack, bein' head brakes of the freight, runs ahead and throws the switch, and she pulls into the siding. Then he throws the switch back and gives me the wave to come on. I lets off the air, gives her the sand, and starts up 124 pretty lively, because we're twenty-four minutes late. Jack is stepping off the track, but there's a little snow as well as grease on the rails; his foot slips into the frog and catches, and—oh, my God!—I throw her over and give her sand and the air; but 124 had such a jump on her and a down grade, too, that it's too late before we stop. And—say!—him lookin' up at me the last minute, the same as if he'd say, 'I know it ain't your fault, Bill.' Oh, I can't stand it—can't stand it, I tell you, mister!"

The sobs seemed to be rending his burly chest. I don't think I ever felt sorrier for mortal man. Surely the *World* would stand by this poor fellow. If by any chance he was short of money for funeral expenses, there was the special fund in Mr. Shaw's hands, set apart for just such emergencies. Yes, yes; the paper would do all it could, and I would do all I could, for unfortunate Bill Scott—but at the same time a "story" is a "story," and it was my business to get it all, every scrap of detail, not forgetting photographs and the sketches from which the artist could make a drawing of the fatal accident (from description furnished by the victim's bereaved brother).

"Just come this way, Mr. Scott," I said, leading the way to the elevator. He followed me in silence, seeming dazed by the blow that had fallen on him. I took him down into the photographers' department and had four excellent pictures taken—sitting, standing, full face and profile. We returned to the elevator.

"Where're we goin' now?" the engineer inquired.

"I'm going to take you home—"

"No, you're not," he cried, wildly. "Do you suppose I'd dare go home and face my poor old mother? No, *sir!* The river for mine."

"Here! Cut out all this 'river' business!" I commanded (as harshly as I could, in the hope of arousing his combativeness and so steadying his shattered nerves). "You're going home with me, and I'm going to tell your mother how it all happened. She won't blame you any more than I do. Come on, now, and be a man! Who's going to take care of your mother and your wife and the kids if you don't?"

"You're right," the engineer agreed, huskily, as we walked into the City Room together. Wally had long

Without waiting for the elevator

ago repeated the story, and poor Bill Scott was the object of silent sympathy as the glances of a dozen pairs of eyes followed his stalwart frame.

"But, say," the engineer interrupted me as I reached for my overcoat—"say, I can't go home, either. I've just got time now to get back to Weehawken and take out my run north."

"Oh, that 'll be all right," I assured him. "I'll just telephone over and get leave for you to lay off a few days. What's the name of your engine despatcher?"

"I—I don't know," the engineer replied. Suspicion, never sound asleep in the reporter's mind, flashed into activity. Yet why should the man tell such a tale if it were not true? On the other hand, it was as impossible for an engineer not to know the name of his engine despatcher as it would be for a reporter not to know the name of his city editor. But—this, of course, must be the explanation—the tragedy had so shaken Bill Scott's mind that he had clean forgotten the name of his chief. He still stood, as if transfixed in stony agony, just outside the telephone booth, while I called for 44631 Weehawken, the headquarters of the West Side Railroad Company. The walls of the booth were so thick that he could hear nothing.

Within a few moments I was talking over the wire to the Superintendent of Motive Power, and explaining the necessity of giving a few days' lay-off to the shattered engineer who had killed his only brother at Esopus that morning.

"But no one has been killed at Esopus this morning," said the superintendent in a tone that was eloquent of certainty. "There hasn't been an accident of any kind at Esopus. What did you say was the name of the engineer?"

"Scott," I answered.

"Oh, ho! ho! ho!" roared the voice in the telephone at my ear. "Drunk, isn't he? That's Bill Scott. Engineer? No; he's an engine-wiper in the roundhouse. He only gets drunk once a year—'round Christmas time. He's a good man, but when he's drunk he imagines he's an engineer and has been raising—"

With an interjection of apology I hung up the receiver and jumped outside the booth.

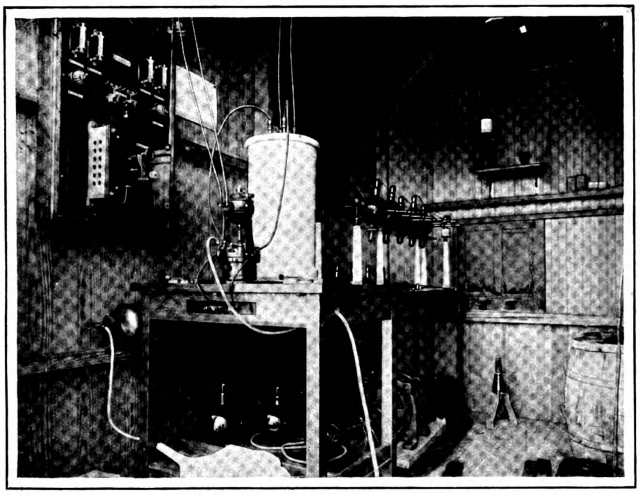
"Now, then," I said to Bill Scott, "you drunken, lying, buffalo-headed blank, etcetera! Do you see that window over there? It's twelve floors from the street. Out of the door, or that window for you—quick!"

Still raging, I walked slowly to the City Desk. Wally ran in from the reception-room, his face paler than ever.

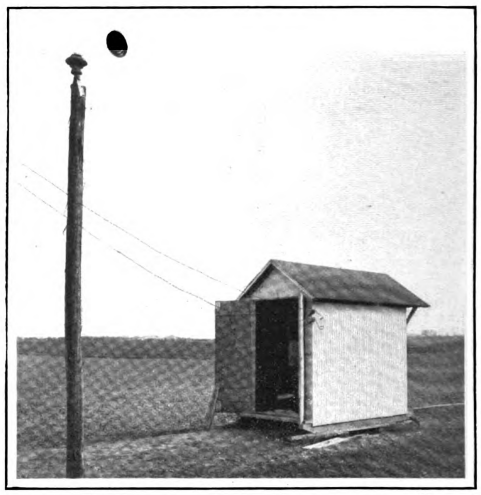
"Oo-oo-oo! Mr. Talmage," he gasped, "that poor engineer's gone to commit suicide. I'm sure of it. Mr. Talmage. He came running out through the reception-room and dashed down the stairs without waiting for the elevator. I know he's crazy."

"Not crazy," I explained to Mr. Talmage. "Only a case of D.T.'s, mixed with hysteria."

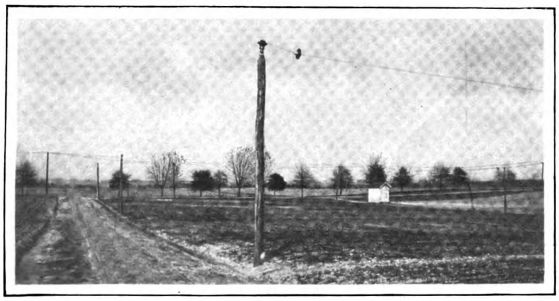
"Got his picture?" the City Editor asked. "Good! Give us a column and a half on it. We need something comic for a relief to all this Christmas gush, anyhow."

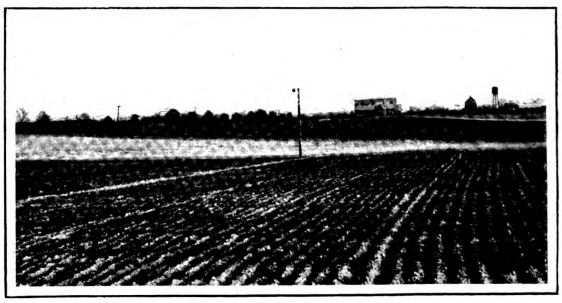


The interior of the electric plant



The exterior of the same plant, showing pole and disks





Two views showing the farm under cultivation

THE GOVERNMENT'S NEW EXPERIMENTAL ELECTRIC FARM

THE APPLIANCES WITH WHICH ENGINEERS EMPLOYED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT ARE EXPERIMENTING ON A WHEAT FIELD IN THE POTOMAC BOTTOMS, AT THE FOOT OF ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, WITH A VIEW TO INCREASING ITS FERTILITY. THE APPARATUS CONSISTS OF A SERIES OF ELECTRIC POLES, SET ABOUT FIFTY FEET APART, ALONG THE BOUNDARIES OF A TWO-ACRE FIELD. AT A HEIGHT OF SIXTEEN FEET THERE ARE HEAVY ELECTRIC WIRES STRETCHED FROM POLE TO POLE AND BETWEEN THESE LARGE WIRES ARE STRUNG SMALLER WIRES, MAKING AN INTERLACING NETWORK OVER THE GROUND. A HEAVY CURRENT IS TURNED ON TWICE A DAY, AND IT IS EXPECTED THAT, WHEN THE EXPERTS MAKE THEIR REPORT, A NEW FIELD OF AGRICULTURAL WORK WILL BE OPENED UP TO OUR FARMERS

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"Julius Caesar" according to Faversham

(AN APPRECIATION IN VERSE)

By W. T. Larned

SALVE! the City's surge and throb.
I fraternize with *all* degrees, Sir;
And so I love the milling mob
In FAVERSHAM & Shakespeare's *Cæsar:*
(Plain pee-pul, good—enough—and greasy,
Who'd make all things—and kings—dead easy.)

"Butchered" (since such the lit'ral term is)
By Brutus, Cassius, and Trebonius,
Who thrust right through his epidermis
To clinch an argument erroneous:
I. E. (Prepare to shed those tears),
The *rent* was wrong, though in arrears.

Since Prexy Cæsar lacked elixir,
And put "Emeritus" *post* Mars,
It seemed a dirty Dago trick, Sir,
To crack his crown and loot his Lars.
Why, even on our Texas border
The *point* they made were out of order.

Yet to the playhouse I repair,
Nor lose (like Andrew Lang) illusion,
Since, to my satisfaction, there
Is all our up-to-date confusion:
Same politicians, same old faces—
While office-seekers sprint for places.

Bard "for all time." In truth he was,
Nor needs your dusty Dean's diploma.
"I'll knife friend Cæsar not because
I love him less—but, oh, you Roma!"
Ah, Brutus! though the cry be far:
Senatus—Populus—T. R.

Cold Cassius! It is plain enough
He could not *render* unto Cæsar,
Since Fate ordained that, bared to buff,
He was not fat, like Ted and thee, Sir.
(And as for those who *take on fat*—
See *Bacon's* head in Shakespeare's hat.)

But fat is Cassius' *part*, and hence
I really am inclined to blame a
Good actor with Frank Keenan's sense
Who mouths the Muse. In melodra-ma
He's Golden West But *here* Jack rants; he
Is Shakespeare minus meter. Fancy!

Upon what meat did Cæsar feed?
Was Fame his fare, was food his relish?
Go, span his girth—d'ye call *that* greed?
I've seen him fuller far than Mellish.
That wan old woman, slim and small,
The chap with chaplets gained in Gaul?

Oh, Antony—God save you, Marc,
From cunning Cleo's clinging clutches—
I come to praise, not bury:—Hark!
My Editor: "Much more too much is."
I've only space to say "I am
So pleased you're played by Faversham."

What "sham" there *may* have been, you shun;
The "ham" was *always* most unhappy.
Your charm . . . I can't-O, I must run.
I hate to be so short and scrappy.
For Julie Opp ("*So* glad we've met!")
Is just a grown-up Juli-et.

And Power: Though I'd not pray, "More power
To arm—*and* art!" ('Twould move a stone)
—Gods! but he makes old Cassius cower,—
I love to hear him grandly groan.
Shakespeare used slang; so *I* say, "Fine!
Mouthpiece of Marlowe's mighty line!"

. . . . . .

Shakespeare!—compounded now with clay:
Your name spelled "ruin"—so they tell it.
And yet—along the Great White Way,
Silent your "surly sullen bell." It
Sounds in your Sonnet only.—Strange!—
Waiter!—*mutamur:* Keep-the-change!

Laura Hope Crews and H. B. Warner in "Blackbirds"

Charlotte Walker, on tour in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

"Mike" Weber and "Meyer" Fields in "Roly Poly," at the new Weber & Field's Music Hall

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HUMORS of the WAR OF 1812

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALBERT LEVERING

PERHAPS the funniest story that was brought to the surface by the War of 1812 is this little unobtrusive tale. The speaker is supposed to be an Englishman, traveling in the States immediately after the war, full of prejudices and hostilities, and with his nose perpetually in the air. I was called down to supper, says this itinerant John Bull, where I found twenty or thirty persons, all perfect strangers to me, and who, seeing I was a stranger, I suppose, paid me those little civilities which, to one who knows the world, are always sufficient to put him on his guard. Accordingly I declined them all, and answered the questions put to me rather short, insomuch that a person, whom I took to be a naval officer, seemed inclined to quarrel with me. Nothing, indeed, can be more disgusting to a stranger than these civilities from people one does not know; and nothing gave me a more unfavorable impression of the rude manners of these republicans than the freedom with which they chatted about their private affairs before me, a perfect stranger. It displayed a want of tact, a familiarity so different from the conduct of people in similar circumstances in London, that I retired to my room in disgust. I afterward learned that the naval officer threatened to "lick" me, as he called it, for my surly ill manners, as he was pleased to denominate my gentlemanly reserve. I devoted the evening to packing up, and, being desirous to make an impression on these bumpkin demos, called out loudly to the waiter, in my best Corinthian tone, "Waiter! you infernal waiter!"

"Here, sir."

"Waiter, bring a bootjack and a pair of slippers."

"Waiter, you infernal waiter," replied a voice which I took for an echo.

"Here, sir," said the waiter.

"Waiter, bring me two bootjacks and two pair of slippers." On looking round, I perceived the echo was my old enemy, the naval officer. Being determined, however, to take no notice of such a low fellow, I again called out, "Waiter, bring a candle into my chamber, and a warming-pan to warm my bed."

"Waiter, bring two candles and two warming-pans into my chamber; I shall sleep in two beds to-night," cried echo. I gave him a look of withering contempt and walked out of the room, leaving behind me a horse-laugh, which, as I judged, proceeded from these illiterate cyclops.

Who has not known such an Englishman, and such a Yankee? The tale well characterizes the feeling of resentment and irritation left in the breasts of both nations after the war. The recorder of this guileless story is James Kirke Paulding, a fellow-worker with Washington Irving in the eocene period of American literature. With William Irving, Paulding's brother-in-law, they had already brought forth the *Salmagundi* papers, at the beginning of the century; then, a decade later, when the quarrel over the blockade of the French coast and the seizure of sailors on board American ships had aroused the new Western nation to martial fury, Paulding had the happy thought of relating the whole quarrel in a mock-heroic tale in prose, to which he gave the title, *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*. Mr. Bull's title came from Arbuthnot's satire at the time of Marlborough's campaigns. Brother Jonathan's came, it is said, from Washington's oft repeated phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan," the excellent Governor Trumbull of Connecticut. The satire, a quaint little book bound in boards, was published in September, 1812, in New York and Philadelphia. The greater part of it was written before war was declared, on June 18, 1812.

Paulding begins at the first quarrel between John and Jonathan, and his description of the former has its qualities of wit and satire. John Bull, he says, was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond. This manor, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceeding good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small-beer, and was, in fact, a sort of jack-of-all-trades and good at each. In addition, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest as times go. But what tarnished all these qualities was a devilish quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of it; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors, one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses; and whether steeples were not an abomination. Which is Paulding's witty way of describing the Puritan movement and the events leading to the colonization of New England. In his new estate, Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that has seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in home-spun trousers with a huge bagging seat, which seemed to have nothing in it, and always wore a linsey-woolsey coat, that did not above half cover his breech, and the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton. All of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last, one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was thereupon exceedingly enraged; and after calling the poor lad an undutiful rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and, before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.

So much for the Revolutionary War and the making of the American nation. We come now to the causes of the second struggle between sire and son. Formerly, we are told, the old man had had divers enemies, but now Jonathan began to get particularly on his aging nerves. Bull never missed a fair opportunity of giving a fatherly benediction to Jonathan, who had, since his first quarrel with the squire, given him divers causes for offense. By keeping aloof from the disputes of the neighbors, and by a sober, discreet behavior, Jonathan had, without any intention of injuring the old squire, got a great deal of his business from him. Now the squire could not bear to see Jonathan enjoying the fruits of his peaceable disposition. Another great eyesore to Squire Bull was this: Jonathan had such a great quantity of land to spare, and his farms held out so many temptations to Bull's tenants, that, whenever they had an opportunity, they would leave Bullock Island and come over to settle. This the squire swore was undermining his interests, and acting the part of a secret enemy; because it was Jonathan's duty, as a good neighbor, to drive them home again.

"Zounds!" would the squire exclaim, in a furious passion, "no man born in my manor shall ever get out of it if I can prevent him. It is the happiest, the most pious, moral, plentiful, and all that sort of thing manor in the world, and those who can't live in it may starve, for aught I care." This he said when in many parts of his manor one-sixth of the tenants were on the parish, and another sixth living on a short allowance of oatmeal and potatoes. The squire's maxim was, once a tenant always a tenant; and such was his wrath against Brother Jonathan for giving his poor runaways a meal of victuals sometimes, that in revenge he used to chase Jonathan's boats, and when he overtook them would kidnap his rowers, under pretense of their being his runaway tenants. Now Brother Jonathan, though a pretty hard talker and a considerable dealer in words, was in the main a good-natured young fellow, who did not lightly get into a quarrel, but loved gain, and hated fighting if he could avoid it. He therefore pocketed these affronts of Bull with a few wry faces, and continued to treat him with respect. The young man, who ate, drank, spoke, thought, and did everything like his father, was willing, nay, anxious, to be on good terms with him, if he was only treated with common politeness. He had beat Bull like a man, and forgiven him like a good fellow. He determined, before trying the strength of his arm against Bull, to see what the law would do for him. Having often heard say that there is reason in all things, he did not know but he might find a little in Squire Bull's pate, so he wrote him the following letter:

"*To John Bull, Esquire, of Bullock,*

"*Greeting:*

"HONORED FATHER,—Though I am your son, I have always got more kicks than coppers from you; and now I am grown up to be of age, I don't choose to put up with any more of your plaguy nonsense. I have a right to sail boats on the mill-pond for all your silly claims, which have got you many a broken head, and will get you many more before you die, if you don't mind your hits, old gentleman. Moreover, I have a right to do business with whom I please, as long as I don't go against the customs of the neighborhood; and to visit where I think fit, without Mr. Bull's leave, and be hanged to him.

"S'life, daddy, do you think that though I was brought up in the woods I am to be scared by an owl? Don't think to bully me, daddy; for, though you tell such famous stories about our ancestors, everybody knows that the Bulls have been going down hill till they have got nearly to the bottom; and, between ourselves, people say they all look up to me to support the family honor in the future. So look ye, daddy, if you don't let me alone when I am going about my lawful business, and quit taking my boats and tenants, like a highway robber as you are, you may expect another guess sort of a pommeling than you got from me when I was only a boy.

"The long and the short of the matter is, that if I am satisfied in your answer I am ready to drink a glass with you and be friends. If not, you and I will be two, I guess, daddy; and to show you that I am in right good earnest, I hereby let you know that I shall not wait more than five or six years for your final answer, being in a great passion, and somewhat in haste.

"Your dutiful son, as you behave,
"JONATHAN."

To which, in due time, the fond parent replied:

"*To Mr. Jonathan,*

"*Greeting:*

"YOU LUBBERLY YANKEE,—Don't think I'll give up my rights, privileges, and prerogatives to such a hop-o'-my-thumb, mint-sling, rum-jockey as thou art. Why, thou unnatural cub, answer me one thing, did I not beget thee, villain? Body o' me! what an undutiful rascal thou art, to be pestering with impertinent letters the father that begat thee!

"You can't wait for my answer, you say. You ungrateful villain, to talk in this way to the kindest father that ever turned his son out of doors! You can't, hey! Well, here is my answer: I'll plunder your fir-built boats, with a bit of striped bunting stuck on a corn-stalk for a flag. I'll snap my fingers and bite my thumb at you as often as I please. I'll disown, disinherit, and unbeget you, and swear you are the son of a French barber and a Dutch fishwoman. I am a religious man, an affectionate father, and I don't care who knows it. I have a right to do what I please with my own children; and, what's more, I will.

"Thy Abused Father,
"JOHN BULL."

Whereupon, to use the vulgar phrase, the fat was in the fire, the splutterings thereof presently reaching Lake Erie, Lake Champlain, and New Orleans, to the accompaniment of such mottoes as "Don't give up the ship" and "The Star-spangled Banner."

The spirit and skill of Paulding's writings recommended him to President Madison, who gave him a government post connected with the navy, which he held with credit for many years, meanwhile adding to the young and flourishing literature of his nation. It is part of the irony of history that he wrote the most widely quoted verse that ever came out of America, yet no one, of the tens of thousands who quote it, knows him for the author. The verse, from his "Königsmarke," is to this effect:

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

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THE PRESS IN WAR-TIME

The Muzzling of the War Correspondent Raises the Larger Question of the Relation of the Press to Modern Organized Society

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE Russo-Japanese War killed the war correspondent; the conflict in the Balkans may be said to have buried him. He has become not merely a nuisance, but ridiculous. In the old days a man could go to the front, could wander about pretty much as he pleased, and could send home his telegrams and despatches with little or no hindrance from the censor. War correspondents were few and it was possible to make a reputation. Some of them, indeed, made so great a reputation and were altogether personages of such vast importance that they almost came to think of war as a game invented to provide them with a living. Mr. Melton Prior was perhaps the most famous of the artists and writers who illustrated the struggles of the past forty years, and in his just published and posthumous volume of reminiscences it is easy to see that he regarded himself as the pivot of the whole situation. Just as nurses come to think of themselves as the central figures in whatever cases they are attending, and of far more importance than either the patient or the doctor, so Mr. Prior seemed to be saying, "Now that I have taken up my position and sharpened my pencils and refreshed myself from my flask and smoothed out the leaves of my sketch-book, the battle may begin." And the odd thing was that he and his colleagues were taken at their own valuation by the military and naval authorities all over the world, and were utterly amazed and indignant, and denounced it as not less than an international scandal, when the Japanese eight years ago forbade them to go anywhere or to see anything. But it was left for the war in the Balkans to expose the final and preposterous absurdity of the war correspondent's profession. Those who joined the Turkish forces were able to snatch a certain liberty from the general debacle that overtook the Ottoman armies. But those who were attached to the Bulgarian headquarters were as remorselessly muzzled as though they were all suspected of rabies. There were over eighty of them in a body; they had to travel with the foreign attachés; they were carefully corralled by officialdom; at noon every day they were summoned to hear a bulletin from the front read out to them; of the actual fighting they saw nothing; any chance of individual distinction or even of individual activity was simply taken away from them; they just sat about in the hotels and watched the rain and grumbled at the censor and the meals. In the way of keeping the world informed as to the progress of the struggle one man could have done all that it was permitted to do as efficiently as the eighty.

So people are now going about saying that the war correspondent is dead and can never be resurrected. But that is only partially true. When nations are at war that are really military nations, possessed of universal service, with every single energy they command gathered up and launched in a single thunderbolt, and with every man and woman among them feeling that he or she is as much a fighter in the national cause as any soldier in the ranks, then the war correspondent is bound to perish under the combined weight of his own numbers, of military necessity, and of the inventions that have made the transmission of intelligence so dangerously easy. But in this matter, as in all matters touching on war and its preparations and prosecution, there is an immense gulf between the nations that have and the nations that do not have, universal service. It is a gulf that in its way is at least as profound as the difference between a free state and a slave-holding state, between a Moslem community and a Christian community, between a country where single marriages are the rule and a country that practises polygamy. It is a fundamental difference that affects and transforms all values. In Bulgaria, for instance, the entire land has been drained of its population; every able-bodied person between fifteen and sixty has been pressed into service; there has been nothing of what we English and we Americans think of as the glamour and *réclame* of war, the "sudden shining of splendid names," and all the rest of the trappings and tinsel; brilliant victories have been laconically announced in three-line bulletins; soldiers have been forbidden to write home; none of those who are left behind knows what has happened to their nearest and dearest at the front; no lists of dead or wounded are published; no decorations are scattered while the war is still on; the whole nation and every unit in it is working silently for victory, sinking all individual anxieties in a superb devotion to the common good. To such a spectacle I take off my hat; and in the country that is capable of such single-minded concentration the regulation of war correspondents and the suppression of all news that is in any way likely to assist the enemy become the simplest and easiest of matters. They cease to be a "problem"; they are put in their proper place among the thousand and one common-sense precautions that have to be observed and that no one would dream of disputing.

But in countries such as England and America—unarmed, plethoric, commercial, knowing nothing of what war is, such discipline and self-sacrifice as the Bulgarians have shown are qualities that at present simply do not exist in any organized and effective form. The British nation—and I do not know that the American nation is in this respect any different—has got into the way of thinking of its army and navy as something apart from itself and of war as a game played out by professionals before a ring of excited but perfectly secure spectators. No illusion, of course, could be more fatal. National strength by land or sea is directly proportioned to national will-power, character, and efficiency at home. There is a striking sentence in General Kuropatkin's book on the Russo-Japanese War that bears directly on this matter: "Mere ships do not make a fleet, nor do they form the strong right arm of an empire, for the strength of a nation does not lie in armor, guns, or torpedoes, but in the souls of the men behind these things." I believe that to be profoundly true. Building ships, pouring out money, multiplying regiments, the most perfect military and naval organization—all this in the end avails little or nothing if the spirit of the people is not sound, self-sacrificing, steadfast, disciplined, and clear-sighted. It is absolutely wrong to think, for instance, of the military efficiency of the Germans as a phenomenon by itself; it is simply the projection and the culmination of their civic efficiency. From the national standpoint, indeed, there is no naval and no military problem that is not also a moral and a psychological problem. A country at war and at peace is still the same country; it cannot possibly extemporize in a moment of crisis qualities that it does not display in ordinary times; and a publicist who has mastered the spirit and conditions of two contending powers can almost invariably foresee, though he may be wholly ignorant of naval and military affairs, to which side victory will incline. One such publicist at the very outbreak of the war in the Balkans, when the best expert opinion in Europe backed the Turks, remarked to me that, knowing both Sofia and Constantinople, and having seen what the Bulgarians had made of the former and the Turks of the latter, the ultimate defeat of the Ottomans was to him a foregone conclusion.

In countries like England and America, which regard war as a sort of superior football or baseball match, and which are blessed with democratic constitutions, the press plays a part that is inconceivable in nations where everything is subordinated to preparing for success on the day of Armageddon. In Great Britain and the United States the press shapes the thoughts of the nation more constantly and with greater effect than any other instrument, and in war-time, especially, when the public mind is excited and opinion is exceptionally fluid, its power is enormously enhanced. That is a condition with which the naval and military authorities have to reckon in devising a press censorship at the front. They cannot do as the Germans would do, as the Bulgarians have done, and absolutely muzzle every editor, reporter, and war-correspondent in the country. They have to remember that in gagging the press they are not only gagging a news agency, but a molder of public opinion, and they have to remember, too, that public opinion in its turn reacts nowadays with democratic decisiveness upon the policies of governments and upon the operations of the naval and military commanders appointed to carry out those policies. It would hardly be possible for the British or American government to conduct war on a big scale unless they could carry public opinion with them; and in order to carry public opinion with them they are bound to tolerate war correspondents and to compromise with, instead of crushing, the press. A democratic people always insists on learning what is being done in its name at the theater of war, and on learning it from independent as well as from official sources.

The war correspondent, therefore, is never likely to become a really extinct species. Nor is he the unmitigated curse that some naval and military men like to make out. One half of a correspondent, the half that is trying to find out and to publish information that for military reasons should be kept secret, ought, I agree, to be shot on the spot. But the other half of him, the half that, without in any way assisting the enemy, keeps the public at home informed, stimulated, and interested, that criticizes intelligently, and if the need arises does not hesitate to expose defects that in the interests of the services themselves ought to be exposed and will not be remedied unless they are exposed, the half that acts as a connecting-link between the forces at the front and the nation by its fireside, that instructs the public in the nature of the task on which it has embarked, and by vivid descriptions strengthens the resolution to see the thing through—that half of a correspondent may be at times something of a salutary nuisance, but he is also an auxiliary of the highest utility. Part of the art of war in a democratic state must be to keep the democracy intelligently interested, and for that purpose the war correspondent seems to me an indispensable unit in the equipment of a modern army or navy. It would be difficult, indeed, to overestimate the reflex value of the services rendered to the British nation and the British army by Russell's letters from the Crimea, and by the brilliant articles in which G. W. Steevens riveted the thoughts and hopes of millions of Englishmen upon Kitchener's progress to Khartoum. In those two instances one saw the war correspondent at his best both as critic and as interpreter, and in each case performing functions that were as advantageous to the army as to the nation. Abolish war correspondents and you not only cut yourself loose from those sources of popular sentiment and determination that furnish most democratic states today with their energy and driving-power, but you lose whatever benefit may be conferred by the presence at the seat of war of a corps of trained and detached observers who are, or at least who ought to be, competent to discuss the problems of strategy, tactics, administration, and, above all, of policy, as they arise.

At the same time the tone and actions of the press in war-time are and must be a matter of the most anxious moment to the naval and military authorities. In Great Britain that anxiety is keener than in America because the risk of war is more imminent and the damage that might be inflicted by an ignorant press is proportionately greater. Some seven or eight years ago, in what was his valedictory speech as First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Selborne declared: "I am not exaggerating when I say that the most patriotic journalist, without a thought that he was doing his country any harm, might, in the day or two which precede war, publish news which might mar the whole issue of the naval campaign of this country." And it is obvious to any one who knows the country that if Great Britain were involved in a war with a first-class naval power, the attitude of the British press would be of the greatest influence in averting or allaying or in fomenting a panic about the food supply and the possibilities of invasion. Indeed, war correspondents might be abolished altogether—the greater problem would still confront the British Admiralty of how to insure secrecy of attack and defense in a life-and-death struggle with a first-class continental power waged on European soil and in European waters. And how vital this problem may be can be demonstrated by a score of examples in naval and military history. Even in the pre-telegraph days, even in the Napoleonic wars, information that it was vital to conceal on the one side and equally vital to learn on the other became public property through the columns of the press. In the Peninsular War the letters written home by British officers and published in the newspapers became Napoleon's most trustworthy source of intelligence. In the Emperor's correspondence you constantly find him basing instructions to his lieutenants on information gleaned from English journals. In the Crimean War it is exceedingly doubtful if Sebastopol would have been fortified at all had it not been for the clamor in the French and English press that it should be made an object of attack. Sherman's March to the Sea owed its inception to his quick utilization of news supplied him by the Southern press.

At the very opening of the Franco-Prussian War the German staff, by a diligent reading of the French papers, was able to ascertain the composition and strategical disposition of all the French corps. A few weeks later, when the German cavalry had lost touch with the French troops, the supremely important information was derived from the French press that MacMahon was moving from Chalons to effect a junction with Bazaine. No suspicion that such was his intention had apparently crossed the mind of the German staff; it took all the efforts of the French press to convince them of the fact. Once convinced, however, they swung their armies round to the north-west, and within a week Napoleon had capitulated at Sedan. During the Spanish-American War every move and intention of the American naval and military authorities was published immediately in the American press; it was not in the least the fault of their journalists that the Americans did not meet with a resounding disaster. If the Japanese had pursued the same quixotic policy, could they have beaten Russia? Could they have surprised the Russian fleet in Port Arthur if every Japanese journal had announced the sailing of the Japanese squadrons a couple of days beforehand? Could they have entrapped Rojdestvensky if Togo's whereabouts had been divulged by the Tokio press? Could Oyama have swept the Russians beyond Mukden if every detail of his numbers, his reinforcements, and his armies had been published for all the world to read?

The question of the press in war-time, it will thus be seen, goes far beyond the question of war-correspondents. It raises problems that every journalist, and indeed every statesman, ought carefully to ponder. The truth is, journalism still awaits its philosopher, awaits, I mean, some one who will work out the action and reaction of the new and tremendous power of organized publicity upon the general scheme of things. We are still too near the eruption of this strange force that has burst upon the world to be able to assess its significance or formulate its relations to life, government, and society. But we can see that journalism has taken its place among the permanent forces that govern the world. We see it visibly affecting pretty nearly all we do and say and think, competing with the churches, superseding parliaments, elbowing out literature, rivaling the schools and universities, furnishing the world with a new set of nerves; and it would be a task of the highest interest to trace out its consequences, to define its nature and functions, and to establish its place and prerogatives by the side of those other forces, such as religion, law, commerce, war, and art, which, unlike journalism, unlike publicity, infused the ancient as well as the modern world.

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

The Union Pacific-Southern Pacific Divorce

THE SUPREME COURT'S DECISION IN THE FAMOUS UNION PACIFIC MERGER CASE, AND ITS BEARING ON THE EARNING POWER OF THESE AND OTHER RAILWAY SECURITIES

IMAGINE a bow with the arrow drawn to the head. The bow is the main line of the Southern Pacific, running in a great arc from Portland, Oregon, to New Orleans. Louisiana. The head of the arrow is the San Francisco terminus of the old Central Pacific, an east-and-west line, owned by the Southern Pacific System. The middle of the arrow is the Central Pacific's eastern terminus at Ogden, Utah. The other end of the arrow is the Union Pacific's eastern terminus at Omaha, Nebraska.

In 1898 E. H. Harriman acquired control of Union Pacific, then an unprofitable piece of road connecting Omaha and Ogden. A year or so later, his property having made substantial progress, Mr. Harriman began to cast about for some way of carrying it to the Pacific coast. The other half of the great arrow, the Southern Pacific's Central Pacific, being the logical outlet, Mr. Harriman began negotiations for its purchase with the late Collis P. Huntington, then in control of Southern Pacific's affairs. Huntington, however, couldn't see Harriman's offer, and, the deal falling through, Harriman began building a line of his own. Just at that time Huntington died and negotiations were reopened. What happened then nobody knows, but when the smoke had all cleared away, Union Pacific turned up in control not only of that part of Southern Pacific which connects Ogden and Salt Lake City with the Pacific coast, but of the entire Southern Pacific System. Union Pacific had started in to buy control of eight hundred miles of line. It ended up by buying control of eight thousand.

Some little talk was occasioned at the time about the purchase of the Southern Pacific by the Union Pacific being contrary to the Sherman anti-trust law, but not until seven years later was anything done about it. So far as any one could see, the result of the merger had been greatly to improve traffic facilities and develop the territory served, but early in 1908 the government brought a suit to compel the separation of the two properties. The combination, it was alleged, was in restraint of trade and a monopoly.

The government lost, the Circuit Court of the Eighth District dismissing its petition. The case was then carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is the decision of that body which has just been handed down. The lower court was wrong, the Supreme Court finds, in dismissing the government's complaint. The Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination, the decision says, *is* a combination in restraint of trade and a monopoly, and so must at once be dissolved.

The Supreme Court's decision is a formidable document of many pages and filled with notes and learned citations, but the whole thing comes down to the fact that the court finds that before the merger there was a good deal of competition and that after the merger there wasn't. There is no reason, the court finds, why Union Pacific shouldn't control that part of Southern Pacific needed for a coast outlet. But as to controlling Southern Pacific's route from the Mississippi Valley to the Golden Gate, that is something different. Union Pacific is in the business of carrying freight from the Middle West to the Pacific coast and so is Southern Pacific. For the two to get together and work as one, the court says, is against the anti-trust law. The decision puts it this way: "A large amount of the testimony in this voluminous record was given by railroad men of wide experience, business men, and shippers, who, with practical unanimity, expressed the view that prior to the stock purchase in question the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems were in competition, sharp, well defined, and vigorous, for interstate trade. To compete is to strive for something which another is actively seeking and wishes to gain. The Southern Pacific through its agents, advertisements, and literature had undertaken to obtain transportation for its 'Sunset' or southerly route across the continent, while the Union Pacific had endeavored in the same territory to have freight shipped by way of its own and connecting lines, thus securing for itself about one thousand miles of the haul to the coast." The advantages of the two routes, the report goes on to say, "were the subjects of representation and the basis of solicitation by many active, opposing agencies. The maintenance of these by the rival companies promoted their business and increased their revenues." After the two roads got together, the decision continues, these various agencies were given up. There wasn't any further need for them. Competition had been done away with.

This, the court holds, is altogether wrong and harmful. In the first place it tends toward rates higher than they should be. In the second place, as Judge Day puts it, "the inducement to maintain the points of advantage—superiority of service and accommodation—did not remain the same in the hands of a single dominating and common ownership as it was when they were the subjects of active promotion by competing owners whose success depended on their accomplishment." Do away with competition, in other words, and it means higher rates and worse service for the general public using the lines. To prevent that is the exact purpose of the Sherman law.

From a legal standpoint there are, of course, any number of questions to be considered in connection with the decision rendered; but from the standpoint of the investor in railway securities the one really important thing is that the court determines once for all that two competing railroads cannot get together. It makes not the slightest difference what is the means employed—whether a holding company is formed (as in the case of the Northern Securities Company) or whether one road just goes ahead and buys stock in another. The court's decision expressly states that. Judge Day, indeed, goes out of his way to emphasize the point, a long paragraph being devoted to prove that the phraseology of the law covers "all forms of combination," old and new.

It is simply a case of each combination having to stand on its own merits. How about New York Central's control of Michigan Central and of Lake Shore, natural continuations of the Central from Buffalo to Chicago? How about Pennsylvania's control of the Fort Wayne and the Panhandle, both running from Pittsburg to Chicago? How about any number of similar combinations which may be mentioned—what light does this Union Pacific decision throw on their legality? Simply this, that it is now definitely determined that if it can be proved that before the merger there was competition and that now there isn't, the arrangement is in violation of the law. Each individual case has got to be considered by itself—as was this Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination. There it was found that competition for very considerable amounts of business was ended by the getting together of the two roads. If the case of the Central or the Pennsylvania or the New Haven or any of the others is looked into and existing arrangements are found to have had a similar result, it is inevitable that they be declared illegal.

From the standpoint of the investor that is the unsettling thing about this Supreme Court decision. The particular decree rendered, it is true, affects only one railroad system, but, the law having been interpreted as it has, there is hardly a big system in the country which can safely consider itself immune. It makes not the slightest difference, either, that it can be shown that the real purpose of the combination was not to kill off competition, but to bring about economy of operation. If there was any competitive business before—even though it may have been but a small part of the whole—it brings the merger within the statute. The Union Pacific people, for example, admitted freely in their defense that there had been *some* competition before, but made the point that it was but a small part of the whole—not nearly enough to make its suppression the motive for the merger. That's all very well, the court replied in effect, but according to your own admission and whatever your motives, your action *did* result in the elimination of competition for business amounting to several millions. That in itself makes your merger illegal.

Now if all such combinations are illegal, it is a serious proposition to the holders of several thousand million dollars' worth of railroad stocks and bonds—there is no getting away from that. From the time of its passage back in 1890 down to within a very few years ago the Sherman law, at least as applied to railroad companies, was a dead letter, and combination after combination went into effect with no thought on the part of those concerned that they were doing anything illegal. If that great structure, involving as it does billions of capital, is now all to be pulled apart by the courts, there is bound to be trouble. To say that not a mile of track will be torn up and not a freight-car will be destroyed is all very well and a highly reassuring line of talk for frightened security-holders. But the truth of the matter—and it might just as well be faced fairly and squarely—is that a very large volume of securities has been issued on the strength of these railway properties *in combination*, and that what these properties will be able to earn *individually* is highly problematical.

Going back to the particular case in question, what is likely to be the effect on the earning power of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific of the decree of the Supreme Court ordering their separation? Both roads in this case happen to be strong and prosperous and well able, in all probability, individually, to earn enough to pay their bond-interest and a fair dividend. But can they, working separately, continue to earn the money they have been earning, working in combination? One of them, it must be remembered, pays ten per cent. dividends. In the light of what has happened, should that stock continue to be regarded as a sure "ten-percenter?"

Union Pacific and Southern Pacific operated independently can't make the money Union Pacific and Southern Pacific can make operated together—anybody who knows anything about the workings of the system knows that and admits it. The question isn't whether these roads, run separately, will make less money. The question is simply how much less they will make. And that depends to a very large extent not, as might perhaps be thought, upon the amount of competition that will develop, but upon the extent to which the marvelously efficient operation of the Harriman properties has been due to the ability to route freight in the most economical manner. It was always the declared policy of the "Little Wizard" to send freight through natural channels—and, in control of two transcontinental routes, he was in a position to do it. A shipment would originate, say, in California, east-bound, and of such a nature as to allow of its transhipment from trains to boats. That would be sent over the Southern Pacific, *via* New Orleans. Another shipment would originate in the same place, say, of fruit, requiring quick transportation and careful handling. The direct all-rail route *via* Omaha would in that case be chosen. As long as the two routes were controlled by the same people it was possible to handle freight in the economical and scientific manner of which the foregoing is only one of a thousand possible examples.

As to the effect on earnings, of the straight competition which will develop when the two roads are separated, that will probably not amount to much. There was, as the Supreme Court points out, a good deal of transcontinental business passing over the "Sunset" route at the time the two roads got together, but since the Tehuantepec route began to offer the shipper a rate of forty cents per hundred as against a rate of two dollars *via* New Orleans, this business has dwindled to very small proportions. And with the opening of the Panama Canal it is likely to get smaller yet. In only a very slight degree, if at all, will Southern Pacific compete with Union Pacific for through traffic. Neither road is likely to lose much money on that account.

Where the loss will come will not be in any rate-cutting likely to result from competition for business, but rather, as has been pointed out, from less economical operation under the new order of things. Then, too, with the two systems operated separately, there will necessarily be a good deal of duplication of expenses. What these increased charges will amount to nobody can tell or even reasonably estimate, but that they will be very considerable is certain.

In connection with this question of how earnings will be affected by the divorcing of the two roads, a great deal has been said about the possibilities of Union Pacific's not being able to make a deal whereby it retains the Central Pacific (which was allowed by the court) and thus losing its outlet to the Pacific coast at San Francisco. On this score there seems not the slightest cause for worry. Very possibly Union Pacific won't be able to persuade the Southern Pacific stockholders to sell it their line from Ogden to 'Frisco—the greatest revenue-producing piece of road, by the way, in the whole system. But what of that? Will inability to retain control of Central Pacific leave Union Pacific "bottled up" at Ogden and Salt Lake? Hardly—as long as Union Pacific can offer what it can, in the way of a direct route for eastbound traffic. Does Union Pacific need the facilities offered by the Central Pacific as a coast outlet? Certainly it does, but not any more than Central Pacific needs Union Pacific to feed it westbound traffic and to take care of its own traffic eastbound from the Pacific coast. As matters stand now, this eight-hundred-mile piece of road between Great Salt Lake and the Pacific coast earns $24,000 per mile. Deprived of the business furnished it by the Union Pacific, how much would it earn?

What is the logical conclusion? That Central Pacific and Union Pacific will continue to work together whether on a basis of stock ownership or otherwise. Suppose that a deal to retain the control *cannot* be made. Exactly the same result can be obtained by a hard-and-fast traffic arrangement running over a long series of years. Union Pacific wouldn't have any trouble negotiating such a deal. Central Pacific needs its business in the first place, and in the next place should Central Pacific refuse to make such an arrangement Union Pacific would soon enough either start building its own line or doing business with the Gould System's Western Pacific. Either of these contingencies would be fatal to Central Pacific's prosperity. The road is the natural continuation of the Harriman lines and, from the standpoint of its own good, is bound to remain their Pacific coast outlet. Any estimate of Union Pacific's earnings that does not take that into consideration is founded on a false basis.

Finally, as to the method by which the separation of the two properties will be accomplished, it can only be said that nothing has been determined as yet, and that one guess is exactly as good as another. One thing, however, seems certain, and that is that the scheme finally fixed upon and approved by the court will take full cognizance of the fact that the purchase of Southern Pacific back in 1901 was a mighty good thing for Union Pacific, and that if that transaction is now to be undone the Union Pacific's shareholders are entitled to the profits which have accrued. Union Pacific didn't pay a cent over seventy for its Southern Pacific stock, which, now, as a six-per-cent.-dividend payer is worth well over par. That means that whatever the scheme of separation decided upon, Union Pacific stockholders can reasonably look forward to an extra distribution of considerable value.

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Some Views of a Turkish Lady

By Louise Morgan Sill

MME. ZENNOUR NOURY DE CHATEAUNEUF is the original of Pierre Loti's "Zeyneb" in *Les Désenchantées*. She is the first Turkish woman who ever dared to leave the Turkish dominions, unaccompanied by a man, without first obtaining the Sultan's permission.

She left Turkey in a tragic flight from a husband to whom she had been married without the least previous acquaintance with him, taking with her the barest necessities and accompanied only by her still younger sister, who would not be left behind. No Occidental woman can conceive the daring of this deed for a Turkish woman; it was unprecedented in the Ottoman Empire.

There could scarcely be found a more striking type of the new Turkish woman than Madame de Châteauneuf. Daughter of His Excellency Noury Bey, General Secretary of the Foreign Office and delegate to the Hague Conference, she was reared in the most strictly conventional Turkish manner, wearing the veil or *yashmak* which she is still obliged reluctantly to assume whenever she returns to her native country. She knows French, English, Turkish, Italian, Persian, Arabic, and has what she calls a smattering of German and Russian. Two books which she has written in French are about to be published in Paris: one a volume of tales of Turkey, the other *Lettres sur les Français;* and she is correcting proofs of a third book which compares Turkish and European life in its more intimate phases. I asked Madame de Châteauneuf if there were now many Turkish women like herself, and she replied that there are numbers of them more or less as advanced as she. Personally she does not favor suffrage, though whenever she returns to Turkey she is an out-and-out feminist, "because the women there need help so much"; but in woman's freedom and right to self-development she enthusiastically believes.

The ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid, was against the liberation of women. Madame de Châteauneuf, because of her advanced views, was regarded by him as dangerous and an enemy to the welfare of the empire. But at one time Abdul Hamid was so beset with regard to the education of women and so often accused of anti-feminism that, irritated and in order to show these attacks to be unjust, he established in a single year four hundred public schools for girls. "But he thought so much of defending himself," said Madame de Châteauneuf, "that he forgot the boys, and so to this day there are more schools for girls than for boys in Turkey." In one of these schools Madame de Châteauneuf saw a woman of forty-eight who had gone there to learn to read. The present Sultan, Mahomet V., is more advanced; that is to say, though he never commits himself on the subject of woman, he lets it be known that he leaves the question to the women themselves. But the cause is obstructed by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who is the head of the Moslem world and who, though a very clever man, is not in any sense in favor of the liberation of women. This seriously restrains the Sultan.

"The Turks," said Madame de Châteauneuf, "are more clever, kind, and indulgent than they are shrewd or practical. Their very virtues constantly betray them. The massacres which Western people associate always with them are generally done by foreigners in the Turkish dominions, of whom there are so many and whom I must admit the Turks have failed really to govern. They have only been kind. Do you know that ever since the Turks have had dominion in Europe the foreigners in my country have never been asked to pay taxes? Think of that in the present age! The Turks are far more idealists than they are business men, as you see. In commerce and in finance they are far behind the times. Did you know, too, that until the *Conseil de l'Europe* the Christians and Jews in Turkey were never admitted to the army? All through those previous centuries the Turks fought for them and they remained safe at home. The present war being the first actual experience of these newly admitted Christian and Jewish soldiers, they have not fought well—many of them have run away. And, worse than that, there has been treason among these foreigners—and thus they have repaid the kindness of the Turks. Furthermore, when the Balkan war broke out numbers of our officers were in Tripoli and are there still.

"The Turks have always been generous to foreigners. When Mahomet II. came as conqueror to Byzantium, he protected the Christians and gave them the three patriarchs for their chief priests. The Turks have never forced any one to change his religion. They have never even required foreigners to learn the Turkish language. In their attitude toward the stranger they have been all that you would conceive as Christian. Indeed, a certain prominent Turk, a political man, when asked for a comparison between the Turks and other 'civilized' nations, replied, 'It can all be put in a few words: the Christians live in accordance with the Koran and the Mohammedans in accordance with the Gospels.'

"Do you know also that there is no capital punishment for murder in Turkey? Fifteen years at hard labor is the punishment, and then the murderer is often pardoned by the Sultan after five or six years. They do not take 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' The Turkish nature is, above all, indulgent. They are neither murderers nor thieves; there are scarcely any of these criminals among the Turks themselves. And when a crime is committed the feeling is one of pity and pardon, and 'he will not do it again.' All these traits, however ideal, are not effective, I admit, for governing. As you say, should a massacre occur in the United States among any part of your great mixed people the government would pursue each murderer with the law. But Turkey is so different, as you see, and not a successful governing power, though she has been a conquering one.

"Another fault of my people is this: when they came from Asia as great conquerors they were proud of their conquests. They have remained ever since too much *grand seigneurs;* they are at the same psychological point in many respects as they were then. Religion, philosophy, hospitality, beauty, and luxury—these things they have always had; it was what their civilization required; but modern civilization, with its new commerce, its shrapnel, its *haute finance*, they have not perfectly acquired.

"Yes, if there should be massacres now—and some think there will be veritable carnage—they will not be committed by the Turks. The Bulgarians and Servians, yes, and especially the Armenians. The Armenians will disguise themselves as priests and soldiers for this murderous work, as they have done several times before when starting revolutions in Turkey. But not the Turks; they do not massacre. Good soldiers and fierce fighters they are, but not murderers.

"The Turks are stoical. Their religion, with its fatalism, makes them so and induces in them that *laisser faire* which lies at the root of their failures and makes some of their action or inaction inexplicable to those who do not understand the springs of their mental inspiration. Speaking of their stoicism, we were once being entertained by a Turkish gentleman. At the commencement of the evening a telegram was brought to him. He read and calmly folded it, saying nothing. We then had music and the evening was passed in enjoyment. We did not know until afterward that the telegram had announced to him the death of his only son. He had submitted to this terrible sorrow and the law of hospitality had to be obeyed. I could tell you many other things of this kind.

"Is the Turkish Red Cross well equipped? Yes; it is called there the Red Crescent, because it would have been unacceptable to the people to force them to wear a cross, as if they had changed their religion, and they could not have understood why they should wear it even though it is only the flag of Switzerland.

"You ask me about polygamy. In the first place, there are very few polygamous households now in Turkey for two reasons. One is that it is too expensive, for living is dearer in Turkey as it is everywhere else; and the other is—the most important reason, of course—that women no longer accept it. This change has been coming slowly. For example, my grandfather had four wives; the binding of this book" (she picked up a copy of Loti's *Les Désenchantées* bound in an exquisite Oriental silk in yellow and faded gold) "was made from a piece of a gown of one of them, my grandmother. But my father had only one wife, my mother. When he was asked here in Paris why he had only one wife, he laughed and said that his wife ordered her gowns of Doucet, and what would he do with several like her? But the real reason was a deeper one. Women do not tolerate polygamy as they once did. I asked several of my friends when I was last in Turkey what they would do if their husbands should take another wife. They each said, 'Of course I could not prevent it, but I should go away at once.'"

When I left Madame de Châteauneuf she was preparing to return to her work for the Red Cross, or Crescent, to the sad labor of sewing for her countrymen, wounded or dying in their heroic struggle not only against the enemies surrounding them, but against the terrible enemy of ingratitude and treason within their own land. Whatever may be our inadequate comprehension, our prejudice, we cannot avoid a sense of the deep pathos of the wreck of this idealistic and unpractical ship of state stranded on the rocky shore of modernity.

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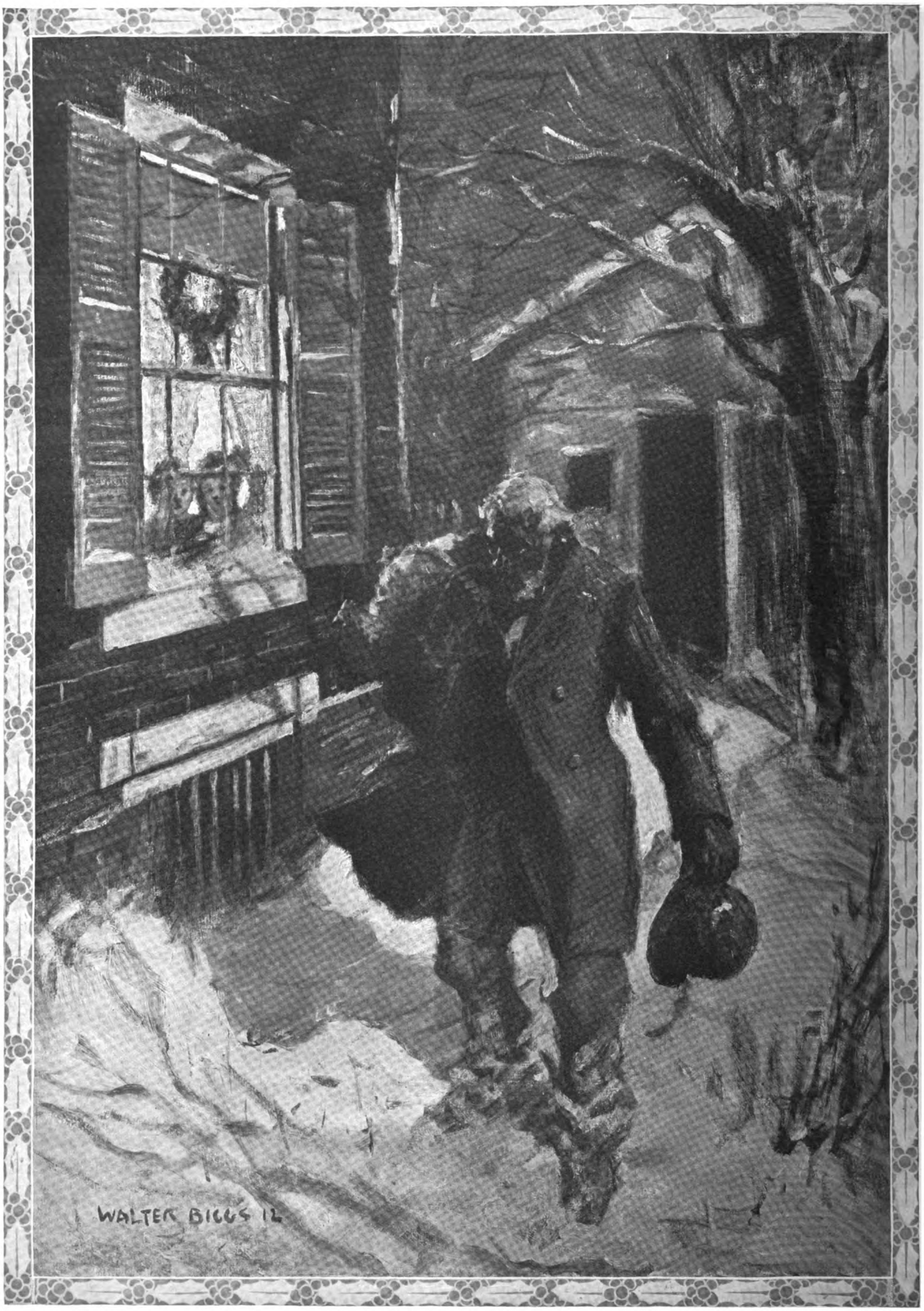

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE FEAST

DRAWN BY WALTER BIGGS

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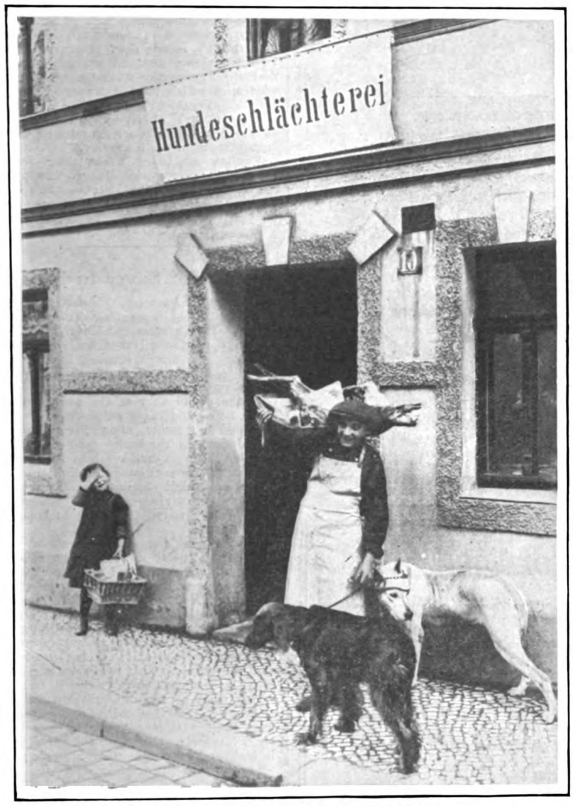
To Siberia by Sea

DESPATCHES from London report the formation there of a company to establish a new sea route between England and the Russian ports on the White Sea, with further calls at more remote Siberian stations. It is the result of some experiments made by Captain Webster of the barkentine *Nimrod*, the vessel which conveyed Sir Ernest Shackleton to the antarctic. The first steamer this season got through to the Yanisei with a miscellaneous cargo, including materials for the erection of wireless stations on the Island of Vaigats, or Vaigach, the nearest mainland point to Nova Zembla, which is separated from it by Kara Strait; at a cape on the coast of southern Nova Zembla; and at Archangel. Although the vessel encountered dense masses of drift ice, she has now returned to London, and it is believed that when radio-communication is established it will be possible to navigate these waters with a reasonable chance of safety.

The special interest in this report is the fact that it notes a revival of the most ancient experiments in northern sea commerce. The very first arctic exploration had this end in view. As long ago as 1553 the Englishmen, Willoughby and Chancellor, in two ships penetrated the seas north of Scandinavia, their idea being to find a route to Cathay (China) which should not only be shorter than that around Cape Horn, but be free from the cruisers of their enemies, the Spanish and Portuguese, and from Malay or Chinese pirates. Becoming separated, Willoughby and his men perished on the coast of Russian Lapland, but Chancellor got through into the White Sea and traveled to Moscow, where he was received with much rejoicing. Now the trade by steamers between England and the White Sea ports is so regular and valuable in summer that Archangel has been connected by rail with Moscow since 1897. Other adventurers in this trade followed Chancellor, but it was not until 1870 that the Norwegian sealer, Tobieson, managed to get as far east as the mouth of the Obi. The Kara Sea was already frequented by sealers and fishermen. Three years later the expedition of Payer in the *Tegetoff* failed in its attempt at a "northeast passage," but made the remarkable discovery of Franz Joseph Land. Then followed, in 1878, Nordenskjöld in the *Vega*, accompanied by a small supply-steamer designed to go with him to the mouth of the Lena River—a daring proposition in itself, for the Lena is a thousand miles beyond even the Yenisei, which he himself had reached in 1875 and to which the English captain, Wiggins, had subsequently made profitable trading trips; but it was believed no one could pass Cape Chelyuskin. Nevertheless, the plan succeeded, and, having unloaded her coal and other supplies into the hold of the *Vega* at anchor in the Lena delta, the tender returned safely to Europe. Nordenskjöld went on, and the next season sailed proudly down through Bering Strait to Japan and home. Nansen in 1893 pushed the *Fram* as far west as the Lena delta again before beginning his famous drift across the Polar Sea. Subsequent voyagers have shown, however, that these successes were largely a matter of good-fortune and that this ice-bound region is practically useless as a short cut to the Pacific. To go and come from the Obi and the Yenisei rivers, however, seems fairly practicable during a large part of the average year, especially under the warning guidance of wireless telegraphy; but one does not envy the positions of the operators at those arctic stations



THE EVER RISING COST OF LIVING

STOLEN OR STRAY DOGS DESTINED FOR THE GERMAN SLAUGHTER-HOUSE. OWING TO THE HIGH PRICE OF BEEF, THE DEMAND FOR DOG MEAT IN GERMANY IS RAPIDLY INCREASING

Head-Hunters

PICTURE, if you can, a man whose long hair is done up in a "Psyche knot," as it so often is in the Greek statues of women, with a bandeau of beads around the head, quite in the modern mode; then add to this the heavy features, full beard, and mustache of a swarthy barbarian and you have some idea of the personal appearance of a warrior of northern Luzon.

These tribes are the fiercest of the head-hunters, and their elaborate dressing of the hair, which in civilized countries is considered a purely feminine vanity, seems grotesquely incongruous with their savage pursuits. Not being obliged to waste any time on their wardrobes, since clothing is practically unknown, all their efforts toward adornment are devoted to the head and are much more elaborate than those of the women.

Beau Brummel of the Kalinga tribe bangs his hair heavily over the forehead, training it so that it has almost the effect of a low pompadour. Above this is built a structure of feathers and flowers, the latter branching out and drooping quite artistically over each side. At the back his hair hangs long and flowing or is arranged in a chignon. His ears have enormous holes in which are plugs of wood fancifully carved. Sometimes many strings of beads are about the neck and the face and chest are tattooed, but the main efforts at adornment are directed to the hair.

A little cap woven of bamboo, about the size of the "pill-box" of the British soldier, is often worn on the back of the head to cover the cvil of the hair. Boudoir caps trimmed with pink ribbons have not yet penetrated to the interior of Luzon; but if they ever do, it is safe to say they will be immediately appropriated by these head-hunting warriors to the entire exclusion of the feminine contingent.

The wearing of false hair is allowed the women. These additional locks are in every case the hair of their ancestors. A wife of a Kalinga chief, lately seen by the Secretary of the Interior in the Philippines, is described as wearing quite a towering superstructure of false hair surmounted by flowers and feathers. Around her neck were many strings of large, rough agate beads. Agate is highly prized among these people, and the larger and rougher in surface the better. A string of such beads holds, in comparison, something of the same value as the rope of pearls of the society dame. This Kalinga woman of the beads held the rank of queen among her people, hence her right to the necklace and the abundance of false hair.

For Fresh Dates

SOME soil in desert oases has not sufficient heat to mature dates. This is due to unusual radiation, depending upon local conditions. A way has been found to mature the fruit artificially, however, and being simple and inexpensive, it is likely to be put to practical use. A metal oven is used of the same temperature as the soil under the most favorable conditions. Here the dates are kept for three days. At the end of this time the fruit is sweet and aromatic. It is predicted that this will do away with the dried and pressed dates with which we are all familiar, as this system restores the freshness to fruit which has been too long upon the trees in the sunlight, the artificial humidity insuring juciness and flavor. It is expected also that ultimately fruit may be exported in these ovens to long distances, although in that case a man would have to be delegated to attend the oven to register its temperature and to see that the fruit did not remain too long in it.

The Piano in the Tropics

IN tropical countries the piano is apt to prove a disappointment. However well constructed it may be, if the wood is not perfectly cured before being employed by the manufacturer it undergoes a rapid process of deterioration. In the great piano factories there is a special room where an elevated temperature reigns in order to "acclimate" the piano for a month before exportation to warm countries.

Insects destroy many pianos in tropical regions. In order to protect them from the ravages of the ant, it is necessary to keep the piano legs in tubs of water. The wood-tick is another terrible enemy of furniture in the tropics. With a subtle instinct it seems to make almost at once for musical instruments, owing, no doubt, to the fineness and "juciness" of the boards.

Electroplated Porcelain

THE electroplating process by which glassware is decorated with a network of silver designs has been extended in Germany to the plating of porcelain dishes, such as platters, bowls, tureens, and tea and coffee sets. Vessels thus treated are said to wear better than either simple porcelain or solid silver, being less fragile than porcelain and less subject to indentation and deformation than silver. The product is called electro-porcelain and is cheaper than plated silverware. The plating is usually of silver, but sometimes of nickel. In some cases, instead of covering the entire vessel, the plating is confined to the handles, knobs, and edges; and cooking-pots are usually left uncovered within, because porcelain can more easily be kept clean than a surface of metal.

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Radium in the Depths of the Sea

RADIOACTIVE substances have been found by Professor Joly, the distinguished physicist of the University of Cambridge, to be far more abundant in the deposits on the floor of the deeper parts of the ocean than in any terrestrial rocks or earths. This has been learned from an examination of samples of the bottom mud brought home by recent deep-sea dredging expeditions, especially that lately conducted by John Murray in the *Michael Sars*. These radioactive substances are mainly inherent in the red clay which constitutes the floor of the abysses, the various other muds and oozes, which are more or less calcareous in their nature, forming at medium depths, because the carbonate of lime constituting the shells of molluscs and of many kinds of animalcules are wholly dissolved before they reach the greater depths. Hence oozes composed of limy materials can be laid down only in comparatively shallow water. This red clay, characteristic of the bottom wherever it is more than about two and one-half miles beneath the surface, is a clay deposit derived principally from wind-carried volcanic dust and pumice decomposed by long exposure to the chemical action of sea-water. It contains nodules of manganese iron, certain crystals, round particles of meteoric origin, and spicules from silicious animalcules (radiolarians), and has imbedded in it a profusion of flinty sharks' teeth and the dense ear bones of whales, always coated with a mineral crust. Many of the sharks' teeth are of extinct species known otherwise by fossil remains, which is one evidence of the extremely low rate of the deposition of this clay where almost no material from the far-away land can be added to it. It seems impossible to get any data as to what the rate of deposit may be, but it must be incalculably slow; and to this fact is probably due its excessive richness in radium.

The Smallest Beast of Prey

THE smallest carnivorous animal in the world is an American weasel, which is numerous in northwest Canada and Alaska and is occasionally seen about the Great Lakes. It is a true weasel, but only six inches long, with a tail only one inch in length. All its upper surface is in summer pure umber brown, but the throat, abdomen, and inside of the legs are pure white; and, unlike any other weasel, it has no black at the end of the tail. Hence, although the animal turns white in the north in winter, it does not show the black-tipped tail which characterizes an ermine pelt and so it is not sought by trappers and fur-traders. This fact, with its small size and secretive life, has made its habits very little known, but they seem to be much like those of other weasels. It feeds on insects, which it finds alive in summer and in winter digs out of rotten logs, upon small birds, etc., but lives mainly on mice. Those it can follow into their narrowest holes and runaways, for it is scarcely larger than a field-mouse itself; or, striking the trail of one, it will trace all its wanderings, and as soon as it catches sight of its prey will spring after it with amazing and fatal rapidity. It is frequently caught by naturalists in their mouse-traps. An old Indian told Mr. W. H. Osgood, of the Biological Survey, who thus captured one in southern Alaska, that it was a promise of rare good-fortune. His brother, he related, had taken one when a boy and had in consequence become a big chief. A good name for this least of the carnivores would be "mouse-hunter"; it is known to science as *Putorius rixosus*.

Paper from Cornstalks

WITH the decrease of pulp wood and the steady increase of the demand for material for paper, inventors have turned to many other possible substitutes. Cornstalks, of which the vast proportion serves no better purpose than bedding for live-stock and some subsequent value as a fertilizer, are being applied to this purpose under a plan of elaborate chemical treatment. By one successful method the stalks are first beaten and fanned to get rid of the dirt, then cut up, steeped in water, and shredded into fibers in a special apparatus. This shredded material is then boiled in dilute acetic acid under air pressure, the result of which is the extraction of seventeen to eighteen per cent. of straw. The mass is then boiled in a strong alkaline solution and yields a large quantity of excellent paper fiber, while the residue, absorbed by finely ground stalks, is good for fodder. Another process, developed in South Africa, extracts from this residue a fair quantity of cane sugar.

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The Span of Life

IN the Middle Ages the average span of human life was about thirty years. The average among civilized peoples is now about forty years. The startling prophecy that man would sometime only begin to understand life at one hundred does not seem so unreasonable, perhaps, when we consider the span of life allotted to vegetables and to other animals. There exists at the present time in the island of Ceylon a tree which was planted 288 years before Christ. In the suburbs of Athens travelers are shown the olive-tree of Plato, which is 2,000 years old. The plantain tree of Hippocrates, the father of medicine, is 2,300 years old, while the giant redwood trees of California are estimated to have lived at least twenty centuries. Tourists in Hildesheim, Germany, are never allowed to pass the famous so-called "thousand-year rose-bush" in the grounds of the cathedral. The list of legendary trees might be indefinitely extended and world trees include the chestnuts of Etra, the walnut trees of St. Nicholas in Lorena, the olives of Jerusalem, the yew trees of Yorkshire, England, which are 1,000, 2,000, and 2,500 years old, and the cypresses of Mexico, which are considered the oldest trees in the world.

These figures are taken from the data of Dr. Legrand, a well-known French naturalist. He also points out singular differences in the longevity of animals of varying species. The crocodile and the carp live, he says, 300 years; the elephant and the whale 200; the falcon 150; the parrot and the eagle 100; the lion and the rhinoceros 60; the goose, common pike, and pelican 50; the hart and vulture 40; the ass, bull, and camel 30; the horse 25; the peacock from 23 to 25; the pig, bear, cow, pigeon, cat, dog, deer, wolf, and the fresh-water lobster 20 years; the duck, nightingale, lark, fox, and pheasant 15; the canary and the cricket average 10; the rabbit lives 8; the squirrel and hare 7. Insects which undergo metamorphosis live usually from one to two years and there are flies whose span of life is one day. Nature, it will be seen, shows man no special favor or disfavor among the animals. The great epidemics which have disappeared at the edict of science, together with intelligence in the matter of living, are the chief causes which are favoring and will in the future favor man's longevity.

English statistics show that women born of large families live to the greatest age. The United States Census in 1890 showed 77 women and 34 men over 90 years of age.

Puddles of Silver in Mexico

IT was at Pachuca, Mexico, that the *patio* system of separating silver had its origin. This system is still followed extensively at the silver-mines throughout Mexico. The ore is crushed and worked down to a state of puddle. It is then spread out to a depth of two or three feet over the paved floor of the courtyard, or *patio*. To this mass sulphate of copper is added in powder, about fifteen pounds of sulphate to three thousand pounds of puddle. This is trodden into the puddle by horses. Several gangs of old, worn-out horses or mules, about twelve in a gang, are seen in various parts of the *patio*, being driven round in circles to tread in the sulphate.

On the next day six per cent. of common salt is added and in two more days one hundred per cent. of pure quicksilver, or as much as the assay of the ore shows is required. This mass is then trodden up by horses for fifteen days. It is then wheeled to a large tank through which passes a rapid stream of water. This washes away the clay, leaving the silver and quicksilver. This residuum is poured into cone-shaped canvas bags through which most of the quicksilver runs out, and what remains with the silver is passed off with the vapor by means of heated retorts. None of the quicksilver is lost, and even the vapor is brought by cold water to its original state and used again and again. The quicksilver soon rots the hoofs of the horses and the mules, but the Mexicans themselves do not seem to be much the worse for it even though they wade around in the puddle for days at a time.

Flowers from Cold Storage

THE exportation of refrigerated plants from China to France has met with much success. The least success has been had with violets and roses. Other flowers kept in cold storage now find their way to European markets in a state of perfect preservation. The Horticultural Society of Paris has recently received peonies from the Orient in excellent condition, though they were cut three months ago.

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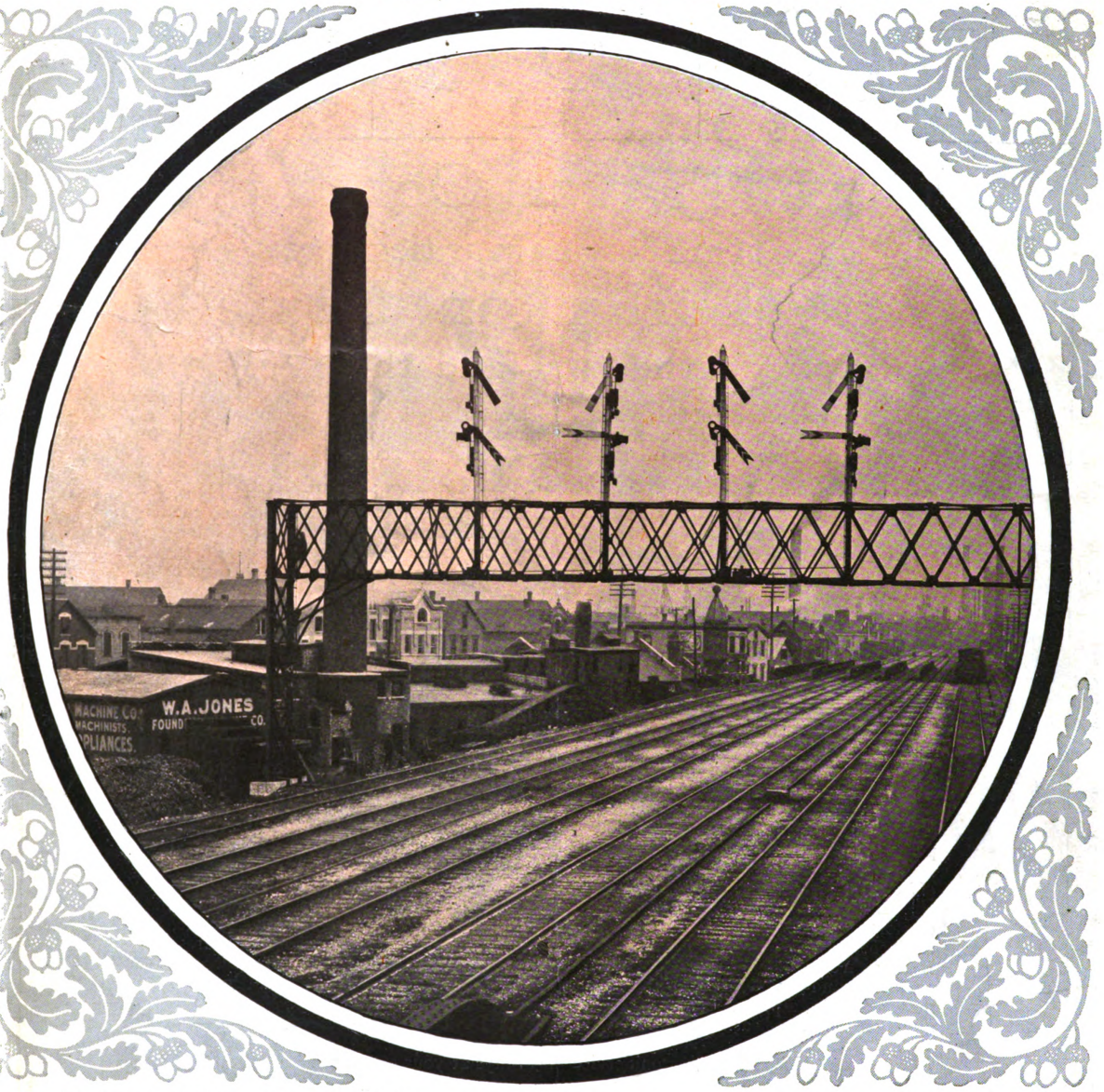
EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



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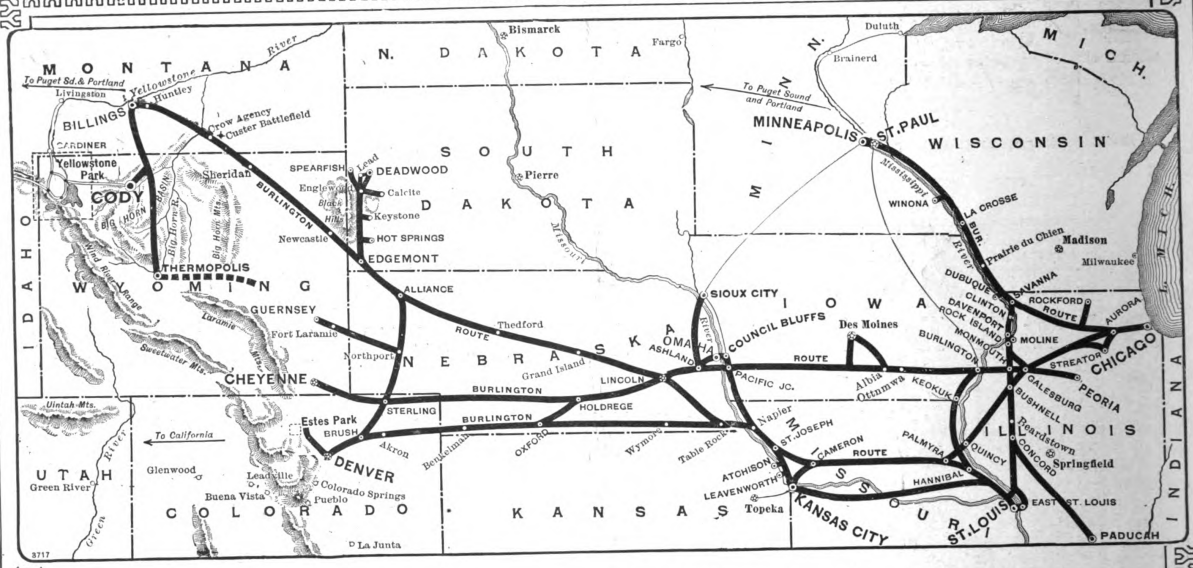

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. LVI. NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1912 No. 2923

A RECENT CEREMONY AT THE VATICAN

His Holiness Pope Pius X. on his way to the consistory at which three new cardinals were lately created. He is shown in his chair of state, borne on the shoulders of the Papal Guard

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COMMENT

The "Outs" and the "Ins"

PERSONS who in their fervency for social changes and regeneration have come to feel that present times have awful ailments, are invited to consider now and then if, after all, they would like things so very much better if the "ins" were out and the howling "outs" were in. When DEAN RICHMOND or some other early president of the New York Central was invited to discharge all conductors who had gold watches and diamond pins because they must have been secreting fares, he refused on the ground that there was an economy in continuing in employment men who had already provided themselves with pins and watches. The existence of a due proportion of affluent people in society will continue, we suppose, to be a feature of human life. That we have the poor always with us implies the continued presence also of others who are not poor. If it were possible to take the superfluous substance away from those who have it now, it might easily change hands without any very acceptable alteration in human concerns. It does change hands as it is; is constantly and gradually changing hands in all sorts of ways—by inheritance, by restitution, by fine, by gift, by speculative indiscretion, by decay, by misfortune, by drink, by chorus-girl, and all the other ways. To retain possessions long, almost any man or family must maintain some degree of useful vigor and gumption. Otherwise some of the "outs," in their constant striving, get the possessions away and take their turn as "ins."

Some enormously useful people in this world, especially teachers, philosophers, and inventors, don't get their material dues. Some of them get their pay in spiritual and mental rewards. Those are the greatest rewards of all, but there is very little growling because the "outs" don't get their share of them. The discontent is all about the distribution of the material things. That will be improved, not by persons who have shown incapacity to provide for their own material needs, but by persons in whom that capacity is so large and so developed that they can get far more than they need for themselves.

In other words, it is to the constructors and developers and providers and makers that we must look for the increase of wealth and comfort in this world, rather than to the soap-box enthusiasts and deprecators of "capitalistic machinery." The world does not run itself: it has to be wound up every morning. The "ins" are by no means its whole machinery, but they include a large proportion of the winders-up of that machinery, whose labors we should miss enormously if they quit.

The Senate and the Tariff

Making trouble is one thing; foreseeing trouble and preventing it is another thing. It is all very well to decry the sort of man who needlessly sets people by the ears. He ought to be decried. But it is fatuous to ignore real dangers.

Every true Democrat, every sincere tariff-reformer, has reason to be pleased at the prompt and businesslike way in which the House leaders are already making ready for the task and opportunity of next spring. Speaker CLARK and OSCAR UNDERWOOD, both defeated candidates for the first place in their party and in the country, are standing shoulder to shoulder in the fight for a sincere and thoroughgoing fulfilment of the party's pledges concerning the tariff. The Ways and Means Committee will hold during the special session the usual hearings preliminary to a revision of the tariff laws. When the special session convenes, the House will be ready with a bill or bills that will do what the party has promised and the country has voted for.

Will the Senate be ready? Will the Democratic leaders in that body act, when their time comes, with the same singleness of purpose, the same loyalty and sincerity, the same fidelity to principle and to pledges? No intelligent and candid Democrat can deny, even to himself, that on this point there is a measure of uncertainty.

It is not too much to say that the measure of that uncertainty is the measure of the first great danger, of the chief danger, to the incoming administration. It is idle to pretend differently. Recent history is too fresh in everybody's memory. This journal would be particularly blameworthy if it should not look to the real interest of the party it favors at least as candidly as it considered the welfare of TAFT and the Republican party in the spring of 1909. For the wrecking of the TAFT administration did not begin with the ROOSEVELT uprising against it. It dates back even farther than the Winona speech. It was discernibly imminent, and we reluctantly announced its probability, from the day when it first clearly appeared in the special session that ALDRICH had control of the Senate, and that the country's hope of substantial revision downward was going to be flouted and denied.

What is the use of veiling the supreme importance of preventing anything like that from happening next spring? If the Senate is to carry out in good faith its part of the Democratic programme, then it must be led by Senators loyal to that programme. It must not be controlled by Senators who obey any other guidance than the avowed and definite and approved principles of their party. Nobody wants to see a mere row between two factions, neither obeying any higher motive than selfishness, over committee assignments. Nobody wants to see experience disregarded merely because there is a majority of newcomers. But it is right, it is necessary, to insist that in this crisis the party's leadership shall be sincere, unquestionably sincere. Senators who see that necessity are justified in organizing to meet it. If they are a majority of the caucus, as we trust and believe they are, they are justified in using their strength. Harmony is desirable; compromise is often defensible; but no Democrat should shrink from the criticism he may encounter by fighting as quick and as hard as need be for the enactment of a genuinely Democratic tariff by a Democratic Congress.

We May Go Wrong

It is interesting to watch the sun rise and the mists disappear. It is equally interesting to watch sense and knowledge prevailing over ignorance and prejudice. But the two processes are not very much alike. The first is steady and regular and inevitable. The sun rises every day, and on time. When there is ignorance and confusion and prejudice and wrong-headedness we cannot be sure that at any particular time enlightenment will dispel them. We cannot be absolutely sure that they will be dispelled at all. We can only feel reasonably confident, reviewing the history of civilization, that the light will conquer.

It is that way with the really most troublesome of our present-day public questions. Finance is the stumbling-block of democracies. There is an instinct which in many things guides a self-governing people. They have an instinct for men. They have an instinct for certain kinds of measures. But they can hardly be said to have a trustworthy instinct when it comes to questions of currency and banking. In that whole department of government, extremely important as it is to everybody's welfare, democracies have no superiority over the less free communities—and that is putting it mildly. They are quite as likely to go wrong. The average man's knowledge of this subject is slight, his ideas are vague, and his feelings are strong. Blunders are natural. Of course, there is always the great compensation: a free country can change its mind, can correct its blunders, and it is only the persistent error that is fatal. Still, blunders in this kind are exceptionally costly. It is thoroughly discouraging to have them keep recurring.

We may make another blunder when we undertake, as we very soon must, a revision of our laws on currency and banking. Somebody remarked the other day that after making as many blunders as we already have we surely ought this time to go right. On that point we are hopeful, but we resolutely avoid cocksureness.

Also, We May Go Right

Look at the real situation. There is a practical consensus of the really competent people as to what should be done. Our currency should be taken off its present obsolete and illogical basis of government bonds, which renders it inelastic and unresponsive to the needs of business, and put on the same basis with other modern currencies, namely, commercial paper and other safe business assets. Our absurd law concerning bank reserves should be changed, so that in time of stress our banks, instead of fighting, shall co-operate, and so that there shall be, in this rich country, a sufficient and always available common reserve to head off panics. Instead of leaving credit, which is comparable to the nerves of the human body, to be controlled irresponsibly, we should provide for it the most responsible and expert and conscientious control attainable. To people who have taken the trouble to study the question these things are quite obvious.

But they are not obvious to the majority of voters—not yet. The majority of voters are either suspicious of such ideas, because they seem to be entertained by bankers and other men of wealth, or else uninterested, indifferent. The majority of politicians industriously and carefully reflect the prejudice or indifference of the voters. So it is not easy to get much of a hearing for sane, thoughtful talk about the matter. It is much easier to get a hearing for sensational, misleading talk, for quack remedies, for fiat money schemes, and the like; particularly easy to get a hearing about the enormities of the rich—who have grown rich, be it remembered, under our present defective and out-of-date system.

Nevertheless, there are signs that the sun *is* rising. After all, the majority of voters are honest, and they are not fools. The politicians are not vicious—merely servile and timid. If a few statesmen will take the lead at Washington, there may be a surprising subsidence of the demagogy on this subject, which already knows itself insecure. The Sixty-third Congress has extraordinary possibilities.

Can We Have a Budget?

Undoubtedly we ought to have a budget, but undoubtedly there are real difficulties in the way of our having one. They arise from the simple fact that Congressional government in America is not like parliamentary government in England or in any of the various countries that have systems more or less modeled on the English system.

The main difficulty lies in the fact that in this country the ministry, or what corresponds to it, neither controls the Legislature nor is controlled by it. There is no guarantee of their acting in harmony. Moreover, there is no assurance that the two Houses of the Legislature will act in harmony. It follows, therefore, that there is no source from which a budget can issue with any kind of authority. The natural person to make a budget is the Secretary of the Treasury, which is substantially what the President proposes. On the whole, the Secretary is in the best position to forecast both the revenues and the expenses of the government. But Congress objects to allowing any executive department to exercise this function, and as Congress is undeniably responsible both for raising the revenues and for making the appropriations, there is a measure of justice in the contention.

But how, on the other hand, is Congress to exercise the function? It is not legislation, and there is no practicable way for the two Houses to do it jointly. Representative SHERLEY proposes to let the House of Representatives do it through a committee, but there is no way to insure the acceptance of the committee's work by the Senate or the President. One doesn't feel sure it would be always accepted by the House itself.

Of course the desideratum is an executive official responsible to Congress and also, in the English way, sure of the support of Congress. But to create such an official would be, not to amend the Constitution, but to rewrite it. The problem is really in a sense insoluble.

Still, it is a gain that we seem to be at last recognizing the extreme desirability of a budget, and perhaps in time mere common sense will give to the estimates of the Treasury Department, as

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commended to Congress by the President, an influence that will render them only a little less than authoritative.

Mr. Whitman

District-Attorney WHITMAN deserves praise, and is getting it. His business is prosecuting criminals, and he has sent several notable gentry of that ilk where they belonged. There were difficulties about the discharge of his duty, and he and his assistants overcame those difficulties. He and they have done very well indeed, and this town should appreciate their services.

It is perfectly natural, too, that people should be talking of rewards—of promoting Mr. WHITMAN, making him Mayor, Governor, and the like. It mightn't be a bad thing to do. Governor HUGHES, now Mr. Justice HUGHES, made his reputation by the conduct of an investigation of insurance companies, and on the strength of it he was elected Governor, and on the whole he made good. Maybe it is all right, here in America, since we have no peerages to confer on public servants who do well, to let them all feel that higher and higher offices await excellent public service.

Still, there's a doubt about the policy. A good district attorney will not necessarily prove a good Governor or a good chief justice or a good President. More than that: we are not sure that it is entirely well to spread the notion that rewards of any kind—except the reward of self-approval, of the consciousness of duty done—will follow excellent public service. We doubt if really excellent public service is usually, if ever, elicited by the hope of rewards. We suspect that Mr. WHITMAN did his duty because it was his duty—not because he foresaw that doing his duty would win him some higher office.

We suspect, in fine, that Mr. WHITMAN and men of his kind find it somehow quite worth while to serve the public without any special consideration of what they themselves are going to get out of it. We are glad to think that our best colleges are training young fellows to that view of public service. It is not an unreasonable or unnatural view of it. Plenty of normal men, with no pretensions to saintliness, have unaffectedly held it. Consider the death-rate in battles and it will not seem so wonderful that in civil affairs a district attorney, a sheriff, a Governor, a President, should not be as faithful as a common soldier.

All honor to the man who serves us all faithfully, but don't let us assume that he wants to be paid for it. Let us assume, rather, that he wants to keep on serving in whatever office or function he can fill the best.

Mr. Morgan Testifies

There were some delightful passages in Mr. MORGAN'S testimony before the Pujo Committee. The dialogue between him and Mr. UNTERMEYER gives emotions comparable to those a reader gets out of one of BERNARD SHAW'S plays. All through there is a proffering of large propositions by Mr. UNTERMEYER and a trimming of them down to practicable size by Mr. MORGAN. Moreover, the dialogue was as full of humor as it was of sense. As thus:

> Does your New York house do a general banking business? asked counsel for the committee.
>
> We try to, sir, said Mr. MORGAN.
>
> Q. Do you take deposits? A. We do.
>
> Q. You do the business that is done by a bank? A. Exactly, as far as we can.

Here's another passage from the press report:

> Mr. MORGAN and the counsel then engaged in a discussion of the principles of money and circulation. Mr. UNTERMEYER sought to lay the foundation for proving that a money trust exists. Mr. MORGAN did not agree with him in the least. He said it is absolutely impossible for any man or group of men to get control of all the money or the credit in the world. It is inconceivable, he said.
>
> Mr. MORGAN added:
>
> I know lots of men, business men, too, who can borrow any amount, whose credit is unquestioned.
>
> Is that not because it is believed that they have the money back of them?
>
> No, sir; it is because people believe in the man.
>
> And it is regardless of whether he has any financial backing at all, is it?
>
> It is very often.
>
> And he might not be worth anything?
>
> He might not have anything. I have known a man to come into my office and I have given him a check for a million dollars when I knew he had not a cent in the world.
>
> There are not many of them?
>
> Yes, a good many.
>
> Commercial credits are based upon the possession of money or property?
>
> Money or property or character.
>
> Is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?
>
> No, sir; the first thing is character.
>
> Before money or property?
>
> Before money or anything else. Money cannot buy it.
>
> So that a man with character, without anything at all behind it, can get all the credit he wants, and a man with the property cannot get it?
>
> That is very often the case.
>
> But is that the rule of business?
>
> That is the rule of business, sir.
>
> If that is the rule of business, Mr. MORGAN, why do the banks demand—the first thing they ask—a statement of what the man has before they extend him credit?
>
> That is a question which—that is what they go into; but the first thing they say is, I want to see your record.
>
> Yes; and if his record is a blank the next thing is how much he has got?
>
> People do not care then.
>
> For instance, if he has got government bonds, or railroad bonds, and goes in to get credit, he gets it, and on the security of those bonds, does he not?
>
> Yes.
>
> He does not get it on his face or his character, does he?
>
> Yes, he gets it on his character.
>
> I see; then he might as well take the bonds home, had he not?
>
> A man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom.
>
> That is the rule all over the world?
>
> I think that is the fundamental basis of business.

That is good to read. It puts man ahead of money. It says that character counts for more than property and that that is the rule of business. Moreover, it says so with power, with an undeniable candor and sense of conviction. They are good words to be read, coming from a man seventy-five years old of an experience of human affairs, and especially of business affairs, that is hardly rivaled and not exceeded in this world at this time.

The greatest thing in the world is a man.

It always is.

It always will be.

The Oldest Profession

The discussion of prostitution and its incidents, political and social, which is now prevalent in this town, has to do with a question of vast difficulty and perplexity. If the whole business of prostitution in New York were in the hands of respectable, upright, and humane persons who wanted to see it well conducted, we suppose there would be great improvement in the management of it. The trouble would be that the moment such persons got their hands on that business they would practise diligently to close it out. They could not endure to improve the management of it, except with a view to improving it out of existence. The business cannot stand improvement. Public sentiment cannot stand any regulation or segregation or protection of it that seems to accept and countenance it. Consequently it is always in bad hands and lives in the shade, and its protectors are the wolves and its regulators robbers.

It is bad when let alone and rather worse when harried, so that, as in regard to many other things, the mere philosopher is prone to fall back on the declaration that there is no use of trying to keep all the people from going to hell, that those to whom it belongs to go will go, and might as well go their own way, and that those who have sense enough to avoid it will avoid it.

But that is mere fatalism, and though it accords a good deal with observation, it isn't wholly true, and good people cannot settle back on it. They must continue to insist that people shall not go to hell, and work to hinder them. For them, the people for whom no cause is desperate, these words of Dr. HOWARD A. KELLY, of Johns Hopkins University, are commended:

> A successful campaign must ever look two ways—there must be both a tearing down and a building up. The strongholds of vice must be broken down, and at the same time the work of building up must be going on. The young must be protected from temptation; the questions which lead to vice must be met and answered, and the conditions under which it flourishes must be rectified. The public must be educated to a higher standard of morals.
>
> As soon as the vice question becomes prominent in any of our cities, it is interesting to see how it at once becomes a point of cleavage which separates our citizens into two opposing camps—one for closing up all the disorderly houses and for the repression and the extermination of vice, and the other declaring that vice should be segregated on the ground that this vice is as old as the world and will always exist.
>
> The latter party, driven to some specific declaration, advocates the segregation plan, demanding sequestration within definite bounds under medical inspection to keep out disease. Those who would thus protect vice declare that the closing of the houses would only scatter the evil. They declare, furthermore, that any attack on the pitiable inmates of the houses would be inhuman.
>
> The unfortunate part of this argument is that the historical background is a series of dismal failures—in Europe as well as in this country.
>
> On the other hand, the opponents of vice point to the experience of Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Lincoln, Rochester, and other cities to prove that closing the houses cleans to a large extent the localities. Experience has abundantly proven that vice begets vice, and that it is always a persuasive agent in spreading corruption. Wherever a citizen starts working in behalf of the downtrodden and the outcast of our cities, he soon discovers the intimate ramifications of vice with all the other moral—and many of the physical—diseases with which the city is affected.
>
> At first sight this usually proves discouraging, but later it becomes an inspiration, for when the purifying is rightly done, the civic house is swept and scrubbed clean.

All this sounds sensible, but of course it is not a plan of campaign for New York. The comment that comes readiest upon it is that the tearing down will do no good until the building up is ready to begin. Here we have had many spasms of tearing down, but never any adequate building up.

This practical sentiment is pretty general; that it is cruel and quite useless to harry and persecute the women who live by the street, but that it is always in order to catch and punish men who inveigle, incite, or employ them, or sell them protection, or rob or blackmail them. That seems a pretty good sentiment as far as it goes, but the habit is pretty strong in men to harvest women's crops, and the meaner the men the stronger is the habit. And when the women are not only defenseless, but almost indefensible, the situation is by so much the harder.

Emotional Propositions

General WASHINGTON was a fine figure of a man, and would look well in Westminster Abbey, where the celebrators of the centenary of Anglo-American peace in 1914 propose that he should be put. The American counter proposition for a statue of Queen VICTORIA ought to be acceptable, though one of the PITTS might make a fitter counterpoise for WASHINGTON. But these are rather breath-catching proposals, and make one hope that the centenary will leave us all as friendly as it finds us.

Will Carleton

WILL CARLETON, who died last week, was a poet not exactly of distinction, but of worth and certainly of renown. His *Farm Ballads* (Harper & Brothers), published years ago, had a remarkable sale from the start and still sells. His later books—*Farm Festivals, Farm Legends, City Ballads, City Festivals, City Legends, Rhymes of Our Planet*, and, latest, *Poems for Young Americans*—all found an unusual market and found it in fairly expensive form. For some reason a great many people were disposed to buy CARLETON'S books. Upward of six hundred thousand copies of his various books, all in verse, have been sold, and the sale still goes on.

We speak of it, not because it is commercially important as merchandising goes, but because these sales of verse so extraordinary and unusual indicate that CARLETON had something in him that people liked and wanted. So he had. He was a remarkable man. His powers and methods as a poet were primitive. He hardly belonged to literature at all. But he had melody and rhythm and rhyme, and to these he was able to gear the homely, kindly thoughts and feelings and memories that the mass of the Americans hold in the recesses of their minds. He was common in the good sense of being more or less universal, but he was a very uncommon man. He could not have written "L'Allegro," but neither could MILTON have written "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" or "Betsy and I Are Out." CARLETON far outsold MILTON in his day and generation, and that was natural, for CARLETON, though a much worse poet, was a much better fellow, though perhaps no better man. His verse was no great things in art, but strong in nature, and the human feelings that he managed to get into it were real valuables, sweet, uplifting, and consoling.

His remarkable qualities and powers as a man appeared in other things besides his verses. He was a very acceptable speaker and a frequent lecturer, and had in speaking the same power to reach the hearts of simple people that he showed in his verses. He loved the country and all its scenes and incidents and had a true farmer heart. And because of the love that was in him, of nature, of people, he was probably a truer poet than qualified critics will ever admit, or than will ever be discovered except by the audiences that heard him talk and that half-million and more of readers who bought his books, and the millions who read them.

A good man, who did what was in him to do, and bettered many, many people by his doing of it.

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One-time Reviewing

WRITING tends more and more to become a money-making trade and only the independent who are willing to starve or the fortunate for whose bodily needs Destiny provides can afford to make an art of it. The mass of stuff is thrown in bulk upon a much-enduring public, and they must sift nourishment from chaff just as they do among the patent breakfast foods which may also be an invention of Destiny to pave the way for men who do not need any breakfast at all.

The young critic who enters the field with an idea that it is his vocation to weed the good from the bad soon desists and takes to telling quite simply what he likes and why he likes it. The task of finding out futilities he leaves to the public itself.

If we think of this tendency as wholly modern it is interesting to go back to the recently published literary reviews of THACKERAY and note the difference in his manners in 1837 and 1844. Does the difference lie, not in the world's age, but in the age of the reviewers? Young, vigorous, and boisterous, the reviewer is full of hope that his taste may somewhat stem the tide of product. It takes just about ten years of effort for him to realize how tiny and ineffectual a thing is one mind and hand wielding one pen. SAINTE-BEUVE indeed helped form a standard for one age; MATTHEW ARNOLD did a little for English letters. But, in the main, one mind is just one mind buzzing among a myriad minds, and as unable to direct their course as any one gnat would be to lead a swarm of gnats out to sea.

In 1844 THACKERAY, then about thirty-four years old, begins his summing-up of the year's box of novels by saying: "In our hot youth, when WILL THE FOURTH was King, it was the fashion of many young and ardent geniuses, who contributed their share of high spirits to this magazine, to belabor with unmerciful ridicule almost all the writers of this country of England; to sneer at their scholarship; to question their talents; to shout with fierce laughter over their faults, historical, poetical, grammatical, and sentimental; and thence to leave the reader to deduce our (the critic's) immeasurable superiority."

He gives then the rather pretty simile of the rustic boy who flings stones at the blackbirds on the grounds that the music is bad and that they ruin the wheat crop; and yet, says THACKERAY, if the boy himself gets into the hedge and sings, he will make a wretched business of the music, and the dullest swains of the village will laugh egregiously at his music. Moreover, he adds, in the long apology he makes in 1844 for the exceedingly humane and laudatory notice he intends to give to the year's novels, with age the critic grows "fat and peaceful."

Age means, doubtless, a receding of vigor; and, moreover—and here THACKERAY really touches the heart of much gentleness—"I saw Morgan Rattler going home with a wooden horse for his little son. Men and fathers we can assault men and fathers no more."

How entirely at odds is this point of view from THACKERAY'S in the year 1837 we can see by turning to his notices of the novels of that year. He opens fire that year with a novel by a Mrs. TROLLOPE called *The Vicar of Wrexhill*, which he compares with the books of certain Roman Catholic theologians as "so ingeniously obscene as to render them quite dangerous for common eyes." "There are sins," says THACKERAY, "of which it is better not to speak at all, but our fair moralist (the authoress) has no such squeamishness. . . . That torrent of slang and oaths, O Nymph! falls ill from thy lips, which never should open but for a soft word or smile; that accurate description of vice, sweet orator (tress or trix!) only shows that thou thyself art but too well acquainted with scenes which thy pure eyes should never have beheld." "There can be little doubt as to the cleverness of this novel," he continues, "but coming from a woman's pen it is most odiously and disgustingly indecent."

In the main, THACKERAY'S chief criticism of the volume is, "Oh that women would make puddings and mend stockings." Doubtless a very popular view of the object for which half the race was created.

But THACKERAY in his youth was not much more lenient to those of his own sex who failed to win his affection. In 1837 it fell to him to review BULWER'S *Ernest Maltravers*. Of BULWER he says: "He excels in the *genre* of *Paul de Kock* and is always striving after the style of PLATO. . . . What a number of sparkling magazine papers, what an outpouring of fun and satire might we have had from NEDDY BULWER had he not thought fit to turn moralist, metaphysician, politician, poet, and be EDWARD HEAVEN-KNOWS-WHAT BULWER, Esquire and M. P., a dandy, a politician, and a spouter at Radical meetings. We speak feelingly, for we knew the youth at Trinity Hall. . . . He has thrown away the better part of himself—his great inclination for the Low—namely, if he would but leave off scents for his handkerchief and oil for his hair; if he would but confine himself to three clean shirts a week, a couple of coats in a year, a beefsteak and onions for dinner, his beaker a pewter pot, his carpet a sanded floor, how much might be made of him yet! An occasional pot of porter too much—a black eye in a tap-room fight with a carman—a night in the watch-house—or a surfeit produced by Welsh rabbit and gin and beer might, perhaps, redden his fair face and swell his slim waist; but the mental improvement which he would acquire under such treatment—the intellectual pluck and vigor which he would attain by the stout diet—the manly sports and conversations in which he would join at the Coal Hole or The Widow's are far better for him than the feeble fribble at the Reform Club."

It is criticism such as this published in 1837 that makes one question whether indeed the world does grow old. Would the hardiest young reviewer to-day dare take away the personal character of a woman whose book he did not like in so candid and frank a manner? The writer of *Three Weeks* did, perhaps, lose some social prestige in certain circles, but we remember no review that insisted that her book was the outcome of a personal experience. Nor would we dare in quite so open a manner take away the character of a former school friend because we objected to his politics.

The present-day reviewing lacks the space and the leisure of the reviewing of eight and nine decades ago, and its manner is less robust and straight from the shoulder. Our worst rebuke to a writer to-day is silence—"a conspiracy of silence"—though there are times when even undue enthusiasm will kill a book. In the main, we leave the public to decide what it will take and leave, and reviewing is largely admitted to be an expression of personal taste and tradition. Those who follow HENNEQUIN'S scientific method of relating the product to the society in which it grew and the soil and climate that acted upon it are few and accepted by the few.

It is, whether young or old, a world of co-operation and social backing, of Celtic Revivals and Authors' Societies, of National Poetry Associations and Institutes of Social Sciences; and the best way to have a book reviewed is to belong to the largest and most influential of these co-operative organizations.

Correspondence

THE NEGRO AND HIS CHANCE

GREENVILLE, S. C., *December, 1912.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Widely misleading is an article in the November number of the *Century* by Booker T. Washington, disguised under the title, "Is the Negro Having a Fair Chance," and being a panegyric on the steady advance of the negroes of the South toward social equality with the whites, as witnessed by certain recent economic triumphs—insidiously misleading in that the whole truth is not told, the essential detail held back. To show this of a single instance will show the fallacy of the whole article.

"The professional man who is making the greatest success in the South is the negro doctor, and I should include the pharmacists and dentists with the physicians and surgeons. Except in a few cities, white doctors are always willing to consult with negro doctors."

It will be noted that the triumphal assertion here is not that there are negro "doctors" in the South, but the alleged recognition of them by white "doctors," a long step by the negro toward social equality with the white man and marriage with the white man's daughters. That Washington knows the reason the negro physicians scattered thinly over the South seem to make a living I do not charge because that reason is evidence squarely against his pretensions, but that he knows that reason he shows where he incautiously exposes it further in the same column in relation to the negro pharmacists.

"Again, the very fact that a negro cannot buy soda-water in a white drug-store makes an opportunity for the colored drug-store, which often becomes a sort of social center for the colored population."

While admitting here that a negro drug-store may maintain itself in the South only because negroes are denied service in white drug-stores, Washington does not state the fact that follows naturally his admission that a negro drug-store becomes a sort of social center for the colored population. That fact is, wherever in a Southern city a negro drug-store—or other store kept by negroes—is established, immediately the value, for sale or rent, of all other real estate in that neighborhood is chilled, for the very reason that that negro store becomes a rendezvous for idle and perhaps dangerous negroes, and the white people avoid that neighborhood like a plague-stricken area.

The old-time planter-physician of the South—usually out of old Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia—was himself served of a negro body-servant, and he made no difference between white and black in his practice. Equipped like a heavy dragoon with boots and spurs, cloak, and saddle-bags, he rode one of his several saddle-horses twenty-five miles as readily to minister to some suffering old black crone in the "quarters" of a plantation as to attend the gracious lady of the "Bighouse" thereof, but the marked and growing tendency of the younger school of medicine of the South is to avert its dainty white nose from the foul body of a diseased negro; and that there are professional tooth-jerkers among the negroes of the South is due to the increasing indisposition of Southern dentists to put their scientific white fingers into black mouths. The fact is, where there is a negro physician to relieve white physicians from calls from negroes that appeal to their pity, Southern physicians, as a rule, practice none for negroes, and this may be what Washington calls "willing to consult with the negro doctors."

Consider the case of the negro barber. There are barber shops in the South operated by negro barbers, for the barbering of negro bucks and dandies only. About twenty-five years ago appeared the white barber in the South, and wherever he appeared the negro barber—envied of all his people for his close association with the higher people—to earn his bread found himself forced to the degradation and shame of serving professionally only men of his own race, whom he had learned to despise from his long exclusive service of men of the higher race. Also, since the advent of those shoe-repairing shops equipped with electric-power machines, the negro shoe-repairer finds his customers limited to persons of his own race, and those steam laundries that advertise "For white people only" are bringing more and more negro washer-women, to make a living for their able-bodied husbands and paramours, to wash the clothes of the colored aristocracy, an ignominy they would never have stooped to so long as they were permitted to wash for white people. Washington nowhere in that article avails himself of the opportunity to state that there is an increasing number of places of business in the South that have separate entrances for the two races, that the sign "No colored people admitted," or the more pointed adaptation from the Northern winter resident in the South, "Coona keep out," is becoming more and more noticeable, and that in the cities of the South there are dry-goods and millinery stores where a negro woman would never dare show her face. An occasional white face may be seen even among the noisy shiner boys in Southern cities now. Negroes still polish white men's shoes, for there are not yet enough white shiners to handle all the white patronage, but never a buck-negro would have the recklessness to propose to a white shoe-shiner to polish his shoes; the nearest he can come to equal service with the white man is to have his shoes shined by a negro who also shines shoes for white men.

In the old days not only plantation mansions but city residences had servants' houses—one or several—close in the rear, but nowadays a white man hardly ever tolerates them. A Southern-born even as late as in the first decade and a half following the war may have spent his childhood in a back-yard with many negro children, and have his mother thorough-curry his scalp every night with a fine-toothed comb, shedding the quarry—certain penalty of playing with the darkies—down upon a sheet of paper where he thought it great fun to crack them with his thumb nail, but nowadays hardly ever a white man will tolerate a negro living on his home premises. The servants' houses have been torn away from the fine old places, or converted into stables or garages, and the modern residences have no servants' quarters of any kind. Even where a negro cook or nursemaid or house girl is employed—and more and more the lady and her daughters are finding it easier to do their own housework than bother with negro servants—she must keep her home at a respectful distance, and she is expected to leave the premises every day just as soon as her work is done. In the country the old slave quarters rotted down so long ago as to leave not a trace, except the ranker growth of the cotton where the cabins stood, and the tenant-houses to-day are scattered widely over the plantation—even where white tenants have not displaced negro tenants, as is the tendency—all at a decent distance from the landlord's premises.

The fact is, the growing tendency of the Southern people is to withdraw further and further from the negroes and to abandon the negroes, for service and for employment, to negroes. The further and consequent fact is, there has grown up in the South a generation that has had little or no association with the negroes, and has no more feeling of affection for them than the people of Ohio or New England. Witness the recent bloody Atlanta race riot, and the later racial disturbances in Texas, in all of which it is said infuriated white men hunted down and slaughtered negroes, innocent or guilty without discrimination, as ruthlessly as ever in Illinois.

When it is remembered that there are in the South negro preachers, teachers, physicians, dentists, barbers, undertakers, pharmacists, trained nurses, dress-makers, etc., serving negro patrons only, because those negro patrons are denied such service of white persons, and that the trend is for white people to employ white skilled labor, abandoning the negro skilled labor to look for employment only to negroes—when all this is borne in mind it will readily appear that the whole burden of Washington's argument in that article falls.

I am, sir,

D. LEWIS DORROH.

Mr. Dorroh's view that the white and black people in the South are drifting more and more apart, is interesting and, we suppose, well founded. But we fail to find any particular in which his letter contradicts Dr. Washington's article. There is no suggestion in Dr. Washington's piece that the negro is advancing "toward social equality with the white man and marriage with the white man's daughters." On the contrary, he says: "The trouble in most parts of the United States is that mere social and legal privileges are confused with social intermingling." Again he says: "A large part of our racial troubles in the United States grow out of some attempt to pass and execute a law that will make and keep one man superior to another whether he is intrinsically superior or not." Perhaps Mr. Dorroh does not believe in such laws, but the tone of his letter suggests a conviction that it is necessary to the white man's welfare that the black man shall be kept under. If he holds to that view he is on the wrong track. His own showing that the black man is less closely associated with the white, and less dependent on him is not necessarily incompatible with Dr. Washington's opinion that on the whole the black man is getting along well in the South, and has a better chance there than anywhere else in the world.—EDITOR.

TOO MANY GUNS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—A recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY contained an article, "The Cruises of the *Alliance*." I notice in the first paragraph, the first line, the *Alliance* appears as a 74-gun ship; it should read a 36-gun ship.

I am, sir,

WM. B. MEANY, M.D.

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MERE MAN AND THE SUFFRAGETTE

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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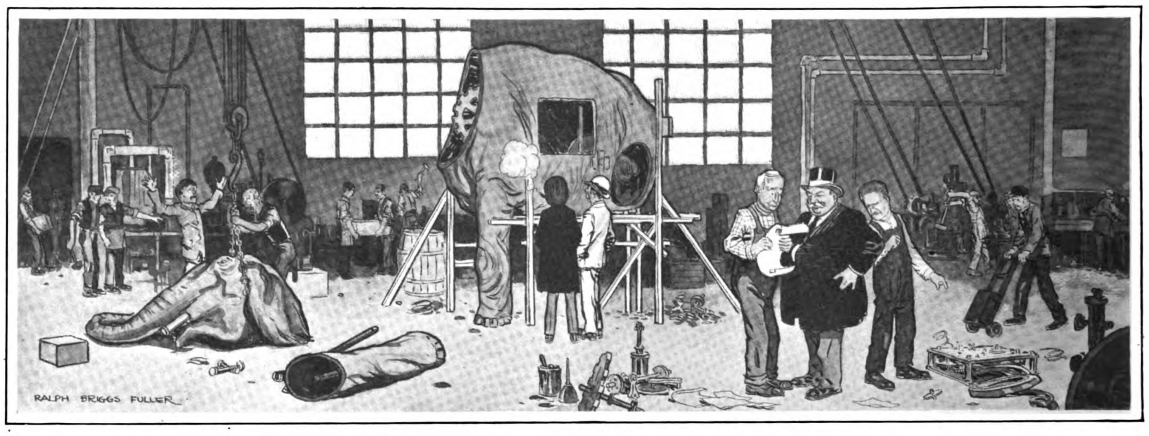

CAN THE ELEPHANT BE MENDED?

A Visit to the Factory where the Work of Restoring the Sadly Battered old Pachyderm is now in Progress

BY A. MAURICE LOW

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

"IF you don't mind I'll go along with you and see what progress they are making," I said to the large man with a luxuriant smile who had told me he must hurry away because he had to go to the factory and find out how things were going.

"I don't know whether they would care to have you," he replied, somewhat dubiously.

"But aren't you the boss of the works?" I asked.

"Not by—not by a few millions," he answered, thoughtfully. "You see, I'm just looking after things for a month or two until the new proprietor takes charge. He's gone off on a holiday, lucky man, and I can't say I envy him the job ahead—but they think I ought to help them out in trying to patch up the poor old beast."

"Who's 'they'?" I asked, in my eagerness probably making the shade of the late Lindley Murray wince.

"Some of the people who had a mortgage on the elephant, some who would like to, and a lot of experts who had to call in to tell us what we are to do. But never mind; they are all good-natured and we'll chance it, so come along."

And we went.

The factory was a huge place with machines of all kinds and men at work over them, and right in the middle of the floor a space had been cleared away and there was the elephant, or, rather, what was left of him. They had taken off his head and he had only one leg, and in place of the other three he was propped up on scaffolding. There was no tail. Afterward they told me it had been lost and no one had been able to fit out the beast with a new one even for temporary purposes. I felt sorry for the poor thing.

All around us the place was littered with parts of the elephant. I never supposed there were so many things inside an elephant. I can't begin to describe them. There were wheels and springs and valves and I don't know what else, but I noticed the machinery all seemed to be rusty. A little man with pompadour hair and a nervous, excited manner had just thrown down in disgust a complicated arrangement which I heard some one say was the tariff, which is the heart of the elephant's system.

"Bah!" said the little man with the pompadour hair as he kicked the thing away from him; "old-fashioned; out of date; hasn't got a single one of the modern improvements. I could make a better one with one hand and my eyes closed," he ended, with withering sarcasm.

"You don't know what you are talking about," angrily retorted an elderly man who had been examining the elephant's only leg. The man was gray-haired and had a white mustache, and as his front somewhat resembled the transverse section of an elephant, the exertion of bending over and his anger made his face very red. "Look at this," he shouted, triumphantly, pointing to the elephant's leg. "I tell you he stands pat on that just as sound as ever," and he glared at the little man with the pompadour hair.

"Oh, you give me a pain," the little man answered, inelegantly.

"We'll cure that in a jiffy," one of the group remarked, briskly. "Homeopathic treatment, eh? You've got a pain because you wouldn't take Payne's treatment," and he laughed to show that it was a joke.

The working-men laughed, too. I don't think they understood the joke, but as they were paid by the hour laughing came out of the boss's time.

The man with the gray hair and the white mustache evidently had no sense of humor. "All silly nonsense," he said, showing that he was still angry. "You took off three perfectly good stand-pat legs and put on in place of them a referendum which you knew didn't fit; a recall"—and he shot a furious glance at the little man with the pompadour hair—"which you had to admit was an experiment; and an initiative, which the manufacturer refused to guarantee because he told you it had never been used before on an elephant, although he thought it might work all right with cats and dogs or a mule and that sort of truck—but an elephant's a different kind of a proposition. Now I tell you what"—and he waved his hands and talked as I've heard men speak in the House of Representatives when they are making tariff speeches—"you let me call in Hill of Connecticut and Dalzell of Pennsylvania and Longworth of Ohio and our Uncle Joe and Smoot of Utah and Gallinger of New Hampshire—all men who know their business and are handy with their tools—yes, and we'd better have Aldrich of Rhode Island and Hale of Maine as consulting experts, and I'll promise to put the old elephant in such first-class condition that he'll win the first prize the next time we have a parade."

I suppose he would have kept on talking, but just then the derrick swung around and we had to move out of the way to make room while the elephant's head, which had been given an overhauling in the regulating department, was lowered into position. While this was being done I took a closer view of the elephant, and I saw that he had a big dent in his side.

"Do you think he can be mended?" I asked a tall man.

"I don't know," he said, somewhat despondently, "but we'll have to see what can be done."

"How did it happen?"

"The elephant challenged the donkey to a race and the donkey kicked him in the ribs."

"Did it hurt?"

"Well, I don't think it was exactly pleasant, but that wasn't the worst. After the race was fairly started a bull moose broke loose and went mad and butted in on the course, and between the two of them the poor beast got pretty badly smashed up. But there's one thing to compensate: we broke the bellows of the bellowing bull moose and he won't worry us any more. But let's hear what the report is on the head. I am curious to know if they found anything wrong."

So we walked round to where the rest of the party was gathered. "Gentlemen," said the manager of the factory, "there's nothing the matter with the head. My men have taken it to pieces and everything is all right. We've adjusted the regulator and put in new parts that were a bit worn, and now I'll guarantee it to give you excellent service for the next four years."

When the manager said this I noticed that the man with the pleasant smile who had brought me to the factory looked very well pleased, and he said:

"I think the proper thing would be to get a new head."

But the others protested, and one, a tallish man with brown hair and a brown mustache flecked with gray, said:

"It isn't the head I am worried about so much as it is the constitution. Has the elephant still got a sound constitution after the way he was kicked about during the last few months?" he anxiously inquired of the manager.

"I thought at one time, sir," the manager replied, "when the bull moose went charging against the elephant, that his constitution might have been permanently injured, but he comes from too good stock to be hurt by a bellowing bull moose. We took the constitution out and carefully examined it, and it's just as sound as it ever was. Nothing to fear there."

I saw a look in the elephant's eye that said: "Come here; I want to talk to you." Now the elephant, dear reader, in case you don't know, is a peculiar beast, quite unlike any other you see in the zoo or in the wilds of Africa from a private car when you are writing adventures at a dollar and fourteen cents a word for the uplift of the masses and the confusion of all faunal naturalists and other fakirs. You can unscrew the head and disconnect the tail and take off the legs and tinker round generally, and still he doesn't seem to be much the worse. Here were parts of my elephant all over the place, and yet he was able to whisper to me: "They needn't worry. I'm going to come out of this all right; and when I do—" There was a baleful gleam in the elephant's eye.

Just then there came bustling in a small man with a black slouch hat and a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, raking upward. The rest of the party called him "Uncle Joe" and showed they were glad to see him—that is, all except the little man with the pompadour hair and a few others who kept to themselves off on one side. The little man with the pompadour hair glared at the other little man whom they called Uncle Joe, and he sent back as good as he received. I could see these two men were not friends, and they reminded me of a couple of bantams ready to have a fight; but the man whom they called Uncle Joe took his cigar out of his mouth, spat with deliberation and precision, shoved his hat back on his head, and said, genially:

"Well, boys, what about the darned old thing?"

I thought the big man with the pleasant smile, and the dignified man who had been so anxious about the constitution, and the others would resent being called boys with this easy familiarity, but they laughed and said in chorus:

"Everything's coming along fine, Uncle Joe."

"The blazes it is!" he exploded, only he didn't say "blazes." Then he gave his hat a further push and struck out with his left hand and said with great earnestness:

"It's all damn nonsense, this thing of talking of sticking a couple of bull-moose legs on an elephant and giving it a populist-socialist-what-you-call-them sort-of-things tail, and thinking you'll have an elephant that 'll be good for anything. If those people over there"—and he shook his left fist in the direction of the little man with the pompadour hair and his group—"own any share in the elephant, I don't; and, boys," he added, with a laugh, "it ain't according to nature to stretch an elephant two ways at once and not expect to shake up his innards."

The little man with the pompadour hair pressed forward. "The people demand progressive—"

The man whom they called Uncle Joe wouldn't let him finish. "Bother your progressive policies!" he shouted, waving both hands in the air, only he didn't say "bother." "The elephant was perfectly sound in wind and limb until you fellows began to fool—"

"I say—" began his adversary, with great heat.

"And I don't care a whoop in Mars what you say," the other fired back; but here he was interrupted by the big man with the pleasant smile, who pulled out his watch and said:

"Well, gentlemen, this is all extremely interesting and very instructive, but I must go and play golf, so we'll resume the discussion at some other time; but I thank you for your loyalty and I am glad to see we are all so thoroughly in harmony."

As the party dispersed I went over to the elephant.

"Confidentially," I said to him, "as between man and man, do you really think you can be mended?"

The elephant looked from the big man with the pleasant smile to the little man with the pompadour hair and the other little man with the black slouch hat and the rest of them, and then very slowly his left eye dropped.

"I'm jiggered if I know," he said, with a yawn.

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STAGING A FAIRY PLAY

What Happens Behind the Scenes at Performances of Barrie's Immortal "Peter Pan"

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

LISTEN to what J. M. Barrie, the one modern writer with fancy delicate enough to weave fairy gossamer into the frame of playland, has to say concerning this subject:

"The difference between a fairy play and a realistic one is that in the former all the characters are really children with a child's outlook on life. This applies to the so-called adults of the story as well as to the young people. Peel the beard off the fairy king and you will find the face of a child.

"The actors in a fairy play should feel that it is written by a child in deadly earnestness and that they are children playing it in the same spirit. The scenic artist is another child in league with them.

"In England the tendency is always to be too elaborate, to overact. This is particularly offensive in a fairy piece where all should be quick and spontaneous and should seem artless. A very natural desire of the actor is to 'get everything possible out of a line'—to squeeze it dry—to hit the audience a blow with it as from a hammer, instead of making a point lightly and passing on as if he were unaware that he had made a point. There are many tricks of the stage for increasing this emphasis and they are especially in favor to strengthen the degraded thing called 'the laugh,' which is one of the curses of the English stage. Every time an audience stops to applaud the illusion of the stage is lost and the actor has the hard task of creating it again. Don't force the laugh. An audience can enjoy itself without roaring, as the French know.

"In short, the cumulative effect of naturalness is the one thing to aim at. In a fairy play you may have many things to do that are not possible in real life, but you can conceive yourself in a world in which they are ordinary occurrences and act accordingly. Never do anything because there is an audience, but only and entirely because you think this is how the children in that fanciful world would do it.

"No doubt there should be a certain exaggeration in acting, but just as much as there is in stage scenery, which is exaggerated—not to be real, but to *seem* real."

On such advice as this Barrie's fairy play, the inimitable "Peter Pan," has been made again; for now the call of new generations has tempted forth Peter Pan so that he may be seen by thousands of children, aged from five to fifty years, in the cities, large and small, of this our land.

The making has been fun. Yes, fun—even in the face of that word "piffle" which so many veterans of actorland undoubtedly would utter at the suggestion that rehearsals could be anything but a hopeless grind. Poor men! It may not be fun to rehearse ordinary plays, but that is all they know about it. A *fairy* play is quite another problem: it means to place the petals on the wild flowers; to mingle reality with melodrama, poetry with the grotesque; to ignore all rules and to discover subtleties rising from subtleties; to achieve the self-consciousness of children and yet not to know it.

Think of it! Would not you children and perhaps your children and again perhaps your children's children like to follow such a fairy as Tinker Bell—whom you can see only as a dancing light; to go with her straight on till morning, when you would most certainly come to the Never-Never Land? There you would find Hollow Trees and Snow-Balls and Toad-Stools-Big-Enough-To-Sit-On and A-Lion-That-Lets-His-Tail-Be-Cut-Off and Friendly-Indians-With-War-Whoops-and-Fights and Wolves-That-Dare-Not Touch-You-If-You-Look-At-Them-Between-Your-Legs.

There also you would most surely encounter a Pirate Crew and its Pirate Ship. It's a true Pirate Crew that sings:

"Yo ho! Yo ho! A pirate's life,
The flag of skull and bones,
A merry hour—a hempen rope,
And hey! for Davy Jones."

Indeed, those ferocious sea dogs are in the habit of making their captives walk the plank; especially when under the eye of their leader, Captain Hook, a mad-minded man who thirsts for the blood of Peter Pan, though terribly afraid of the crocodile that fortunately swallowed a clock whose ticking warns Captain Hook of his approach. Captain Hook's antipathy to Peter dates from the time when Peter cut off his hand and flung it to this crocodile. That, naturally, gave the crocodile a taste for Captain Hook, a most unappreciated compliment; so that now from land to land and from sea to sea this amphibious reptile follows the ship, licking his lips for the rest of him. He—that is, Captain Hook—is called a Hook because of the Hook he carries at the end of his right arm in place of his erstwhile hand.

Think of the unalloyed joy, the sense of triumph it would give you, to beat one of these pirates over the head with a wooden sword each evening, or maybe to snarl your fingers in that pirate's hair. However, while speaking of hair, remember it is only the hair of a mear-smear pirate that can be reached in so casual a manner. The hair of Captain Hook is not by any means to be disarranged by other vulgar children. He is played by Mr. R. Peyton-Carter, who is also Father "Darling" in the first act. During one of the earlier rehearsals, when, in accordance with the stage directions, he lifted Michael, the youngest, upon his shoulders, that valiant child seized what was left of the growth on the back of the comedian's head with a gratuitous energy that elicited from the height of six feet two a sad voice which muttered: "Heavens, no toupee in this act!"

But, most of all, imagine the excitement which would be yours upon having fairy dust blown on you so that you might fly, just wiggle your shoulders and let go. It's the most delightful of sport, this learning to fly; very like what the young robins do in the apple orchard every spring. Because when an exceedingly big nightly pirate named Adolph makes passes across your shoulder-blades and calls in an oversea voice to a *Deus ex Machina* known as Gustave, hidden in the shadowland sixty feet above you, your perturbation and heart flutterings and vain efforts to fly and yet to avert the awful moment, and your silly mingling of glee and terror when the expected happens so unexpectedly, are astonishingly like what we have all seen in other fledglings on a day in the young summer. That flight once accomplished, however, a sense of most delicious freedom fills each and every child; so that even Michael, the littlest, when the first real trip in the air was over, could look back at the window just passed through and exclaim: "Why, it's fun! Let's do it again."

Of course Miss Maude Adams, who is the producer as well as the "star" of "Peter Pan," is in deepest sympathy with Mr. Barrie in desiring that all the members of her company play this fairy play as they feel it and, what is more, as they would feel it as children. For example, when little Liza, who plays the child housemaid, one day called the pirates "parrots," the alteration remained. Nor was she alone in discovering that her deviations from the limits of the sacred manuscript would be adopted on the spot if they fitted and illuminated the plot. Poor John Darling, who is Eddie Wilson, first fell asleep against a tree at the dress rehearsal. It was very late indeed for playtime. Promptly the edict went forth that each night he must fall asleep against that same tree at the same time and in the same manner. Then soon after, failing to learn by experience, while impersonating the stern of the "Crock," he could not resist the temptation to insert his leg into the tail of that sea-green saurian monster and give it a most discommoding flip as he left the stage. Apologies were useless. That flip, so the law was declared, must be repeated every night. Once also Barney Silvers, as the ostrich, gently supported his shy head on a handy branch while he meditated in his tummy, where play ostriches' brains are always located, on the vagaries of the Lost Boys. Thus he will meditate throughout the season. Again, Wallace Jackson, as Starkey, when told to fall overboard, displayed a childlike fear of dropping somewhat more than two hundred pounds of himself upon a suspiciously slender mattress; the which same childlike fear was gloriously incongruous as it percolated through the medium of his awesome piratical make-up. He was promptly told to continue to exhibit that fear each night.

"In the Never-Never Land you would most surely encounter a Pirate Crew and its Pirate Ship"

"The star is in deepest sympathy with Mr. Barrie in desiring that all the members of her company play this fairy play as they feel it"

So it has come about that we all continue to address each other by the characters we represent. We are Captain Hook, Wendy, Tiger Lily, or Michael, whether in the theater or the sleeping-car "on the road." I alone am the exception that makes this fact prove the rule that our work is a game for us. I have no name; therefore they have dubbed me a "Doodle-Doo," which most certainly I am not. And so it is that such a happy, extraordinary state of affairs in a theatrical troupe has come about, as I have endeavored to explain, because we are playing in a fairy play.

"I'm Youth, eternal Youth!" cries Peter Pan. He is a boy of the woods and the morning wild flowers. Cynicism, injustice, are not of his world. He has no mind to show us our cruelties, our follies, or our greeds. "I don't want to be President. I want always to be a little boy and have fun," is his only gospel—the gospel of Peter Pantheism. And this spirit of hopeful interest in all about him, this discovery of romance in every workaday object, each evening is brought forth anew by the woman who creates him, a woman whose every thought is filled with the upspringing heart of a true artist, which must always be the heart of youth.

At times the zeal of our play must be tempered with the gentleness of stern reality. For example, the Wolves are just other children who in each city come fresh from unknown sidewalks to play with us. When, therefore, one evening not so long ago they thrust their awe-struck noses into the Never-Never-Land of the playhouse, only to be set upon by our own particular brand of most bloodthirsty pirates, they fled down the alley still pursued by one of the crew, Blackman, otherwise known as the stage director's assistant, who, seeing his nightly responsibility about to escape him, gave chase even to the white street lights, all forgetful of the terrors of his make-up, of the burnt cork on his face, and of the sheepskin cloak on his back.

Yet, for the most part, do all children learn with astonishing facility the finger-boards of Fairyland. Indeed, the very next day, after the tragedy just related, Carter, the most fearful of us all, was asked

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on the street to buy a paper from an unrecognizing youngster.

"Go away," that gentleman exclaimed, peevishly, for he was in a terrible hurry.

His frown proved the revelation.

"Aw, quit your kidding, Cap'n; I'm a wolf," cried the small voice. "Gimme a nickel."

Nor was that promising young Booth the exception to the rule. For when Mr. Carter related the incident to Sophie, who has charge of our wardrobe, she nodded her head knowingly.

"Lord bless me, they're worse than the principals!" she exclaimed. "Either their skins do not fit or the color or the length of their hair isn't right. Why, just yesterday evening, as I was taking his things off, one of them turns to me and remarks most hurt-like, 'Say, one of them Lost Boys got in my way this performance and I couldn't act.'"

But despite all such pleasures, our game would remain a sad failure if our audience contained even a single grown-up, a single person unable to enter the Land of Make-Believe with us from the very beginning. Not for an instant may you permit yourself to imagine even one adult on the premises. Within the four walls of our theater it is only a matter of size that distinguishes this individual from that. In no way can the bigger children outstrip the littler ones. In no way can they command a healthier respect for their understanding of the rules of the game. As an instance, in Act III. Hook shows a certain bottle to Smee. Thereat Smee remarks, "Poison." A few moments later Hook empties the contents into Peter's medicine. For some time Smee had been in the habit of smothering the word poison into an awe-struck whisper. But the other evening, in the midst of the fearful silence which inevitably reigns while Hook steals into Peter's room below ground and pours his liquid into Peter's glass, there rose a remarkably distinct young voice from the audience:

"Daddy, what's that man doing?"

Now you ought to hear Smee roar out that word "Poison." Surely not a newspaper of that child's city could boast of a keener critic—or a more constructive one.

Moreover, fortunately for us, that critical sense never interferes with the ingenuousness of these children as it would with grown-ups. Never for an instant does it lock the gates of the Land of Fancy. Did not Tiger Lily's chief Indian brave "Panther" stub his toe on a root while running across the stage the other night and fall most excruciatingly flat? He did. Yet by holding his bruised ear firmly to the ground the audience was made to feel sure that it was in the game and that he was listening for the footsteps of pirates, just as all other good story-book Indians have done since time immemorial. Did not Captain Hook fall off the steps when he was about to quell his mutinous crew not long ago? Did not the steps collapse under him the very next evening? Did not the play pirates nearly expire while trying to maintain their scowl? Yet did not the audience believe the play pirate captains always acted like that when on the point of asserting their dignity or preserving discipline?

Could all this be true if we playhouse children did not believe in fairies? Of course we believe. Why, only the other day Liza—the littlest—expressed our sentiments most exactly. When I arrived at the theater on the top of a load of pine branches that I had helped to cut out in the country for use in our last scene, the house among the tree-tops, Liza was standing at the stage door looking most perplexed. "What particular Leprechaun has been teasing you?" I inquired, for Liza is Irish. "Mr. Doodle-Doo," she asked in reply, "do you suppose all those baby trees you've chopped down mind dying just so the fairies can sleep in their tops for one night?"

And could all this be true if the audience didn't believe also?

Do they believe in fairies? Peter Pan asks them that question when it is his only hope to save the life of Tinker Bell, who can be seen only as a dancing light. The answer is unanimous. They do.

Moreover, they do all through the play. Watch the littler children wriggle from their seats and move step by step down the aisle during the performance. What are rules and regulations to ushers at "Peter Pan"? Any brute who is thinking of such things at such a time ought to be ashamed of the candles on his next birthday cake.

Finally, oh, you pitiless seekers after a moral, have the audience learned anything? Which teaches us most, a sermon or the wild flowers?

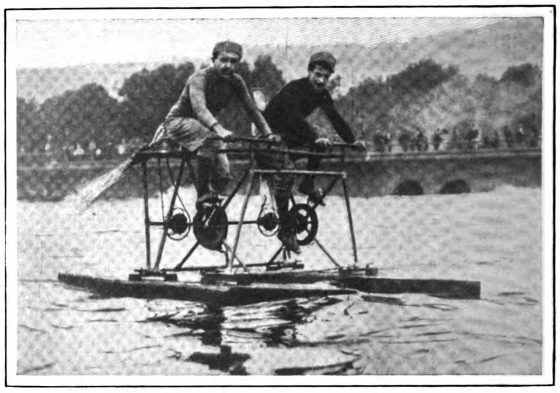
Not so long ago, when the curtain rose on Peter Pan's little house among the tree-tops in the last scene of the last act, clear above the soft violin there came to us the high-pitched voice of a wisp of a child addressing a much-bejeweled mother:

"Mamma, is that Peter's hotel?"

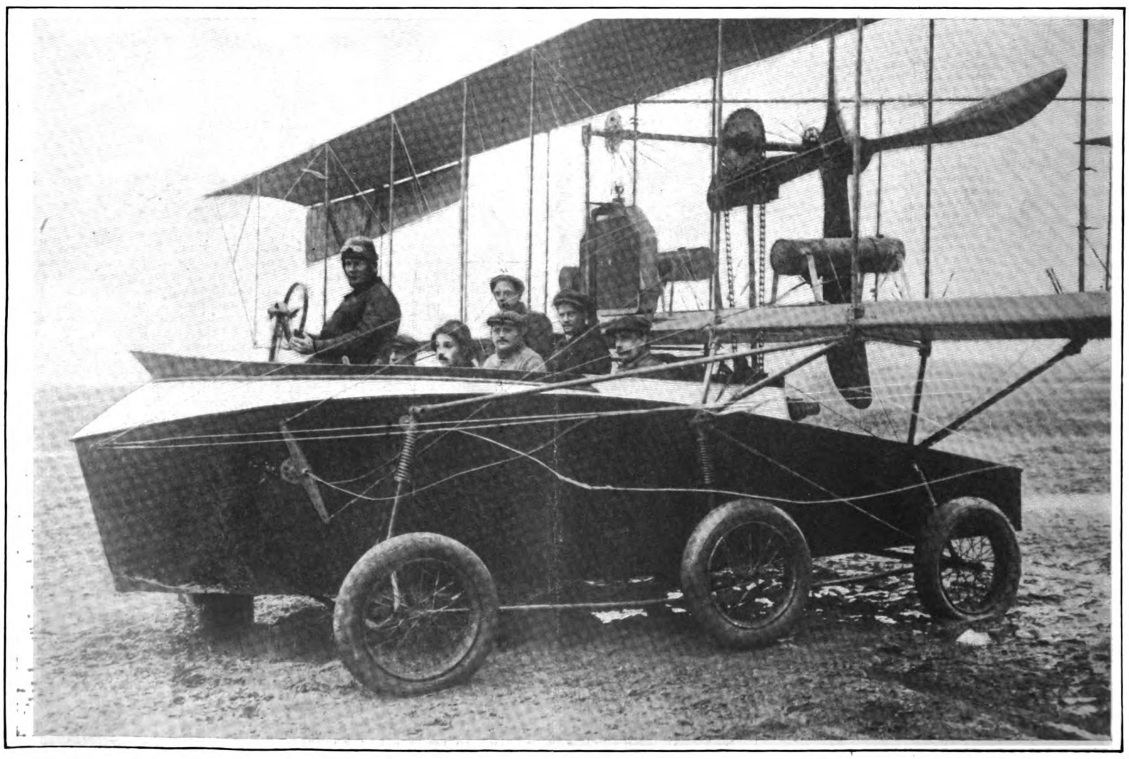
Poor kiddie! Where was the word "Home" in her vocabulary?

I wonder if either of those two learned anything?

M. Didier's flying bicycle, which rises to the height of several feet



The brothers Moretti, of Milan, on their tandem hydrocycle



A six-passenger machine, the "Voisin," which can be manipulated in the air or on the water

STRANGE AIR AND SEA CRAFT FROM EUROPE

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CHICAGO AS A RAILROAD CENTER

BY THADDEUS S. DAYTON

The lobby of one of Chicago's new passenger terminals

CHI-KAU-GOU, the "Great Crossing Place," the Indians called the locality where now spreads a city of more than two million inhabitants, the biggest railroad center in all the world. On one side of the narrow strip of land was the end of a river flowing Gulfward; on the other the expanse of Lake Michigan shimmered in the sun. This portage was the most important in North America. Its portals were the gateways to limitless leagues of travel.

The Indians vanished like the mists from the sluggish rivers. The white men came, built their stronghold, and founded their city. But long before there was a city the explorer La Salle predicted that the "Great Crossing Place" would one day become "the gate of empire, the seat of commerce."

A century and a half after La Salle died the first railroad out of Chicago was planned on paper. It was not until a decade later that it was transmuted into steel. In 1847 it ran hesitantly for ten miles, from the Chicago River to the Des Plaines, and there it stopped. It was the only bit of railroad for hundreds of miles. Its solitary engine had been brought by a sailing vessel from New York State. To-day Chicago is the terminus of twenty-seven great trunk lines, with an aggregate length of 83,000 miles. Besides these there are twelve branches or tributary lines of railroad which bring the total mileage of rails of which Chicago is the center up to a figure nearly four times the circumference of the globe. With these bands of steel the city is linked with all the principal ports of the United States, with the wheat and corn fields of the West and Northwest, with the lumber and iron regions of the North, and with the cotton fields of the South. An incalculable flood of all the things men toil for flows unceasingly into Chicago's lap and thence is distributed to every corner of America and the world.

Among the tales of cities the story of Chicago's rise as a railroad center and the fulfilment of La Salle's prediction that it would one day become the gate of empire and the seat of a vast commerce is the most marvelous of all. There are men still living who recall how the president of Chicago's first railroad used to climb to the second story of his depot in the morning and with a telescope watch for the smoke of his train creeping over the ten miles of prairie. To-day the cloud of smoke that rises from the thousands of locomotives hurrying to and fro is so dense that civic bodies are seeking means for its abatement.

The first railroad that Chicago knew was called the Galena & Chicago Union. It was chartered in 1835, but no track was laid until twelve years later. In 1848 it was completed. Its strap rails were second-hand; so was its single locomotive. It was made of cast-offs from the Buffalo & Attica Railway. The first trip was made over its ten miles of length on November 20, 1848, and the only passengers were the stockholders and directors of the road. They were rather a rough-looking lot. Many of them wore their trousers tucked in their boot-tops, and flannel shirts outnumbered white ones.

On the return journey from the banks of the Des Plaines River the little train that was staggering over the rails caught up with a farmer who was hauling a load of wheat to Chicago. One of the directors had a brilliant idea. He commanded the driver of the locomotive to stop, and the train halted side by side with the sweating horses. There is no record what freight-rate the directors made on the shipment, but they induced the farmer to transfer his load of sacked grain to their passenger-car. The train proceeded, and the farmer with his empty wagon almost kept pace with it. This was the first grain ever carried by rail to what afterward became the largest grain market in the world. In that same year the first telegram reached Chicago.

That half-forgotten wagon-load of wheat was the forerunner of a mighty flood. About 300,000,000 bushels of grain come into Chicago every year now. More than 200,000,000 bushels are shipped out. The difference is turned into flour and other food products, and a good share of this also goes to feed the world outside Chicago.

The Galena & Chicago Union was the corner-stone of the Chicago & Northwestern system, which was organized in 1859. The early years of its existence were years of trouble and anxiety for its owners and those who had lent money to the road. It was desperately poor, and for a time could not pay the interest on its bonds. More than once its officers had to meet the road's payroll out of their own pockets. But mile by mile and year by year the road crept westward until it reached the Mississippi. It reached Council Bluffs, just across the Missouri from Omaha, on March 15, 1867. One train a day was run between Chicago and Council Bluffs. The distance was 489 miles and the time 28 hours.

The Illinois Central was incorporated in 1836, but construction was not commenced until 1852. The railroad builders had begun to realize that Chicago was indeed the gateway to an empire of incalculable richness. The Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern in 1852 were laying their rails in feverish haste, each seeking to be the first to reach the Western metropolis and give it an overland outlet to the Atlantic seaboard. The first track of the Illinois Central was laid from Chicago to Calumet to aid the entrance of the Michigan Central. That road and its rival both reached Chicago in the same year. The main line of the Illinois Central that runs due southward to Cairo, "down in Egypt," at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi, was completed in 1855. The Rock Island was the first to span the Mississippi with a bridge, in April, 1859.

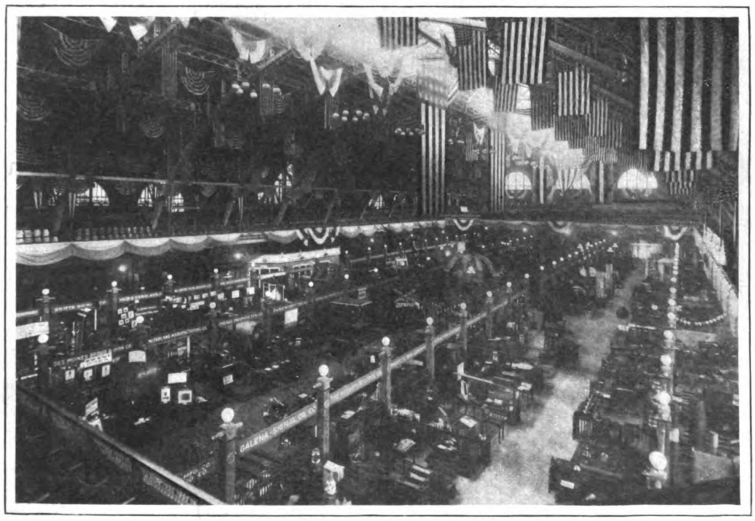
Such, in its briefest outline, is the story of Chicago's beginning as a railroad center. It was not until after the close of the Civil War that Chicago's possible greatness in that line began to be recognized outside by other citizens than her own.

Any approach to Chicago by rail gives even the least observant of travelers a distinct impression of its importance as a transportation center. Long before the city is more than a cloud on the distant horizon one sees from the car-window an ever-increasing number of trains moving near by and afar off over the dead level of the prairie. Some are swift passenger trains, others are ponderous freights, but all are hurrying with an air of energy. Especially is the western approach of Chicago noticeable for this. First one wheels past flocks of pleasant suburbs, with their green lawns and embowered homes. Then comes the fringe of the city where the houses are higher and stand in solid blocks. Then comes the belt of factories where the wheels rattle almost continuously over the switches and crossings. Then, all of a sudden, the maze of tracks that has spread out like a many-fingered hand narrows down, and the journey is ended.

From the east one used to glimpse over the sand-dunes the waters of the lake. Of late years, however, oil-refineries, steel-mills, and other vast industries have sprung up along the tracks and have transformed the waste places into sizable cities. An unbroken chain of them extends from some miles east of the Indiana line until all of them merge into the mass of Chicago itself.

But whether one comes from the east or west or north or south, every traveler has to change cars at Chicago if he is going beyond there. The terminals of the twenty-seven trunk lines are divided up among six huge passenger stations. The Central Station, at Park Row and Twelfth Street on the south side, is the place of ending of six railroads. The Northwestern station is at West Madison and Clinton streets. The Dearborn Station, at Polk and Dearborn streets, accommodates six railroads; the Grand Central, at Fifth and Harrison, four; the La Salle Station, at Van Buren and La Salle streets, in the shadow of the famous Board of Trade, five; and the Union Station, on Canal Street, between Adams and Madison, five also.

Every traveler knows Chicago's passenger stations. Few are acquainted with the city's freight terminals. Yet it is from the latter that Chicago's pre-eminence as a railroad center arises. It is not from the passengers it carries in its glistening, brass-bound trains that a railroad derives the bulk of its revenues. The more miles of dingy, heavily loaded freight-cars a railroad hauls about, the more money it makes. The passenger business of a line is usually handled from a single structure in each city. But with the inanimate or the dumb freight it is a different matter. There have to be many places where such merchandise can be received or unloaded for delivery. Large manufacturing plants have freight stations and sidings that are larger than those of many a small but proud city. Live-stock in Chicago is a business by itself. So is coal. So are wheat and corn and oats. Chicago, as



A general view of the annual exhibition of railway appliances held in Chicago

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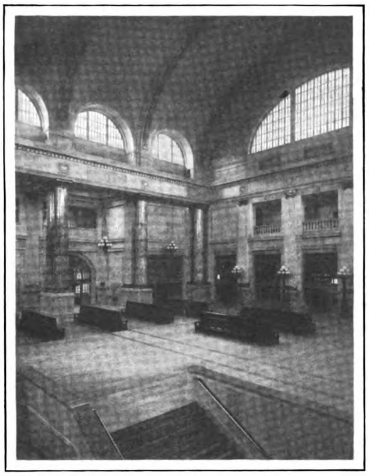
the seat of a vast commerce, has innumerable freight stations. To some the commodities and products of the Western empire of which the city is the gateway come by water, down the lake or by the canal from the rivers. To others freight-cars by the thousands hurry each day. In these freight stations work never stops. If it did every part of America would feel it in a week and all the world would begin to take notice in a fortnight. For through Chicago's freight stations passes the food for many millions of human beings.

Take the matter of wheat, for instance. Chicago handles each year close to 30,000,000 bushels of wheat —not paper wheat, but the real thing that is ground and turned into bread. It controls the handling of many times that amount of wheat that it never sees. It sets the prices at which it shall be bought and sold. It is the greatest wheat mart in the world. Nearly 10,000,000 barrels of flour pass through Chicago every year, and more than 100,000,000 bushels of corn. These figures convey little meaning to one who has not seen the golden floods of grain pouring into one of the huge elevators by the side of a railroad. Even then the phrase "a million bushels" of wheat or of corn is almost beyond visualization.

It is the same way with cattle. A farmer who owns ten head of horned cattle counts himself passing well-to-do. Nearly 3,500,000 cattle are received in Chicago every year. They represent the herds of tens of thousands of farmers and ranchmen. So with hogs. Chicago kills and packs nearly 6,000,000 hogs a year. It is the transporting of these almost inconceivable quantities of food to Chicago from the vast plains of the West and their conversion into more portable, eatable forms that have raised Chicago to the pinnacle in the railroad world where she sits alone as a city.

There is about as much railroad activity concentrated in the Chicago Stock Yards as anywhere in the city. The area of the yards is one square mile—640 acres. There are 250 miles of railroad tracks in the yards. Each week, on the average, 270 trains with 9,600 heavily loaded cars bring in live-stock. Each train travels an average of 400 miles. Nearly 1,100 locomotives are used in handling this freight. It takes an army of 6,500 men for the engine and train crews of these shipments in a single week. The shipments average about two-thirds hogs and one-third cattle. Sheep figure only in a minor way. In the labyrinth of stock-yards tracks there are rails having a capacity of 8,000 cars exclusively for "dead freight" —sugar, salt, hides and pelts, soap, glue, lumber and the many other things entering or leaving the yards. It is possible to walk block after block over the tops of cars. About 1,000 cars of live-stock are shipped to Eastern points each week.



A corner of the waiting-room in one of Chicago's new railway terminals

With freight as well as with passengers Chicago is the great switching center and transfer point. The switching district of Chicago covers a vast territory. It is estimated that 112,000 tons of local freight are moved every twenty-four hours in Chicago's business district—an area scarcely one and one-half miles square. But in that small compass the passenger and freight stations connect with thirty-five per cent. of the railroad mileage of the United States, or eighteen per cent. of the railroad mileage of the world.

The problem of hauling this vast amount of freight from the point where it enters to that where it is destined for use or for reshipment has been a serious one. It has brought about the boring of a system of freight subways which forms a remarkable feature of the city's transportation machinery. This freight subway system has a total length of about seventy miles. The motive power is electricity. Every freight depot in the down-town district is connected with the tunnels. Their branches also run into the basements of many of the huge business buildings in the heart of the city. Coal for heating and lighting the skyscrapers comes in by these underground trains, and all sorts of merchandise go out.

This subterranean freight railroad runs thirty-three feet below the surface of the streets on the average. Where it passes under the river its depth is sixty-three feet.

Because Chicago is the terminal for so many railroads it is but natural that it should be the headquarters of more railroad associations, bureaus, and similar organizations than any other city. Some of the great office buildings are occupied almost entirely by these bodies, which are as essential to the railroads as clearing-houses are to banks. They discuss and settle various disputed questions, establish uniform rules for the handling of freight and passenger traffic and the operation of trains. In each of these associations the membership comprises representatives of from a score to a hundred lines of railway. They cover every branch of the railroad service, the weighing of freight, its inspection and classification, the division of freight and passenger rates where more than one road carries the traffic, the handling of baggage, and so on.

Owing to its location, the facilities for reaching the city and its attractions, Chicago is the meeting-place of three times as many conventions as any city in the United States. It has attained this eminence largely through the Chicago Association of Commerce, whose Convention Bureau has been especially active of late years. In 1911 this bureau brought to Chicago 310 conventions, with an out-of-town attendance of 244,000 persons. On the established basis of $8 a day expenditure per person with an average stay of four days, it is estimated that these conventions brought $7,808,000 to Chicago. In addition to these 310 assemblages, there were 72 subsidiary and supplemental meetings, the former being those of allied interests, the latter those holding one-day adjourned or special meetings in Chicago after having held their conventions elsewhere. This attendance was nothing unusual. In 1908 there were 270 conventions which attracted 350,000 persons, and in 1910 there were 305 of these great meetings, which brought together 390,000. In the last six years Chicago has had 1,585 conventions, with an attendance of 1,624,000. It is estimated that those attending spent $52,000,000 in the city, exclusive of their railroad fares.

CHICAGO'S STREET RAILROADS

BY SIDNEY OSSOSKI

THE Chicago transportation problem began in 1858, when the Legislature for the first time granted a charter to a company to operate vehicles for the transportation of passengers over a certain portion of the territory of the city. This problem grew in complexity as the demands of transportation increased with the growth of the city, necessitating the granting of new charters to new and competing companies, each of which sought to monopolize as much of the transportation business as possible in conflict with its rivals. The terms of the grants by the Legislature afforded further causes for contention, culminating in the litigation over the Ninety-nine-year Act, and resulting finally, through the efforts of a new financial coterie headed by Henry A. Blair, in a reconstruction and reorganization of the entire financial and transportation fabric of the companies operating on the north, northwest, west, and southwest sides of the city. When the receivership proceedings in the case of the Chicago Traction Company (which was the holding company of seven or eight transportation lines operating on the north and west sides), and likewise the receivership proceedings in the case of the Chicago Consolidated Traction Company (which was the holding company of seven or eight non-related and unconnected transportation lines operating in part inside and in part outside the city limits, under operating agreements with the Chicago Union Traction Company), were finally brought to a close, the former in January, 1908, and the latter in December, 1910, it was apparent to the citizens of Chicago that men of strength and integrity had at last taken the helm and were steering the transportation ship straight toward a permanent and satisfactory solution of one of the greatest transportation problems in the history of municipal government.

The progress that has been made in the development and improvement of transportation facilities since the passage of the settlement ordinances by the City Council dating from February 1, 1907, has been in large part due to the original conception of the transportation leaders that one unified and comprehensive system under one ownership was necessary not only for the growth of the city, but also for furnishing the best transportation service possible, taking into account the need of the public and the physical conditions to be overcome.

The proposal that is now being made by Mr. Blair and his associates is that the two companies operating all the street surface railroads of the city be consolidated with the Chicago Elevated Railways Company, which consists of the Metropolitan West Side, Northwestern, South Side, and Chicago & Oak Park Elevated Railway companies. They point out that instead of the chaos that existed from the early time when the city was growing in population, industry, and commerce, when there were no through lines of transportation and each division did as much as possible to isolate itself from the others, we will have a merger of all the transportation facilities: a comprehensive plan covering the entire city, and not favoring any locality, and tending to unite it, and thus removing all the evils of the former situation when there were three cities, unconnected lacking unity and co-operation, and for the most part without even transfer facilities between them.

Looking back at the accomplishments of the past five years since the adoption of the settlement ordinances, we find that the companies have kept faith with the city in carrying out the requirements of the 1907 ordinances to the extent of exceeding the actual demands made on the companies by the city by nearly 100 per cent. During that time the companies have expended in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of their tracks, in the purchase of new rolling stock and other equipment, in the construction of new car stations, sub-stations for electrical distribution, new machinery, and new overhead and underground work, $70,000,000 in round figures. They have established approximately twenty through routes ranging in length from 12.51 miles of single track to 34.68 miles of single track. The total mileage of these through routes is 460.36 miles of single track, the average length of each route being 23.018 miles. They have provided a single fare of five cents, no matter how long the distance of travel; and they have provided universal transfers to an extent far beyond anything that exists anywhere else in the world. Approximately seventy-two per cent. of the revenue passengers ride on transfers. In no other city in the world does the ratio of transfer passengers to revenue passengers exceed 50 per cent., which is Brooklyn's ratio, New York's being 37.3 per cent., Boston's 41 per cent., Philadelphia's 17.9 per cent., and Pittsburg's 13.6 per cent. During the year ending January 31, 1912, the Chicago Railways Company and the Chicago City Railway Company carried 560,969,655 revenue passengers, of whom 444,479,960 used transfers.

It has never been fully appreciated how much money has been paid into the city treasury by the companies during the past five years under the terms of the settlement ordinances. Up to February 1, 1912, the surface lines of Chicago had paid into the public treasury in the form of city's share (55 per cent. of the net receipts) and taxes, an amount aggregating $12,615,448. In one year alone (1911) the surface lines paid taxes amounting to $1,372,540, and of the net receipts of the companies the city received $1,870,908—that is, in actual money the public received back directly from these corporations in one year $3,243,448, or 11.22 per cent. of the gross earnings. A comparison with other cities shows that in no other large city in the United States does a situation so burdensome upon a public-service company exist, the taxes of the Detroit Street Railway Company, for instance, amounting to less than 3.19 per cent. of the gross earnings. Nor are these the only benefits the public receives at the expense of the companies. The obligations to pave their right-of-way, to sprinkle the streets and remove snow and ice, to furnish free use of poles for city wiring, and free transportation to the Police and Fire departments imposes additional burdens upon the companies of a very serious nature. A consideration of the following figures for the year ending January 31, 1912, will illustrate the extent of these additional burdens:

Cost of maintaining paving	$102,882
Amount of interest charges borne by companies on account of cost of all street paving performed by the companies (estimated)	550,000
Cost of removing snow and ice	99,845
Cost of street cleaning and sprinkling	316,038

Taking all of these figures into consideration, we find that for the year ending January 31, 1912, the total contributions to the public revenues made by the surface lines of Chicago reached the astounding total of $4,312,213, or 14.9 per cent. of the gross receipts.

At the present time the only complaint made concerning the street railways in Chicago has reference to the congestion centering in the down-town business district, commonly known as the "loop district," during rush hours. This congestion, however, it is maintained by the companies, is due to physical conditions over which they have no control and for which the principal remedy lies in a further unification of transportation facilities, together with the adoption by the companies, when united, of such additional facilities both overhead and underground as will remove the main cause of objection. That the companies' contention in this regard is well grounded and justified by the facts must be conceded by any impartial student of the situation. Within this crowded loop district thousands are employed in the skyscrapers and buildings of lesser size, each skyscraper having occupants in numbers equal to the population of the average town, and the smaller ones in proportion. Practically all go to work about the same hour in the morning and leave for their homes about the same hour in the evening. Congestion accordingly results from the tremendous outpouring of people from the tall buildings into the narrow streets, where confusion already exists, arising out of the enormous vehicle traffic and all of this great multitude seeking transportation accommodations at one and the same time. The leaders in the Chicago traction field have demonstrated in the past their ability to solve problems as great as this one, and it is fair to assume that these same leaders, if treated with by the municipal authorities in a fair and liberal manner, will be equally successful in solving the congestion problem for Chicago, besides providing, as they have already, the most extensive system of surface and overhead lines over the widest area of territory that can be found anywhere in the world and at the least cost to the public, having reference to length of ride and the adequacy of the facilities provided.

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AMERICA'S GREATEST CROP

How it is being Safeguarded

BY D. MILLER

ONE billion, seven hundred million dollars in corn! Enough to pay for the Panama Canal, to build fifty battle-ships, to cancel the interest-bearing debt of the United States, and, over and above all this, leave a surplus large enough to make a hundred men millionaires—such was our crop for 1911. Four months of sunshine and rain plus one hundred and six millions of acres of fertile soil: out of these came this tremendous crop, more than two and one-half billion bushels—enough, placed in wagons, to reach more than twenty times around the earth. The imagination stumbles when it endeavors to conceive such a stupendous quantity—yet every wagon-load will be utilized.

Truly, Corn is King. Its uses have multiplied again and again until there are more than two hundred of them. Parts of the plant that at one time were considered valueless are now put to practical purposes. Farmers are really just learning its great value as a stock feed—just learning how to feed it effectively. The silo for preserving it fresh in winter has become a feature of every progressive stock and dairy farm. Corn bread, "Johnny" cake, corn flakes, corn starch, corn cakes, hominy, samp, syrup, and other corn foods are used almost universally. The cobs are used for pipes, for fuel and fertilizer. Paper is made from a part of the stalk; another part goes to make pyroxylin varnish; while a third part contributes to the making of smokeless gunpowder. The pith packs the sides of battle-ships. Corn oil is utilized in manufacturing paint and lubricating oil, and it is vulcanized for blending with rubber in automobile tires.

Three-quarters of the great world crop is raised in the United States, where its yearly value is more than twice that of cotton, and but little less than that of cotton, wheat, and oats all put together. Yet there are those who point a warning finger at the state of our crops—not corn alone, but all our crops—who threaten us with the law of Malthus: "Population is increasing faster than food-supplies." And truthfully, consumption is increasing faster than production. Our exports are dwindling. Fifteen years ago we exported 25.2 per cent. of our production in raw foodstuffs. Last year we exported 5.13 per cent. Our surplus is decreasing—rapidly.

What will be the situation fifteen or twenty years hence? Are we to be dependent on other nations for our food-supply? Is the cost of living going to continue to rise? Population is increasing more rapidly than production. The demand is growing by leaps and bounds—the supply by slow degrees. Where are we to end? The pulse of the nation is in its crops. If each summer there comes a sure, steady throb of grains, vegetables, fruits, meats, and textiles, you can be fairly certain that as a nation we are enjoying good health. So long as our farms prosper, we eat good food, wear good clothes, live in good houses. When they fail, we are stricken by hard times; the cost of living shoots ahead of our incomes; and, if crops are sufficiently poor for a long enough period, we are certain to become an economically dependent nation.

It is a vast but simple problem, a problem of balancing supply and demand. If the supply is not ample, prices are high, naturally. It is well to look to the farmer; he is at the heart of the nation. The corn crop of 1911, though the most valuable ever raised, though it covered more acreage than ever before, was, in volume, under the average of the preceding five years. Calamity-criers find their opening. "We can't keep production up to consumption." And one would think the country was going to the dogs. "Exports are falling off; prices are soaring."

What are the *facts* concerning the increase of our population? True, from 1900 to 1910 this jumped from seventy-seven millions to nearly ninety-five millions. True, immigrants have sought our shores at the rate of one-half to three-quarters of a million every year. But will this tremendous increase continue indefinitely? The foreign influx is already dropping off. Its effect is only temporary. As these foreigners become part of us their large birth-rate declines. At present "the national increase of the population of this country, native-born of native parents, appears to be approximately 12½ per cent. during a decade, or 1¼ per cent. yearly, with a tendency toward diminution in the rate." This is not so terrifying. But still there remains the task of increasing our crops in proportion as our population increases, even though the latter will not continue to grow so rapidly as some people fear.

A brief glimpse at the history of the corn situation throws a light on this problem. Not so many years ago rich land was to be had in this country at negligible cost. Following transportation facilities, farmers poured into the great corn belt in hordes. They planted corn, for corn brought the biggest money. Year after year they planted corn. At first the crops held up. The farmers thought this land was "inexhaustible." But no land is inexhaustible. The richest soil, when mistreated, weakens, loses its productive power. And so it has been in the corn belt.

In answer to an urgent need, the agricultural scientist has made his entrance. In Europe he learned methods of intensive farming. He experimented. He took his place in the government. He established practical schools of agriculture. He began teaching the farmers how to conserve the soil, how to raise more and better crops, and do it at less expense. At first it was a difficult task. Farmers were skeptical. They weren't strong for theory. They had been succeeding fairly well, doing it their own way. They were practical farmers and they knew how to farm. In a word, they weren't looking for advice from an agricultural school theorist.

Even to-day it has been said that our practice is twenty-five years behind our science. But we are progressing. When the son comes home from the agricultural school and raises seventy-five bushels of corn on an acre of land which has been producing only thirty, the farmer becomes really interested. A story is told of a progressive farmer in Illinois who several years ago increased his average corn yield from thirty bushels per acre to an average of sixty to seventy bushels. His neighbors began watching him closely and imitating his methods of cultivating. To-day, if a map were made showing the corn crop of this section in color, this man's farm would be a spot of solid hue, while the surrounding country would gradually dwindle off into a tint. This is one method of spreading the gospel of scientific crop management. But there are other means which advance the movement by greater strides. The scientists *know* what has to be done to raise a full standard of corn; the difficulty is to get this information to the farmer and to make him *act*. The farmer is stubborn and slow to see where his interests lie.

Iowa farmers meeting a crop-demonstration train of one of the big railroads of the corn belt

It is practically common knowledge nowadays that a continuous growth of corn on the same land, or any other crop, for that matter, year after year will pauperize the soil. But it is another thing to get millions of farmers to drop the immediate high profits in corn to rotate it with alternating crops of clover, alfalfa, or any of the other legumes which serve to restore the extracted nitrogen to the soil. Another simple expedient is the germinating test, by which the farmer can eliminate poor seed before he has planted it. Seed breeding, seed selection, the proper distance between hills, the most effective number of seeds to plant in each hill, the varieties best fitted to certain soils and conditions—all these and many more are matters of vital importance to the farmer and the nation at large. They look small when each case is considered individually, but when you stop to think that by scientific production all over the corn-growing belt the total production of the United States could be doubled, then you get an idea of the vast significance of this work. It is a matter of millions, even billions of dollars to the people of this nation.

Powerful forces are at work showing the farmer how to increase his yield. Besides the good work of the schools, the money of wealthy men and big commercial institutions is being enlisted. A Chicago philanthropist has recently made a gift of $1,000,000, which is to be used to promote scientific farming. This appropriation was made in response to solicitation from the Council of Grain Exchanges, and in the mind of the donor it is an investment which will eventually yield ample returns. Its purpose is to supply agricultural experts to one thousand counties, these experts to put in their entire time doing educational work among the farmers. Added to this donation is the money given by the grain exchanges and that raised in the counties themselves. Farmers' clubs are to be organized, farm exhibits held, and the teaching of agriculture in the schools encouraged, to the end of providing a system of intensive farming equal to that of Belgium, where an enormous population finds a living on each square mile of tilled countryside.

The crop improvement committee of the Council of Grain Exchanges is uniting its efforts with all the commercial, industrial, educational, transportation, and agricultural interests in each county. It maintains a department of publicity, sends out bulletins and co-operates with the farmers in every way possible. In our colleges of agriculture are men of brains and ability who are devoting their lives to the promotion of more efficient farming. Practical idealists they might well be called, for all too often their pay is not commensurate with the importance of their work. The vast power these men are wielding can hardly be calculated. Every year they are sending out trained graduates who go to the farm armed with the priceless knowledge science has given. As the years go by, more and more will we as a nation reap the benefits of this splendid teaching which is now only in its inception.

As is generally the case, when a want comes into existence its answer is at hand. The answer in this case is scientific agriculture. We have plenty of land, good land. In fact, but a quarter of our tillable land is being tilled. All that is necessary now is to get out of the soil what there is in it. The ways of doing this are known to the few—and are becoming known to the many. The problem, with a little help, solves itself. There is to be greater efficiency, not only in the production of corn, but also in the manner of getting it from producer to consumer. The grain exchanges are at work on this question, putting in force rules to facilitate handling. The farmers are joining their hands, forming co-operative marketing organizations, building co-operative grain elevators.

There has been a cry against the railroads for their high freight-rates. But close examination reveals the fact that the great economies of modern transportation have made possible the carrying of grain and other produce at ridiculously low cost. For instance, it costs the farmer on an average forty cents per ton per mile to haul his corn to the railroad. The railroad, on the other hand, carries it at an average rate of approximately three-quarters of a cent per mile. More efficient means of getting the grain from farm to railroad should be devised. The auto-truck should find its way to the farmer. Back of this, vast economies must be accomplished in harvesting. Naturally, the railroads are with the farmer. Their prosperity, just as that of the nation, depends largely on his prosperity. For instance, one of the big railroads of the Middle West, which very nearly covers the entire corn belt with its network of rails, spends large sums of money every year in crop-improvement promotion.

More than any other railroad this line depends upon the success of the corn-growers. Stretching out from Chicago through the great corn belt, through Illinois and Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, this railroad with its branches brings in millions of bushels of corn for distribution over this country and to be shipped to Europe. A special department takes charge of the crop-promotion work. In the spring pamphlets and literature of various kinds are sent out to the farmers, suggesting improved methods of seed selection and cultivation. Specially equipped trains are sent out all through the corn belt. On these trains are carried crop exhibits. Lectures and demonstrations are given—sometimes as many as five or six a day in different towns. Here we again find our "practical idealist." He is spending his time teaching the discoveries of science—showing the farmer how to grow five ears of corn to a hill where he has been growing only one or two.

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IF you asked him for the wind, he would bleat, whinny, or low. He knew nothing about *the* wind. Did the wind belong to Monsieur the Marquis?

But if you said, "Eusèbe, let's have *the good Lord's* wind—" Or, what was yet more effective, if you invoked both his divinities, "Eusèbe, *Fligée* says you can sing like the good Lord's wind in the poplars—" If you went about it right, he threw his head back, looked up at the sky, and gave a ten minutes' performance which stayed with you for weeks. Mamma Binerve never could get over Eusèbe's wordless song. Certainly his performance was superior to the one Omer gave for a penny at the foot of Yar Cross. Omer was a beggar ventriloquist who kept dogs away from the forty-foot granite crucifix; and he earned the right to live by talking like four different people at once—Monsieur the Marquis, for instance, in conversation with Father Tadanac, Maître Mahé, and Schoolmaster Timothé. But Eusèbe would not accept money for his singing.

"I am a shepherd by the grace of God," he explained. "Go and give your thirty pieces to Omer, who makes a business of selling Jesus Christ!"

Eusèbe's business was to pasture stock along the public road. If he gave a performance now and then, it was for the sake of Mamma Binerve, who understood him, or for the sake of Fligée, or because you recognized that Lord God Almighty, and not Monsieur the Marquis, owned heaven and earth and everything else—including Fligée.

Monsieur the Marquis, however, according to earthly deeds in Maître Mahé's office, owned practically the whole of Yar. Yet he did not own the half-mile strip of sand which rose up at low tide between the cliffs and the sea; he did not own Mamma Binerve's good stone cabin and two acres; nor did he own on each side of the national road, marked off by tall, slim poplars, the ten feet of excellent grazing which Napoleon the Great had intended for the trampling of cavalry. No, the marquis did not own everything; not even the tide mill which Mamma Binerve let one-eyed Jagoury build in a cleft of her cliff, and which kept Monsieur the Marquis from having any low tide at all between two of his richest meadows.

The gulls, then, and their little ones, had the beach; Omer, the ventriloquist beggar, had the cross of Jesus Christ; Mamma Binerve had a good stone hut and two acres; Jagoury had his mill; and Eusèbe had the public grazing. Long before the gulls had started to scolding their little ones in the morning Eusèbe went along Napoleon's road bleating, or neighing, or lowing out his offer to pasture three head of stock six hours by the church bells for one square meal and a bit of good-will. And busy peasants, who were obliged to give Monsieur the Marquis a third of all they made, frequently had a cow, or a horse, or a goat, or a sheep which they were glad to turn over to Eusèbe.

For his work they gave him—this one, a hunk of bread; that one, a bottle of cider; further on, a pair of wooden shoes, a coat, a hat, or, coming back to victuals, a big bowl of cabbage set off by a chunk of the good Lord's bacon which kept a man's belly from collapsing in the devil's northeast gales. As for the bit of good-will which Eusèbe bargained for, this rarely meant money, but the right, rather, to spend the evening round some friendly fireside and take part in the family talk. He did not care for money.

"I'm not Judas," he pointed out, alluding to Omer at the Cross of Yar. "Give him his thirty pieces; he's selling our Lord."

But Eusèbe's real grievance against Omer was that the beggar ventriloquist had sold Fligée to Monsieur the Marquis. Fligée was Omer's daughter—which, in Eusèbe's opinion, was equivalent to Fligée's having no father at all. Fligée and Eusèbe had grown up together in Napoleon's road. He had taught her how to live without begging, how to keep a horse from nibbling at the wheat as it munched the good Lord's grass. He and Fligée had eaten cabbage from the same bowl, drunk cider from the same bottle, bit at the same piece of bread at precisely the same time to see who could get away with the most. Then Fligée had started him to singing. It was a fine June day.

"What's the good Lord's wind telling the poplars?" she asked.

"This is what—" he began, looking up at the woolly clouds which an unseen shepherd drove across the sky.

"Keep on," Fligée begged. "You make me feel bad—"

And day after day he kept on, adding now one cadence, then another, knitting the whole together, and learning it by heart. Eventually it took nearly ten minutes to wail out his song, wolflike, at the sky. Then he added touches here and there, such as occurred to him, for instance, when Fligée leaned on his shoulder, or when she kicked off her wooden shoes and waded after poppies in the dew-wet meadow of Monsieur the Marquis. He added these touches to his composition so deftly that his wordless song resembled but one thing in the world—the very wind itself, which wails in its laughter and laughs in its sobs.

"It's so pretty it makes me feel bad," Fligée said. "Keep on—"

They kept on until one fine day Maître Mahé, Schoolmaster Timothé, and Father Tadanac put their heads together and took counsel. Maître Mahé, who was the mayor of Yar, called on Monsieur the Marquis, then he sent for Omer. The ventriloquist beggar signed certain papers. The next day Nicolas Brabant, the Marquis's body servant, came down into Napoleon's road where Fligée was helping Eusèbe pasture sheep, and carried her off to the château. Fligée's work at the château was to scour floors from morning to night, with the privilege, however, of eating regularly three times a day, sleeping over the château stables, and wearing a yellow kerchief to early mass before sun-up. If Eusèbe wished to see Fligée and talk about old times, he had to go to early mass himself. But he was obliged to sneak around behind the big granite pillars of the church and then crawl on all-fours to where Fligée knelt. Father Tadanac esteemed that it was unwise for Fligée to keep company with Eusèbe; and the good priest kept a sharp lookout during early mass. But Eusèbe was used to crawling through hedges and moving in shadows. Fligée, therefore, attended early mass; and while she went through her devotions she listened to Eusèbe, who crouched at her feet:

"Come on back to the road," he whispered, "and let's have our old times. You ought to be ashamed to belong to Monsieur the Marquis as if you were a heifer! You remember how you used to wade in the dew?"

Fligée listened. The splendor of her past mingled with that other splendor of the future which Father Tadanac was interpreting at the altar. She forgot the floors she had to scrub. She twined her fingers in Eusèbe's hair as he crouched at her feet. Then Father Tadanac's blessed *Dominus vobiscum* came like a promise; his *Missa est* moaned like the wind in the poplars; but Eusèbe had to sneak out of church like a fox leaving the poultry yard.

He spent all day thinking about Fligée. He had nothing else to think about. He added a new touch to his imitation of the wind—the touch of Fligée's hand in his hair. When Mamma Binerve heard this new rendering of still more perfect harmony she hid her head in her apron:

"Man of God!" she said, "you make me feel so bad!" And she went on telling Eusèbe other things. But he stood there in the road looking up at the sky, even after he had finished singing, and did not hear what Mamma Binerve said. He could think about nothing but Fligée.

Fligée was obliged to think about many things, chief of which was the fact of her being the lowest servant at the château—lower down even than old Mortellec who walked with two canes, washed the pigs, and fed thin slices of real ham to the Marquis's pack of hounds. Fligée did not know how ham tasted. But it was the way the Marquis's blooded horses were treated that made Fligée open her eyes. The horses were stabled just beneath the loft where she slept. They wore warm red blankets—prettier than Fligée had ever seen. And from time to time Nicolas Brabant, the Marquis's body servant, brought out to the stables a silver dish full of white lump sugar, cut as evenly as dominoes. Fligée could not get over seeing those glistening lumps of sugar leave the silver dish and disappear in the mouths of mere horses. She wondered if Eusèbe had ever had a lump of such sugar—and she thought and thought. Finally she dared one day to beg Nicolas Brabant for a lump of sugar. He tossed it to her. She was standing in the barnyard. The lump of sugar fell in the litter; but she snatched it up, brushed the litter off, ran round behind the stable, and hid the lump of sugar in her bosom. Next morning at early mass, instead of twining her fingers in Eusèbe's hair, she reached down to where he was crouching and whispering, and put the lump of sugar into his mouth. He crunched it. He did not know how to kiss the hand which had touched his lips and fed him so much sweetness; but he added a new touch to his wind song and learned it by heart. This last variation had a wild triumph about it, and was so convincing that even Jagoury, the one-eyed miller, crumpled up when he heard it.

The Marquis did not own the half-mile strip of sand between the cliffs and the sea

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Jagoury did not like Eusèbe. He did not like Eusèbe's turning up regularly every fall to help Mamma Binerve beat her wheat out. There were only two flails; and Jagoury esteemed that he and Mamma Binerve would have been much better off all by themselves whirling these two flails, he in front of her, she in front of him—"Click, clack, and the glory of God!"

But after Fligée herself, Mamma Binerve was the most appreciative listener Eusèbe had for his wind song. And he never pastured stock the three days Mamma Binerve beat out her wheat. Jagoury, then, instead of having Mamma Binerve opposite him for three whole days, with her flail going *click!* to his flail's *clack!* was obliged to chant the *glory of God* to the strokes of Eusèbe, who had *two* eyes to Jagoury's one, to say nothing of a thin, girllike nose. Mamma Binerve, meanwhile, her bosom full of chaff, stood up on a barrel, shaking her sieve full of wheat, and begging the devil please to send a northeast gale which should blow the chaff off before it fell to the ground with her plump red wheat. Jagoury did not like all that. He did not like to hear Mamma Binerve invoke the devil while he was chanting the glory of God. And he did not like to see Eusèbe pick chaff out of Mamma Binerve's back.

She twined her fingers in Eusebe's hair as he crouched at her feet

No, Jagoury did not like the shepherd. But one evening about dusk, at the close of a wheat beating, when Eusèbe sang his wind song and Mamma Binerve asked Jagoury if it did not make him feel bad too, the one-eyed miller crumpled up like a sick man and sat down in the weeds. When Mamma Binerve saw Jagoury double up in the weeds, she bowed her head, whined like a she-wolf, and then dropped beside the miller in the weeds. Eusèbe still looked at the sky, as he always did after his wordless song. And Jagoury and Mamma Binerve, their arms about each other, sat there in the weeds watching Eusèbe, who stared at the sky. A star came out.

"Come on in here and sleep in my other room to-night," Mamma Binerve invited.

"You mean me?" Eusèbe inquired.

"Of course I do!"

Eusèbe neighed like a colt, then replied:

"No. You go on and marry Jagoury; he's got a mill. I can't sell the Lord for thirty pieces." And he changed into one of the shadows which the tall, slim, poplar trees were breeding on Napoleon's road.

Before sun-up next morning Eusèbe was one of the shadows which crawled about the church pillars, waiting for Fligée to come to mass. She did not come that morning, nor the next. A month passed, and all he could find out was what Omer, the ventriloquist beggar, told him at the cross. The beggar's daughter, it seemed, had found favor with Monsieur the Marquis, and she no longer scrubbed floors.

"Now you go on and tend cows," Omer told Eusèbe. "Fligée belongs to Monsieur the Marquis, and he wouldn't let the likes of you lick his shoes!"

But Eusèbe kept up his early mass. Fligée had put her hands in his hair; she could not forget him, he felt sure. And the very first time Nicolas Brabant slapped Fligée's jaws and told her he was tired of her, she did think of Eusèbe and hurried over next morning to early mass, wearing all the fine clothes of a château maid. At first Eusèbe did not recognize her with her pretty lace cap. He had been looking for the yellow kerchief he knew so well. When he had crawled to where she knelt, he thought again that he was mistaken; Fligée wore fine leather shoes which stuck out of white underskirts.

"Is it you?" he whispered.

"'Sh . . . ."

He put his forehead down on her shoes.

She reached down and twined her fingers in his hair.

"Come on back," he begged. "I feel so bad!"

"'Sh . . . ."

"You remember how you used to wade in the dew? Come on back, Fligée, and let's have our old times!"

From the altar came *Dominus robiscum*. And while the Latin words yet hung like heavy incense in the air, Fligée whispered down to her crouching suppliant:

"I *can't* come back now; I'm not fit. 'Sh. . . . Go and marry Mamma Binerve and live in her good stone house—"

"*Missa est*—" chanted Father Tadanac.

And mass was over for Eusèbe. He did not pasture stock that day, nor the next, nor in the months which followed. When the tide let him, he wandered up and down the wet sands between the sea and the cliffs. This half-mile strip of desolation did not belong to Monsieur the Marquis, who had fed Fligée to his body servant. If Jagoury asked the shepherd what he was doing, Eusèbe replied that he was tending the good Lord's gulls.

Jagoury was busy grinding Mamma Binerve's plump red wheat; but whenever he saw Eusèbe coming up the beach toward the tide mill, with a flock of quarreling gulls before him, the one-eyed miller, white all over with Mamma Binerve's flour, ran out and deposited on the sand a big bowl of cabbage and a hunk of bread.

"He's still thinking about Fligée," Jagoury told Mamma Binerve. "And it's a pity. Some night he's going to catch cold in your straw-stack, and you'll find him out there a month afterward, just as Schoolmaster Timothé found old Omer in the hayrick he bought from Maître Mahé!"

But Mamma Binerve had no intention whatever of letting Eusèbe die and shrivel up in her straw-stack. She wrapped up choice snacks of bread and bacon in a clean towel and stuck them in the straw-stack high up so the dogs could not get them. Every now and then she added her own bottle of cider. Eusèbe ate her food, after she had sworn the ravens had brought it. But he would not sing for her any more. Nor would he consent to be her husband, although Mamma Binerve put the question to him squarely one cold winter night when she was afraid he would freeze to death.

"Come on," she invited, "and stay in my other room while you are thinking about Fligée. Afterward you'll be my man; I'm not very proud."

But Eusèbe replied that he wouldn't sell the Lord like Judas. He told Mamma Binerve to go and marry Jagoury, who had a mill.

Finally spring came—a spring which neither Jagoury nor Mamma Binerve thought Eusèbe would ever reach. But it was a cold, wet, windy spring which made the tall slim poplars writhe as in the wintertime and whip to shreds their first green leaves. It was a bad spring for wheat. Mamma Binerve had never seen such a spring. Thinking about her wheat, she lay in bed one morning, waiting for day to break. The wind and the poplars had had it out all night. At one moment the dispute was become so jubilantly sorrowful, and so sorrowfully triumphant, that Mamma Binerve sat up in bed, feeling sure it was Eusèbe's wind song—which she had not heard for nine months. Then things grew calmer and Mamma Binerve fell to thinking of her wheat. But she heard Eusèbe again just as the wet day was breaking; and Mamma Binerve jumped out of bed, forgetting her wheat. Eusèbe was whinnying and bleating and lowing out his offer to pasture stock that day.

"He's forgot Fligée!" Mamma Binerve reasoned as she strapped on her clothes. Then she ran to the door. Eusèbe's voice rang out clearer as he approached the cabin. As soon as she caught sight of him in the morning gloom Mamma Binerve called out:

"So you've come back to your senses, have you?" Then she hastened to inquire, "But what's that you've got there?"

Eusèbe was awkwardly carrying something. He stopped whinnying and came up to her.

"Is it a lamb or a puppy?" Mamma Binerve inquired.

The thing Eusèbe carried was wrapped up in an old yellow kerchief.

"I was just coming to see you," he explained. "I'll be your man if you'll take this baby in and let it be ours."

"Whose baby is it?"

"Fligée's."

"And yours?"

"No; Nicolas Brabant's." And Eusèbe hung his head.

Mamma Binerve stamped her foot. "Let Nicolas Brabant take care of his own child!"

"He's told Monsieur the Marquis it's mine. They've driven Fligée off, and now she's going to help me tend stock. We're going to make out it's old times."

"I thought you said you'd be my man!"

"I will. That won't keep Fligée from tending stock."

Mamma Binerve thought a few moments, then asked:

"But where is she now—your precious Fligée?"

"Over there in the straw-stack; she's right sick this morning."

Mamma Binerve again thought a few moments, then asked:

"Man of God! when was this baby born?"

"A while ago."

Mamma Binerve thought yet further, then answered:

"We'd better run over and see Jagoury. No, I'll go; you take the baby back to the straw-stack. No, I mean you take that baby in the house there and put it in my bed—" Mamma Binerve tore like a wild woman down the path in the direction of the tide mill, where next day she took up her permanent residence, leaving the stone-cabin bed to Eusèbe and Nicolas Brabant's baby; for Fligée was no more.

A DAWN SONG

BY ALICE E. IVES

Did no one hear a footfall in the night?
Did no one hear the sound of sudden flight
When the gray year went out with weary sighs,
And the young year came, looking in our eyes?
Did no one see a wonder in the east?
Was there no awesome vision at the feast?
The foolish reveler with his childish toy,
Did he not feel the touch of some new joy?
The dreamer weaving world throbs from his brain,
Did he not feel chords rent with vibrant pain?
Was this earth-quaking passing of the old
But as the silence of a story told?
Shall God hold symbols ever 'fore our eyes,
And we read no evangel in the skies?

O blind! O dumb! O slow of heart and brain!
Let not the vision go till we shall gain
Some answer from the year that's gone away!
The old is past! All things are born to-day!
Only the splendid hours of victories won,
Only the hours when our words brought the sun
Shall live to blaze to greater deeds and days
When our awakened souls, in the amaze
Of God power, live in conscious cosmic light.
Did no one hear a footfall in the night?

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THE SOUTHWEST: WHAT IT HAS; WHAT IT NEEDS

BY G. P. CONNOR

TEXAS includes one-twelfth of the tillable area of the United States, and if every acre were put under an intensive system of farming the State could comfortably support the entire present population of the United States. Its extreme length is 760 miles, its extreme width 620 miles, and its variety of climates and soils ranges from orange-producing districts in the southeast through lands and climates of all the Southern and Northern States to the Panhandle, where crops and conditions are similar to those of the mountain districts along the Canadian border.

New Mexico has nearly twice the area of the six New England States and a population considerably less than that of Milwaukee. The tillable soil of New Mexico is one of the richest in the world and yields great returns with little water. Engineers estimate that there is sufficient unused water in the State to irrigate an area larger than that of Massachusetts. The land that will have to be managed under dry-land farming systems when devoted to dairying will furnish comfortable homes for 50,000 families.

Colorado is farmed only in small areas, yet the annual products of her farms are worth more than twice the output of her mines of gold, silver, and other metals and of coal. There is water to more than double the area under irrigation, and the plains need 80,000 families to follow dairying and hog-raising and poultry-growing. With dry-land forage crops that have never failed every family could make a prosperous home.

Oklahoma increased more than a million and a quarter in population in the last decade, and yet the agricultural development has just begun, and a million families can find immediately opportunities to secure good homes and good incomes in developing her untouched agricultural resources. Oklahoma is a land of corn, wheat, alfalfa, Kaffir corn, fruit, and livestock, and in addition to all these Northern farm products is one of our great cotton-producing States.

Kansas farmers have good farms, pleasant homes, and large bank accounts. As a class they are among the most prosperous farmers in America. There are a millions acres of rich land in this State that is still unbroken prairie, and tens of thousands of large farms that would furnish double the returns if subdivided and operated by twice the present number of families. Some of the leading conservative men of the State are now organizing a movement for the subdivision of farms, for the making of farms, and the building of homes out of the great prairie pastures. The lowest estimate is that the consummation of such a movement would provide homes for a million people in the near future.

Louisiana is the southeastern member of the family of Southwest States. It contains forty-five million acres of land as rich as the valley of the Nile, soil that has been brought down by the Mississippi and is the cream of the earth from fifteen States. Only one-ninth of this fertile soil is under cultivation. Two full crops can be raised each year in every part of the State. With their present methods of cultivation Louisiana farmers average twenty bushels of corn an acre. Hundreds of trials have shown that the same fields, under the corn-raising methods of the North, will produce 75 to 140 bushels an acre. With the full acreage of the State put in cultivation under the best systems, the increase in both the production and the population would be simply astounding.

Arkansas until recently has been a great forest, about one-third larger than Ohio. There were a few broad prairies and openings. A thousand saw-mills are now making lumber and adding tens of thousands of acres every year to the land available for farming. This "cut-over" land is especially adapted for the cheap production of pork of the choicest quality. When Arkansas secures by immigration a sufficient number of expert swine-growers the State will feed the world with prime bacon and ham. Four-fifths of Arkansas is either hilly or mountainous, and the hill lands are not surpassed anywhere in the world for producing apples, peaches, berries, and potatoes. The rich valley lands produce high yields of corn, cotton, and alfalfa. The prairie lands produce the highest yields of rice. Where the timber has been cleared, native grasses, without seeding, cover the land, making great pastures for fattening beef cattle and for dairy cows.

The Southwest needs men and money—millions of men and their families and many millions of money. Both can make large profits. It requires skilled farmers to develop its great agricultural resources—men who are expert in farm management and understand how to secure the profits from high-yielding strains of seed, deep plowing, thorough cultivation, and good marketing. It needs master hands in breeding and feeding for beef, mutton, and milk. It wants men who can produce the most and best from orchards and gardens. The Southwest can support families skilled in these lines equal to the present population of the United States, and they in turn can feed this country and Europe with choice farm products.

The Southwest is severely handicapped for lack of capital. Farmers in Arkansas are paying three per cent. a month for money to carry on their farm operations. Not because the security is poor, but because the local bankers have not money sufficient to finance legitimate local industry. It needs strong financial organizations, each with millions at their command, to develop the enormous "cut-over" timber tracts of Arkansas and Louisiana into productive farms and orchards.

Louisiana needs millions for drainage—the government may provide these—and millions for farm development. The security is the best—soil and climate that will produce two paying field crops each year.

Oklahoma banks were unable last spring to furnish much more than half of the money actually needed by the farmers for their planting, etc.; and the prospects are that this fall millions of dollars will be required to buy cattle and hogs that will be profitably fattened on this year's feed crops. The whole State needs money for permanent seeding of large areas to the State's most profitable crop—alfalfa—and there are many practical irrigation projects that cannot be established until funds are secured, also funds for stocking the whole State with dairy cows.

Texas offers unlimited opportunities for the profitable investment of funds in almost every branch of agricultural development. Forty million dollars could be profitably invested within the next year in building irrigation systems in eastern New Mexico. Southwestern Kansas alone needs capital to develop irrigation on half a million acres by pumping. Eastern Colorado offers many opportunities for the use of capital for developing dairy centers and such investments offer quick returns.

The men who furnish capital to develop the Southwest should know more than merely to loan money on safe security and to collect interest and principal. They should be men who are builders, men who can go into a new district with the vision to look farther ahead than their neighbors and see all the possibilities. They must be men who will hold speculation in check and at the same time push every farmer and business man in legitimate expansion. They should be men that the farmers can consult in regard to planting, buying stock, and feeding. They should be the guides of their communities in marketing farm, orchard, and garden products and in the making of profitable investments in farm improvements.

Every three successful farm families located in the Southwest means a comfortable living for another family in a Southwest town, and the steady development of the agricultural resources of the Southwest will effect a regular growth of her cities. This will mean the development of homes, markets, factories, mills, and business institutions.

WHAT STEEL DID FOR A GREAT CITY

BY CHARLTON WILLIAMS

CHICAGO was the first of the great cities of the world to rise under purely modern conditions. Less than fourscore years ago a two-story log cabin was the city's biggest structure. It stood in what now is the "Loop" district, so-called because of the many lines of street-cars that turn there. On the site of this log-cabin stands a steel-framed structure more than twenty stories high. All about it tower other gigantic skyscrapers. All of these have been built within the last twenty years.

Business in Chicago is housed on a spacious scale. Structures from twelve to twenty or thirty stories high are not confined to any particular section of the city. Next to New York, Chicago has the most wonderful skyscrapers in the world. In Chicago there are more than one hundred and fifty buildings whose height and area are notably great. Bigger and loftier ones are being added year by year. The sky-line of Chicago is changing even faster than that of lower Manhattan. The putting up of steel-construction buildings is proceeding on a stupendous scale, but any loyal Chicagoan will tell you that the city is still in the making; that the present is no more than a promise, and that the Chicago of the future will date from to-morrow.

It is still a debatable question whether New York or Chicago had the honor of the first steel-skeleton building. At any rate, the demand that made these lofty structures a necessity was the same in both places. The crowded condition of the down-town business district caused realty values to mount so high that a profitable return on an investment could not be had by employing the old type of brick-and-stone construction where six or seven stories in height marked the limit. So the constructors ran their buildings high in air. The improvements in elevators made the topmost floors almost as accessible as those close to the ground. Light and air were discovered to be salable commodities, for the offices where they were most abundant commanded the highest rentals.

The skyscraper-builders in Chicago, however, have had different foundation problems to cope with from those of New York and other cities where the ribs of rock are close to the surface. The surface of Chicago was once almost on a level with the lake's waters, although now it is some twenty-five feet above it. The soil is soft and sandy, and the giant buildings have to have special foundations prepared for them. In some cases before the work of laying the foundation can be started a heavy mass of steel rails must be buried in a concrete bed, the rails being laid criss-cross. Another method is to build stone or brick piers close together and then to fill the spaces in with cement, so that what is practically one enormous block of stone is obtained on which to place the foundation. In some places the bedrock is about one hundred feet down, and here it is the usual custom to let the building rest on two or three hundred concrete "legs."

The first skyscraper that was built in Chicago with such a foundation gave the foundation engineers something new to think about. About three hundred open wells, some eight feet in diameter, had to be dug straight down to the solid rock. When they were finished they were to be filled with concrete. The first well was quite a distance down through the thick clay when, one morning, the engineer observed that the entrance to the shaft had changed from round to oval overnight. Investigation showed that the weight of the skyscraper across the street—resting on a "raft" foundation—was squeezing up the blue clay and would be likely to close up the "wells" as fast as they were dug. Since then all such holes down to bedrock in Chicago have had to be heavily braced until they were filled with the concrete and the concrete had become a solid mass.

There is another unusual feature about skyscraper-building in Chicago. When the foundations of a tall building are being prepared in other places, the great quantities of earth and rock that are excavated are hauled away a load at a time in carts that impede the traffic and leave trails of sloppy dirt for pedestrians to wade through. In Chicago, when a new building is to go up along the line of the great freight subway, a connection is made with the tunnel and the cars are backed beneath a chute, where the dirt is shoveled down into them. When they are filled they are taken to the disposal station at Madison Street and the river, where the dirt is dumped into scows and carried away. The dirt from the new city hall and from the new Chicago & Northwestern railway station was disposed of in this way. A new line of tunnel had to be constructed to make the connection with the railway station.

Chicago is said by engineers to hold the record for putting up the skeleton of a big building. This record was established early this year. The building was 50 by 100 feet and seven stories high. All floor-framing was of I-beams. The weight of the steel was about four hundred tons. This was all placed and erected in fifteen working days of eight hours each, or one hundred and twenty working hours. The heaviest pieces handled weighed seven tons. The ten-ton derrick with a sixty-foot boom could place material for only two stories at one setting, so that it had to be raised four times during the work. The erecting gang consisted of only eight workmen: one foreman, one bellman (to give signals to the engineman), two connectors, two hookers-on, one poleman (to push the boom around), and a derrick engineman, who acted also as a fireman. The riveting was done by a following gang of four men with a pneumatic riveting hammer.

There are half a dozen immense iron and steel rolling mills in and near Chicago, so the material for steel-construction buildings is nearer at hand and somewhat less expensive than it is in places more distant from the points of production. The product of these rolling mills is valued at about $25,000,000 a year. Some of it is shipped to other cities, of course, but a good share of it goes into the upbuilding of Chicago. The value of all the buildings erected last year in Chicago was nearly $100,000,000. The greater part of this big sum went into steel-construction buildings.

A typical Chicago skyscraper, like the Commercial National Bank Building, burns 10,000 tons of coal per annum and uses 39,000,000 gallons of water in a year. Its elevators carry an aggregate of 7,435,540 in the course of 307 working days. There are nearly ten acres of floor space to clean each night, including one and one-third miles of corridors, and 12,000 electric globes to be cleaned. The weight of the steel used in a building of this sort is nearly 10,000 tons, and the structure is the working-place of about 3,000 persons.

There is a plan afoot to reconstruct Chicago and to make it the handsomest city in the world, with the most accessible business center. The leading citizens and civic bodies have been working on it actively for several years. The ideal is a "unified, stately, and beautiful city" that in fifty years will be larger than London—in fact, the largest in the world. If these plans are carried out—and there seems to be every prospect of it—the total expenditure for reconstruction during the coming half-century will reach nearly a thousand millions of dollars.

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Interludes

THE READY REPLIER

(Being a Compendium of Conversation for Use Under Embarrassing Conditions.)

By Prof. Wilberforce Jenkins, R.F.D.

FOR A YOUNG MAN WHO HAS JUST BEEN TOLD BY A FROWNING CASHIER THAT HIS ACCOUNT IS OVERDRAWN.

The Cashier: What sort of a bank do you suppose we are running here, Mr. Dubbleigh? We can't cash this check with your account already overdrawn four dollars and sixty-eight cents.

You *(with a pleasant smile)*: By Jove, Mr. Cashbox—you don't mean to say so! Now isn't that extraordinary. It is very strange, indeed, how one's literary training will make itself apparent even in the very slightest of the productions of one's pen. You know when I was a student at Bolivar I took special courses in the romancers of the past under Professor Bliffkins Bluff, the well-known entomologist, who was filling the chair in literature during the absence of Dr. Wiggleton Penpush on his sabbatical year. We went over them all from Ananias down to Traymore Pickleton, whose books on the doings of the Smart Set you may perhaps have read. The deliciously poetic fancies of Shakespeare, so supremely superior to the pen-pictures of the later dramatists in their interpretation of the highest conceptions of idealistic humanity, occupied our attention for a whole term, and thence we ran on to dear old Goldsmith—modest old Noll they called him—from whose quaint pen we have derived many a notion that has been uplifting to us, even though, as in the case of Shakespeare, his pictures were not wholly true. Their sentiment was pure gold, even if, as accurate delineations of life, as it was lived in their day and generation, they were manifestly not within the precise facts.

The Cashier: That isn't the question, Mr. Dubbleigh—

You: No—far from it. It is only a part of the question. Viewed in the large the question is whether a romancer is justified or not in so depicting life and character as to make it appear to be better than it really was. As for me, I find myself in entire accord with those critics who claim that it is the mission of literature to uplift, to glorify, to make men of such heroic mold and capable of such deeds of daring as shall inspire the readers of a later generation to go out themselves upon the highways and byways of life and at least make the endeavor to do deeds equally doughty themselves. No doubt life is not all great achievement—there is much that is sordid and mean in it; but yet if we take the trouble to look for them we shall also find the nobler virtues. Truth is well enough, but ideals based upon possibilities—ah, Mr. Cashbox, there you find the noblest foundations for work of true genius.

The Cashier: Will you be good enough to tell me what this has to do with your overdrawn account?

You: I was coming to that, sir. Victor Hugo's most immortal production was his description of the Battle of Waterloo—

The Cashier *(pounding and roaring)*: Well, what if it was?

You: Why, just this, Mr. Cashbox. It is notorious, sir, that considering the facts his account was tremendously overdrawn, and yet, sir—

At this point the cashier will reach for the inkstand, and you will do well to retire.

JUSTIFIABLE ASSAULT

"What are you grinning at, Bildad?" asked little Binks, meeting Bildad on the highway with large quantities of mirth spread over his countenance.

"Oh, nothing," chuckled Bildad. "I was only wondering whether, after this cruel war is over, Turkey will be transformed into an Austrich under Austria."

It was upon proper evidence that Bildad had really thus invited the trouble that the astute magistrate acquitted little Binks of the charge of assault and battery.

THE NEW YEAR: Well, Father Time, it seems pretty hard on a chap to start him off handicapped with an unlucky number.

A BUSINESS WOMAN

"Araminta," he cried, passionately, "I would die for you!"

"All right, Henry, dear," the fair maid replied, "only I hope if that is the case you have not neglected your life-insurance premiums."

A LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION

"How do you pronounce that word 'divorcée,' Professor?" asked Mr. Slabsides. "Is it 'divorsay' or 'divorsee?'"

"That all depends, my young friend," smiled the Professor. "When Mrs. Jones-Smythe-Wiggles got her first divorce I should have called it Divorce—A, but now that she has come through with a third I should say that Divorce—C was a justifiable form."

AN EMPTY HONOR

"I hear the ladies of your church got up a purse for the parson," said Wiggleton.

"Yes," said Dabbs.

"And was the old gentleman pleased?"

"Well—no. You see," said Dabbs, "after they'd got up the purse they couldn't raise any money to put in it."

UNDER MEDICAL ADVICE

Irate Tailor: Now look here, Mr. Scribb, this has gone on long enough. I demand a check right now.

Impecunious Author: Sorry, Snip, old man, but my physician has ordered me to quit writing altogether for three months.

NOT NEEDED

"Do you carry burglar insurance on your home, Bildad?" asked Wiggles.

"I used to, but since the twins came I've given it up," said Bildad. "Nobody sleeps at our house after dark, so what's the use?"

THE LOVE LYRICS OF PHYLLIS

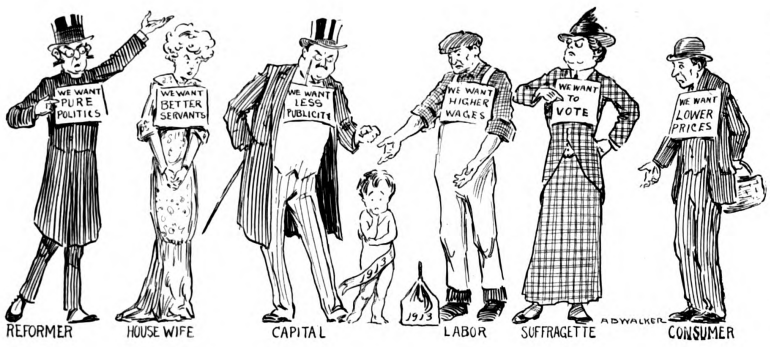
ON STREPHON'S BALD SPOT

Upon the top of Strephon's ruby head
A spot of ivory amid the red
Doth, like a yellow daisy in a field
Of blushing peonies, stand full revealed.
A good deed in a naughty world is not
More fully blazoned than that self-same spot,
That in a lush, luxuriant, display
Of hirsute doth its innocence betray.

At night when murky dark comes over all,
And clouds have thrown the moon beneath a pall,
And e'en the stars that shine upon the world
In gloom and inky blackness are enfurled,
And sharpest eyes are impotent to pierce
The horrors of that adumbration fierce,
When Strephon's hat is off then all is right—
That little spot shines like a beacon-light!

Like an oasis in a desert drear
It lies there bright and beautifully clear—
A jewel like the Koh-i-nur—a gem
Set in a capillary diadem.
Serene, untroubled by the stress of life,
Calm, imperturbable amid the strife,
How I rejoice that its effulgent shine
Streams forth from Strephon's head, and not from mine!

John Kendrick Bangs.



A HAPPY (?) NEW YEAR.

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THE COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL GROWTH OF CHICAGO

BY HERBERT BANNISTER

The elevated tracks over Independence Boulevard, Chicago

LOOKING through the history of the commercial growth and industrial development of the United States and the expansion of its trade with foreign nations, one readily sees how the exploitation of the country's vast natural resources has been at once reflected in the extraordinary growth of American cities. No other country, irrespective of size, can boast so many cities of the first class—to say nothing of the smaller cities which are so numerous in every State in the Union.

Of the American cities, Chicago stands pre-eminent in the point of remarkable growth. From a frontier fort and village boat-landing less than three-quarters of a century ago Chicago has grown to be the second city of the country. The first visit of the white man to the site upon which Chicago now stands was made as early as 1634 by the French explorer Nicolet. With emigration pushing westward after the close of the War of 1812, settlers went to the wide acres of deep, rich soil of Illinois in large numbers, and Chicago became the trade center of the colonists of that time. When the village grew in importance, steps were taken to bring about its incorporation as a town, which was done in 1837. Chicago at that time had a population of about three thousand. The growth of Chicago and its manufacturing interests was for a number of years slow. Operations had to be extended from accumulated surplus rather than with the assistance of outside capital.

It was not until 1850 that Chicago gained its first railroad connection with the outside country, and with the railway came an era of industrial expansion which has known no setback. The value of the annual output of manufacturing plants in Chicago in 1850 was about $3,500,000, while within the next five years this had been increased to $15,000,000. The railways opened up new opportunities for Chicago, placing the city in direct connection with other trade centers of the country. The development of the West and the attendant increase in population meant much for Chicago, each successive decade placing the national center of population nearer to the city. Chicago, therefore, became the natural gateway for commerce between the East and West. Large manufacturing concerns and industrial plants of every description located within its limits because of the ease with which raw materials were procurable, as well as on account of being at a central point of distribution.

Some idea of the growth of Chicago as a manufacturing center may be gleaned from statistics of the increased value of the products of its factories during the last ten years. In 1902 the value of the products manufactured at Chicago was about $1,200,000,000, which, however, had increased to about $1,500,000,000 in 1911. The wholesale trade of Chicago in 1902 amounted to about $1,300,000,000, while in 1911 this had increased proportionately with manufactured articles, or to about $2,000,000,000. The total value of the wholesale trade and the products of manufacture in 1911 was about $3,400,000,000.

Chicago leads other American cities in the supply of foodstuffs consumed by the country's population. Most of the meat consumed in the American households is produced in its large packing-houses. More than 16,000,000 head of live-stock are slaughtered in the Union Stock Yards each year, the value of these animals being about $350,000,000. In the forty-six years since the Union Stock Yards have been established in Chicago, the total stock received has been about 480,000,000 head, valued at about $9,000,000,000.

As a grain market Chicago leads the American cities. In 1911, 241,558,600 bushels of grain were delivered to its elevators. Much of this grain was transhipped to other sections of the country and a considerable quantity was exported. Last year 5,859,396 barrels of flour were manufactured in its big mills and shipped into the markets of the world. Statistics compiled by *The American Lumberman* show that the total receipts of lumber at Chicago during the year 1911 were 2,134,567,000 feet and 481,193,000 shingles. Of this vast quantity of lumber, 803,923,000 feet were shipped to other markets. The difference of 1,334,644,000 feet used in local consumption brings out the fact that Chicago is the largest furniture market in the country as well as the leader in the production of pianos, organs, carriages, and other products of wood.

An accurate barometer of a city's progress and the stability of its banking interests is afforded by its bank clearances, which indicate the amount of business transacted in outside markets. For the year 1911 the bank clearances at Chicago totaled $13,925,709,802, which, according to official figures, is second only to New York in the list of American cities. The phenomenal growth of Chicago as a trade center during the last seventy-five years is due chiefly to the unexcelled transportation facilities which the city has enjoyed. In this regard Chicago easily surpasses every other city on the globe. The principal gateway between the East and West, and holding the key to the commerce of the great Mississippi Valley, the greater portion of traffic between these regions is shipped through Chicago or is consigned to its markets.

Chicago is the world's greatest railway center. Twenty-seven American railway systems, with a total of 85,009 miles, have terminals in Chicago. These roads are the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé; Baltimore and Ohio; Chicago and Western Indiana; Chicago and Alton; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy; Chesapeake and Ohio; Chicago and Eastern Illinois; Chicago Great Western; Chicago, Indianapolis, and Louisville; Chicago, Indiana, and Southern; Chicago, Milwaukee, and Puget Sound; Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul; Chicago and Northwestern; Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis; Chicago, Terre Haute, and Southeastern; Erie; Grand Trunk; Illinois Central; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; Michigan Central; Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie; New York, Chicago, and St. Louis; Pennsylvania; Père Marquette; Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and St. Louis, and the Wabash. Nearly five hundred train-loads of "through" freight are handled by way of Chicago every day of the year. Chicago is likewise the great gateway of passenger travel. Nearly two thousand passenger trains depart from its terminals each day for all points on the continent, there being direct service to every important city in the country.

The terminal tracks of the railways within the city limits of Chicago aggregate nearly 2,500 miles, a figure in excess of the main-line mileage of most States in the Union. Besides the terminals in Chicago, the freight service within the city is further augmented through a series of belt lines or transfer railways, thirteen in number, which reach all of the principal industries. These belt railroads are:

Baltimore and Ohio Chicago Terminal Railroad	289	miles
Belt Railway of Chicago	101	"
Chicago Junction Railway	203	"
Chicago River and Indiana Railroad	50	"
Chicago Union Transfer Railway	100	"
Chicago, West Pullman, and Southern Railway	10	"
Chicago and Calumet River Railway	12	"
Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railway	198	"
Indiana Harbor Belt Railroad	108	"
Illinois Northern Railway	12	"
Manufacturers' Junction Railway	3	"
Chicago Short Line	17	"
Chicago and Illinois Western	54	"
Chicago and Western Indiana Belt Railway	—	"

The total trackage of these belt railroads is about 1,600 miles.

The demand for industrial sites in Chicago long ago became so urgent that it was necessary for manufacturing concerns to go beyond the confines of the original business district. In order to handle traffic expeditiously the city is divided into traffic zones, served by the various belt-line railroads, extending around the city and gridironing the manufacturing districts. Principal among these traffic zones are what are known as the inner and outer belts. The Baltimore and Ohio Chicago Terminal Railroad and the Belt Line Railway of Chicago comprise the inner belt, the outer belt being composed of the Indiana Harbor Railway and the Elgin, Joliet, and Eastern Railway.

The Baltimore and Ohio Chicago Terminal Railroad, the largest and most important belt line in Chicago, is considered one of the most valuable terminal railway properties in the country. The Terminal has 289 miles of tracks extending entirely around Chicago, reaching all of the large manufacturing districts, and making direct connections with every trunk-line railway system entering the city.

The property which was formely known as the Chicago Terminal Transfer Railway was purchased by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad about two years ago, and has since been extended and improved. In addition to affording this Eastern trunk line with terminal facilities, both passenger and freight, several tenant lines, including the Père Marquette, Chicago, and Great Western, and Soo Line are accommodated.

The Baltimore and Ohio Chicago Terminal Railroad is essentially an industrial line. Its tracks serve 354 of the large industries in the several traffic zones—more industries than are reached by the several other belt lines in Chicago. For several years the downtown manufacturing districts of Chicago have been overcrowded, and to relieve the situation new developments have taken place in the outlying districts contiguous to the belt lines, where satisfactory transportation facilities are available. Experts in city development predict for Chicago that within the next five years there will be living within the city limits 5,000,000 people; and this increase will be reflected in the number of new industries which will furnish the means of livelihood for this populace.

A DECEMBER LANDSCAPE

BY JOHN TAINTOR

THE gaunt pines stand like sentinels
  Against the blood-red west;
The spectral fields lie white as death
  Upon earth's shrouded breast.

Black are the boughs where once the Spring
  Ran like an emerald flame;
Still are the boughs where lyric throats
  Sang praises to Spring's name.

My heart, that blossomed once with flame,
  Is cold as ice-bound clay;
Is silent as those stricken boughs,
  Though once it sang like May.

. . . . . .

The gaunt pines stand like sentinels
  Against the blood-red west;
The spectral fields lie white as death
  Upon earth's shrouded breast.

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How To Be English

By "Anglo-American"

Pictures By Albert Levering

I WANT to submit a proposal. It is that a school should be started in London to teach Americans how to be English. Not all Americans, of course; not the summer visitor or the business man or, indeed, any one in trousers; but the Americans in whom alone England is interested—the girls who marry into the English nobility and bring with them the New World to redress the banker's balance of the Old. No one has any idea of the anxieties and humiliations that await the heroines of these Anglo-American marriages when they enter English society. They find themselves in a world that only in outline resembles the world they have left, and in detail is altogether dissimilar. The tricks and accomplishments and interests that serve in New York are of very little use in London. They have to acquire a new social outlook, to adapt themselves to a new code, to learn new ways of doing things. They have to bridge the enormous gap that separates English from American society. They have to discover and to master the innumerable points at which Englishmen and Americans, while meaning essentially the same thing, express themselves in different senses. They have to adjust themselves to an environment of which their American experience has given them no inkling whatever. There are a thousand and one details of manners and social usage and conventions into which they are obliged to initiate themselves as best they can. There is no one to teach them how to do it, and many of them in consequence carry to their graves the marks of a defective attempt to teach themselves. They make enormous "breaks" which are overlooked simply because English people have got into the way of forgiving anything and everything in Americans. I know one American countess who after fifteen years in English society has still not learned how to shake hands in the English fashion. Yet like all Americans she was desperately bent, when she first settled down in England, on doing "the right thing." No people make such a religion of the conventions as do American women, and it is inexpressibly annoying to them to find themselves, especially in England, at a loss to know what the immaculately right thing is. What obviously is needed is an institution that will act as a sort of preparatory school to English society and turn out its graduates with a thorough knowledge of what they have to expect and of what will be expected from them.

The moment, indeed, one begins to think seriously of such an establishment and to map out its curriculum, one sees that it has an office to fulfil of quite boundless utility. The obvious people to act as professors are the English mothers-in-law of the American brides. That would ensure the instruction being thorough and precise. Under their expert tutelage the American *émigrée* would learn to avoid the phrases and expressions that ladies use in America, but only charwomen in England, and to cultivate the phrases and expressions that only charwomen use in America, but that are perfectly "correct" on the lips of an English lady. She would be put through a severe course in the tables of precedence and Debrett's "Peerage"; she would be delicately coached in the leading scandals of the moment and of the recent past; she would be taught how to keep her emotions and exclamations in unwonted check, and to assume the proper British mask of impassivity; the secret of how to take everything for granted and of how to stop asking questions would be revealed to her; and every care would be taken to drill into her the right shade of superciliousness and condescension in her treatment of her social inferiors. These things are of fundamental importance and there are, besides, innumerable minutiæ of deportment that would need attention. I foresee in addition at least half a dozen main lines of social education in which the school I am advocating would be of inestimable value to American brides anxious to be Anglicized as quickly and as easily as possible. Very few American girls, for instance, have any experience in their own country of how to play the part of Lady Bountiful. But that is the permanent rôle allotted to them when they become the chatelaine of a great English house. Whether she likes it or not an American peeress is doomed to appear on platforms, to make little speeches, to open wings of hospitals, to present the prizes at the local schools, to lend her presence and voice to an endless programme of benevolent functions, and to be the affable guardian angel of her husband's tenants and of most of their friends and neighbors. Presiding over, organizing, and supporting every form of charity, getting up bazars, fêtes, garden-parties, concerts, and fancy-dress balls—these are among the settled avocations of an Englishwoman of position. Obviously, then, a course on the theory and practice of public philanthropy would have to be included in any scheme for educating American brides in their new duties that made the least pretension to completeness.

Then, again, there are some dates that you simply must know to hold your own in England. August 12th is one of them—the "Glorious Twelfth"—when grouse-shooting begins. September 1st is the second; it marks the opening of the partridge-shooting season. October 1st is more important still, for on it you may shoot pheasants without breaking the law. But greatest and most pregnant of all is November 1st, when fox-hunting commences its five months' reign. To round off your social education you must also know precisely when each season closes. Grouse-shooting, then, lasts from August 12th to December 10th; partridge from September 1st to February 1st; pheasant from October 1st to February 1st; fox-hunting from November 1st to March 31st. With these dates at your finger-ends you are at least equipped to listen intelligently to the dominating conversational topics of half the English year. Without them you will be socially lost. Now the odds are that the American bride, even if she has mastered the dates, knows nothing of the sports to which they refer, has never shot a pheasant in her life, couldn't tell a grouse from a partridge, has the most fragmentary ideas of how a shooting-party should be entertained, is ignorant of the etiquette of a hunt breakfast, and has no opinions at all on the eternal controversy that rages between the fox-hunters and the game-preservers. It is manifestly unfair that she should be plunged into this highly technical world of sport without some previous grounding. In the school I am contemplating there would accordingly be lectures on the broad features of each and all of these pastimes, both from the sporting and the social standpoint. This would enormously diminish the number of those American brides who begin their social career in England uncertain as to whether foxes are tame or wild, ignorant of the functions of an earth-stopper, without a single intelligent idea on the points of a hound, and in a state of utter mental confusion as to whether partridges are driven or walked up to. And inseparably connected with these abstruse problems is the subject of horse-racing. I do not know how things may be to-day, but when I lived in New York horse-racing was not among the pastimes of the Four Hundred, and it was a comparatively rare thing to come across a fashionable New York woman who knew anything at all about it. But in England the turf is one of the greatest, perhaps on the whole *the* greatest, of national sports and interests, just as the Jockey Club, which presides over its well-being, is the most exclusive of all clubs. A knowledge, or a show of knowledge, of the technicalities of horse-racing, of the pedigree and performances and weights of the horses, of the careers of the jockeys, and so on, is absolutely essential to any Englishwoman who moves in the great world. For a large part of English society the year is punctuated by the dates of the meetings at Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, and Sandown. An American woman feels horribly out of it in this world of universal turfyness, talking a language of its own. Face to face with a steward of a Jockey Club she would be nearly as dumb as any American woman ever can be. To save her from such embarrassments, to put her in a position to compete on an equality with her English sisters-in-law, what is needed is a little preliminary coaching on a systematic plan. Once more my idea of a school to fulfil this office is overwhelmingly justified.

So, too, with politics. At a Fifth Avenue dinner-table one hears politics discussed about as often as Chinese conchology, and, speaking broadly, it is, I think, the fact that outside Washington the American woman of society is not expected to have any views on public questions or to be interested in the men engaged in solving them. But in London, and indeed throughout Great Britain, politics and society are inextricable. Practically all the leaders of the great world are either themselves prominent in the House of Commons or the House of Lords or are intimately related to the men who are. Their wives and daughters are thus committed from the beginning to a personal interest in the topics of the day. With this as

Both from the sporting and the social standpoint

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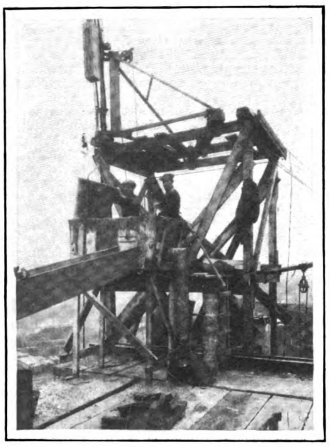
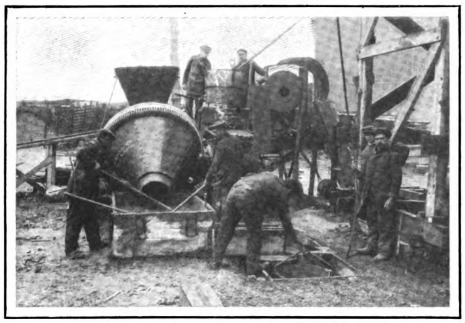
a starting point they are led on to read the Parliamentary debates and to study questions deeply enough, at any rate, to be able to talk about them intelligently. Very many women, of course, go further. They ally themselves with the various women's leagues and societies that operate, often with the greatest utility and success, on the wings of the two great parties. They do what they can to make the social routine the handmaid to political advancement. They form *salons;* they become known as political hostesses; their drawing-rooms and boudoirs are little centers of discussion and a delicate kind of intrigue; and at election-time they hurl themselves into the fray as canvassers and speakers. However high their position in society, it is not, and never can be, so high as to remove them above the sphere of politics. Their sons, brothers, husbands, or fathers are sure to be players in the game, and they themselves are sure to be something more than spectators. Practically all Englishwomen of title are born into politics, hear politics discussed at their dinner-table unintermittently, and meet day by day the men to whom politics is life. A great social position in England inevitably carries with it high political interests and responsibilities. I do not say they exceed the social and philanthropic responsibilities, but they at least equal them. The tradition of playing a part in the government of their country runs through all that is best in English society, and a woman who is born or has married into it and has the intelligence to realize its possibilities soon finds herself in possession of a hobby infinitely more engrossing than any ordinary social diversion. To follow with comprehension the ins and outs of the great game; to mingle freely and on equal terms with the men in whose hands lie the destinies of the British Empire; to be their confidante, their adviser, and their encourager; to "manage" them with the kind of deftness that only feminine diplomacy can achieve; to bring all her mental and social resources to the task of forwarding the political fortunes of the man in whom she is interested; to take part in great decisions and the formulation or guidance of momentous policies; to help in disentangling the personal clashes and antagonisms that lie at the root of most political crises—all this furnishes a clever Englishwoman with an absorbing, permanent, and many-sided avocation. But all this is absolutely remote from the experience of the ordinary American bride. She is unacquainted even with the first moves of the game into which she is so suddenly thrust. She comes over to England and settles down on her husband's estate with no more than the haziest notion of what English politics really is, of what the principal parties stand for, and of the enormous opportunities that lie open to a woman of tact, assiduity, and knowledge.

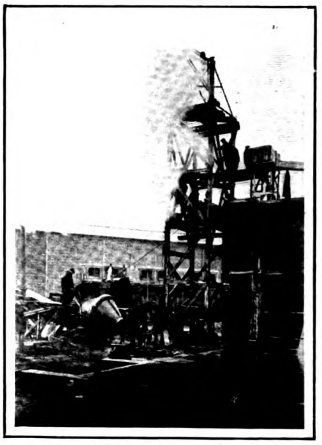
A little preliminary coaching on a systematic plan



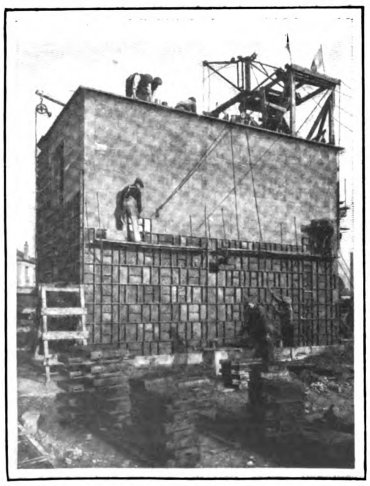
Pouring concrete into the molds



Preparing the concrete

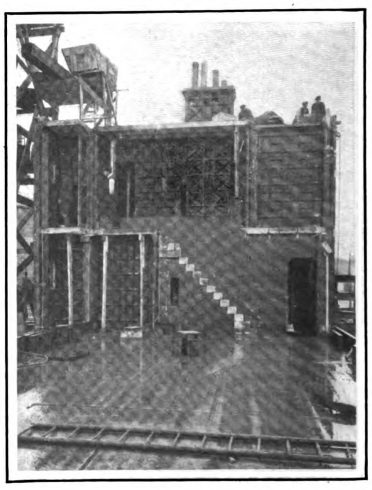


Raising the fluid walls



Taking away molds from the outer walls

Stripping molds from interior partitions



A staircase and adjoining rooms

BUILDING A HOUSE IN SIX HOURS

A CONCRETE HOUSE, SHOWN HERE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, WAS RECENTLY BUILT IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS, FRANCE, ACCORDING TO THE METHOD INVENTED BY THOMAS A. EDISON. IT IS SAID TO BE SUBSTANTIAL, FIRE-PROOF, AND INEXPENSIVE

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Alfalfa—the Money Crop of the West

With the advent of new settlers in the fertile but less thickly settled portions of our Western agricultural country smaller farms are the older. This, in turn, demands changes that will in every way be beneficial to the farmer and to the country at large. Until recently the farmer has had the use of free and unoccupied land, producing free pasture in abundance and hay at cost of harvest, but present increased values have much restricted him in the use of unoccupied land.

No one questions the value of nutritious, wild prairie grass for hay or pasture. On the prairies of the West it is available about May 1st as a permanent pasture; about August 1st it is preserved, and when reduced by pasture use it is not again available until the following May. In other words, its use is for a period of about three or four months in twelve. It then becomes necessary to introduce a pasture that will furnish a longer period of use or seed an additional amount of fall and winter feed. It requires, ordinarily, more acres of wild grasses than tame to support a farm animal. A comparison of the values of tame grasses is entirely favorable to the production of alfalfa. The next five years will find alfalfa firmly established as a permanent product of South Dakota and other Western territory, and whenever this is accomplished land now commanding a price of $20, $25, $30, or $40 per acre will be in greater demand and at prices much advanced.

In mentioning different methods of cultivation, many of them in the same locality, criticism is not intended, but the different methods produce different results and description of them demonstrates that proper methods are the largest factor in the successful production of alfalfa. If a method is in effect that will not produce a profitable result where a different method would produce an average crop, the wrong procedure is more harmful than shown by the loss of the crop, as it tends also to demonstrate that alfalfa cannot be successfully produced on the farm in question.

If upon proper demonstration it is developed that a crop cannot be profitably produced on your farm, devote your land and energy to other lines, but do not condemn your efforts to succeed unless you are satisfied your procedure was right. Some localities are not adapted to alfalfa production, and its production is only recommended where at least an average crop can be secured.

The Breeders' Gazette, which is recognized as an authority, classes any land that will produce alfalfa as worth in value not less than one hundred dollars per acre. Undoubtedly an average crop and a reasonable location should qualify such statement as conservative. In the States of Minnesota, South Dakota, and Nebraska alfalfa production is not an experiment; it can be demonstrated and is demonstrated as a successful production in different localities, but the methods are so unsettled as to add an element of uncertainty to the results, making the average production much less than a proper standard would secure. The method recommended is especially adapted to South Dakota, particularly the western portion of the State, where favorable results will add many times to the present values of land.

It will be necessary to employ care, work, and patience and the use of a small area of land, with repeated efforts, before one is convinced of failure. In covering the proposition of procedure over an area represented by State lines we are not unmindful of the different conditions that exist in different localities; yet our subject does not require exactly similar conditions to admit of similar procedure. One fast rule is fixed: more efficient work to increase the average standard of production and quality, keeping step with progress and business demands, preventing possible discouragement caused by misdirected effort, and removing the production of alfalfa from the experimental stage in the shortest possible time.

The importance of careful and proper selection of ground is apparent. If the crop is an experiment small areas are recommended. The experiment will thus be as complete and usually insures better work and care, and the better crop thus secured insures better future conditions, seed, etc. A subdivision of essential conditions is classed in the following order:

Cultivated land or new breaking.
Condition of fertility.
Preparation of fertilized land.
Soil, sub-soil, and top soil.
Drainage.
High or low land.

Assuming that soil inoculation is not necessary and irrigation is not available on a farm consisting of one hundred and sixty acres, where it is the desire of the owner to produce from ten to forty acres of alfalfa, the owner should secure an average yield for the crop of two and one-half to three and one-half tons per acre on two or three cuttings.

The results of seeding alfalfa on the first breaking of new ground is not generally favorable. The absence of weeds the first year on sod usually makes a good showing, but the root does not usually penetrate below the plow line. On the contrary, it diverges along under the sod and sub-plow line, and the root does not develop vitality or strength to support permanently a healthy, strong plant. The usual result is half as much stand, or less, the second year, and a poor, weak, straggling plant at spare intervals the third year. On the other hand, a well-cultivated, deep-plowed field, with equally favorable conditions, will produce a penetrating, strong, healthy root that in turn will support a healthy, permanent plant. After the first year sub-soil is the important factor, and on sod-seeding sub-soil is never reached. Select old cultivated land with proper regard for other necessary essentials and secure a good root and permanent growth. We do not mean land that is not fertile by reason of excessive poor farming, but well-cultivated land that is above the average in fertility.

Condition of fertility and preparation to produce suitable and proper fertility must be observed, and on account of prior use of such land is wholly necessary. Alfalfa requires a fertile soil. While it is admitted that soil that produces very little vegetation without irrigation will produce a crop of alfalfa, the cause of no vegetation without irrigation is not that the soil is not fertile, but arises from other causes, usually climatic conditions. If the soil is not fertile it should be made so and the application of farm support the plant. The method of preparation varies, but on account of the harmful effect of weeds following common farm-produced fertilizer we advocate its application the year prior to alfalfa seeding and the extermination of resultant weeds that have germinated, not allowing them to reseed. Common farm-produced fertilizer will produce weeds, but if treated a year in advance fertility is secured and weeds eliminated to a certain extent. Application of fertilizer can be followed by millet, or the weeds mowed or plowed under before maturity of seed, and after alfalfa is seeded do not hesitate to sacrifice the first year's crop of alfalfa by cutting in time so that weeds will not germinate and get the start of the plant. Results cannot be expected, anyhow, the first season, and the third season the crop and stand should be better than the second year, as it requires about three seasons to secure the best crop.

Top soil of a light variety, not sandy, with light clay sub-soil and not too close to water, is preferable. This soil, if fertile and not sandy, quickens the growth, and the plant is protected by the moisture-retaining clay sub-soil later. Do not select land that is not thoroughly surface drained, and the drainage will settle a high or low land selection. Water standing one day on alfalfa in a depression will affect it seriously; and if it freezes you can depend on a field with spots where the depressions filled up and water froze, and later such depressions will be filled up with a growth of weeds.

The drainage question is the first to consider; and as to high or low land, the extremes are to be avoided. A gumbo element in soil properly cultivated is not undesirable, but it should be thoroughly cultivated and well drained. Farm manure is of great value on gumbo soil; it serves to loosen the soil and to admit air and water. It should be cultivated with the soil and thoroughly worked together until it is well mixed, fine, and uniform. We do not desire to fix a standard including particular soil to the exclusion of others; we simply state our preference after experience on both high and valley land and on slightly different soils.

The Railroad Specialist

By Bruce V. Crandall

It is not very many thousand years ago that primitive man was in a savage state not much higher or better than that of the wild animals with which he was in daily contact, and upon the killing of which he depended very largely for his food. All the needs of the individual man were supplied by the same individual, and society was an exceedingly simple organization. To-day one man, or a group of men, supplies us with our shoes, another with our food, another with our books, another with the tools with which we work, and so on.

Probably the ordinary traveler never gives more than a passing thought to the operation of a railroad and what it means. Of course, if the dining-car is full, the poor service of that particular road comes in for comment, though the fact that the patrons of a railroad can travel between Chicago and New York at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, and have all the comforts that they have at home, hardly calls for passing comment. Why should it? We are so accustomed to unusual luxuries that most of them have become necessities.

The problems of railway management, operation, construction, and maintenance are too numerous even to mention, but perhaps something as to one phase of railroading will serve to give at least a glimpse of the intricate mechanism of the railway industry. Railroads for the most part buy their cars, locomotives, rails, bridges, and signals. In some few instances the equipment is built by the roads themselves in their own shops, but this is the rare exception and not the rule. To supply the needs of the railroads there has grown up an enormous industry known as railway-supply manufacturing. These railway-supply manufacturers are the specialists to whom the railroads go for a thousand and one things. When the railroads wanted to increase the speed of their locomotives they went to the builders, and if the designing of a faster locomotive was a comparatively simple thing, which it was not, even after that had been settled came the question of safely increasing the speed of trains. How was this to be done? Here again the railroads went to their specialists, the manufacturers of railways supplies, and the problem of safely running high-speed trains was solved in the air-brake. Even the ordinary layman is familiar with the name Westinghouse. But the running of high-speed trains safely is dependent upon something more than the air-brake.

Probably not one man in a thousand, who travels upon a railroad, has any idea that the efficiency of the entire braking apparatus may be impaired by a poorly designed and constructed brake beam. What a brake beam is, and what its duties are, are quite unknown outside of the railroad field, and yet here is a structure, weighing comparatively but a few pounds, that is called upon to take the power of the air-brake and apply it to the rapidly revolving wheels of the train, not occasionally, but hundreds of times upon a single trip. Without t is brake beam, high-speed trains would be impossible.

Nothing illustrates any better the fact that the railway-supply manufacturer is the specialist to whom the railroads go for a solution of their many problems than the work which has been done by the signal manufacturing companies. One has only to stand in the yards of the new Northwestern terminal at Chicago, which represents probably the highest degree of perfection which the railroads have attained in the constructing and equipping of a passenger station, and to compare it with the old station first erected by that road, to realize what a long step has been taken in the bettering of railroad facilities.

It is a simple thing to make a lamp that will burn on your library table, and yet not so simple, after all. But just consider for a moment what it means to construct a lamp that will stay lit in a driving rain-storm, or a snow-storm, or whether the thermometer marks thirty degrees below zero, or summer heat, and with it all stay lit at the end of a train that at times may travel sixty or seventy or eighty miles an hour.

These specialists, these manufacturers of railway equipment, hold exhibitions every year at various places in the country for the purpose of giving railway officers and men an opportunity of noting the progress during the current year. The national association holds an exhibition for a week or ten days each year at Chicago, in the Coliseum and First Regiment Armory, for the purpose of showing new devices, to be used in the track, bridge, signaling, and maintenance departments of railways. At the same time some of the railway associations hold conventions for the purpose of discussing problems incident to railway operation, maintenance, and building. Many of the heads of the large railway systems so fully appreciate the value of these railway appliances exhibitions, that in many instances they pay the expenses of their employees to enable them to make a close study of the equipment which is shown.

To one standing on the outside, and apart from railway operation in all its various phases and branches, to one who sees the railroad question from the public viewpoint, but who at the same time has an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of our great railway systems, there must come, not any question as to why the railroads do not do more, but a constantly increasing wonder as to how it is possible for the railroads of this country to have made the marvelous strides that they have. Undoubtedly the success of modern railroading is due in no small measure to the fact that the railway officer has been intelligent and broad-minded enough to enlist in his work and in his behalf the specialist, the railway-supply manufacturer.

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while closely resembling mild, high-grade Java in color and taste is absolutely free from *caffeine*, the drug in coffee and tea.

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No Boiling Required

Stir a level teaspoonful (more or less for strength desired) in a cup of hot water—add sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to a light golden-brown. You have instantly a palatable hot cup which child or adult can drink freely with fullest benefit.

Sold by grocers—50-cup tin, 30c; 100-cup tin, 50c.

Send grocer's name and 2c stamp for postage for 5-cup sample tin.

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Frisco Lines

St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad
Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad

LESS than ten years ago the management of the Frisco Lines inaugurated an aggressive policy the purpose of which was to develop the resources of the territory tributary to its lines. The wisdom of that policy is reflected not only in the growth of prosperous

Factory of Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Company, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

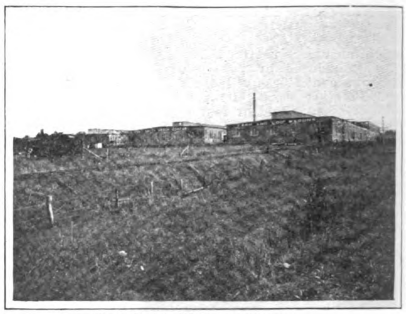
cities, towns, and farming communities, but is further evidenced by the increased gross earnings, which in seven years have increased from forty million dollars to sixty-two million dollars, or over fifty per cent., while its mileage has increased from 6,200 to 7,500, or only twenty per cent. During practically this same period the population of the states through which the Frisco Lines operate has increased from 23,848,045 to 28,228,281.

These results are very significant in another way. They illustrate what a railroad actively engaged in a policy of development can do for a country.

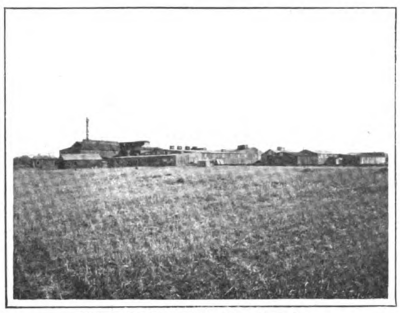
The development work of the Frisco Lines has not been a matter to which indifferent consideration or attention was given, but to the contrary this work has been carried on under the direct supervision of the executive officers and is still being conducted in the same manner. Very few railroads have carried out such a policy on as broad lines as the Frisco. It has, so to speak, been a partner, and not a silent partner, with the farmers, business men, and manufacturers along its lines, and for the purpose of dealing directly with the people along its lines, established an Industrial Department, the sole purpose of which is to promote development, by assisting the people in developing all the resources and all the possibilities of the towns, cities, and farming sections, with the result that during a period of seven years over 3,000 industries have been established and are now in successful operation along the lines of the Frisco. These factories represent practically every line of industry and have for their principal markets the South, Southwest, West, and Northwest, which are the most rapidly growing sections of the country. Each year not only shows an increase in the number of industries located, but a decided improvement in capacity, output, and number of men employed. Rarely, if ever, has any section of the United States offered such attractions to the reliable manufacturer. This sort of development not only means increased revenues for the railroad, but has resulted in the building of substantial cities and towns, giving steady employment to thousands of workmen, who in turn create larger and more profitable markets for the products of the farms.

Such a development as the Frisco has brought about, and will continue to bring about for years to come, would not have been possible without the widely varied resources of the country tributary to its rails. Extending as it does from the Great Lakes to the semi-tropical Gulf region between New Orleans and Brownsville, Texas, the Frisco Lines cover a country amply able to live within itself if it were entirely segregated from the balance of North America, and when fully developed this territory will be easily able to support more than the present population of the entire United States.

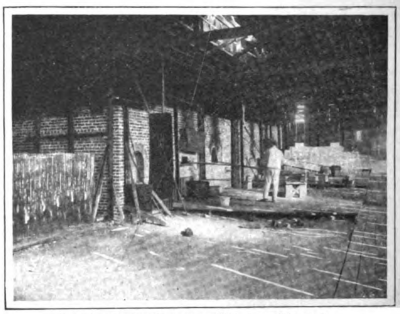
Considering the wide range of products of the farms and factories, the impossibility of a failure over the territory of the Frisco Lines is at once apparent. A better understanding of which will be had when it is known that the largest areas of hard-wood timber remaining in the United States are along the rails of the Frisco, as well as the greatest undeveloped iron ore deposits in the United States. In addition to this, sixty per cent. of the lead and zinc of the world is produced along the Frisco. At the same time the greatest oil and gas fields in the United States are along the Frisco Lines in Oklahoma and Texas. Practically all the cane sugar produced in the United States is grown along, or near, the Frisco Lines in Louisiana and Texas. A very large part of the vegetables consumed in the United States during the winter months are produced along the Frisco Lines in the Gulf Coast country of Texas, where the harvest begins in December. The greatest deposits of bituminous coal in the United States are found in the territory served by the Frisco, and a part of its lines are the greatest bituminous coal carriers west of the Alleghany Mountains. It is also a fact that more than sixty-five per cent. of all the cotton produced in the United States is grown in the states through which the Frisco runs. In addition to these vast resources, the Frisco occupies not only a large part of the farming section of the Mississippi Valley, but also serves the great corn, wheat, cotton, and fruit sections of the Southwest. From these facts it is easily seen what has attracted so many millions of people to the Frisco's territory during the last few years.



Fort Smith Wagon Company, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

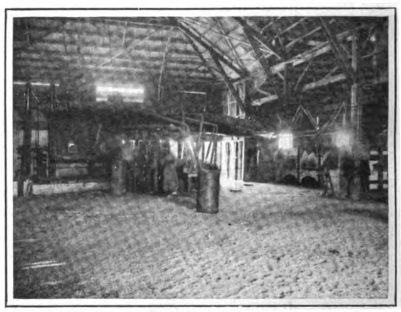


Baker Brothers Window Glass Co., Okmulgee, Oklahoma.



Interior Baker Brothers Window Glass Co., Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

Graham Brothers Bottle Co., Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

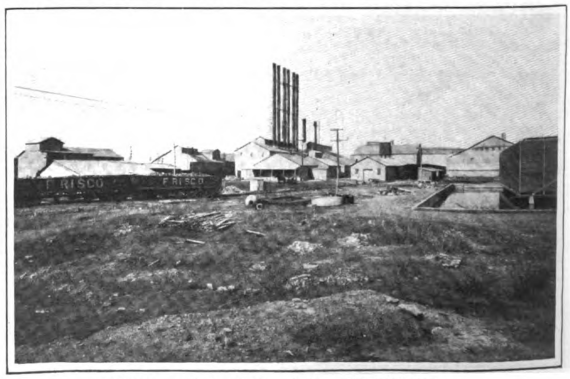


Interior Graham Brothers Bottle Co., Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

No other section has offered the manufacturer superior advantages; none have offered him so great possibilities in the way of rapidly growing markets.

The virgin lands of Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana have offered and are still offering unparalleled opportunities for the practical farmer. These lands are suited to all classes of farmers, whether they be the wheat growers of Canada or Russia, or the cotton grower of the Gulf States, the corn grower, or the truck farmer, the dairy farmer, or the sugar planter, the fruit grower, or the stock-raiser, all can be accommodated and all can prosper. ***

Morris & Company, Packers, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.



Oklahoma Portland Cement Co., Ada, Oklahoma.

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HELPING THE FARMER

AGRICULTURE is the foundation for the success of any section—any country. If the farmer is prosperous, so is the country, and the Rock Island Lines are going to the bottom of the matter by educating the farmer and showing him the road to success.

Farming in the plains region of the Southwest is being established on a new basis as a direct result of this educational work with the co-operation of Agricultural College experts.

The Western half of Kansas, two-thirds of Oklahoma, Northern and particularly Northwestern Texas, Eastern Colorado, and Northeastern New Mexico, is an immense area which includes what was designated on maps of thirty and forty years ago as the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains, and still earlier as the Great American Desert. It never was a desert. There is no part of this region that cannot be made productive to a greater or lesser degree. Its boundaries cannot be clearly defined, for one creeps upon it gradually as the rise of the land takes one towards the Rocky Mountains and away from the great river valleys, and the rainfall grows, consequently, lighter.

It is not all Dry-Farming territory, for that term applies to regions having a rainfall of 20 inches or less per annum. Coming east from the 20-inch line, about the 100th meridian, to the point where the rainfall is even as high as 30 inches, there are great areas of farming land that are not profitable as exclusive grain farms.

Farming to make money out of wheat or corn is never sound business, although often temporarily profitable. Farming with live stock as the basis and grain as a by-product, when intelligently followed, always pays, even where grain crops are reasonably sure when grown for the cash revenue alone. Grain-farming robs the soil. There must be live stock to restore fertility, through manuring, regardless of the profits in the animals when sold for slaughter.

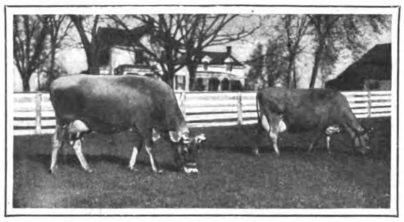
Kafir Corn Field of W. M. Gilmore, near Topeka, Kansas

After crossing the 30-inch rainfall line, wheat-farming becomes particularly precarious. There is a bumper crop, say, once in five years, but two of the other four years may not even return the seed. Consequently, the farmer whose reliance is in wheat has no permanent basis of success, though one wheat crop often pays for his entire farm.

No one ever tries exclusive corn-farming. The corn-grower always has some animals to feed. The corn-growers who fail are those who try that grain on uplands in Kansas and Oklahoma, where the hot winds wither the plant and it dies of thirst. No one can absolutely define the limits of the corn area. Certain acclimated varieties are grown in altitudes of over 6,000 feet, where there is scarcely 90 days between killing frosts. There are farms in Kansas and Oklahoma where the bottoms can be successfully planted to corn, but where the evaporating hot winds make the upland portions unsuitable for that grain.

Over twenty-five years ago the United States Department of Agriculture procured seeds of certain drought-resistant grains from Africa and Asia. Among them were Kafir and Milo (often called Kafir Corn and Milo Maize), but the shorter terms are distinctive and easier. Kafir and Milo were found suitable to the plains region in years when wheat and corn would fail. To-day these two crops are in good use in portions of the Southwest.

To this pair there is being added the Spanish Peanut, which owes its introduction to the West to two men—Professor W. R. Beattie, an expert in the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, and Professor H. M. Cottrell, Agricultural Commissioner of the Rock Island Lines, who took up the work where Beattie's researches left it and brought the scientific data before thousands of Southwestern farmers. The Spanish Peanut is a small variety, the vines of which grow straight up like Clover or Alfalfa, instead of clinging to the ground, as do the vines of the Virginia nut. Its chief peculiarity is its adaptability to various climates and soil conditions. It thrives near sea-level in Louisiana under fifty inches of rainfall and will make a crop at 4,000 feet, where the rainfall averages but 13 to 15 inches. In the Pan Handle of Texas, it has been used as a hog-fattening material with success for some years. For a year, the Agricultural Commissioner of the Rock Island Lines preached Spanish Peanuts, and as a result thousands of acres were put out this spring. The known area of Peanut culture will be greatly extended, and if the crop turns out as expected in the higher sections of the Dry Farming region, it will add a feeding ration that will double the productive capacity of the farms from a live-stock standpoint.



Dairy Cows Keep the Milk Money Coming Daily

And that is the crux of the situation—LIVE STOCK. That means production of pork, beef, and milk, particularly until the small farmer can add beef stock to his dairy herd. Dairy cows keep the milk money coming daily. There is no limit to the market for milk in the form of cream for domestic consumption or the manufacture of ice-cream, butter, and cheese.

The first essential for live-stock and dairy farming is fodder crops. The second is Silos for the preservation of the green feed for winter use or for feeding when pastures wither in the year of drought.

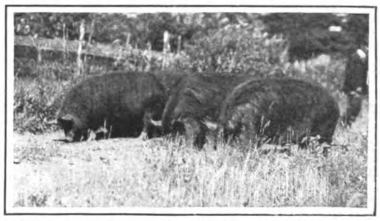
The Southwest was settled in haphazard fashion. There was no clearly defined idea in the minds of most of the new settlers as to the character of their farming. They followed the line *native* to the section from which they came, except that they had in the boundless prairies vast expanses of land that, when put in wheat, looked like profits without much labor. Not until the Colleges and the Railroads got into the field with their educational campaigns was there apparent any decided movement toward diversification of crops and live stock. It is impossible to fix a definite figure for the increase in production due to the methods adopted by the Rock Island Lines and other Western railroads in their campaigns for agricultural advancement, because the effect is cumulative. In a few years, freight receipts will show the difference. To-day it is yet a question of individual prosperity for this and that man who takes the advice of agricultural experts. But do they take the advice? Yes! While no complete canvass has ever been made in territory traversed by farm education trains, voluntary testimonials are frequently received by railroads from those who have been benefited. Recently the Secretary of the Board of Trade at Jacksboro in Northern Texas wrote to the Agricultural Department of the Rock Island Lines that the corn crop in that county in 1911 had been a failure, but that the farmers had planted Kafir and Milo (drought-resistant grain crops), which had meant thousands of dollars to the farmers of the county. This was a direct result of lectures given on the Dry-Farming Train that visited Jacksboro in April, 1911. All over Western Oklahoma and the Pan Handle of Texas were found farmers who had planted these drought-resistant crops and who were thus able to feed them through the winter to cattle and horses which would otherwise have had to be sacrificed in the fall. Thousands of acres of these crops were put out as a direct result of the missionary work done on the Dry-Farming Train and the most severe winter the United States had known in thirty years passed without serious stock losses for those who heeded the lesson. Their example will be the means of inducing their neighbors to follow suit. Reforms by educational methods are naturally slow, but the farming revolution in the Southwest is being hastened by economic factors. The summer of 1911 was particularly dry, the winter that followed unusually cold, with heavy snowfall. The moisture was an undisguised blessing: the cold following a poor cropping season drove many farmers out of the dry-land region in moving-wagons and others suffered. In nearly every instance it was the man who had no dairy cows to milk who was compelled to give up the struggle. The Rock Island Agricultural Department has records of farmers who took in $50 to $65 per month for milk alone during the winter months. These same farmers also had chickens that brought in egg money. Some of them had potatoes, other vegetables, and canned fruits in the cellar, because they kept up an acre of garden through windmill irrigation during the summer.

Now their Kafir and Milo for feeding dairy and beef cattle, Silos to preserve the feed in its green, succulent stage, Spanish Peanuts as the important fattening ration—this and thorough tillage methods are the salvation of the dry-land farmer and this is the gospel preached by the missionaries of the railroads and the colleges. The railroad does the lion's share of the work and foots the bill. Experts are engaged, and every possible means of reaching the farmer placed at their disposal; not only this, but they furnish absolutely free of charge to the various States entire trains which are manned by the State College experts who do the lecturing. No stone is left unturned to induce the farmer to properly handle the soil and plant crops suited to conditions in each section. It's a big, expensive job, but it's worth while.

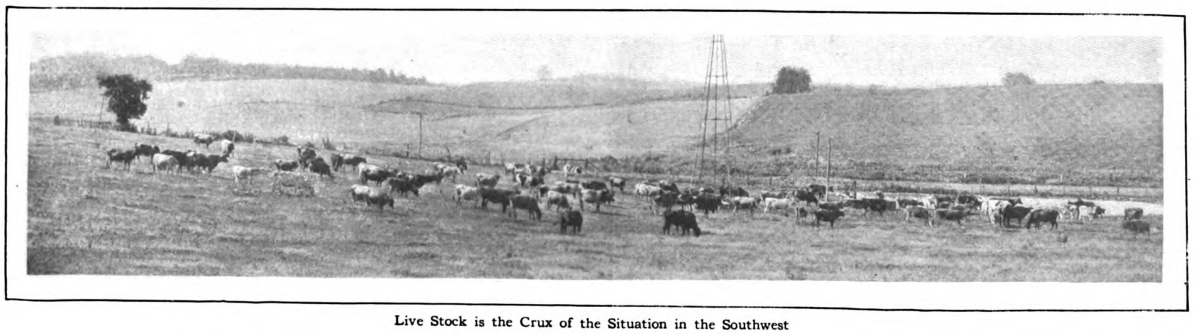
Throughout the territory served by Rock Island Lines every phase of agriculture is carefully studied and needful information and real help given. The opportunities for the homeseeker are truthfully set forth and the newcomer is the object of special attention. Vast sections of undeveloped land are being brought under cultivation; towns and cities are growing; new industries are needed and capital is finding profitable employment.

The "Rock Island States of America," rich, fertile, and promising, give ample scope for the successful cultivation of every sort of crop and investment in various enterprises, and the homeseeker and investor is certain of a hearty welcome and close co-operation.

The Rock Island Lines publish for free distribution among farmers "The Southwest Trail," a magazine devoted to the spread of the new agricultural idea. This publication specializes. Each issue is devoted solely to some topic of vital worth to farmers in the territory served by the Company. Some months ago the broom manufacturers of the country held a convention and decided that the growers needed advice on the line of producing better broom corn. The Rock Island joined in this campaign, sending its investigators into the growing districts of the Southwest to find out just what was wrong with the industry and what could be done to help it. A special number of the "Southwest Trail" took up the subject from every angle. Something like forty thousand copies of this were distributed and the result was a demand for more broom-corn seed, greater than during any previous season and a better preparation of the soil by growers. The effect will be felt this fall in the larger proportion of first-class brush. So it is with other topics. The magazine has in the same exhaustive way covered Milo, Kafir, Hogs, Water Development, Dry-Farming Homes, Seed-corn Testing, etc., giving the farmer the benefit of scientific research practically applied, and all without cost to him. ***



Fattening Hogs for the Market is One of the Most Profitable Lines of Farming in the Southwest



Live Stock is the Crux of the Situation in the Southwest

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The Golden Northwest of Yesterday and Today

Isabelle Carpenter Kendall

AGRICULTURE is the wealth of the nation, and if wisely managed the soil will support the nation with little outside help. But while we have a wealth of resource in the land, agriculture in this country is still far from the point where it can support our ninety-six millions of people, because it is not wisely followed and because there are not enough people occupying the land. The question of the hour is how to get enough people into the business of farming to take care of the rapidly expanding population in the cities and the constantly increasing demand for foodstuffs all over the country.

Immigration into the northwest onto the prairies and plains of our plateau and mountain states has been going on for more than half a century, but there are still more unoccupied than occupied lands, and greater opportunities, consequent upon the modern scientific methods of handling the soil, only awaiting an industrious and intelligent farming population. The extent of the unoccupied acreage is sufficient to support this nation, were it all under cultivation; and, not only to support us, but to give our products a selling place in the markets of the world.

The development of the so-called American northwest, consequent largely upon the colonization efforts of railroad companies, and the story of its growth in the last sixty years, together with a record of railroad building through the west, will serve to show what has been accomplished, and indicate in a measure the work still to be done. Railroads have been the chief factors in the development of the past, and it will be seen that the necessity still exists for the continuation of their immigration propaganda and that the people must still be helped in every way possible to find homes and settle upon the land.

In 1849, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway came into corporate existence with one hundred and five miles of railroad in central Wisconsin, largely built and financed by the farmers of the territory, who had come "out west" and taken up land in the wilderness.

Those few miles of strap iron were gradually extended as immigration and development and the industries of the infant communities seemed to warrant. At that time, immigration preceded the rails, largely because railroads were new and looked upon doubtfully. Canals and waterways were supposed to have answered the transportation question. Extensions and additions to the young railroad finally brought it to the Mississippi River, and traffic was taken from the waterside into the new northwest by boat. Vague stories came back during those years of a vast fertile country beyond the Father of Rivers and gradually the number of adventurous pioneers who went across in prairie schooners grew until it was necessary to give them a railroad. In 1866, the Milwaukee & St. Paul made its first venture into Minnesota and a few years later it entered St. Paul and Minneapolis, which were becoming towns of note and important trading centers. The country into which the newly fledged railroad was projected was virgin prairie and settlement was the slogan. Then began the era of the rails preceding the settlers. Foreign immigration assumed tremendous proportions. At least it was considered tremendous in those days. It came from New York or the Canadian ports, to Detroit, Grand Haven, and across the lake to Milwaukee; and the arrival of a boat in Milwaukee was a Castle Garden scene on no very small scale. The railroad emissaries were always present—interpreters, immigrant agents, passenger men and even presidents and general managers—so important an event was the arrival of so many new citizens and so many prospective patrons of the railroads.

The value and feasibility of developing local territory is now well understood by all railroads, and they do not hesitate to throw their lines into new and comparatively unsettled territory, trusting to their own energies to develop a sufficient local traffic to make their lines pay. This has been the policy of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and, as has been shown from its beginning, it has always been near to the edge of civilization and settlement; and it has constantly expanded toward the north and west. In the history of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and the Dakotas the development work of this railroad has been no inconsiderable factor; and within the last five years it has crossed Missouri and completed its Pacific coast extension, the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway. This new line was pushed into comparatively new sections of South and North Dakota, Montana, and Idaho; it enters Washington in the heart of an old and fertile wheat country; thence it turns directly toward Puget Sound, crosses the Columbia River at the mouth of Crab Creek, in the midst of an enormous section of very fertile land, which under irrigation has no limit to its producing power. West of the Cascade Mountains, in western Washington, it serves some of the finest and most productive agricultural sections on the continent.

Wheat and Corn Field Near Bowman, S. D.

The work of opening the unsettled portions of this immense territory to an agricultural population was commenced by the railroad company almost as soon as the definite location of the line had been made. In 1906 the country along this route, in the Dakotas, west of the Missouri River, was the Standing Rock Indian reservation and free government range. Since then the reservation has been opened to settlement and every quarter section of farm land in a belt ninety miles long and over fifty miles broad has been filed on, and thousands of acres put into crop. Scores of new towns beginning with a few tents on the wild prairie, are now populous, well built and prosperous. Their populations run from 500 to 2,000, and all have good schools, excellent markets and commercial facilities, and most of them public water and electric-lighting systems. The contiguous territory in Montana, Idaho, and Washington has made correspondingly interesting progress. Homesteaders have filed rapidly, and in one district especially—the Judith Basin, in Montana—where at the advent of the railroad there were about 1,500 square miles of government land, there is now none, and farm lands are in good demand throughout that valley, at from $20 to $40 per acre.

Records such as this will perhaps convey the impression that the country along the new line had by this time become pretty well filled up, but when one considers fifteen hundred miles of distance, and a wide tributary country, the statement that there is still plenty of opportunity out there for settlers and industrious farmers will not be surprising, and we may glance briefly at the kind and quality of the country traversed by the new transcontinental railroad. Leaving the Missouri at the mouth of the Grand River, the line runs westerly across the northwestern and southeastern corners of South and North Dakota, respectively, for a distance of nearly two hundred miles. The land adjacent and tributary to the railroad is natural grain country. All small grains, root crops, and corn, timothy and alfalfa do exceptionally well, while the climate and natural pasturage are favorable to dairying and stock raising. This section, furthermore, is underlaid with a fine quality of lignite coal which solves the fuel problem and makes an especially inviting prospect for manufacturing interests.

Harvesting in the Three Forks Country, Mont.

In Montana, agricultural possibilities are practically limitless along the entire distance of this line. On the eastern plateau, in Custer and Rosebud counties, irrigation will produce any crop known to the temperate latitudes. Dry-farming or the so-called Campbell system has been practised with marked success on the benchlands, and in order to as much as possible encourage this method of cultivation, homesteads in Custer County are 320 acres, which gives the usual 160 acres of tillable land each year. Montana's mining interests represent an annual output of over $10,000,000, and as a mining community produces no foodstuffs, there is a market right at hand for all that the adjacent agricultural valleys can produce; and of the great extent of available territory in Montana, for garden truck, fruit, grains, and dairy and poultry, that along the line of the new railroad has proven itself exceptionally desirable.

As a grain-producing state Montana has astonished the world, and its many productive valleys and plains have yielded prodigious crops of wheat, oats, rye, and other small grains. The state has a record of producing more wheat per acre than any other state in the Union, and statistics for ten years show that the average yield of this grain, for that time, in Montana, was 26.7 bushels per acre, while for the same period Minnesota's average was 14.1, etc. Oats make an average yield for ten years of 41.2 bushels per acre, while Illinois's showing for a like period was but 32.6. The other grains make the same remarkable increases. Alfalfa is another of the banner crops of the state, and the quality is so fine that Montana alfalfa seed is in demand at high prices. Fertile lands of this character are general throughout the valleys of the state, and of those which make wonderful records along this line are the Musselshell, Smith, Gallatin, Madison,

Grain Fields and Orchards Near Rosalia, Wash.

Jefferson, and Deer Lodge valleys, east of Missoula. West of that city the country is opening to settlers and is showing the same degree of fertility as the more easterly sections.

In Idaho, where the line crosses the Cœur d'Alene country and traverses the valley of the St. Joe River, the tributary lands are alluvial, and as fertile as the Nile Valley; and the protection offered by the lofty ranges of mountains that nearly surround this valley makes it possible to produce immense crops of garden truck and fruit. On the St. Joe bottom lands, forage crops are exceptional and the country is well adapted to dairying and poultry raising. This section has always shipped much of its foodstuffs from the east, and does yet, while thousands of acres of highly productive land, in close proximity, are lying idle. Entering eastern Washington, the new line traverses the heart of the Palouse wheat lands, thence into a vast stretch of volcanic ash soil, which with irrigation produces almost without limit. The land is similar to that of the wonderful apple-growing sections of the state, and when the various irrigation projects which have been started through the efforts of the railroad immigration interests are developed, the productive capacity of this region will be second to none in Washington.

West of the Columbia River is the great Kittitas Valley, one of the most beautiful and fertile sections of the eastern part of the state. It is devoted largely to commercial orcharding, but any class of farming succeeds well here. The markets for all Washington produce are unsurpassed and the splendid transportation facilities make this portion of the state one of the most desirable places in the United States.

Settlers in Washington, as in other northwestern states, have the inestimable advantages of the best of schools, colleges and those accessories to the refinements of life which belong to highly civilized communities. Every town and most of the country districts enjoy the modern conveniences and the telephone and electric light may be in every farmer's home if he wishes to have them. Indeed, the modern and progressive farmer in the west is in every particular as well placed with regard to educational advantages and opportunities for social advancement as his brother in the east. Good roads prevail generally, even in the mountains, and a large number of farmers own automobiles. That indicates with some clearness the profit to be made in agriculture in the west.

The lands west of the Cascade Mountains, fronting on Puget Sound and on the Pacific coast, are as prolific as any in the northwest. The climate is so generally affected by the influence of the Japan Current that the temperatures, winter or summer, vary but little. The land is practically all "cut-over," and most of it is still to be cleared of the stumpage; giving low prices and increasing the available opportunities.

While immigration to the northwestern states has gone forward steadily there are still sections of the middle west open to settlers, and among these are lands of great promise in northern Wisconsin and the upper peninsula of Michigan, where the opportunities for agricultural development are as great as any in the far west. These localities, practically but twelve to fifteen hours by rail from Chicago and other central distributing points, will become highly cultivated gardens, dairy farms and orchards. Their fertility is unquestionable. The soil is rich with centuries of hardwood timber growth and is adaptable to any of the crops of the temperate zones. To one unacquainted with that locality it sounds like agricultural heresy to proclaim these northern latitudes fit for fruit and berry culture, and for variety and fine quality of vegetables, but such is the fact. Northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan can and do grow phenomenal crops of apples, berries, garden stuffs and all that the city market demands, while conditions are unusually favorable for modern sanitary dairying and poultry raising. Potatoes and all forage and root crops are staple and clover is so abundant that this region has been called Cloverland.

Most of these northern lands, like those of western Washington, are "logged-off," and still in a wild state. They can, therefore, be acquired at reasonable prices, and even with the cost of clearing, the net profit from every acre richly rewards the farmer for his efforts. ⁂

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TRANSPORTATION *and its* PROBLEMS

By

CLEMENT STUDEBAKER, Jr.

SCIENTISTS, laboriously working through the slow geologic strata, trace human endeavor back some fifty thousand years. Time was when skin-clad men, flints in hand, hewed rough delineations of their daily occupations on the walls of caves. Recent discoveries in France show mural pictures of saber-toothed tigers, mammoths, and queer beasts impossible to define. In one of the caverns is a rude drawing of a cart. The wheels are apparently sections of a tree, connected by a rough axle. Two men are straining at the pole on which the result of the day's hunt is lashed. The deer's head hangs far down the pole. The entire drawing has an atmosphere of life and action impossible to define, although the hand that etched it was dust ages before the pyramids were conceived or platformed Nineveh rose to azure heights.

It is altogether possible that this cavern sketch represents the first efforts at transportation. History does not record when wagons began to be used. The kings of Assyria drove war chariots to victory over many a field. Glazed bricks found in the ruins of Asshur depict war chariots with fringes of freshly severed human heads. Menes, the mythical king of Egypt who founded Thebes, hunted in a chariot—the first, by the way, in which richly carved spokes are shown. Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Phœnecians, all had vehicles for war and peace, drawn by horses and oxen. In fact, transportation is coeval with civilization, and as civilization has progressed so has transportation.

Students of economics state that the three fundamentals of civilization are food, transportation, and communication. Food being the first and most essential requirement, the ability to transport food from place to place, and the ability to make food wants known across vast distances, complete the first cycle of human requirements. As civilization has advanced railroad trains and swift steamships convey food from one part of the earth to another. Famines are well-nigh impossible. The deficiencies of one country are met by the overplus of another, and the nations of the earth are held together and made one family by the facility with which foodstuffs are exchanged.

The history of transportation in the United States would make a romance the like of which has never been written. The network of railroads, the story of their building, the development of a new country, make a brighter page and a bigger page than the history of Imperial Rome can show. And before the railroads came the unending procession of wagons, "prairie-schooners," that gave an empire to the white man and marked with heroic deeds the winning of the West.

In the early history of the United States—when the Republic was in the making—the name of Studebaker is inseparably connected with transportation. Long before the colonies rebelled at taxation without representation—in 1736, to be exact—the name "Studebaker" appears on the passenger list of the good ship *Harle* from Rotterdam to Philadelphia. The family settled in Pennsylvania—then the frontier—and in 1798 Peter Studebaker and Peter Studebaker, Jr., were paying taxes in York County, Pa. The two Peters were wagonmakers. So was John, the son of Peter, Jr., and in John centers the real beginning of the House of Studebaker and its tremendous growth.

The personality of John Studebaker is not so remote as to escape the probe of authenticity. He was a good blacksmith, but a better wagonmaker. The owner of a Studebaker wagon boasted about it. Advertising was an unknown factor in the days of John Studebaker; but he modestly wore the precedence accorded by word of mouth, and as the fame of his wagons spread he expanded his business and built more and more wagons until he had won a competency, and, as times then were, a comfortable fortune.

Then came the desire to see more of the country he claimed as his birthplace, and in 1835 John Studebaker set out on his travels with his wife and six children. Among the children were two sons, Clement and Henry, the first named destined to win a country-wide reputation. After the long journey across Pennsylvania to mid-Ohio, John Studebaker settled at Ashland, Ohio, built himself a blacksmith shop, and found that his fame had preceded him. The reputation of Studebaker wagons was known, and the demand was greater than could be met. With the years came three other sons: John Mohler, Peter E., and Jacob F., who with Clement and Henry were destined to establish the House of Studebaker and all that it means to transportation.

The House of Studebaker, thus unostentatiously founded, met ill fortune in 1837. John Studebaker endorsed notes for a neighbor. The panic of 1837 came. The neighbor was unable to pay, and John Studebaker lost his all. He sold his big farm and rented four acres which he optimistically called "Pleasant Ridge," and commenced over again. With the aid of his sons, John Studebaker worked until every dollar of his indebtedness was paid. The family was closely knit by this train of circumstances. The sons made the struggle their own. On one occasion they drove fifty miles to work as farm hands. The eldest received eight cents a day, the next older fifty cents, and the youngest twenty-five cents. Their joint savings amounted to sixty dollars, and this sum they turned over to their father upon their return.

With characteristic independence, soon after attaining their majorities, the elder two sons, Clement and Henry, left the home at "Pleasant Ridge" and traveled overland to South Bend, Ind., very close to the Michigan line. Here for a time Clement taught school, working Saturdays in a local blacksmith shop for fifty cents a day. Little by little the boys managed to save, a dollar here and a dollar there, and in 1852 the firm of H. & C. Studebaker began business in a one-story frame shop with a total net capital of sixty-eight dollars.

During the first year the firm turned out two wagons. Incidentally one of those wagons was in service for thirty-three years, indicating that the reputation for sturdy workmanship enjoyed by John Studebaker had descended on his sons. In this modest little blacksmith shop the House of Studebaker came into being. The fame of Studebaker wagons grew and grew until the original output of two wagons a year looked very small indeed, and more and more men had to be employed as the fame of the Studebaker wagons spread. Henry was by nature a farmer. He wanted to get back to the farm, and his place in the firm was taken by John Mohler Studebaker, who had heard the call of the Far West during the excitement attending the discovery of gold in California. John Mohler was possessed of a few hundred dollars when he came to South Bend; but over and above his dollars he had a fine imagination, and as he saw the long strings of wagons ever moving westward, his was the knowledge that honestly built Studebaker wagons had found a market far beyond local demands.

With a newly organized business the brothers set to work. Peter E., who had been storekeeping in Goshen, Ind., appeared. Then came Jacob F. Clement, the master mind who organized and whipped into shape the manufacturing department, John Mohler became general executive, and Peter E. established the first depot for the sale of wagons at St. Joseph, Mo. Here were outfitted the wagon trains which bore the historic motto, "Pike's Peak or Bust" on their canvas paulins, and the larger number of wagons in the trains were Studebaker wagons which didn't "bust."

The business outgrew its swaddling-clothes. The demand for Studebaker wagons was constant from all parts of the country. It was a new country. Give us wagons, wagons, and more wagons came the cry, and the House of Studebaker labored day and night to keep pace with the demands. Then came the Civil War. And the army had to have wagons. Mules by fours and sixes dragged Studebaker wagons through Southern swamps. Ammunition, food, clothing—the demand was constant—and Studebaker wagons did their part in keeping the Union armies in the field. Then came a fire, and the frame structures of the House of Studebaker were swept away. They were built again—this time of brick—and the Studebaker pride rose high, and bigger factories and more of them were erected.

And more and more wagons were built. And they were good wagons. The reputation of the house grew. Then came more wars—wars fought on foreign soil—but the fame of the Studebaker wagon had become world wide, and the armies of England and France and Germany, of the Turk and of Austria, clamored for Studebaker wagons because they didn't break down and did give service that surprised foreign wagon-makers. In fact, there hasn't been a war fought since 1870 in which Studebaker wagons haven't been used. Turkey used quartermaster wagons in its futile struggle with the confederated Balkan States.

And to-day—the little blacksmith shop where two wagons a year were made has grown until it covers over 100 acres; 4,000 skilled artisans are employed; over 100,000 wagons a year are turned out; a train of freight cars is needed every day to transport wagons and pleasure vehicles to all parts of the United States; there are 5,000 dealers in Studebaker products in the United States, and scores scattered over the face of every civilized country. The details of the business require the services of a small army of clerks and salesmen—and all within sixty years. Does any country outside the United States offer such opportunities?

And now automobiles. So long as the automobile was in the experimental stage the House of Studebaker held aloof. It is not their habit to experiment. When the automobile became an assured factor in transportation, then, and not until then, did the House of Studebaker begin their manufacture. And with what result? Twelve huge factories in Detroit; 50,000 cars a year; 2,500 dealers to handle the Studebaker cars; offices and salesrooms in all the countries of the earth; a national service insuring co-operation with every driver of a Studebaker car; $750,000 a year for advertising. Sixty-five million dollars worth of cars promised for 1913, and all from the little blacksmith shop in South Bend, and the imagination of a few men who foresaw the possibilities and what was meant by the word "transportation." ***

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Plowing Thirty Miles an Hour

By GEORGE MURNANE

Rumely Oil Pull Tractor pulling a 6-bottom plow and harrow

THE making of bread is a world problem, and the power problem, as incident to the bread one, is most important. More power goes annually into pulling the plow than would run all the factories and all the railroads of the world. There has been more work and less efficiency in farming than in any other form of industry. Every improvement that tends to make farm work easier, to make the earth more productive, or the expense of tilling the soil less, is a saving to all the people. It means that the necessaries of life will be less costly. It means less expensive living to every one.

Man bore the labor of industry in the beginning. Gradually the burden has shifted, first to the animal, then to the machine. Watt's contribution to power has revolutionized industry. The farm alone of our big industries retains man and animal power, and here more than any other place, is a substitute needed.

To turn a single acre of land requires 8¼ miles of furrow travel. In plowing 4½ square miles, the man and horse must draw their load a distance equal to the length of the equator.

Most costs begin with the plow—bread, meat, vegetables, fruit, sugar, rice, cotton, linen, leather, etc. One-eighth of the United States is plowed every year—almost 7,000,000 farmers plow 40 acres each—280,000,000 acres—twice the German Empire. For every loaf of bread 48 square feet of land must be plowed. Six hundred and eighty million bushels of wheat were produced in 1912. Replacing man and animal power with the most modern machinery would mean 10 cents a bushel saved—a $68,000,000 burden lifted from the back of the nation.

On the farm the horse has been the substitute for man power, and a poor one. He eats 10 pounds for every hour he works. He has only six hours a day of endurance. Thomas Edison has said, "A horse is the poorest motor ever built." One acre out of every 5 plowed goes to feed the horse. The horse eats up a total acreage equivalent to all Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio. The yearly tax for sickness among horses is appalling. A plague struck Kansas last year—20,000 horses died—a loss of $3,500,000.

The tendency of farming is toward machinery and away from horses and man power. We have seen a great transformation recently—from horse to tractor, flail to separator, pitchfork to baler, milk pan to cream separator, single plow to gang plow, hoe to soil packer, and so through the line of farm power requirements.

The work that can now be done on a farm by a few men with power machinery is equal to the efforts of an army of men and horses in the past.

By turning twelve furrows at a time with a tractor and a gang plow—30 miles of furrow per hour can be plowed. At Purdue University, recently, 3 tractors, pulling 50 plows, plowed at the rate of 125 miles of furrow in one hour.

And then there is the human side. The farmer, in using machinery instead of muscle, betters his own life. He works more with his brain, less with his body. He has time to appreciate the better things of life. His sons receive educations—because he can afford it. His wife becomes less of a drudge—more of a woman. The hours that she spent doing a drudge's work are lessened. She, too, has a chance to live. From being the most pitied portion of our population, the farmer may become the most envied and prosperous.

To this problem of lifting from the farmworker the curse under which he has labored for years, of substituting the power of steam and liquid fuels for man and horse, the Rumely Company of La Porte, Indiana, has set itself.

The Rumely Company had a foundation which has fitted it admirably to sympathize with and work out the power problems of the farmer.

Meinrad Rumely, the founder, as a boy in Baden, Germany, knew what it meant to thresh wheat with a flail, and winnow it from the chaff by hand. As a young man, driven out of his home land in 1849 because of state troubles, he came to America, his mind filled with the drudgery of peasant life. He worked in Ohio, in a shop where crude machinery was built, that took the power of a horse and made it separate wheat from straw. He finally set out to find a location of his own, his whole pent-up ambition being to make a threshing-machine that would forever remove the burden of the flail.

Afoot, he tramped across Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, visiting many towns, among them La Porte, Indiana, to which place he later returned and set up his little blacksmith shop to work out his dream. Three years later he built three threshing-separators, and in another three years came the crowning day, when his

M. Rumely

Rumely Separator won the first prize medal over thirteen other threshing-machines at the United States Fair in Chicago.

The great Civil War began taking men from the farm; but the work of the farm must still go on. Machinery was needed to replace men, and the demand for Meinrad Rumely's threshing-machines increased until the blacksmith shop became a big factory.

The machines were sturdy, with a Dutch appearance that amused competitors, but satisfied purchasers. One of these competitors, now a prominent editor, bewails the fact that in the seventeen years he fought for business with Meinrad Rumely he never got back a Rumely Separator in trade.

Population was increasing faster than yield. Foreign demand for wheat called for the sudden turning of thousands of acres more than could be plowed and tended with the horses at hand. Then steam—mechanical power—was called to the aid of the American farmer. Some men lost years waiting for the supposed fancy to pass; but those with vision, who saw the future needs of Europe and our own cities, who knew the limitations of animal power, and who applied to the farm the same analysis that they gave their own businesses, saw that mechanical power must bring reorganization to the farm, as it had already done in manufacturing and transportation—the other two fundamental human industries. The many friends Meinrad Rumely had made through the sturdiness and reliability of his threshing outfits demanded these same characteristics in other lines, and Rumely began making steam threshing outfits to meet these demands.

The blacksmith shop of Meinrad Rumely developed into a huge industry. But the old idea of sturdiness and honesty in machinery was still uppermost in the minds of the Rumely Organization. The business passed from Meinrad Rumely to his sons and grandsons, a bigger Company, but with the same idea as to how machinery should be built.

The Company grew big, but even large factories are prosperous only when workmen are continually and pleasantly employed, and when clients can depend on one house to supply equally well their every need in a certain field.

Plowing and threshing come at certain seasons of the year, and at other seasons salesmen must be idle who sell only plowing and threshing outfits. The complete organization must have a varied line of machines, so that factory and salesmen can be busy throughout the entire year.

With this in mind the new Rumely Company began to develop a complete line of machinery just as fast as they could add those machines that would equal in every way the goods on which their reputation had been built.

A far-sighted policy of development was laid down, and for the first time outside capital was brought in—for the plans of the Rumely Company demanded that they do things in a big way.

The famous Gaar-Scott and Advance plants at Battle Creek, Michigan, and Richmond, Indiana, with their splendid machines, were added to the Rumely fold, also machines from the famous farm machinery lines of Falk, Seager, Watts, Robinson, Hendy, Northwest, etc., and the whole welded into a Greater Rumely Line.

Farm problems were attacked from the bottom. One of the greatest accomplishments of the Greater Rumely Company was the Oil Pull Tractor.

The Rumely executives realized that the greatest power job in the world, plowing, should not be attempted with the scarcest of all liquid fuels. John A. Secor, an established oil-engine builder, was called upon to design a successful traction engine for burning cold kerosene. He did it—from the first his work was a wonderful success—in two years the Rumely Company was making 75 kerosene-burning tractors a week.

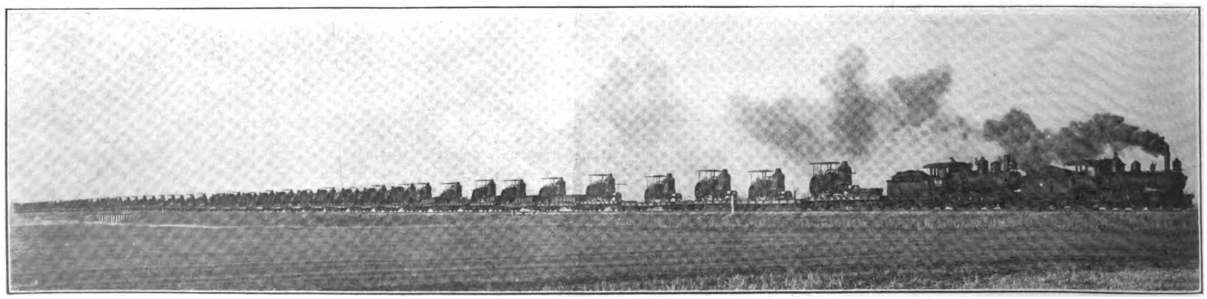
The Rumely Company is taking a wide interest in the education of the farmer. It was instrumental in the foundation of The Indiana School of Tractioneering, where men are trained rapidly in the operation and possibilities of traction engines, and sent on to profitable employment.

A deep interest has been taken in the Interlaken School, near La Porte, where young men—in addition to receiving the usual preparatory-school training—become real workers and themselves operate in a big way the 700-acre farm on which they live. This is building up young men, who from the start are coupling good educations with a real knowledge of the best methods of farming.

The Company is building up its own organization through a systematic plan for taking High School graduates and developing them in the direction toward which they are best adapted.

The little shop of 1857, with its output of three separators, has grown almost beyond the limits of imagination into an enormous business which sells over thirty different kinds of steam-engines, a half-dozen different gasoline and kerosene tractors, a dozen types of threshing separators, and a vast array of clover-hullers, corn-huskers and shellers, cream-separators, hay-balers, stationary and portable gasoline, kerosene, and steam engines, plows, land-rollers, feed-grinders—every one a labor-saving, cost-cutting machine. Not an item in the list that adds a cent to the cost of existence—and all to save the farmer from the drudgery that haunted Meinrad Rumely's earlier years—all to add to the farmer's profits by reducing operating costs.

From Meinrad Rumely and his helper in the little blacksmith shop in 1853 to the Rumely Organization of 1912—with its 5 factories, 45 branch houses, hundreds of salesmen, 5,000 workmen, 10,000 dealers, and $22,000,000 capital—is an industrial development that has few parallels. ⁂



Largest trainload of machinery ever shipped. Train comprised 102 new flat cars, 4 locomotives, cabooses, etc. It carried 101 Rumely Oil Pull Tractors, 81 Rumely Separators, and 139 Rumely Kerosene Tanks. The value of the shipment was about $500,000

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What the Car-Wheels Say

They Sing a Low-Keyed Song of Expanding Empire—Out of the Past, through the Present, into the Future

By WILLIS P. MacGERALD

"ALL ABOARD! *All* aboard!" It was the railway starting-cry, as it sounded in the ears of a small boy back in the 70's, in the days when the Civil War was still a vivid memory.

The message of the signal rope produced activity up ahead. Locomotive, flare-funneled, squat, and noisy, yanked at the tender; the tender made overtures to the baggage-car, and then day-coaches and smoker one by one groaned and rattled and squeaked out their reluctance at making the final move.

In the second coach sat this small boy, alone and immoderately proud to be alone, off for a considerable trip for at least the seventh time in his life. As the train gathered headway he leaned his head against the window—a little trick he had taught himself—and listened drowsily to the whirring of the wheels, the click-click-click over rail joints. Occasionally a resonant roar told of a culvert underneath, and then the grinding of hand-brakes would carry the rhythmic noise through *diminuendo* to full stop.

Not inharmonious, at worst, was this wonderful clamor that typified Progress; but the little lad's imagination made real melody of it all, and by and by he began to set words to the symphony; the car-wheels had begun to sing to his mind's ear an actual song of human achievement.

These were the *sagas* of a young American's worship of heroes. The giants of invention whom he celebrated were the Watts and Franklins, the Stephensons and Fultons and Morses, whose discoveries lie at the foundation of modern transportation development.

More than a generation later the same lad, now grown, may sing to himself a more wonderful mind-song as he transmutes the murmur of railway wheels to inner melody. No longer a tawdry, flimsy day-coach, heaving and jolting on the track, to fret the eye and jar the body. No longer a glimpse, through the forward door, of another flimsy car, bucking and swaying and tugging at its tether, with a valiant brakeman struggling at the wheel to set the brakes. The latter-day song of the wheels is pitched to softest key—of sound and color and sensuous comfort all in concord.

Buffet Parlor in Lounging Car

And what a *saga* is this! It celebrates the past; it glories in the present; it has faith to believe in the future it cannot penetrate.

The new *saga* exalts new heroes along with the old—masters of invention, masters of finance, masters of empire-building in all that the word implies—titans for far-sightedness, for faith, for devotion, for courage. And the new *saga* is shot through and through with prophetic confidence of wonders to come and heroic figures yet to arise.

It is men and women—to be considered as individual human forces working collectively—who have set themselves to the task of molding this continent commercially. The striving of most of them, to be sure, has been all in the way of making a living, but not for that reason must it be considered sordid. Fact is, the thing is epic, and many a canto in the poem belongs to the story of the building of the steel highways.

Listen a moment to Joaquin Miller as *he* set down what the car-wheels sang to *him:*

> We glide through golden seas of grain;
> We shoot, a shining comet, through
> The mountain range against the blue,
> And then, below the walls of snow,
> We blow the desert dust amain;
> We brush the gay madrona tree,
> We greet the orange groves below—
> We rest beneath the oaks, and we
> Have cleft a continent in twain!

We hear so much second-hand patter about "melting-pots" and "America, the crucible of the races," that one longs for the flash of an original expression that would as aptly point the same idea. However, that very idea is part of the burden of the car-wheel's song as one journeys West or Northwest or along the steel paths in between. Provincialism is passing, and the railways are responsible. The days of community narrowness and sectional pettiness and individual brain-fog surely are numbered in a country where so nearly everybody reads, travels, rubs elbows with his fellows. Only in regions where railways have not penetrated can the solecism of dialect persist indefinitely.

These and such-like more or less obvious reflections may remind one of the katydid—"saying an undisputed thing in such a solemn way"—but blame it on the wheels. *They* sang it. They sang it only the other day on a trip between Eastern Tidewater and Lake Michigan. And, leaving the great Gateway of the West, then speeding over smooth rails to the Twin-City Portal of the Northwest, there was ringing in the ears a refrain yet more insistent.

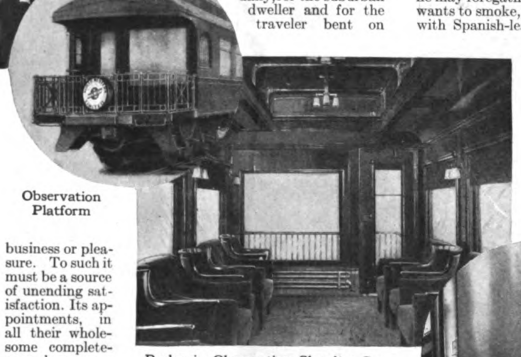
It is the same traveler who as a boy marveled at the travel-helps of his day, crude as they were. Arriving on an early train from the East, he has had the day for sight-seeing and for business and has found Chicago well worth while. Dinner over, a taxi sets him down before six great granite columns, rising almost to the height of the building, and stretching a full block in width—entrance to a passenger terminal three city blocks long, with subways at street intersections.

"Jove!" says he to himself. "If this is the Gateway, I reckon I'll be glad to see this Golden Northwest!"

Passenger Terminal, Chicago. Chicago and North Western Railway

The "Twin Cities"—St. Paul and Minneapolis—with the Mississippi River flowing between, one hundred and seventy-five miles southeast from its headwaters in Lake Itasca, have attained a joint population of nearly three-quarters of a million, and an industrial and commercial importance that entitles them to the best possible outlet *via* Chicago, the "Gateway." And this outlet certainly is secured for passenger travel by the well-timed night run of the luxurious new "North Western Limited" of the Chicago and North Western Railway.

The New Passenger Terminal in Chicago represents the latest word in thoughtful provision for the comfort of travelers, the handling of the mails, and the expeditious despatch of trains over the elevated tracks that lead outward—to tap the western two-thirds of the continent, the Land of Opportunity. This Terminal is the point of departure, daily, for the suburban dweller and for the traveler bent on business or pleasure. To such it must be a source of unending satisfaction. Its appointments, in all their wholesome completeness, have won the attention of railway men the world over, no less than of those who give special study to the problems of immigration.



Observation Platform

Parlor in Observation Sleeping Car.

To the stranger, also, who arrives, as I did, en route for the "Twin Cities" *via* the "North Western Limited," this Chicago Terminal offers features that well merit study. It is not the immensity of it (for immensity alone is nothing). It is not the massive architecture. It is not the broad, deep, inviting rotunda, or the high, ample lines of the track-level balcony, or the beauty of arch and pillar and balustrade, or the harmony of outline and material and color in the whole.

It is the fact that, without sacrificing an æsthetic iota, *every square foot is laid out best to serve its purpose.*

So you will see hurrying crowds at the rush hours, every last one of them with ample elbow room, moving in straight lines, each toward where he wants to go. Over this way goes one for a ticket—and with that he is out of the crowd. Over yonder he goes to check baggage. Here stops one, at an escritoire hung to a pillar, to scribble a telegram, and yonder to send it. Meanwhile the main line is moving on toward the waiting-rooms, and the rest-rooms, and to the train-shed for their cars.

Here is a revelation in the art of handling passenger traffic by the tens of thousands. The secret seems to be that the individual is quickly—almost automatically—shown *how to handle himself.*

Going upstairs, I saw even a hospital-room, with a trained nurse in attendance, where no charge was made for friendly service. And all the unusual comforts that wit could devise are found in this Terminal, in addition to those more ordinary facilities for travel-ease that ought to go without saying—and too often have to!

One first-class limited train looks so very much like another in these days of *de luxe* travel that one wonders in what direction a train-designer can turn, racking his brain for new construction and new devices to carry home-comfort and luxury over-continent. Yet ever there appears to be some further untrodden field for art and ingenuity, and this "North Western Limited" shows it.

If one happens to have heard that this train is drawn by one of the new "superheated" locomotives, carrying a lot of other devices that are Sanscrit to the layman—high as a bungalow, longer than most houses, and tipping the yard scales at more than four hundred and fifty thousand pounds—he will surely take a walk up alongside before the train starts. Then, if he happens to be awake early next morning, sees the still station lights that tell him the train has stopped, and then, wondering how long the wait is to be, looks out the window and finds the train is under full headway—no admonitory jerk, no jar, just a soft glide from rest to a mile a minute—*then* he'll remember the monster machine and her master driver that are pulling the "North Western Limited."

When the same traveler steps into his section, or compartment, and notes the soft glow of the tungsten electric bulbs (which make brilliant the day-coach, chair-car, and *de luxe* cars alike), he will remember the dynamo he saw whirring in the forward end of the long, corn-colored baggage-car. His eyes might tire with reading, but there is a color harmony of mahogany and green and amber and warm cream-brown to rest them. He may weary of his own company, but there's an observation parlor car where he may foregather with the women of his party, and, if he wants to smoke, up ahead is a buffet parlor lounging-car, with Spanish-leather easy chairs and sofas; a conference-room with table and chairs for six, equipped for what you will; tables and stands and buffet handy—every imaginable nook to woo one to a "comfy" fashion of passing the time away.

Would he quench thirst! There's nothing better than ice-cold, filtered Lake Michigan water, served where he sits, or fresh from a sanitary bubbling fountain in the lounging-car. Here, however, the buffet allows latitude for choice.

Would he read? Both parlors are rich in store of current magazines. Or, perhaps he must write, or telegraph en route, or telephone before the train leaves the terminal. It is all provided for, even to the long-distance-telephone connection from the observation parlor.

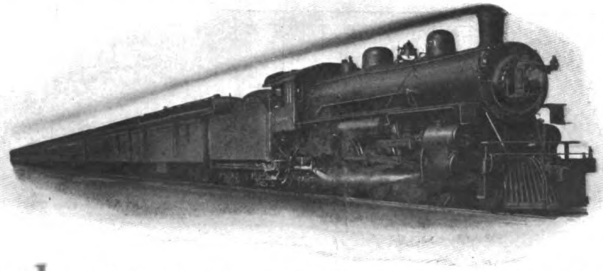
Sanitary Bubbling Fountain

Our traveler's party is a large one, perhaps. Be it so; he finds that these airy apartments which railway folk call "compartments" may be thrown two, or three, or more en suite. Going to his rest, he finds every toilet requisite ready to his hand, and even, in compartments, electric fans that may be regulated to different speeds, with ventilation and vapor heating under his own control.

Made a late reservation, eh? Got to take an upper berth? Well, what of that? It's the same easy bed, and two electric bulbs in the "upper." Or, too late for any berth at all? Well, even at that you will find the coaches forward are planned on the same standard of comfort proportionately, and whoever designed the seats of the chair-car and day-coach has worked in an easy roll in the cushion—just to fit the "small of the back"—that is calculated to mean everything to the wearied traveler.

"What the car-wheels say" in this year 1912 is a long story. To one who sends his memory back over twenty-five or thirty years of railway travel the story is one of startling change, and all for the better. Change—not alone in the wide extension of lines, the reduction of grades, the straightening of curves, the ballasting of

(Continued on page 34.)



The New Type of Locomotive that draws the North Western Limited. Weight 225 tons.

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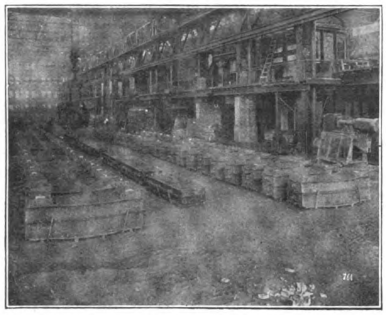
THE BETTENDORF INDUSTRY

THE genius of a single master mind is sometimes responsible for the creation of an idea and for the development of an organization which shall make of the idea a great commercial success. It is seldom, however, that an inventor and one possessing extraordinary mechanical or engineering ability possesses the necessary qualifications for the building up of a great industry. One of the secrets of a successful business is the perfection of the right kind of an organization. The late W. P. Bettendorf, however, was a man whose inventive and mechanical genius has never been questioned, and the magnificent plant that stretches along the Mississippi River for nearly a mile stands as a monument to his ability for the building of the organization which is today conducting one of the most successful manufacturing enterprises that furnish equipment to the railroads of this country.

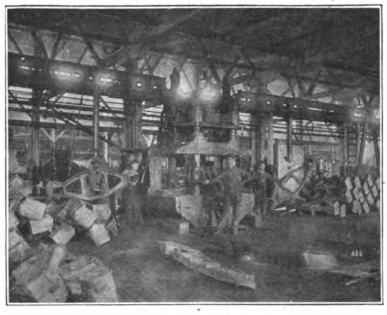
In 1886 W. P. Bettendorf, then in the very prime of life, went to Davenport, Iowa, for



A Scene in the Foundry

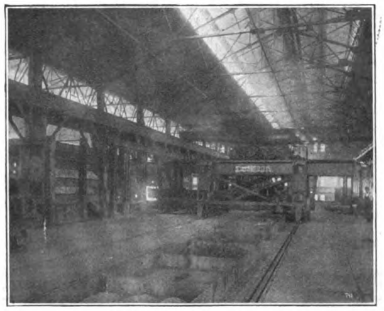
the purpose of engaging in the manufacture of metal wheels. He had patented a new and novel metal wheel and a method of manufacturing the same. Within a short time he had established the success of the new enterprise; and the decided merit of the new wheel, which at once monopolized the market for a product of that kind, has made it today the leading wheel for agricultural implements. Always of an inventive turn of mind, Mr. Bettendorf next invented and became the patentee of a steel gear for farm wagons and other vehicles, and, closing out his interest in the metal-wheel plant, he organized a company, with himself at the head, for the manufacture of the wagon. This business quickly assumed large proportions, and in connection with it was begun the manufacture of some railway-equipment specialties.

Associated with him in his business enterprises was his brother, J. W. Bettendorf, on whom a great deal of the responsibility for the successful conducting of the business fell, and to whom large credit is due for the present large proportions to which the company has developed. The invention by W. P. Bettendorf, and the manufacture of the I-beam car bolsters by the Bettendorf Company, marked the beginnings of a railway-supply manufacturing concern which has



Hydraulic Testing Press for Truck Frames

probably had the most phenomenally successful growth within a period of a few years of any company of its kind. Following the invention of the I-beam bolsters came the one-piece cast-steel truck frames and other steel parts for the railway freight car. The immediate success which marked the introduction of these various railway freight car specialties determined the inventor to devote his attention quite exclusively to the manufacture of steel railway car parts, and eventually cars in their entirety. The necessity soon became apparent for the establishing of a large separate plant for this purpose, and a site comprising about forty acres was secured in 1902, and the first buildings now comprised in the present plant were erected. The location selected was just east of the

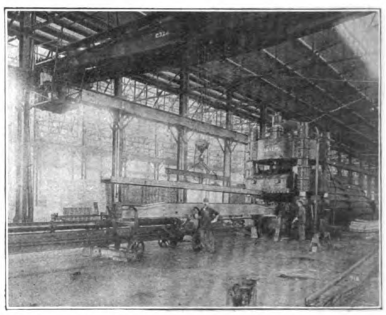


Charging Machine

city limits of Davenport, where a new town was laid out and given the name of Bettendorf.

The indefatigable energy of W. P. Bettendorf, together with his mechanical knowledge and experience and his remarkable talent for organization, within a few years evolved a business of large proportions. The year when the business was upon the threshold of its success its founder, while most actively devoting himself to the enlargement of the plant and the business in every direction, was suddenly stricken with a bodily malady that baffled the skill of the eminent physicians attending him. On June 3, 1910, W. P. Bettendorf breathed his last amidst a scene that on every hand proclaimed his genius and his marked ability.

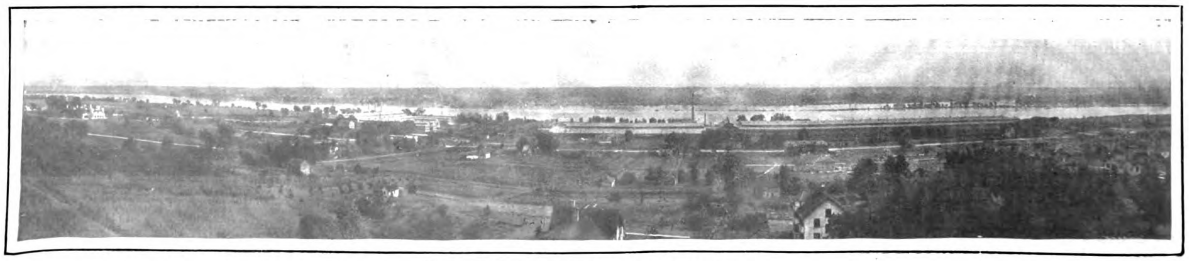
Mr. J. W. Bettendorf, who had been associated with his brother since the beginning, shouldered the added responsibility and set to work to carry forward and complete the plans for the further enlargement of the Bettendorf industry. The Bettendorf Company, with J. W. Bettendorf at its head, and ably assisted by J. B. Bendixen, its vice-president, with a large and experienced organization, is developing at Bettendorf, Iowa, the most comprehensive plant in the country for the manufacture of steel railway car parts, and



2500-ton Hydraulic Press Used on Underframes

eventually of steel cars of every description in their entirety.

With the several tracts recently purchased the grounds now in use cover an area of about one hundred acres, and the buildings have a total aggregate floor space of upwards of eight hundred thousand square feet, or about eighteen acres, that is under roof. From the east side of the foundry to the tracks at the west end of the main shop it is nearly a mile, and the total acreage of the land now owned by the company on which the present plant is located, and that which is held for future extension, amounts to two hundred and forty acres. The situation is ideal for an enterprise of this kind, there being ample room for expansion on the wide level plain bounded by the Mississippi River on the south and the bluffs, some distance away to the north. The plant consists in a general way of two large office-buildings, the main erecting shops, the power station, the machine shop, storage buildings and yard, and the steel foundry.



The Bettendorf Plant at Bettendorf, Iowa

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Studebaker

IT would be hard to find anything that more strikingly illustrates the spirit of American progress than the steady rise of the industry founded sixty years ago by Clem Studebaker and his brothers.

Starting in the humble blacksmith shop at South Bend, Indiana, building step by step upon the secure corner-stone of steadfastness and honor, the Studebaker organization arose to its present commanding position of national and international fame.

Throughout the whole period of this splendid advance, the honest ideals of the founders have been jealously maintained, and The Studebaker Corporation today, in its products and in the placing of them, guards its heritage of integrity.

This integrity and this progress are summed up in the name Studebaker on harness, wagons, carriages and automobiles.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION
SOUTH BEND, IND. :: :: DETROIT, MICH.

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The Elevated Railroads of Chicago

CHICAGO is the marvel of all ages. Within the memory of its oldest inhabitant it has grown from a struggling village to the fourth city in size in the world and the second in the Western Hemisphere.

In this marvelous development the Elevated Roads have played an important part. Projected about twenty years ago, through territory sparsely settled, the Elevated Railroads have connected outlying sections with the great throbbing, pulsating heart of the city.

When the first Elevated Railroads were building in Chicago the population of the city was 1,099,850, in 1890. Twenty years later, in 1910, the population had grown to 2,185,283, and to-day it is conservatively estimated at 2,326,400.

View from Sheridan Road when Elevated Road was being constructed in 1898.

The problem of urban transportation is a vital one in any city. The homes of the workers must be connected with the factories in which they work, by cheap and rapid transit lines, if a city is to become great and prosperous.

In this respect the Elevated Railroads have rendered vast service to the community. Employer and employe alike have benefited by them. Great factories have sprung up in close proximity to the Elevated Railroads near the heart of the city, while outlying sections, practically inaccessible until the advent of the rapid transit lines, have become thickly settled with the homes of workers. That the city's workers are taking advantage of the facilities thus afforded them may be seen by a glance at the territory through which the Elevated Railroads run and at the number of passengers carried by them daily. The Elevated lines are particularly adapted for long-distance travel, where speed and comfort are determining factors, and this is largely the kind of traffic they handle. During the year 1911 the Elevated Railroads carried 160,000,000 passengers, or an average of 438,000 for every day of the year.

Chicago abounds in many attractions for its residents and the strangers and visitors within its gates. Its system of parks and boulevards is not excelled in this, if indeed in any other, country. The public parks are all within easy access of the Elevated Railroads. The South Park System includes twenty-four parks, with 2,495 acres; the West Park System has fifteen parks, with 1,035 acres, and the Lincoln Park System has five parks, with 700 acres.

In addition to furnishing the best means of rapid transit inside the city limits the Elevated Roads form a connecting link with interurban lines on the north, west, and south, so that more than thirty towns and villages within a short distance of Chicago may be reached practically at any hour of the day or night. Business men and salaried employes are beginning to appreciate the advantages of these connections of the Elevated Railroads with outside interurban lines.

On the West Side the Aurora, Elgin & Chicago Railroad, an interurban line, enters the city over the tracks of the Metropolitan Elevated, running to the Fifth Avenue Terminal, within the heart of the city.

Twelve years later, looking from Elevated Structure at same point as shown in the above picture.

Besides the interurban connection, the Metropolitan Elevated connects with the County Traction Company, operating suburban cars through the towns situated southwest of the city.

On the North Side, the interurban lines of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Railroad connect with the Northwestern Elevated at Central Street, Evanston.

On the South Side, the interurban cars of the Chicago, Lake Shore & South Bend Railroad connect with the South Side Elevated at 63rd Street and Madison Avenue, and the Chicago & Southern Traction Company, commonly known as the Kankakee Line, connects at 63rd and Halsted Streets.

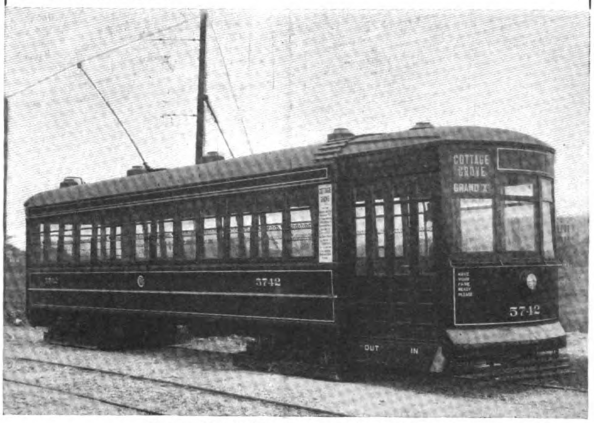
A map of Chicago and the elevated roads, giving locations and directions for reaching all public parks, buildings, and places of amusement, may be found at any elevated or railroad station, also at the prominent hotels. ***

Evolution of Chicago Street Cars

A HALF century ago a crude Horse Car, costing perhaps $500.00, ran on State Street from Lake Street to Twenty-second Street. Hay was strewn on the floor of these cars in the winter in an attempt to keep passengers' feet warm. There were gradual minor improvements in Horse Cars until along about 1880, when some of the most important street car lines were equipped with Cable Cars, the size of which were not much larger than the old horse cars. The Cable Cars were heated by coal stoves suspended below the floor of the car, and were lighted by oil lamps. There never was much development in Cable Cars aside from the fact that standard coal stoves were installed in the cars and Pintsch Gas lights substituted for the oil lamps, otherwise the cars remained the same until the time the Cable Systems were abandoned. The first Electric Cars were installed in 1892. These cars were also of the small single truck type, and heated by means of coal stoves, but were lighted electrically. Some of the old Horse Cars were converted into Electric Cars.

About 1901 this type of car was superseded by a large double truck Electric Car which was provided with cross-seats, electrically lighted and heated and well ventilated. The next most important advance in this type of street car was made in 1907, when the Chicago City Railway Company introduced for the first time in the United States the type of car known as the PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER, which has since been generally adopted in the larger cities of the country.

The City of Chicago by ordinance of 1912 required cars to be stopped at the near side of streets for the purpose of taking on and discharging passengers. In order to meet this provision, and at the same time to secure the maximum convenience and comfort of passengers, and to reduce the possibility of accidents to a minimum, and to increase the welfare of the employes and the efficiency of operation, the Chicago City Railway Company introduced in Chicago, in 1912, the type of car known as the "NEAR SIDE CAR."



Chicago City Railway Company's Near Side Car

Elgin, Joliet & Eastern Railway Company

IN the development of the Gary District, no one railroad has played a more important part in such development than the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern Railway, a subsidiary company of the United States Steel Corporation.

This road, which is an outer belt road, beginning at Waukegan, Illinois, and running around the City of Chicago at an average distance of about thirty-five miles, crosses every railroad entering the City of Chicago. Its line was extended into Gary when the United States Steel Corporation decided to build their large steel-works at that point. It has branch lines reaching into the Illinois Steel Company's plants at South Chicago; a branch line into Whiting, Indiana, to the Standard Oil Company; and a branch line into East Chicago, Hammond, and the west side of the Calumet River in South Chicago, thus affording direct connections from all of this Gary and Calumet territory to all of the lines entering Chicago, receiving and delivering their freight at the outside junction points, avoiding congestion and delays of traffic that passes through the City of Chicago.

The Elgin, Joliet & Eastern road is the only railroad having direct connections into all of the subsidiary plants of the United States Steel Corporation, in the Calumet District, which are the plants of the Indiana Steel Company, the American Sheet & Tin Plate Company, and the American Bridge Company at Gary, the Universal Portland Cement Company's plant at Buffington, and the Illinois Steel Company's plant at South Chicago. It also has track connections into the manufacturing cities that have been purchased by the American Locomotive Company at the eastern end of Gary, the American Car and Foundry Company at Gary, and the Baldwin Locomotive Company at East Chicago.

Realizing that the growth of the Calumet District would be phenomenal, and anticipating the requirements of a terminal road in this district, the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern road made plans for one of the largest, if not the largest, freight yards in the United States, these yards contemplating tracks with a capacity of fifteen thousand cars. About two-thirds of the yard are completed and have been in operation for about four years. The remaining tracks in the yards will be added to as the business in this territory grows.

Many large manufacturing firms have located on the line of this road in order to avail themselves of the exceptional transportation facilities offered by such location, they realizing that their inbound and outbound shipments are handled with greater promptness to and from all connecting lines of the E., J. & E. road than when such shipments are handled through the congested terminals of a great city like Chicago.

How the Pneumatic Tool Company of Chicago Grew into the Commercial Car Business

W. O. DUNTLEY, President of the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company, was one of the original automobile enthusiasts of this country, and while the industry was still in its infancy he saw the great future that was ahead of the automobile. The idea of manufacturing a self-propelled vehicle, however, did not occur to him until 1902, when he designed and had made under his personal supervision, and largely at his own expense, an electric motor truck suitable for commercial use.

While nothing further was done at that time, the outlines of a commercial car, embodying his own ideas of construction and design, were slowly forming in Mr. Duntley's mind, and he saw visions of his company engaging in the business on a large scale.

Each of the superintendents of the several factories of the Company was fortunate enough to possess a pleasure car of his own, and at all the conferences the subject of commercial cars, and how they ought to be built, held a great share of their attention. The consensus of opinion was that there was a big field for a commercial car built on somewhat different lines than those then on the market.

The immense capacity of the company, its great manufacturing, selling, and mechanical resources, was a temptation toward experimenting, and in December, 1909, an order was issued on the Franklin, Pennsylvania, plant to build twenty-five cars. The name "Little Giant" was selected as the most appropriate, that being the trade name of the company's line of pneumatic drills manufactured at their factory at Cleveland, and at the same time suggesting the strength that the new car was to possess.

The "Little Giant" as first made was little more than an assembling proposition, but as the design slowly crystallized the company saw the practicability of manufacturing the working parts, engine, transmission, etc., with the precision machinery installed in its Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago Heights, and Franklin factories. "Little Giant" cars are not only in use in this country, but on the Continent, and in England and Japan. This year the company will build 1200 cars, and next year they expect to build 1500. Thus it will be seen how, little by little, the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company grew into the commercial car business. It could not help itself. ***

Bion Joseph Arnold

IT is curious to note how rapidly the demands of every age of the world's development have been met by the appearance of exceptional men who satisfy new wants and solve new problems. The geniuses who in the last century contrived the marvelous applications of steam and steel and electricity satisfied the world's need of quicker transportation.

The operation of the facilities these giants created has given rise in turn to new problems that are of vital importance, the economic and social relations of these inventions to the real welfare of the people. Public Service Commissions in all parts of this country are seeking to readjust these relations so that all the people shall be fairly served; that neither the inventor, capitalist, nor the multitude shall exploit or be exploited by the other. In more cases than could be fully enumerated on this page they have turned to Bion Joseph Arnold as the arbitrator who, by reason of his long practical experience, comprehensive grasp of all the facts and a most equable temperament, has rendered even justice to all parties concerned.

Born at Casenovia, Michigan, in 1861, of old Rhode Island stock, Mr. Arnold was reared in Ashland, Nebraska, where his father was a prominent lawyer. When very young he began to show a genius for mechanics. Under the adverse conditions of a pioneer country, and without adequate tools or instructors, he originated many devices, and at fifteen he built a steam-engine, at sixteen a bicycle, and at eighteen a complete working model locomotive.

Graduated from Hillsdale College in 1884, he took a post-graduate course at Cornell, and since then has received high honors from several institutions of learning. His pioneer achievements in electrical engineering, his specialty, have been many and immensely profitable, among them being the first elevated electric railroad at Chicago, 1893, equipment of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Railroad, electrification of the Sarnia tunnel of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and as a member of the commission in charge of the electrification of the terminal of the New York Central Railroad. These and others with which he has had an authoritative connection involved expenditures of over $300,000,000.

Mr. Arnold has recently devoted much time to the solution of public-utility problems, and has submitted reports upon the traction systems of Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Providence, Toronto, Cincinnati, Seattle, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, and Kansas City. ***

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The Chilled-Iron Car Wheel

THE chilled-iron car wheel of to-day is the surest, safest, cheapest, and most enduring part of any railroad's equipment. To the railroad man of the last two generations this wheel has been the standard of car strength, the synonym of security. The early development of railroading in America was retarded by the difficulty of finding serviceable wheels to carry the cars. They were made of wrought iron, chilled iron, and steel tires, all bolted together by various processes, and all unsatisfactory in service. Much better wheels could be bought abroad, but the high price and delays in shipment made this impractical. By the lack of good wheels the railroads were embarrassed.

The man arose who supplied the great need. A patent was issued in 1850, to N. Washburn, covering a one-piece, chilled-iron car wheel, having a convex double plate, joining toward the tread, forming a single plate, which was reinforced with brackets. That make-up still is, with certain improvements, the chilled-iron car wheel of to-day. In the sixty-two years of its existence nothing better has been invented, and it is difficult for the human mind to conceive of anything essentially better. Surely, the name of Washburn deserves special fame; for to the invention of Washburn much of America's growth of railroads—with the resultant growth of the country's prosperity—is due. When he designed his wheel there were in this country only 9,000 miles of railroad, and very few cars. To-day, according to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30, 1910, there are more than 240,000 miles of railroads, and 2,133,531 freight cars—to say nothing of passenger cars. About ninety-seven per cent. of all wheels under freight cars are chilled-iron car wheels, so that there are to-day, in the freight service alone, more than sixteen million of these wheels—not counting those in use under passenger cars, engine tenders, private cars, and street cars. The chilled-iron car wheel has contributed largely to all this development not only by its excellence, but by its reasonable price, which has always kept it well within easy reach of those who operate railroads. Where can common castings be bought at one and a quarter cents a pound? Some railroads, nevertheless, try to secure a lower price. Is not this inviting disaster because of the temptation to sacrifice quality to cheapness?

The development and improvement of this wheel have kept pace with the growth of the size and carrying capacity of the cars—indeed, the wheels have always been a step in advance of the work they were to do. Before 1875, the biggest load of a freight car was ten tons; in 1884 it grew to twenty-five tons; in 1886, to thirty tons; in 1896, forty tons; since 1901 from fifty to fifty-five tons. Very few cars nowadays carry more than fifty tons. These run on wheels that weigh 725 pounds apiece, agreeably to the standard adopted by the Master Car Builders' Association, which also exacts a 625-pound wheel for the car of only 30 tons' capacity. During the evolution of the freight car from 10 tons' to 50 tons' capacity, it has not been necessary to increase the weight of the chilled-iron wheel proportionately with increases in other parts of the car and rail.

Exact calculations show that the increase has been as follows: car capacity, 400 per cent.; weight of axle, 149 per cent.; weight of rail, 100 per cent.; weight of wheel, only 38 per cent.

According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 10, 1910, there were 383,000 fifty-ton cars in service, using about 3,000,000 wheels. Accurate records have been kept of the service of 677,238 of these wheels during six years—the remainder having been used on roads which did not preserve the records. The highest proportion of defective wheels was 1.7 per cent., in 1906, and the average replacements were only 9-10 of 1 per cent. Out of the great total of 677,238 wheels, only 86 had to be replaced on account of broken flanges—and a broken flange occurs in many cases, because of defective frogs, crossings, or rails. It is noteworthy that these wheels are sold under a four years' guarantee, also that since the adoption of the Master Car Builders' standard, of 1909, there have been practically no defective wheels.

It is startling to consider the great increase in efficiency that has constantly accompanied the development of the chilled-iron car wheel, while the cost has as steadily diminished. The records show that the railroads are getting to-day ten times as much efficiency out of the wheels under fifty-ton cars as they obtained, in the old days, from the wheels under the ten-ton cars.

What is the chilled-iron car wheel? It may be best defined as a body of metal scientifically moulded, in which the iron structure in every part of the wheel is admirably suited to its purpose.

The hard, white metal in the tread or running surface of the wheel is entirely too brittle for the plates and hub, but exactly what is needed for wear.

The plates must be soft so that they can withstand expansion stresses, due to brake application in service.

The hub must be soft so that the wheel may be easily machined for axle fit, and the elastic qualities of the iron prevent loose wheels.

The metal in the hub and plates would not be desirable for the tread, because there would be a sacrifice of wear, and the metal in the tread would not answer for the hub and plates, because there would be a sacrifice of strength.

The ideal structural conditions of the chilled-iron car wheel are produced by heat treatment through which the wheel passes during the process of casting and subsequent annealing.

No other type of wheel possesses such graded hardness of structure as the chilled-iron wheel. It has no rival.

It is a fact that the improvement of the flange of the chilled-iron wheel has been limited, because of track clearance. The standard frog and guard-rail clearance is the same to-day as it has always been—one inch and three-quarters, though many roads use one and seven-eighths or two-inch minimum clearance. The Master Car Builders have made some slight improvements in the flange, and are at the present time considering a flange for seventy-ton cars. With a slight increase in track clearance, a flange can be designed that will be secure for cars having a capacity of one hundred tons. This additional flangeway clearance can be secured practically without expense to the railroads; yet this is the only item which has not received recognition among the many improvements in wheel, rail, and track during the last half-century.

It is a curious fact that in this matter of flanges the cars of to-day are no better off than were the cars that carried soldiers and supplies to the battlefields of the Civil War. The need of improvement and the beneficial effects that will follow improvement in flanges are most pronounced. An additional track clearance of one-eighth of an inch will enable car-wheel manufacturers to design a flange for heavier cars than are in use to-day, and besides will make way for great betterment in the flanges of the thirty-, forty-, and fifty-ton cars. The manufacturers are ready and anxious to design a wheel that will carry loads up to one hundred tons. Surely it is high time for the railroads to make this important step forward in a line of development that has been ignored for half a hundred years. ***

Japan's Trade in Song Crickets

SELLING crickets is a lucrative business in Japan, where the insects are valued for their songs and kept in cages like canary-birds. In Tokio there are two wholesale merchants who send their agents into the streets of the large cities. The insects are carried in little bamboo cages. A good seller clears approximately from eighty cents to a dollar a day. An insect valued for its music brings from two to seven cents. The *Kusa hibari* is the most valuable of all the songsters, but the common cricket and the grasshopper are considered excellent singers.

The singers are collected from the fields in September, before laying-time. They are taken from the grass and shut up in glass jars. Soon after they are imprisoned the females lay their eggs and die almost immediately afterward. The jars containing them are kept in a temperature of 80° centigrade.

The young come forth in March.

The loss of eggs is about ten per cent. The male is the singer; he only is an object of commerce; and from one hundred eggs the cultivator, despite all his care, has only fifty salable insects. The lot of the locust is a martyrdom from birth to death. The locust is the toy of the Japanese child; he is caught on bamboo twigs rubbed with a gluey substance, and tormented according to the ignorance or the cruelty of his keeper. The life of the singing insect never exceeds a term of five weeks.

The Origin of the Heel

IT is said that the heels now worn on shoes had their origin in Persia, where they took the form of flat wood on sandals to raise the feet and protect them from the hot sands.

It was many years afterward that this fashion was introduced into Venice, but the reason for its adoption in this case is said to have been quite different. Here the originators of the fashion were jealous husbands who reasoned that their ladies thus equipped would not venture far outside the precincts of their dwelling. These heels were called "clogs," and in order to satisfy the vanity of the wearers and perhaps to sweeten the pill—that is, the discomfort of appearing in them—they were elaborately adorned, sometimes being incrusted with gold and silver. The height of the clogs determined the rank of the wearer.

THE fact that there are so few accidents on passenger trains equipped with Pullman cars—accidents due to lack of control of the train is due to the fact that Pullman cars are equipped with

CRECO BRAKE BEAMS

Of course trains are controlled by the air brake, but the air brake is never at its highest efficiency unless its power can be applied to the moving wheels of a car through the

CRECO BRAKE BEAM

The safety in travel on a Pullman sleeper is proverbial, but good design and the right kind of materials, care and construction all go for nothing when it is impossible to stop the swiftly moving train, when the brake beam is not doing its work. The question of safety to life and lading is involved in the brake beam. When the

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is used, then a railroad has used every precaution for the safe control of its trains.

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FINANCE

BY FRANKLIN ESCHER

A New-comer in the Field of Investment

THE past ten years have seen the entrance of a new kind of security into the investment field, and the past three or four years have seen the new-comer make tremendous strides in popular favor. Ten years ago the public service corporation bond—the bond of street-railway, gas, electric companies, etc.—was just beginning to attract investors' attention. To-day these public-utility issues, as they are familiarly known, are being put out all over the country in huge amount and readily distributed among the investment-buying public. A single decade has seen the popularization of a security, total issues of which now run annually into the hundreds of millions.

Twenty years ago electric street-car lines were just being established in our larger cities. Interurban lines were unthought of. Electricity was used for lighting purposes to only a trifling proportion of the extent to which it is now used. The telephone was just coming into favor. There did exist companies formed to supply the public with these different kinds of service, but they were small, and, as a rule, not backed any too well financially. The use of electricity for these purposes being a comparatively new thing, operations were more or less experimental. That made investors and capitalists slow to advance to the newly formed companies the money they needed. Public-service-corporation securities at that time were regarded, and with a good deal of reason, as a highly speculative proposition.

Down to within the last three or four years, indeed, this idea about public-utility bonds has remained more or less fixed in the public's investment mind. But since the panic of 1907 and the period of business prostration by which it was followed there has been a big change in this regard. There are still many investors who refuse to consider public-service-corporation bonds as investments, but there is nobody who can deny that during the troubled time five years ago these companies gave a better account of themselves than almost any other important class of enterprise. In the period following the panic, while railroad earnings were slumping off badly and industrial earnings were shrinking almost to the vanishing point, earnings of the public-utility companies held up remarkably well. Hard times made it necessary for people to economize, and put a great damper both on the manufacture and transportation of merchandise; but hard times or no hard times, people had to ride on street-cars and use gas and electric light. That is why, when earnings of every other kind of company were being slashed right and left after the panic, earnings of the public-service corporations all over the country were being remarkably well maintained.

There is not the slightest doubt that this practical demonstration of the ability of the earning-power of these companies is mostly responsible for the recent great growth in the popularity of their securities. Before this object lesson was given the bond-buying public there had been developed a considerable amount of popular interest in the public-utility issues, but this interest was nothing in comparison to what it is at present. There were bond-houses making a specialty of public-utility bonds before 1907, but where there was one such house then, there are two or three now.

This matter of the recently proven stability of public-service-corporation earnings has probably had more to do with popularizing their securities among investors than anything else. But there are several other things about these utility issues which have worked strongly to bring them into favor during the past couple of years. The first of these is the fact that while the railroads have been made the butt of all sorts of adverse legislation, and while suit after suit has been brought to dissolve the big industrial companies, public-service corporations have been practically immune from such attack. A second important consideration is the higher rate of income obtainable from good utility-corporation bonds than from railroad and industrial issues of equal class.

Had railroad and industrial stocks and bonds not been under fire as they have been during the past couple of years, the immunity of the public-utility companies would hardly have been emphasized as it has been. As the situation has developed, however, the investor has seen the railroads brought up with a round turn and half the big industrial companies in the country threatened with dissolution, the while the public-utility companies have gone unmolested about their business. That this feature about public-service-corporation bonds has appealed strongly to the investor ever since the Government started its anti-corporation activity is the testimony of all the investment-houses making a specialty of securities of this class. Untold millions of dollars of "frightened money," they claim, have been shifted into the bonds of the well-established public-service corporations, on the idea that these securities, at least, are safe from attack.

There has, in past years, it is true, been a certain amount of friction between some of the public-utility corporations and some of the State public-service commissions organized to supervise their operations. Such friction, however, never very serious, is growing less and less, as it is coming to be realized that these commissions are really the public-utility companies' best friend. They make it impossible, of course, for street-railroads and gas and lighting companies to charge over-high prices for their product, but on the other hand, by reason of the existence of these commissions, the public-utility concerns are assured of a fair price for what they have to sell and of immunity from ruinous competition. Then, too, there is the very important consideration that it is largely because the public knows that its interests are being safeguarded by the commission that it is willing to lend the companies money and buy their bonds. In practically every state where there is a public-service commission that body has direct supervision of the issue of securities by corporations operating under public franchise. Not only must such issues have the commission's sanction, but that body, as a general thing, has power to fix the minimum price at which the securities may be sold. That fact and the fact that the bond-buying public knows that the commission will see to it that the money raised will be properly spent, and that proper provision will be made for a sinking-fund, means that the company will realize a decidedly better price from the sale of its bonds than it would otherwise be able to realize.

The other great reason for the growing popularity of public-service-corporation securities is the relatively high rate of income which they yield. The first-mortgage railroad bond is a scarcity these days and sells at a price to net the investor only about four per cent. The first-mortgage street-railway or electric-lighting-company bond, on the other hand, is to be had in great variety, and at a price to net the buyer a substantially higher rate of income. Of two equally good bonds, one secured by a first mortgage on the property of some public-utility corporation and the other secured by a first mortgage on railroad property, the latter will almost invariably sell at a considerably higher price.

For this two things are responsible. In the first place, public-service-corporation bonds, as has been said, are a comparatively new kind of security, and a large part of the investment-buying public is unfamiliar with them. In the second place, railroad bonds have, as a rule, a higher degree of convertibility—that is to say, they can be more readily converted into cash.

In its bearing on the price of public-utility bonds this fact that in spite of their gain in popularity in recent years their investment merits are unknown to a large part of the public is of the greatest importance. There are tens of thousands of satisfied holders of utility bonds all over the country, but there are other tens of thousands of investors who know little or nothing about them and would not think of putting money into them. The market is therefore, in a sense, restricted. There is not focused upon a new issue of first-mortgage public-service-corporation bonds the same amount of investment-buying power as is concentrated upon a new issue of railroad securities. And, in consequence, they do not sell as high.

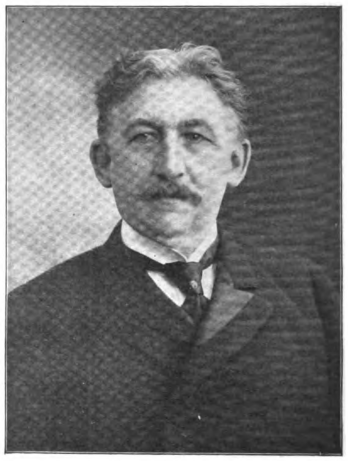
The second reason is that, except in the case of very large and well-known issues, public-service-corporation bonds do not as a usual thing possess a very high degree of marketability. The bonds of a street-car company in some Western city, we will say, have been brought out by a New York banking-house and distributed among its clients. After the distribution has been effected, trading in the bonds is likely to be on a moderate scale. A customer of the house having bought, and wanting to get out of his investment, can usually get the house to take the bonds off his hands, but this is an operation which takes time, and not infrequently means that a price slightly lower than that originally paid must be accepted. Bonds of this kind are designed for long-term investment, and, while they can be disposed of if need arise, are not the easiest things in the world to turn into cash.

Securities which lack this quality of ready marketability always sell at considerably lower prices than those which have it—a large part of the bond-buying public will not touch a bond which has not an active market. But on the other hand, there are a great many investors who have come to realize that by sacrificing this quality of marketability on at least a part of their investments they can gain a material increase in income. After all, when a man comes to put away some of his surplus in bonds for the sake of the income he will derive, it makes very little difference whether there is a ready market in the bonds or not. He doesn't buy them to sell. He buys them to keep. It wouldn't do, of course, for him to tie up all his surplus that way, but there is no reason why a part of it shouldn't be so invested. Ready marketability is something he doesn't need—why, then, should he pay for it? If he can get a five-per-cent. income from a first-mortgage public-utility bond which has no particularly ready market as against only four per cent. from a first-mortgage railroad bond which has, why shouldn't he enjoy the higher income? There *is* no reason why he shouldn't. But, as has been said, a great part of the investment-buying public won't buy bonds which have not a quick market, and so refuse to touch many public-service-corporation issues. That makes them sell lower—at present—than the price at which their intrinsic investment merits would entitle them to sell.

There are, of course, public-utility bonds being all the time issued and sold which are no proper investment for the conservative man's money, but by following a few simple rules the investor can keep clear of such propositions. Of these rules the first is that public-utility bonds should be bought only from investment firms of the highest standing—firms which not only have the money to buy the bonds for their own account, but which have the organization and equipment thoroughly to investigate the propositions in which they are trying to interest their customers. And just about as important is the second rule, that the investor should dodge all securities of properties still in the construction stage, confining himself strictly to the bonds of companies in actual and successful operation. Not only that, but the net earnings of the company should run at least fifty per cent. in excess of the amount required to pay the interest on all outstanding bonds. Until the enterprise has reached that stage, its securities are no investment for the funds of the conservative buyer.

Two other excellent rules to follow, though not perhaps as hard and fast as the others, are, first, to buy only the bonds of large properties operating in thickly populated communities; and, secondly, to avoid the bonds of companies operating in communities dependent upon one or two industries. Large properties are free from many of the hazards to which small enterprises of this nature are exposed—a bad accident on a small street-car line, for example, may result in the award of such damages against the company as to cripple it financially. And similarly with companies operating in towns built around one industry. By a sudden cessation of activity in that particular industry and the closing down of the mills or shops, the prosperity of the whole community may be undermined and the earnings of its street-car line or gas and electric company seriously affected. In a big town having other industries to depend upon it wouldn't make so much difference.

In the purchase of public-utility bonds, as in the purchase of anything else, care and discrimination are necessary. But to the investor who uses his judgment and who confines his dealings to investment-houses of high standing, this class of bonds does undoubtedly offer an attractive opportunity to invest money safely at a comparatively high rate of interest.



The Late Will Carleton

WITH the passing of Will Carleton, America loses the most popular of her poets and the one whose writings have been more widely read and appreciated than those of any poet since the days of Whittier and Longfellow. There is hardly an English-speaking home in America—it might almost be said in the English-speaking world—where "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse" and "Betsy and I Are Out" are unknown. Will Carleton's works still command heavy sales, and selections from his poems have long ago been incorporated into popular anthologies. As a lecturer Carleton was well known throughout this country, and if he occupied a comparatively small space in the columns of the periodical press it was because he had been known so long that he had become accepted as an institution. He was little discussed because he had passed into history.

Carleton was born in Hudson, Michigan, in 1845. He was educated at Hillsdale College, Michigan, and afterward became a newspaper man, working in Detroit, Chicago, Boston, and New York. At the time of his death he was the editor of a small, old-fashioned magazine named *Everywhere*, published in Brooklyn and largely devoted to poetry. Some of the best of his later pieces appeared in this. On abandoning newspaper work, Carleton gave readings from his poems on the lecture platform in America and Europe.

Of Carleton's poems, "Betsy and I Are Out" was published in *The Toledo Blade* in 1871 and was reprinted in nearly every newspaper in the country. In the following year his dialect poems, printed under the title of *Farm Ballads*, appeared, and within eighteen months forty thousand copies had been sold. Other works of his are *Farm Legends*, *Farm Festivals*, *City Ballads*, *City Legends*, *City Festivals*, *Rhymes of Our Planet*, *Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes*, *Songs of Two Centuries*, *In Old School Days*, and *Drifted In*.

Will Carleton had a happy knack of attracting the reader by the simplicity of his themes and their pathetic or humorous appeal. His poem, "The Sandal-maker of Babylon," which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY as long ago as 1889, was reprinted in this publication, by request, in the issue of October 28, 1911.

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Engineering Honesty in Railroading

By E. B. Leigh

MACAULAY said: "Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those which tend to abridge distance have done most for the civilization of our species." Properly understood, this means that the demands of highest civilization call for the nearest possible approach to the annihilation of distance. The desire for speed in travel and transportation is an outgrowth not of the idea of sport, but of the real demands of human intercourse and development.

Modern transportation is dependent on many elements, but speed must always be subordinated to safety.

We readily appreciate that the great speed of the very heavy modern passenger trains is made possible by the control afforded by the use of the modern quick-action automatic air-brake mechanism. Without adequate and proper control the eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago would not exist, and the great advantages to business, due to the closer communication between these two important cities, would disappear.

But without the air-brake and the control it offers, the modern, heavy freight-train of enormous tonnage and great length would be impracticable and the rapid movement of freight interfered with.

It has been aptly said that "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link." This is eminently true of the air-brake system, which, with reference to the car, begins with the cylinder and ends with the brake beam. Not only is the brake beam the most vital part of the foundation rigging, but, next to the air-brake mechanism, is the most important. The efficency of the entire brake mechanism is seriously impaired, if its very purpose is not defeated, by the use of inadequate brake beams.

Thus the successful operation of the air-brake depends upon the use of satisfactory brake beams and, consequently, the safe handling of to-day's railroad equipment finally depends upon the brake beam. Adequate brake beams mean that all the advantages of modern equipment may be enjoyed to the fullest extent in the most economical way. Inadequate brake beams mean increased cost of transportation, uncertain control of trains, delays, accidents, and wrecks.

Where the question of safety to human life is involved, as it is in railroading, the question of equipment used in the transportation of the traveling public becomes a most important one. Engineering honesty in the construction of railway equipment is an unquestioned guarantee of safety in railway travel.

In this country in the past the term "engineering" has been popularly considered as generally applied to civil engineering—that branch which relates to the construction and care of road, structures, waterways, etc. In recent years the development of mechanical, electrical, mining, marine, sanitary, and chemical engineering has changed this, and an "engineering works" is now not an improper title for a manufacturing establishment which makes a specialty and study of even only one appliance.

The work of an engineer involves in the highest degree the question of honesty. Disregard of this leads to disastrous results—results that are not so easily concealed here as in some vocations. The importance of an engineering construction is not to be measured by its size. More skill and integrity may sometimes be shown in a small construction than in one so great as to command the applause of the multitude. A very small invention or design may have tremendous importance; and neglect of details and slighting of quality and workmanship may lead to most disastrous results.

When any railway equipment is the joint product of honest civil and mechanical engineering and of a business system which affords the acme of service, it is the standard for estimating other construction. It is ideal, yet practical. It is a good thing to conceive an ideal which is far above average practice. It is a better thing to put that ideal into actual service. Even the morale of railway employees is benefited by the use of high-grade equipment.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap" is eternal truth. And it is just as true in engineering as it is in morals. A civil engineer who takes chances to save a few dollars in building a bridge is unanimously condemned.

Honest errors of judgment may be pardoned, but the wilful use of inefficient materials or carelessness of construction and workmanship to meet the demands of the economies of first cost, thereby jeopardizing life and property, cannot be too severely condemned.

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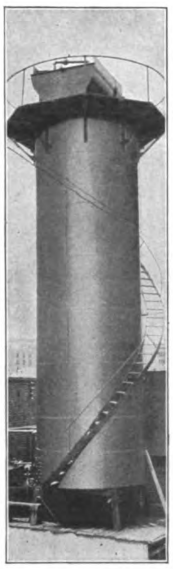

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Electric Railways and Civic Development

By John J. Cummings

No thinking man who studies the subject at all can possibly come to any other conclusion than that the wonderful development and growth of American cities during the past twenty years is very largely due to the improvements in transportation brought about by the continuously increasing efficiency of electric railway lines, in their various aspects of surface, subway, and elevated roads.

The city worker of to-day is no longer restricted to choice of employment within the immediate neighborhood of his place of residence, because the electric railway affords him the facility, at the minimum expense, of selling his labor at points where it will produce the largest remuneration.

Beyond all this there is also the effect on the social life of the community: the ease of communication between members of the same civic body; the ability quickly and comfortably to reach and enjoy theaters, lectures, concerts, and all the multitude of educational factors which make up the sum of human knowledge and progress to-day.

The electric railway brings these advantages not to a favored few, but to all the people, and, by this very force of its ability to cater to the comfort and convenience of the masses, the electric railway has an enormous effect on the appreciation of land values to an extent not approached by any other factor.

The electric-railway car is the conveyance of the common people, and it is the common people which makes the growth and the power and the activities of our great cities.

Those who are informed know that the improvement in design and construction of electric-railway cars, even in details entirely unnoticed by the public, has been remarkable. Some of the best engineering talent of the United States is constantly centered on the improvement of design and construction of electric-railway cars, to the end that the people may be served more expeditiously, more comfortably, and more safely, and that, at the same time, the electric-railway company may be able to afford these improvements by making them in such a way as to achieve economies in construction and maintenance.

Even to the average unobservant man or woman the tremendous improvement which has been made in electric-railway cars is apparent. Between the old bob-tail cars with their narrow steps and platforms, uncomfortable seats, their lack of heating and ventilating facilities, their floors covered with straw, and the modern well-proportioned car with its wide and roomy platforms and aisles, its clean, comfortably designed seats, its convertible side construction with sliding windows, permitting complete opening of every window in the summer and complete closing in stormy weather, with special facilities for ventilation, excellent heating apparatus, and full equipment of electric lights, there is as much difference as there is between the log cabins of our forefathers and the modern residence of to-day.

And, most remarkable of all, the electric railway is furnishing all this comfort and convenience with vastly greater speed and safety, at fares which directly show no increase, and frequently a decrease; and which relatively, compared to the distances traveled now on a single fare, show an enormous reduction to the community.

The electric-railway car of to-day is, literally, a house on wheels, and its design and construction are far more intricate and involve many more problems than the design and construction of a house. It must have safety, permanence, stability, durability; must be lighted; heated, ventilated; must be made comfortable in its boarding, seating, and riding qualities; must be so designed as to be kept sanitary at a minimum expense.

In order to give the service which traction companies do give and have given, it is possible to conduct operations only upon a carefully standardized basis. To make changes and alterations in car construction (even in things which may appear trivial as related to a single car), it is frequently necessary for companies to go to great expense in other departments. In fact, an authority in the electric-railway business has declared that the slightest changes in car-design immediately affect the entire road.

In view of all these circumstances, it is rather remarkable that the public has not taken a more sympathetic and co-operative interest in traction operation. Intelligent and well-directed criticism is always invaluable, constructive, and creative, and wherever used has done wonders for the electric-railway industry.

The public is the final beneficiary of traction service, and upon the public, in the long run, must rest the responsibility for the betterment of such service and for its ability to serve well and economically the needs of the people.

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What the Car-Wheels Say

(*Continued from page 27*)

roadbeds, the elevation of tracks, the double-tracking of lines, the introduction of the block system.

Change—not alone in the building of giant locomotives, answering to the hand at the throttle as no horse responds to its driver.

Change—not alone in the building of coaches and cars so equipped as to reproduce home-comfort and luxury on the rail, or in providing at passenger terminals for all the creature wants of patrons.

The big change one is bound to remark is moral. There has been a change in the way in which almost all railways regard their patrons. No really great railway nowadays has any disposition to regard itself as other than the honest servant of the people. Those who persist in the old attitude have only to analyze their semi-annual balance sheets to find what they are losing by it.

I was curious to know why it was that The North Western line so closely approached the ideal in the attitude I observed in every employee toward the public.

"Why is it," I asked myself, "that on train and in Terminal, conductors, trainmen, porters, baggagemen, information-clerks, ticket-sellers—everybody—acts as if he had all his life been trying to make things easy for me, and wanted just now to outdo himself?"

By finesse I succeeded in getting an answer. One employee answered, "Why, we just naturally want you to have a good time while you're with us."

"Oh," said another, "that's what we-all's heah foh, suh!"

"Well," said yet another, "I don't know as the passengers on this train get any more attention than I'd like to have somebody else give my mother, or my wife, or me!"

Finally, I satisfied myself that the influence came from the top—first by the exercising of utmost care in hiring good human timber, and, secondly, by carrying the good example through all executive and operating departments—"putting it up to" the men themselves—putting them on their chivalrous mettle to make the service excel. I had succeeded in getting hold of a dog-eared "confidential bulletin" to employees which is food for thought to any business man.

A few extracts will show its character:

The Railway *owes* to those who make use of its lines a service which it can only render if every employee is brought to feel that his actual employer is the daily-shifting mass of fellow-men who buy tickets and ride on them. . . . A traveler, to be comfortable, must have comfort of mind as well as of body. Thus every railway worker is bound by his personal duty to accord to every man, woman, and child whom he meets that courteous treatment which means fullest satisfaction. . . . It is the spirit of the thing that we are after. Uniform courtesy springs from the heart—is the embodiment of the spirit of helpfulness. The man whose heart is right cannot be a "grouch." . . .

Courtesy, then—the kind of genuine, spontaneous courtesy we want practised on our lines—springs from kindliness; is the child of sympathy and well-wishing; is exercised with tact; expects no reward. . . .

Why not help us put the human capstone to our commercial structure? . . . go away beyond the strict letter of what is required? . . .

What it may cost, in terms of dollars and cents, to keep up with the travel-rush and have it done cheerfully is a matter that does not concern The North Western management in the slightest, because courtesy, shown to our "customers" in our name, cannot possibly cost so much as it is worth.

And I saw that at last I had got my answer. A railway that really wants to do its duty by the public always can find faithful employees to reflect its policy. ***

"DEAD WEIGHT"

Weight of Equipment and Numbers of Parts as Factors in the Cost of Railway Transportation

By J. W. Bettendorf

ELIMINATION of economic waste is one of the necessary roads to a real commercial progress. Probably in no other field of industrial endeavor is the same amount of careful study and experiment given to this problem as in the great industry of railroading. The very fact that railroading is transportation, is the carrying of individuals or the moving of freight, makes both necessary and unnecessary waste more probable—for there is a necessary as well as an unnecessary waste. In every business a sacrifice is made in one place in order that a gain may come in another, the gain always more than offsetting the loss.

Even the lay reader appreciates the fact that the steam-locomotive is one of the most wasteful pieces of machinery that we have. Its waste is necessary, economy of operation being sacrificed in order that we may gain an economy in time. The locomotive is a steam power plant on wheels, and as the wheels must run on a track of a certain width, the width of the locomotive itself is limited, even its height and length also have their limit, and in these limits certain power must be developed. The first question is not one of developing economical power, but of developing a certain amount of power as economically as possible. The same amount of power can be developed in a stationary steam-engine with, of course, much less waste of fuel. The freight-cars of any road, here to-day and there to-morrow, are apt to be found upon the tracks of any other road, subject to the varying conditions which surround it. The fact that the railroads, because of the very nature of their construction and operation, are wasteful, does not necessarily imply that the men constructing and operating them are also wasteful. They are the very reverse. The absolute necessity for necessary waste has trained the officials and many of the employees of our railway systems to be most strenuously alive to every possibility of eliminating any unnecessary waste. The steam-locomotive is an illustration only in one department of railroading, and while in many respects it is a complex problem, there are other problems before the railroads to-day requiring just as much intelligence, ingenuity, and perseverance. Cars and car-equipment are seemingly much less complicated in their construction and design, yet they have their problems, some of them harder to solve than any to be found in the locomotive or its equipment. How natural it is to think that if we build a structure of heavy enough material we are building it strong enough, forgetting that we are building it of such excessively heavy material that it may collapse of its own weight. While sufficient weight is necessary for strength, weight and strength are not synonymous terms. In fact, weight may be an element of weakness. If the weight of a car, for instance, is not properly distributed, or is not placed where it helps, it becomes a positive detriment. A freight-car is subjected, in its travels back and forth through the country, to an ever-varying number of shocks, strains, and stresses. It can be readily understood that a heavy car is liable not only to injure other cars in the course of being transported, but, if that weight is not properly distributed, to be injured itself. A freight-car is made up of superstructure, underframe, trucks, wheels, bolsters, etc.

Not only in dead weight and economic waste, but in unnecessary parts of car construction, is found another unnecessary waste. Cast steel has done much toward eliminating useless nuts, bolts, etc., and at the same time has added to the strength of car equipment and in so doing decreased the weight. Dead weight and unnecessary weight on the car is a waste, not only of good material, but it means tremendous added expense to a railroad in the cost of hauling it back and forth. No wonder, then, that railroad companies are vitally interested in the question of dead weight and the elimination of it as far as possible.

The *Railway and Engineering Review* says:

"The idea of reducing dead weight to a minimum was largely predominant in the minds of the officials of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railways at the time the all-steel box-cars, which they first introduced experimentally about five years ago, were designed; two cars differing only slightly as to details being constructed. In the latter part of 1908, twenty-five additional box-cars of the all-steel variety were constructed and placed in service. The construction of these cars was very similar to that of the experimental cars; a notable difference, however, being that rolled steel wheels, for trial purposes, were substituted for the cast-steel wheels originally used. This caused an increase of 1,220 pounds in the weight of the trucks of the newer cars.

"Observations covering the past three years have demonstrated that while temperature changes are more rapid in the steel car than in the wooden one, due naturally to the less effective insulating qualities of the two materials, the steel car is only slightly warmer in summer and no colder in winter than is the corresponding wooden car. It is stated also that no complaints of damage to lading due to 'sweating' have ever been received, and that no more tendency toward this much-looked-for objectionable feature is observable in the steel car than it is in the ordinary wooden box-car. The all-steel box-car, naturally is at a disadvantage in comparison with the wooden or composite car on the basis of first cost, but because of its reduced weight and the lessening cost of repairs, the experience so far gained by the officials of the Union Pacific railroad is such as to convince them of its greater economy."

Inasmuch as the individual railroad hauls more "foreign" cars—that is, more cars belonging to other roads than to its own—the railroad manager naturally questions whether he should design or build cars that should benefit other roads more than his own. The Union Pacific Railroad has decided that some road must make a beginning and has done so after investigating very carefully all questions relating to dead weight, hoping thereby to accomplish something for themselves and much for the railroads generally.

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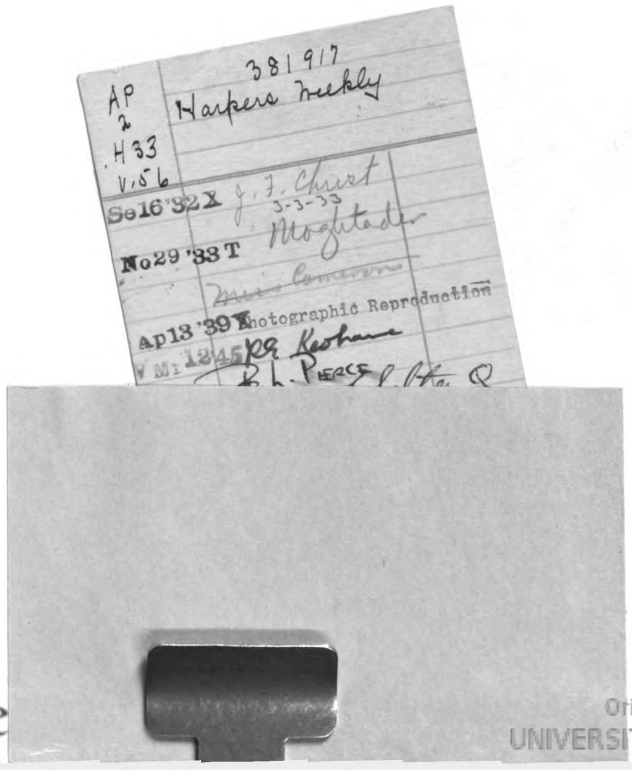

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